

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY SERIES

THE "BAB" BALLADS

BY W. S. GILBERT



With 225 Illustrations by the Author

LONDON

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To which facts may be added just two hints:

1. Take care to boil with milk, when so required, for *not less than eight minutes*.
2. If time can be taken for it, the Baked Pudding will be the better for being allowed to cool, and should be re-warmed when about to be served.

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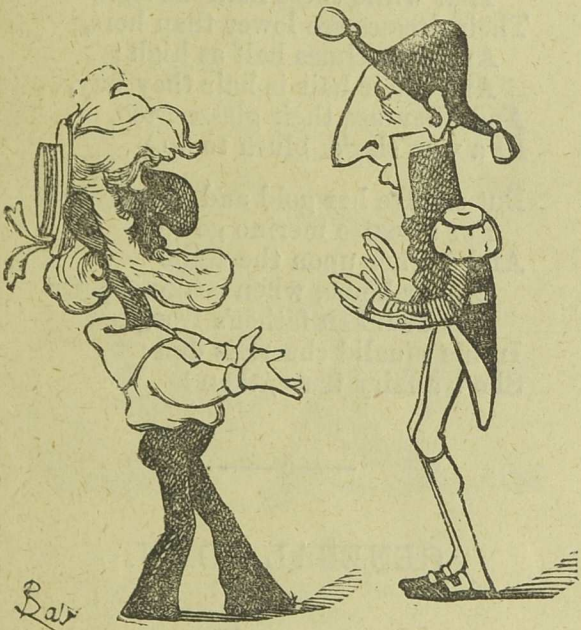


THE "BAB" BALLADS.

CAPTAIN REECE.

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.



If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil*:
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A Ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.



"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

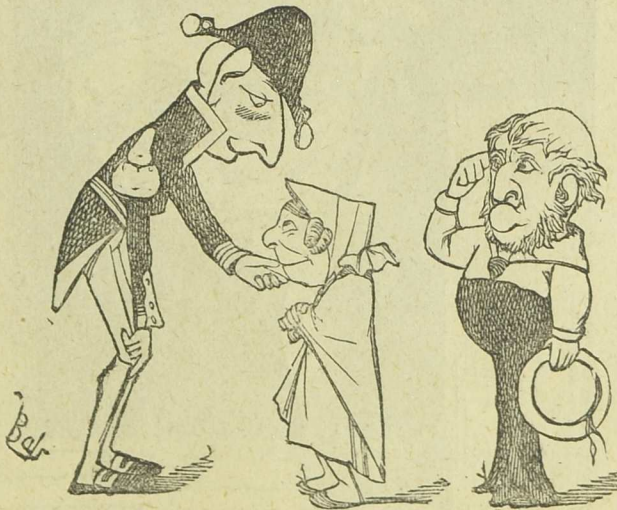
"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan:
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familiee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."



The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:
"I beg your honour's leave," he said;
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar:
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!"

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed Ma of Captain Reece
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.

THE RIVAL CURATES.

List while the poet trolls
Of Mr. Clayton Hooper,
Who had a cure of souls
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper.

He lived on curds and whey,
And daily sang their praises,
And then he'd go and play
With buttercups and daisies.

Wild croquet Hooper banned,
And all the sports of Mammon,
He warred with cribbage, and
He exorcised backgammon.

His helmet was a glance
That spoke of holy gladness;
A saintly smile his lance;
His shield a tear of sadness.



His Vicar smiled to see
This armour on him buckled:
With pardonable glee
He blessed himself and chuckled.

"In mildness to abound
My curate's sole design is;
In all the country round
There's none so mild as mine is!"

And Hooper, disinclined
His trumpet to be blowing,
Yet didn't think you'd find
A milder curate going.

A friend arrived one day
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper,
And in this shameful way
He spoke to Mr. Hooper :

"You think your famous name
For mildness can't be shaken,
That none can blot your fame—
But, Hooper, you're mistaken !

"Your mind is not as blank
As that of Hopley Porter,
Who holds a curate's rank
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

"He plays the airy flute,
And looks depressed and blighted,
Doves round about him 'toot,'
And lambkins dance delighted.



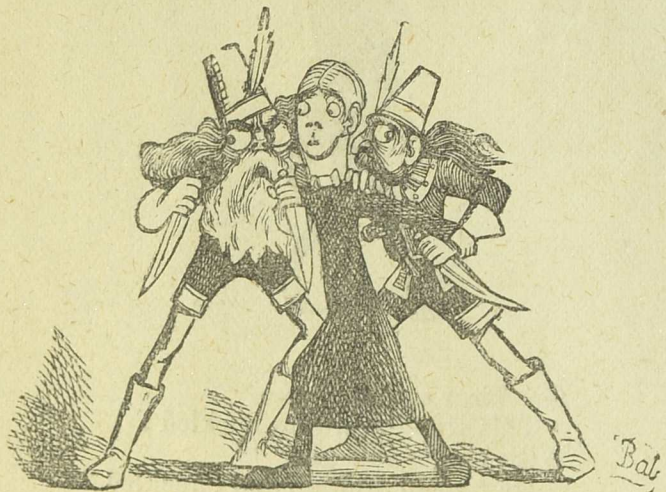
"He labours more than you
At worsted work, and frames it ;
In old maids' albums, too,
Sticks seaweed—yes, and names it !"

The tempter said his say,
Which pierced him like a needle—
He summoned straight away
His sexton and his beadle.

(These men were men who could
Hold liberal opinions :
On Sundays they were good—
On week-days they were minions.)

"To Hopley Porter go,
Your fare I will afford you—
Deal him a deadly blow,
And blessings shall reward you.

"But stay—I do not like
Undue assassination,
And so before you strike,
Make this communication :



I'll give him this one chance—
If he'll more gaily bear him,
Play croquet, smoke, and dance,
I willingly will spare him."

They went, those minions true,
To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
And told their errand to
The Reverend Hopley Porter.

"What?" said that reverend gent,
"Dance through my hours of leasure?
Smoke?—bathe myself with scent?—
Play croquet? Oh, with pleasure !

"Wear all my hair in curl?
Stand at my door and wink—so—
At every passing girl?
My brothers, I should think so !



"For years I've longed for some
Excuse for this revulsion :
Now that excuse has come—
I do it on compulsion !!!"

He smoked and winked away—
This Reverend Hopley Porter—
The deuce there was to pay
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

And Hooper holds his ground,
In mildness daily growing—
They think him, all around,
The mildest curate going.

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

ONLY a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed colour and curl,
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips.



Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She's as little a fairy there

As unpoetical I !
I hear you asking, Why—
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinselled thing ?

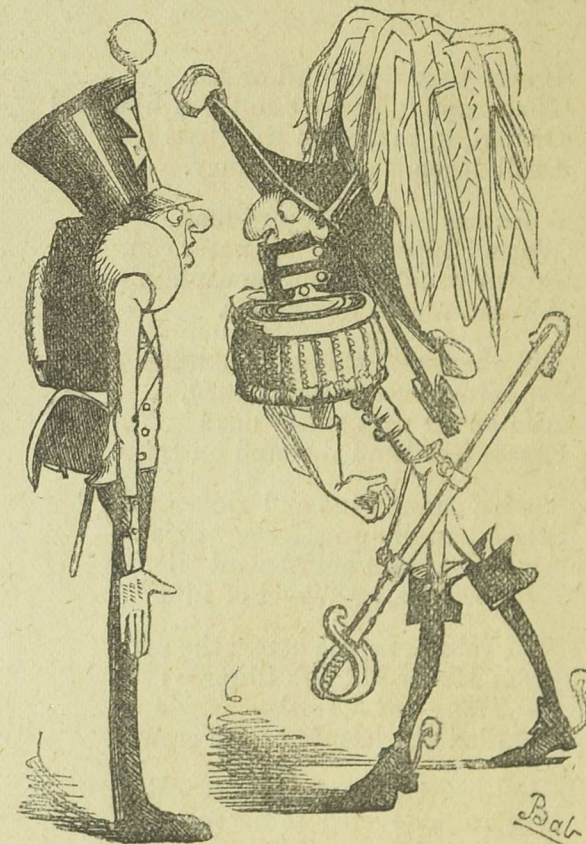
No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green
From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene
(Herself not over-clean).
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be,
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz :
Ah, matron, which of us is ?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high ;
And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses, too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den :
She's a fairy truly, then !

GENERAL JOHN.



THE bravest names for fire and flames,
And all that mortal thirst,
Were General John and Private James,
Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

General John was a soldier tried,
A chief of warlike dons ;
A haughty stride and a withering pride
Were Major-General John's.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,
Superior birth to show ;
"Pish !" was a favourite word of his,
And he often said "Ho ! ho !"

Full-Private James described might be
As a man of a mournful mind ;
No characteristic trait had he
Of any distinctive kind.

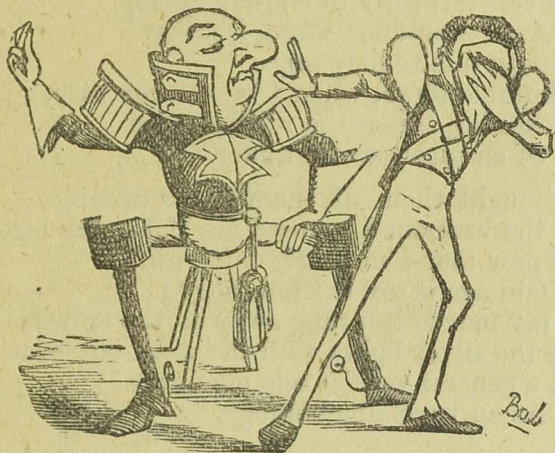
From the ranks, one day, cried Private James,
"Oh ! Major-General John,
I've doubts of our respective names,
My mournful mind upon.

"A glimmering thought occurs to me
(Its source I can't unearth),
But I've a kind of notion we
Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea, each other's names
That we have each got on.
Such things have been," said Private James.
"They have !" sneered General John.

"My General John, I swear upon
My oath I think 't is so——"

"Pish !" proudly sneered his General John,
And he also said "Ho ! ho !"



"My General John ! my General John !
My General John !" quoth he,
"This aristocratical sneer upon
Your face I blush to see !

"No truly great or generous cove
Deserving of them names,
Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove
In the mind of a Private James !"

Said General John, "Upon your claims
No need your breath to waste ;
If this is a joke, Full-Private James,
It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But, being a man of doubtless worth,
If you feel certain quite
That we were probably changed at birth,
I'll venture to say you're right."



So General John as Private James
Fell in, parade upon ;
And Private James, by change of names,
Was Major-General John.

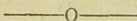
TO A LITTLE MAID.

BY A POLICEMAN.

COME with me, little maid,
Nay, shrink not, thus afraid—
I'll harm thee not !
Fly not, my love, from me—
I have a home for thee—
A fairy grot,
Where mortal eye
Can rarely pry,
There shall thy dwelling be !

List to me, while I tell
The pleasures of that cell,
Oh, little maid !
What though its couch be rude,
Homely the only food
Within its shade ?
No thought of care
Can enter there,
No vulgar swain intrude !

Come with me, little maid,
Come to the rocky shade
I love to sing ;
Live with us, maiden rare—
Come, for we "want" thee there,
Thou elfin thing,
To work thy spell,
In some cool cell
In stately Pentonville !

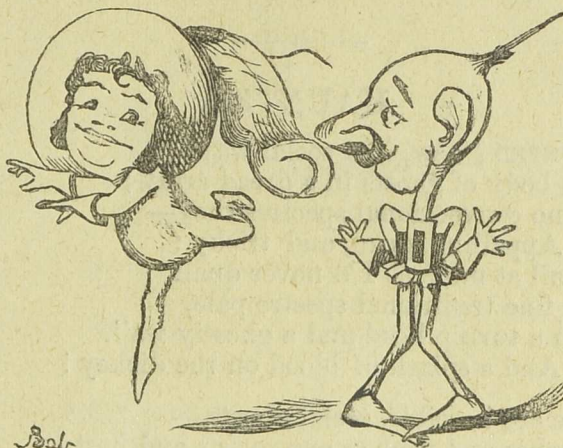


JOHN AND FREDDY.

JOHN courted lovely Mary Ann,
So likewise did his brother Freddy.
Fred was a very soft young man,
While John, though quick, was most unsteady.

Young Fred had grace all men above,
But John was very much the strongest.
"Oh, dance," said she "to win my love—
I'll marry him who dances longest."

John tries the maiden's taste to strike
With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,
And dances comically, like
Clodoche and Co., at the Princess's.



But Freddy tries another style,
He knows some graceful steps, and does 'em—
A breathing Poem—Woman's smile—
A man all poesy and buzzem.

Now Freddy's operatic pas—
Now Johnny's hornpipe seems entrapping :
Now Freddy's graceful *entrechats*—
Now Johnny's skilful "cellar-flapping."

For many hours—for many days—
For many weeks performed each brother,
For each was active in his ways,
And neither would give in to t' other.

After a month of this, they say
(The maid was getting bored and moody)
A wandering curate passed that way,
And talked a lot of goody-goody.

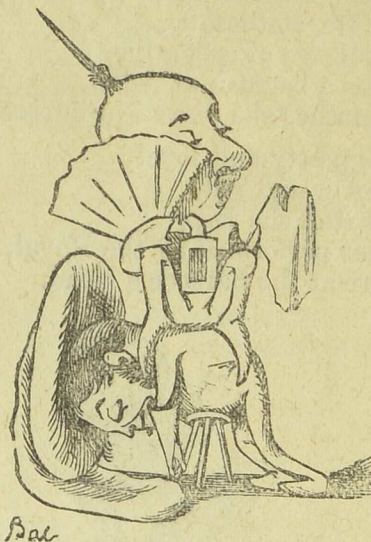
"Oh, my," said he, with solemn frown,
"I tremble for each dancing *frater*,
Like unregenerated clown
And harlequin at some thee-ayter."



He showed that men, in dancing, do
Both impiously and absurdly,
And proved his proposition true,
With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both John and Freddy danced,
The curate's protests little heeding ;
For months the curate's words enhanced
The sinfulness of their proceeding.

At length they bowed to Nature's rule—
Their steps grew feeble and unsteady,
Till Freddy fainted on a stool,
And Johnny on the top of Freddy.

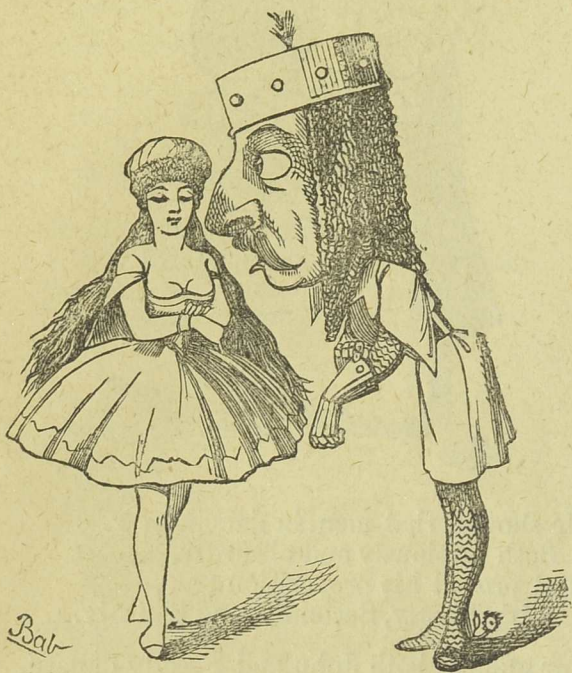


"Decide !" quoth they, "let him be named
Who henceforth as his wife may rank you."
"I've changed my views," the maiden said,
"I only marry curates, thank you !"

Says Freddy, "Here is goings on !
To bust myself with rage I'm ready."
"I'll be a curate," whispers John—
"And I" exclaimed poetic Freddy.



But while they read for it, these chaps,
The curate booked the maiden bonny—
And when she's buried him, perhaps,
She'll marry Frederick or Johnny.



SIR GUY THE CRUSADER.

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader,
And Dickey de Lion's delight.

Lenore was a Saracen maiden,
Brunette, statuesque,
The reverse of grotesque,
Her Pa was a bagman at Aden,
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphée* pretty and loyal,
In amber and red,
The ballet she led ;

Her mother performed at the Royal,
Lenore at the Saracen's Head.

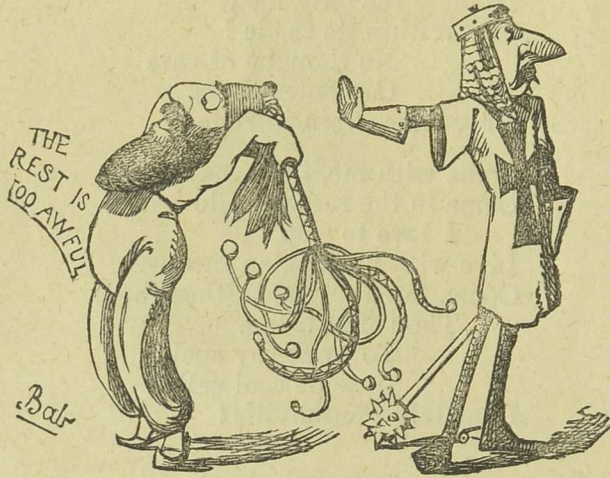


Of face and of figure majestic,
She dazzled the cits—
Ecstasized pits ;—
Her troubles were only domestic,
But drove her half out of her wits.
Her father incessantly lashed her,
On water and bread
She was grudgingly fed ;
Whenever her father he thrashed her
Her mother sat down on her head.
Guy saw her and loved her, with reason,
For beauty so bright
Sent him mad with delight ;
He purchased a stall for the season
And sat in it every night.
His views were exceedingly proper,
He wanted to wed,
So he called at her shed
And saw her progenitor whop her—
Her mother sit down on her head.

"So pretty," said he, "and so trusting !
You brute of a dad,
You unprincipled cad,
Your conduct is really disgusting.
Come, come, now, admit it's too bad !

"You're a turband old Turk, and malignant—
Your daughter Lenore
I intensely adore,
And I cannot help feeling indignant,
A fact that I hinted before.

"To see a fond father employing
A deuce of a knout
For to bang her about,
To a sensitive lover's annoying."
Said the bagman, "Crusader, get out."



Says Guy, "Shall a warrior laden
With a big spiky knob,
Stand idly and sob,
While a beautiful Saracen maiden
Is whipped by a Saracen snob ?

"To London I'll go from my charmer."
Which he did, with his loot
(Seven hats and a flute),
And was nabbed for his Sydenham armour
At Mr. Ben-Samuel's suit.

Sir Guy he was lodged in the Compter,
Her Pa, in a rage,
Died (don't know his age).
His daughter, she married the prompter,
Grew bulky, and quitted the stage.

HAUNTED

HAUNTED ? Ay, in a social way
By a body of ghosts in a dread array ;
But no conventional spectres they—
Appalling, grim, and tricky :
I quail at mine as I'd never quail
At a fine traditional spectre pale,
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
And a splash of blood on the dickey !

Mine are horrible, social ghosts,—
Speeches and women and guests and hosts,
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
In every bad variety :
Ghosts who hover about the grave
Of all that's manly, free, and brave :
You'll find their names on the architrave
Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday—black as its school-room ink—
With its dismal boys that snivel and think
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,
And its frozen tank to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief,
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array—
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
For all the wealth of Plutus—

Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared :
If the classical ghost that Brutus dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
I'm sure I pity Brutus.

I pass to critical seventeen ;
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
And woke my dream of heaven.
No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls
Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls :
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
She was one of forty-seven !

I see the ghost of my first cigar—
Of the thence-arising family jar—
Of my maiden brief (I was at the Bar),
(I called the Judge "Your wushup !")
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,
Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,
Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
And thousands more, I suffer.
The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is, "Reader, this is the resting-place
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

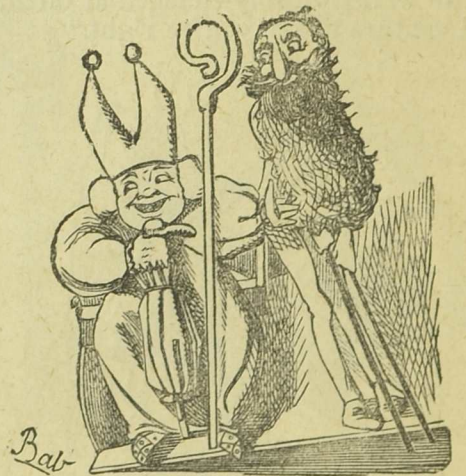
I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my chiefest boggy ;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown ;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable foggy.

THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN.

It was a Bishop bold,
And London was his see,
He was short and stout and round about,
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,
Who drove a Putney bus—
For flesh of swine, however fine
He did not care a cuss.

His name was Hash Baz Ben,
And Jedediah too,
And Solomon and Zabulon—
This bus-directing Jew.

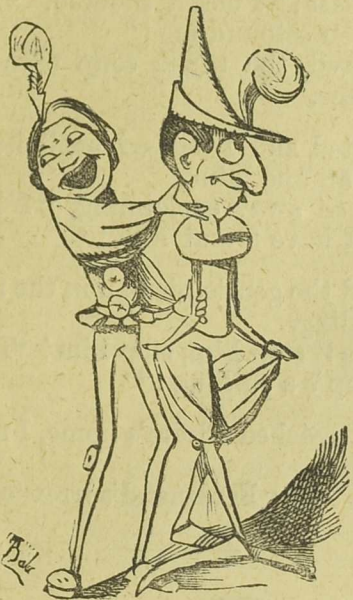


The Bishop said, said he,
"I'll see what I can do
To Christianize and make you wise,
You poor benighted Jew."

So every blessed day
That bus he rode outside,
From Fulham town, both up and down,
And loudly thus he cried :—

"His name is Hash Baz Ben,
And Jedediah too,
And Solomon and Zabulon—
This bus-directing Jew."

At first the busman smiled,
And rather liked the fun—
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,
And said, "Eccentric one!"



And gay young dogs would wait
To see the bus go by
(These gay young dogs in striking togs)
To hear the Bishop cry:—

"Observe his grisly beard—
His race it clearly shows;
He sticks no fork in ham or pork—
Observe, my friends, his nose.

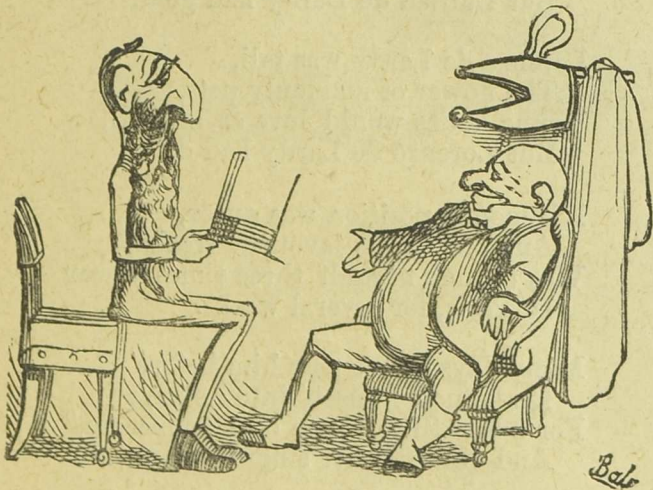
"His name is Hash Baz Ben,
And Jedediah too,
And Solomon and Zabulon—
This bus-directing Jew."

But though at first amused,
Yet after seven years,
This Hebrew child got awful riled,
And busted into tears.

He really almost feared
To leave his poor abode,
His nose, and name, and beard became
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,
The reason he would know—
"I'll call and see why ever he
Does persecute me so."

The good old Bishop sat
On his ancestral chair,
The busman came, sent up his name,
And laid his grievance bare.



"Benighted Jew," he said,
(And chuckled loud with joy)
"Be Christian, you, instead of Jew—
Become a Christian boy.

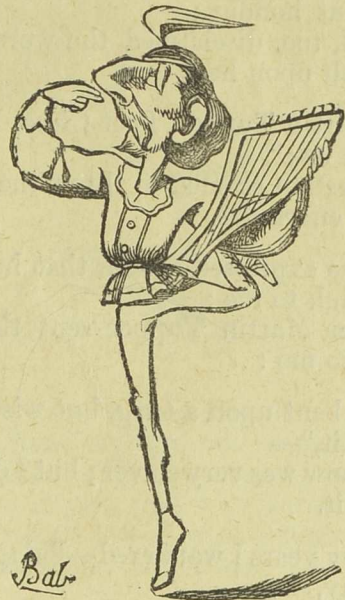
"I'll ne'er annoy you more."
"Indeed?" replied the Jew—
"Shall I be freed?" "You will, indeed!"
Then "Done!" said he, "with you!"

The organ which, in man,
Between the eyebrows grows,
Fell from his face, and in its place
He found a Christian nose.

His tangled Hebrew beard,
Which to his waist came down,
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—
His name, Adolphus Brown.



He wedded in a year
That prelate's daughter Jane;
He's grown quite fair—has auburn hair—
His wife is far from plain.



THE TROUBADOUR.

A TROUBADOUR he played
Without a castle wall,
Within, a hapless maid
Responded to his call.

"Oh, willow, woe is me!
Alack and well-a-day!
If I were only free
I'd hie me far away!"

Unknown her face and name,
But this he knew right well,
The maiden's wailing came
From out a dungeon cell.

A hapless woman lay
Within that dungeon grim—
That fact, I've heard him say,
Was quite enough for him.

"I will not sit or lie,
Or eat or drink, I vow,
Till thou art free as I,
Or I as pent as thou."

Her tears then ceased to flow,
Her wails no longer rang,
And tuneful in her woe
The prisoned maiden sang:

"Oh, stranger, as you play,
I recognize your touch;
And all that I can say
Is, thank you very much."

He seized his clarion straight,
And blew thereat, until
A warden oped the gate.
"Oh, what might be your will?"

"I've come, Sir Knave, to see
The master of these halls:
A maid unwillingly
Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh
That porter drooped his head,
With teardrops in his eye,
"A many, sir," he said.

He stayed to hear no more,
But pushed that porter by,
And shortly stood before
Sir Hugh de Peckham Rye.

Sir Hugh he darkly frowned,
"What would you, sir, with me?"
The troubadour he downed
Upon his bended knee.



"I've come, De Peckham Rye,
To do a Christian task;
You ask me what would I?
It is not much I ask.

"Release these maidens, sir,
Whom you dominion o'er—
Particularly her
Upon the second floor.



"And if you don't, my lord"—
He here stood bolt upright,
And tapped a tailor's sword—
"Come out, you cad, and fight!"

Sir Hugh he called—and ran
The warden from the gate:
"Go, show this gentleman
The maid in Forty-eight."

By many a cell they past,
And stopped at length before
A portal, bolted fast:
The man unlocked the door.

He called inside the gate
With coarse and brutal shout,
"Come, step it, Forty-eight!"
And Forty-eight stepped out.



Bal

"They gets it pretty hot,
The maidens wot we cotch—
Two years this lady's got
For collaring a wotch."

"Oh, ah!—indeed—I see,"
The troubadour exclaimed—
"If I may make so free,
How is this castle named?"

The warden's eyelids fill,
And sighing, he replied,
"Of gloomy Pentonville
This is the female side!"

The minstrel did not wait
The warden stout to thank,
But recollected straight
He'd business at the Bank.

—o—
FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA;
OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN.

PART I.

At a pleasant evening party I had taken down
to supper
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of love
and Tupper,

Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with them
dealing,
For I've always been distinguished for a strong
poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which
contained a motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her
mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we had
better, dear, be walking;
If we stop down here much longer, really people
will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military
cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were
baronets by dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed
them with a blessing;
Then she let down all her back hair, which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated
throatle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her
pretty smelling bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say,—what can the
matter be with you?
Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy, dis-
agree with you?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and
more distressing,
And she tore her pretty back hair, which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling,
then above me,
And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you really,
really love me?"

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I
gazed upon her sweetly—
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly
neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable
azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or
my Glaisher!

"Tell me whither I may hie me—tell me, dear
one, that I may know—
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible vol-
cano?"

But she said, "It isn't polar bears, or hot volcanic
grottoes:
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely
cracker mottoes!"

PART II.

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close,
or Mister Tupper,
Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls
at supper?"

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not
had that honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told
so much upon her.

"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you
inform us;"
But my question seemed to throw them both into
a rage enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only
get anigh to me;
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following
reply to me:

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread
a bandit,"—
Which I know was very clever; but I didn't under-
stand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China,
Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his
doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils
and myrtle;
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock
turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth
and he was rosy,
And his little wife was pretty and particularly
cosy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and
laughed with laughter hearty—
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a
party.

And I said, "O gentle pieman, why so very, very
merry?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven
sherry?"

But he answered, "I'm so happy—no profession
could be dearer—
If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm singing
'Tirer, lirer!'"

"First I go and make the patties, and the puddings,
and the jellies,
Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a table
swell is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table
lacquers;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find
inside the crackers"—

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle pie-
man, you astound me!"
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a
crowd around him,
And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found
him! I have found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind
me trilling,
"'Tira! lira!' stop him, stop him! 'Tra! la! la!'
the soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never, never
waited,
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably mated!



Bal

LORENZO DE LARDY.

DALILAH DE DARDY adored
The very correctest of cards,
Lorenzo de Lardy, a lord—
He was one of Her Majesty's Guards.

Dalilah de Dardy was fat,
Dalilah de Dardy was old—
(No doubt in the world about that),
But Dalilah de Dardy had gold.

Lorenzo de Lardy was tall,
The flower of maidenly pets,
Young ladies would love at his call,
But Lorenzo de Lardy had debts.

His money position was queer,
And one of his favourite freaks
Was to hide himself three times a year
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before
He fanned himself into a flame
For a beautiful "Dam du Comptwore,"
And this was her singular name:

Alice Eulalie Coraline
Euphrosine Colombina Thérèse
Juliette Stephanie Celestine
Charlotte Russe de la Sauce Mayonnaise.

She booked all the orders and tin,
Accoutred in showy fal-lal,
At a two-fifty restaurant, in
The glittering Palais Royal.

He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,
Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,
But the words of her tongue that he knew
Were limited strictly to these :

"Coraline Celestine Eulalie,
Houp là ! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez moi aujourd' hui
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo."

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise
Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
But her English consisted of this :

Oh my ! pretty man, if you please,
Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh godam."

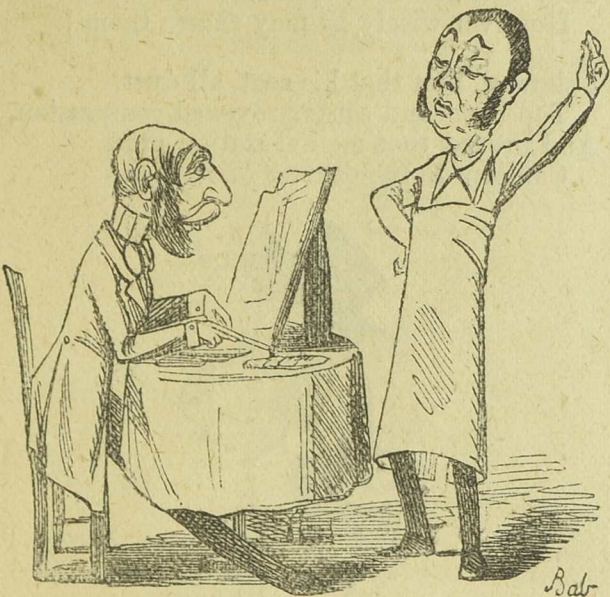
He'd gaze in her eyes all the day,
Admiring their sparkle and dance,
And list while she rattled away
In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember Milore—
He loved de la Sauce Mayonnaise.

He said to her, "Méchant Thérèse,
Avec désespoir tu m'accables.
Pense tu, de la Sauce Mayonnaise,
Ses intentions sont honorables ?

"Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu ôses—
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,
Je le dirai de quoi on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière !"

Lord Lardy knew nothing of this—
The waiter's devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And never seemed weary or bored.



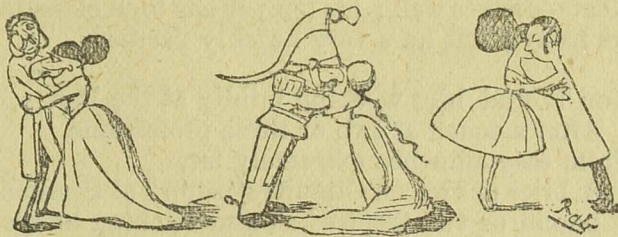
The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he'd snap and he'd dance—
And Lord Lardy would smile, and observe,
"How strange are the customs of France !"

Well, after delaying a space,
His tradesmen no longer would wait :
Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

Lord Lardy espoused, with a groan,
Miss Dardy's developing charms,
And agreed to tag on to his own
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
Of an ugly and thin coryphée,
Who danced in the hindermost rows
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise
Didn't yield to a gnawing despair,
But married a soldier, and plays
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.



DISILLUSIONED.

BY AN EX-ENTHUSIAST.

OH that my soul its gods could see
As years ago they seemed to me
When first I painted them ;
Invested with the circumstance
Of old conventional romance :
Exploded theorem !



The bard who could, all men above,
Inflame my soul with songs of love
And, with his verse, inspire
The craven soul who feared to die,
With all the glow of chivalry
And old heroic fire ;

I found him in a beerhouse tap
Awaking from a gin-born nap,
With pipe and sloven dress ;
Amusing chums, who fooled his bent
With muddy, maudlin sentiment,
And tipsy foolishness !

The novelist, whose painting pen
To legions of fictitious men
A real existence lends,
Brain-people whom we rarely fail,
Whene'er we hear their names, to hail
As old and welcome friends ;

I found in clumsy snuffy suit,
In seedy glove, and blucher boot
Uncomfortably big ;
Particularly commonplace,
With vulgar, coarse, stock-broking face,
And spectacles and wig.

My favourite actor who, at will,
With mimic woe my eyes could fill
With unaccustomed brine :
A being who appeared to me
(Before I knew him well) to be
A song incarnadine ;

I found a coarse unpleasant man
With speckled chin—unhealthy, wan—
Of self-importance full :

Existing in an atmosphere
That reeked of gin and pipes and beer—
Conceited, fractious, dull.

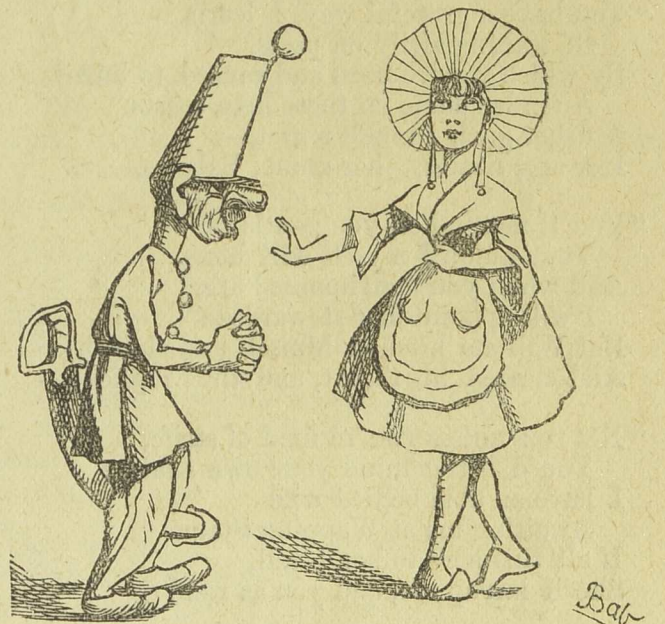
The warrior whose ennobled name
Is woven with his country's fame,
Triumphant over all,
I found weak, palsied, bloated, blear ;
His province seemed to be, to leer
At bonnets in Pall Mall.

Would that ye always shone, who write
Bathed in your own innate lime-light,
And ye who battles wage,
Or that in darkness I had died
Before my soul had ever sighed
To see you off the stage !

BABETTE'S LOVE.

BABETTE she was a fisher gal
With jupon striped and cap in crimps.
She passed her days inside the Halle,
Or collaring of little shrimps.
Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,
With no professional bouquet.

Jacot was, of the Customs bold
An officer, at gay Boulogne ;
He loved Babette—his love he told
And sighed, "Oh, soyez vous ma own !"
But "Non !" said she, "Jacot, my pet,
Vous êtes trop scraggy pour Babette.



"Of one alone I nightly dream,
An able mariner is he,
And gaily serves the Gen'ral Steam-
Boat Navigation Companee.
I'll marry him, if he but will—
His name, I rather think, is Bill.

"I see him when he's not aware,
Upon our hospitable coast,
Reclining with an easy air,
Upon the *Port* against a post,
A-thinking of, I'll dare to say,
His native Chelsea far away !"



"Oh, mon !" exclaimed the Customs bold,
"Mes yeux !" he said, which means "my eye."
"Oh, chère !" he also cried, I'm told,
"Par Jove," he added, with a sigh.
"Oh, mon ! oh, chère ! mes yeux ! par Jove !
Je n'aime pas cet enticing cove !"

The *Panther's* captain stood hard by,
He was a man of morals strict,
If e'er a sailor winked his eye,
Straightway he had that sailor licked,

Mastheaded all (such was his code)
Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blowed.

He wept to think a tar of his
Should lean so gracefully on posts,
He sighed and sobbed to think of this,
On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.
"It's human natur', p'raps—if so,
Oh, isn't human natur' low!"



He called his Bill, who pulled his curl:
He said, "My Bill, I understand
You've captivated some young gurl
On this here French and foreign land.
Her tender heart your beauties jog—
They do, you know they do, you dog.

"You have a graceful way, I learn,
Of leaning airily on posts,
By which you've been and caused to burn
A tender flame on these here coasts.
A fisher gurl, I much regret,—
Her age, sixteen—her name, Babette.

"You'll marry her, you gentle tar—
Your union I myself will bless,
And when you matrimonied are,
I will appoint her stewardess."
But William hitched himself and sighed,
And cleared his throat, and thus replied:—

"Not so: unless you're fond of strife,
You'd better mind your own affairs;
I have an able-bodied wife
Awaiting me at Wapping Stairs.
If all this here to her I tell,
She'll larrup me, and you as well.

"Skin-deep, and valued at a pin,
Is beauty such as Venus owns—
Her beauty is beneath her skin,
And lies in layers on her bones.
The other sailors of the crew
They always call her 'Wapping Sue!'"

"Oho!" the captain said, "I see!
And is she then so very strong?"
"She'd take your honour's scruff," said he,
"And pitch you over to Bolong!"
"I pardon you," the captain said,
"The fair Babette you needn't wed."

Perhaps the Customs had his will,
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed,
Perhaps the captain, and his Bill,
And William's little wife are dead;
Or p'raps they're all alive and well;
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell.

—o—

TO MY BRIDE.

(WHOEVER SHE MAY BE.)

OH! little maid!—(I do not know your name
Or who you are, so, as a safe precaution,
I'll add)—Oh, buxom widow! married dame!
(As one of these must be your present portion)
Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,
And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—
A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty:
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,
And, when you're intimate, you'll call him
"Bertie."

Neat—dresses well; his temper has been classified
As hasty; but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,
After a touch at two or three professions,
From easy affluence extremely far,
A brief or two on Circuit—"soup" at Sessions;
A pound or two from whist and backing horses,
And, say, three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness; free from serious vice,
His faults are not particularly shady,
You'll never find him "shy"—for, once or twice
Already, he's been driven by a lady,
Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse for
him—
Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh! bride of mine—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair!
Oh! widow—wife, maybe, or blushing maiden,
I've told *your* fortune; solved the gravest care
With which your mind has hitherto been laden.
I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it;
Now tell me mine—and please be quick about it!

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,
To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated.
Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill?
If so, I want to hear her income stated.
(This is a point which interests me greatly)
To quote the bard, "Oh! have I seen her lately?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one
Is comfortably stowed away at Woking?
How is her hair most usually done?
And tell me, please, will she object to smoking?
The colour of her eyes, too, you may mention:
Come, Sibyl, prophesy—I'm all attention.

—o—



THE FOLLY OF BROWN.

BY A GENERAL AGENT.

I KNEW a boor—a clownish card,
(His only friends were pigs and cows and
The poultry of a small farmyard)
Who came into two hundred thousand.

Good fortune worked no change in Brown,
Though she's a mighty social chymist;
He was a clown—and by a clown
I do not mean a pantomimist.

It left him quiet, calm, and cool,
Though hardly knowing what a crown was—
You can't imagine what a fool
Poor rich uneducated Brown was!

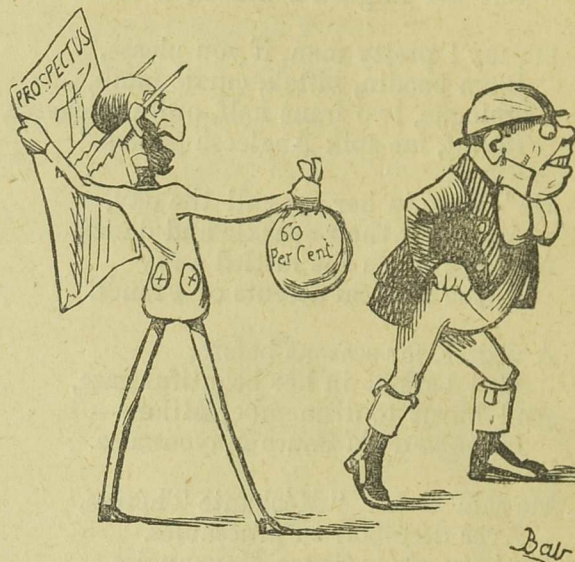
He scouted all who wished to come
And give him monetary schooling;
And I propose to give you some
Idea of his insensate fooling.

I formed a company or two—
(Of course, I don't know what the rest meant:
I formed them solely with a view
To help him to a sound investment).

Their objects were—their only cares—
To justify their Boards in showing
A handsome dividend on shares,
And keep their good promoter going.

But, no!—the lout sticks to his brass,
Though shares at par I freely proffer:
Yes—will it be believed?—the ass
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer.

He added, with a bumpkin's grin
(A weakly intellect denoting),
He'd rather not invest it in
A company of my promoting!



"You have two hundred 'thou or more,"
Said I. "You'll waste it, lose it, lend it;
Come, take my furnished second floor,
I'll gladly show you how to spend it."

But will it be believed that he,
With grin upon his face of poppy,
Declined my aid, while thanking me
For what he called my "philanthropy"?

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice
In doubting friends who wouldn't harm them;
They will not hear the charmer's voice,
However wisely he may charm them!

I showed him that his coat, all dust,
Top boots and cords provoked compassion,
And proved that men of station must
Conform to the decrees of fashion.

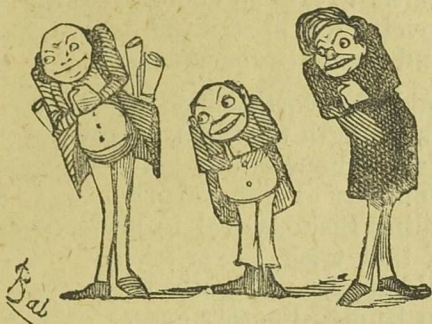


I showed him where to buy his hat,
To coat him, trouser him, and boot him;
But no,—he wouldn't hear of that—
"He didn't think the style would suit him!"

I offered him a county seat,
And made no end of an oration;
I made it certainty complete,
And introduced the deputation.

But, no—the clown my prospects blights—
(The worth of birth it surely teaches!)
"Why should I want to spend my nights
In Parliament, a-making speeches?"

"I haven't never been to school—
I ain't had not no eddication—
And I should surely be a fool
To publish that to all the nation!"



I offered him a trotting horse—
No hack had ever trotted faster—
I also offered him, of course,
A rare and curious "Old Master."

I offered to procure him weeds—
Wines fit for one in his position;
But, though an ass in all his deeds,
He'd learnt the meaning of "commission."

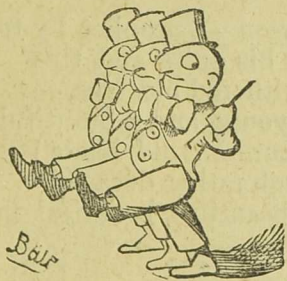
He called me "thief" the other day,
And daily from his door he thrusts me;
Much more of this, and soon I may,
Begin to think that Brown mistrusts me.

So deaf to all sound Reason's rule
This poor uneducated clown is,
You cannot fancy what a fool
Poor rich uneducated Brown is.

SIR MACKLIN.

Of all the youths I ever saw
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,
So lost to shame and Sabbath law
As worldly Tom, and Bob, and Billy.

For every Sabbath Day they walked
(Such was their gay and thoughtless natur)
In parks or gardens, where they talked
From three to six, or even later.



Sir Macklin was a priest severe
In conduct and in conversation;
It did a sinner good to hear
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action show
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

He wept to think each thoughtless youth
Contained of wickedness a skinful,
And burnt to teach the awful truth
That walking out on Sunday's sinful.

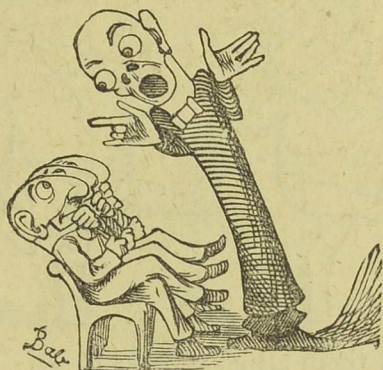
"Oh, youths," said he, "I grieve to find
The course of life you've been and hit on—
Sit down," said he, "and never mind
The pennies for the chairs you sit on.

"My opening head is 'Kensington,'
How walking there the sinner hardens,
Which when I have enlarged upon,
I go to 'Secondly'—its 'Gardens.'

"My 'Thirdly' comprehendeth 'Hyde,'
Of Secresy the guilts and shameses;
My 'Fourthly'—'Park'—its verdure wide—
My 'Fifthly' comprehends 'St. James's.'

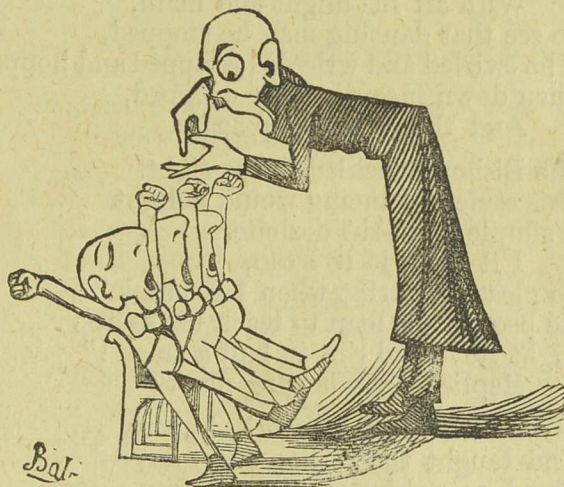
"That matter settled, I shall reach
The 'Sixthly' in my solemn tether,
And show that what is true of each
Is also true of all, together.

"Then I shall demonstrate to you,
According to the rules of Whateley,
That what is true of all, is true
Of each, considered separately."



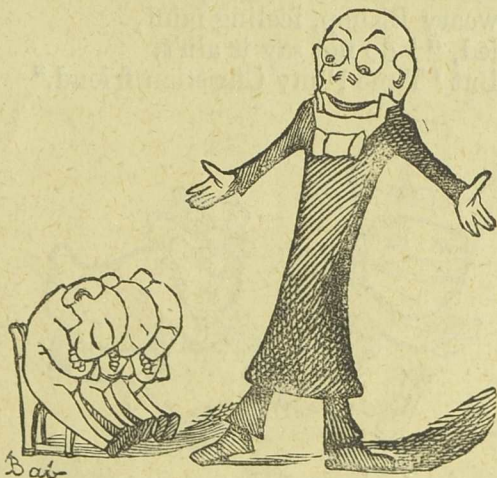
In lavish stream his accents flow,
Tom, Bob, and Billy dare not flout him;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

"Ha, ha!" he said, "you loathe your ways,
You writhe at these my words of warning,
In agony your hands you raise."
(And so they did, for they were yawning.)



To "Twenty-firstly" on they go,
The lads do not attempt to scout him;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

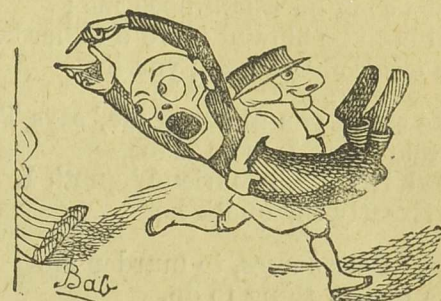
"Ho, ho!" he cries, "you bow your crests—
My eloquence has set you weeping;
In shame you bend upon your breasts!"
(And so they did, for they were sleeping.)



He proved them this—he proved them that—
This good but wearisome ascetic;
He jumped and thumped upon his hat,
He was so very energetic.

His Bishop at this moment chanced
To pass, and found the road encumbered;
He noticed how the Churchman danced,
And how his congregation slumber'd.

The hundred and eleventh head
The priest completed of his stricture.
"Oh, bosh!" the worthy Bishop said,
And walked him off, as in the picture.



THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."*

'T WAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'T was in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

* A vefision of this ballad is published as a Song, by
Mr. Jeffreys, Soho Square.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'T will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

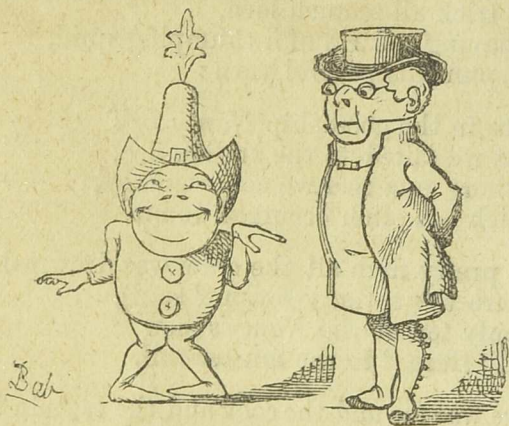
"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"



THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO.

FROM east and south the holy clan
Of Bishops gathered to a man;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,
In flocking crowds they came.
Among them was a Bishop who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—
They played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum—
The only sauce they knew.
When first good Bishop Peter came
(For Peter was that Bishop's name),
To humour them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was Peter) loved him well,
And, summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.

"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."
(They called him Peter, people say,
Because it was his name.)



He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea,
At London Bridge that Bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night;
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road,
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
With all his might and main.
To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.

The Bishop chuckled at the sight.
"This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite.

I'll learn it if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back."
He begged the man to teach his knack.
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack!"
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away
And taught the Bishop every day—
The dancer skipped like any fay—
Good Peter did the same.
The Bishop buckled to his task
With *battements*, cuts, and *pas de basque*.
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
That Peter was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancier said,
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head,
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—
Your fingers thus extend;
The attitude's considered quaint."
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
But 'Time!' my Christian friend."

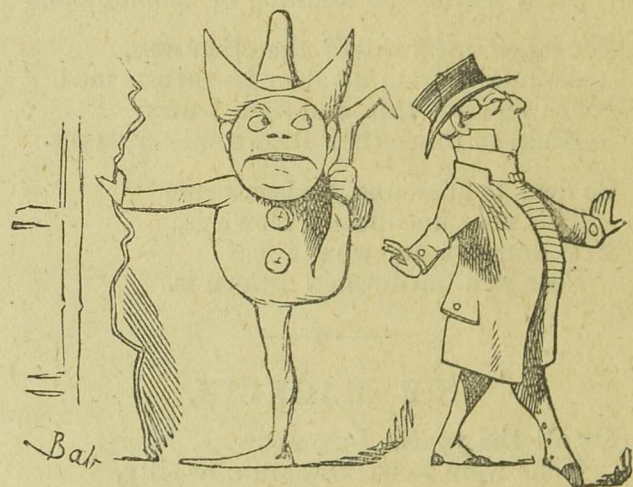


"We now proceed to something new—
Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,
Like this—one, two—one, two—one two."
The Bishop, never proud,
But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was Peter, I repeat)
Performed the Payne and Lauri feat,
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancier planned—
"Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand—
Your body stiff and stark.
If, when revisiting your see,
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—
The novelty would striking be,
And must attract remark."

"No," said the worthy Bishop, "No;
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial Bishops cannot go.
You may express surprise
At finding Bishops deal in pride—
But if that trick I ever tried,
I should appear undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such;
But if they saw their Bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they wouldn't understand—
'T would pain them very much!"



THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

A VERY TRUE TALE.

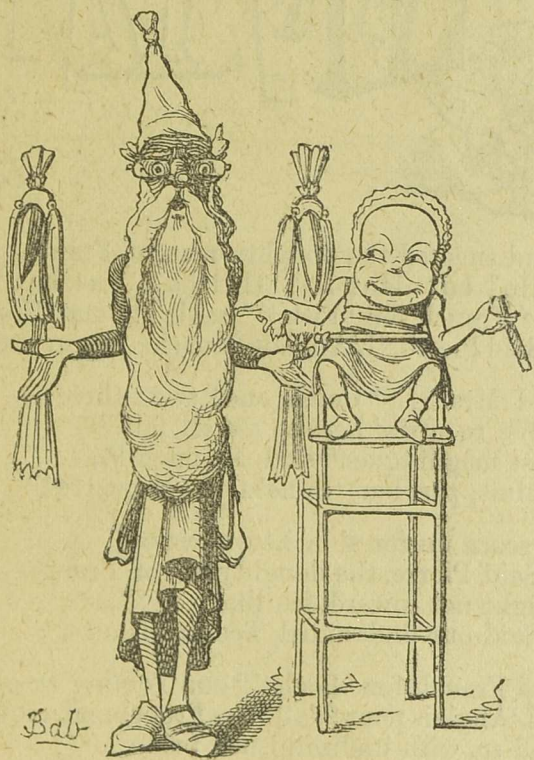
(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster.")

AN elderly person—a prophet by trade—
With his quips and tips
On withered old lips,
He married a young and a beautiful maid;
The cunning old blade!
Though rather decayed,
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.



She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
With her tempting smiles
And maidenly wiles,
And he was a trifle off seventy-three:
Now what she could see
Is a puzzle to me,
In a buffer of seventy—seventy-three!
Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)
With their loud high jinks
And underbred winks,
None thought they'd a family have—but they had;

A dear little lad
 Who drove 'em half mad,
 For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.
 For when he was born he astonished all by,
 With their "Law, dear me!"
 "Did ever you see?"
 He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye,
 A hat all awry—
 An octagon tie—
 And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.
 He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,
 With his "Oh, dear, oh!"
 And his "Hang it! you know!"
 And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
 "My friends, it's a tap
 That is not worth a rap."
 (Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)
 He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd say,
 With his "Fal, lal, lal"—
 "You doosed fine gal!"
 This shocking precocity drove 'em away:
 "A month from to-day
 Is as long as I'll stay,
 Then I'd wish, if you please, for to hook it away."
 His father, a simple old gentleman, he
 With nursery rhyme
 And "Once on a time,"
 Would tell him the story of "Little Bo-P,"
 "So pretty was she,
 So pretty and wee,
 As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."



But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
 With his "C'ck! oh, my!—
 Go along wiz 'oo, fie!"
 Would exclaim, "I'm afraid 'oo a socking ole fox."
 Now a father it shocks,
 And it whitens his locks,
 When his little babe calls him a shocking old fox.
 The name of his father he'd couple and pair
 (With his ill-bred laugh,
 And insolent chaff)
 With those of the nursery heroines rare—
 Virginia the Fair,
 Or Good Goldenhair,
 Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could
 bear.
 "There's Jill and White Cat" (said the bold little
 brat,
 With his loud "Ha, ha!")
 "'Oo sly ickle pa!
 Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo-Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack Sprat!
 I've noticed 'oo pat
 My pretty white cat—
 I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

He early determined to marry and wive,
 For better or worse
 With his elderly nurse,
 Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive:
 His health didn't thrive—
 No longer alive,
 He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!



MORAL.

Now, elderly men of the bachelor crew,
 With wrinkled nose
 And spectacled nose,
 Don't marry at all—you may take it as true
 If ever you do
 The step you will rue,
 For your babes will be elderly—elderly too.

TO PHOEBE.

"GENTLE, modest little flower,
 Sweet epitome of May,
 Love me but for half an hour,
 Love me, love me, little fay."
 Sentences so fiercely flaming
 In your tiny shell-like ear,
 I should always be exclaiming
 If I loved you, Phoebe dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
 Shed upon me while I sing!
 Please ecstaticize existence,
 Love me, oh, thou fairy thing!"
 Words like these, outpouring sadly,
 You'd perpetually hear,
 If I loved you, fondly, madly;—
 But I do not, Phoebe dear.



BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

Of all the good attorneys who
 Have placed their names upon the roll,
 But few could equal Baines Carew
 For tender-heartedness and soul.

Whene'er he heard a tale of woe
 From client A or client B,
 His grief would overcome him so
 He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.

It laid him up for many days
 When duty led him to distraint,
 And serving writs, although it pays,
 Gave him excruciating pain.
 He made out costs, distrained for rent,
 Foreclosed and sued, with moistened eye;
 No bill of costs could represent
 The value of such sympathy.

No charges can approximate
 The worth of sympathy with woe;—
 Although I think I ought to state
 He did his best to make them so.

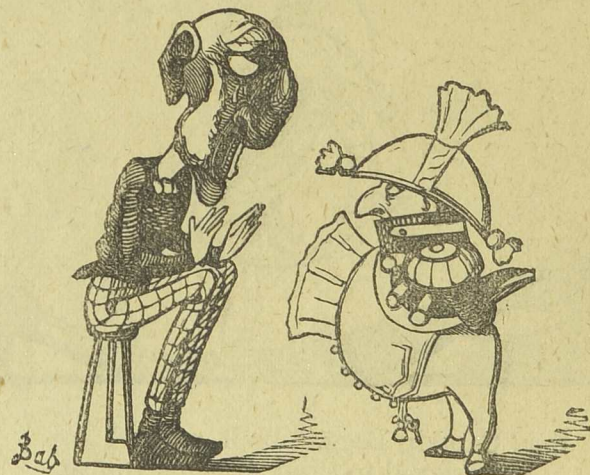
Of all the many clients who
 Had mustered round his legal flag,
 No single client of the crew
 Was half so dear as Captain Bagg.

Now, Captain Bagg had bowed him to
 A heavy matrimonial yoke:
 His wifey had of faults a few—
 She never could resist a joke.

Her chaff at first he meekly bore,
 Till unendurable it grew.
 "To stop this persecution sore
 I will consult my friend Carew.

"And when Carew's advice I've got
 Divorce *a mensâ* I shall try"
 (A legal separation—not
A vinculo conjugii).

"Oh, Baines Carew, my woe I've kept
 A secret hitherto, you know;"
 (And Baines Carew, Esquire, he wept
 To hear that Bagg had any woe.)



"My case, indeed, is passing sad,
 My wife—whom I considered true—
 With brutal conduct drives me mad."
 "I am appalled," said Baines Carew.

"What! sound the matrimonial knell
 Of worthy people such as these!
 Why was I an attorney? Well—
 Go on to the *sevitia*, please."

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane,
 A harder case you never heard,—
 My wife (in other matters sane)
 Pretends that I'm a Dickey bird!"

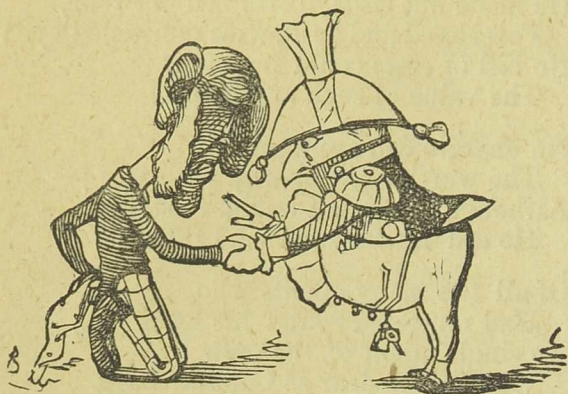
"She makes me sing, 'Too-whit, too-wee!'
 And stand upon a rounded stick,
 And always introduces me
 To every one as 'Pretty Dick!'"

"Oh, dear," said weeping Baines Carew,
 "This is the direst case I know."
 "I'm grieved," said Bagg, "at paining you—
 To Cobb and Poltherthwaite I'll go:"

"To Cobb's cold, calculating ear
 My gruesome sorrows I'll impart."
 "No; stop," said Baines, "I'll dry my tear,
 And steel my sympathetic heart."

"She makes me perch upon a tree,
 Rewarding me with, 'Sweetie—nice!'
 And threatens to exhibit me
 With four or five performing mice."

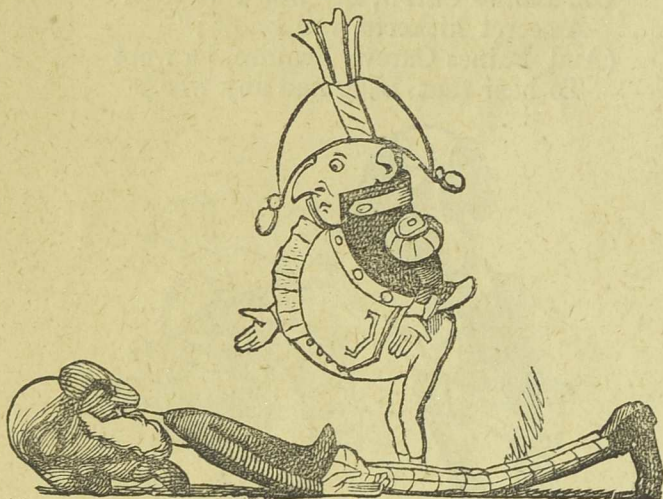
"Restrain my tears I wish I could"
(Said Baines), "I don't know what to do."
Said Captain Bagg, "You're very good."
"Oh, not at all," said Baines Carew.



"Sne makes me fire a gun," said Bagg;
"And, at a preconcerted word,
Climb up a ladder with a flag,
Like any street-performing bird.

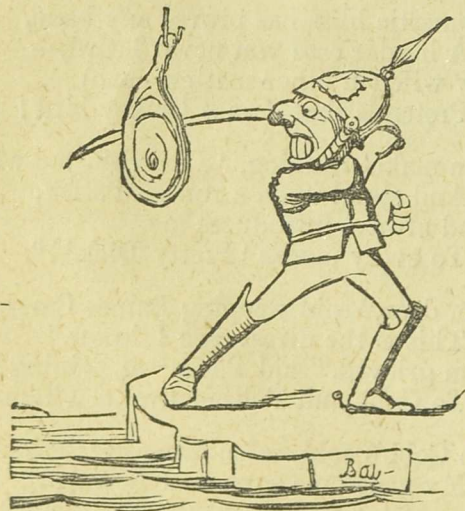
"She places sugar in my way,
In public places calls me 'Sweet!'
She gives me groundsel every day,
And hard canary-seed to eat."

"Oh, woe! oh, sad! oh, dire to tell!"
(Said Baines). "Be good enough to stop."
And senseless on the floor he fell,
With unpremeditated flop!



Said Captain Bagg, "Well, really I
Am grieved to think it pains you so.
I thank you for your sympathy;
But, hang it!—come—I say, you know!"

But Baines lay flat upon the floor,
Convulsed with sympathetic sob;—
The Captain toddled off next door,
And gave the case to Mr Cobb.



THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

In all the towns and cities fair
On Merry England's broad expanse,
No swordsman ever could compare
With Thomas Winterbottom Hance.

The dauntless lad could fairly hew
A silken handkerchief in twain,
Divide a leg of mutton too—
And this without unwholesome strain.

On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,
His sabre sometimes he'd employ;
No bar of lead, however thick,
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.

At Dover daily he'd prepare
To hew and slash—behind, before—
Which aggravated Monsieur Pierre,
Who watched him from the Calais shore.



It caused good Pierre to swear and dance,
The sight annoyed and vexed him so;
He was the bravest man in France—
He said so, and he ought to know.

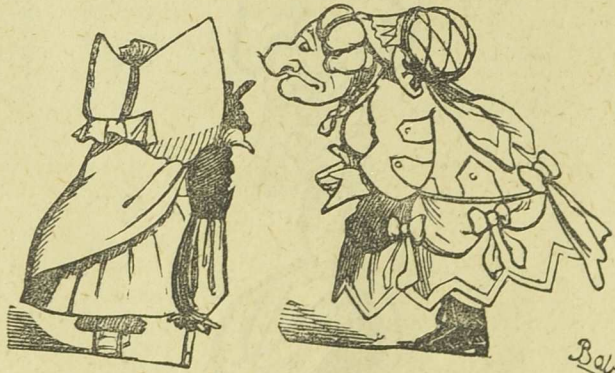
"Regardez donc, ce cochon gros—
Ce polisson! Oh, sacré bleu!
Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots!
Comme cela m'ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu!"

"Il sait que less foulards de soie
Give no retaliating whack—
Les gigots morts n'ont pas de quoi—
Le plomb don't ever hit you back."

But every day the headstrong lad
Cut lead and mutton more and more;
And every day, poor Pierre, half mad,
Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

Hance had a mother, poor and old,
A simple, harmless village dame,
Who crowed and clapped as people told
Of Winterbottom's rising fame.

She said, "I'll be upon the spot
To see my Tommy's sabre-play;"
And so she left her leafy cot,
And walked to Dover in a day.



Pierre had a doating mother, who
Had heard of his defiant rage:
His Ma was nearly ninety-two,
And rather dressy for her age.

At Hance's doings every morn,
With sheer delight his mother cried;
And Monsieur Pierre's contemptuous scorn
Filled his mamma with proper pride.

But Hance's powers began to fail—
His constitution was not strong—
And Pierre, who once was stout and hale,
Grew thin from shouting all day long.

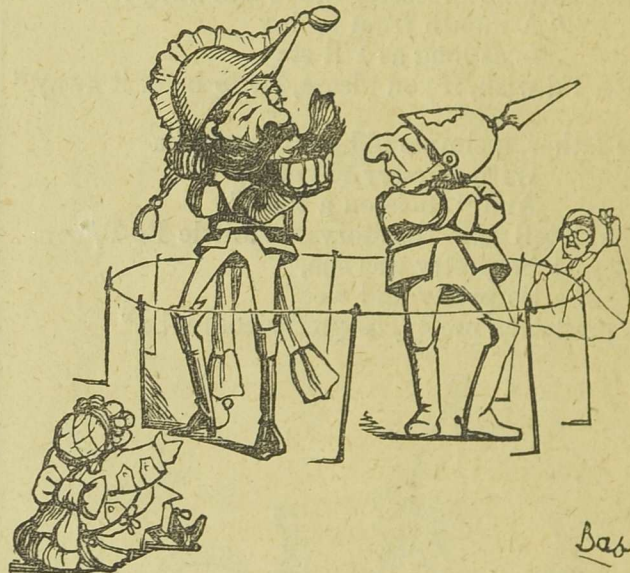
Their mothers saw them pale and wan,
Maternal anguish tore each breast,
And so they met to find a plan
To set their offsprings' minds at rest.

Said Mrs. Hance, "Of course I shrinks
From bloodshed, ma'am, as you're aware,
But still they'd better meet, I think."
"Assurément!" said Madame Pierre.

A sunny spot in sunny France
Was hit upon for this affair;
The ground was picked by Mrs. Hance,
The stakes were pitched by Madame Pierre.

Said Mrs. H., "Your work you see—
Go in my noble boy, and win."
"En garde, mon fils!" said Madame P.
"Allons!" "Go on!" "En garde!" "Begin!"

(The mothers were of decent size,
Though not particularly tall;
But in the sketch that meets your eyes
I've been obliged to draw them small.)

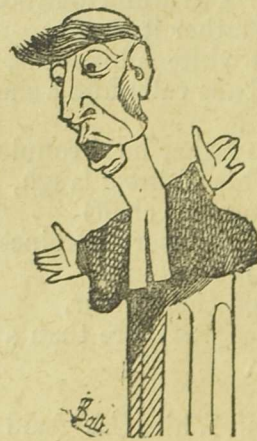


Loud sneered the doughty man of France,
"Ho! ho! Ho! ho! Ha! ha! Ha! ha!"
"The French for 'Pish!'" said Thomas Hance.
Said Pierre, "L'Anglais, Monsieur, pour 'bah!'"

Said Mrs. H., "Come, one! two! three!—
We're sittin' here to see all fair."
"C'est magnifique!" said Madame P.,
"Mais, parbleu! ce n'est pas la guerre!"

"Je scorn un foe si lache que vous,"
Said Pierre, the doughty son of France.
"I fight not coward foe like you!"
Said our undaunted Tommy Hance.

"The French for 'Pooh!'" our Tommy cried.
"L'Anglais pour 'Va!'" the Frenchman crowed.
And so, with undiminished pride,
Each went on his respective road.



THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS.

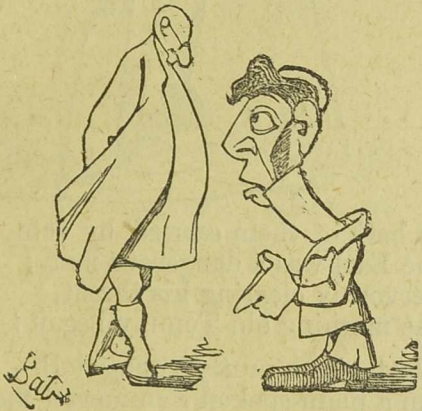
THE Reverend Micah Sowls,
He shouts and yells and howls,
He screams, he mouths, he bumps,
He foams, he rants, he thumps.

His armour he has buckled on, to wage
The regulation war against the Stage;
And warns his congregation all to shun
"The Presence-Chamber of the Evil One."

The subject's sad enough
To make him rant and puff,
And fortunately, too,
His Bishop's in a pew.

So Reverend Micah claps on extra steam,
His eyes are flashing with superior gleam,
He is as energetic as can be,
For there are fatter livings in that see.

The Bishop, when it's o'er,
Goes through the vestry door,
Where Micah, very red,
Is mopping of his head.



"Pardon, my Lord, your Sowls' excessive zeal,
It is a theme on which I strongly feel."
(The sermon somebody had sent him down
From London, at a charge of half-a-crown.)

The Bishop bowed his head,
And, acquiescing, said,
"I've heard your well-meant rage
Against the Modern Stage.

"A modern Theatre, as I heard you say,
Sows seeds of evil broadcast: well, it may;
But let me ask you, my respected son,
Pray, have you ever ventured into one?"

"My Lord," said Micah, "no!
I never, never go!
What! Go and see a play?
My goodness gracious, nay!"

The worthy Bishop said, "My friend, no doubt
The stage may be the place you make it out;
But if, my Reverend Sowls, you never go,
I don't quite understand how you're to know."

"Well, really," Micah said,
"I've often heard and read,
But never go—do you?"
The Bishop said, "I do."

"That proves me wrong," said Micah, in a trice;
"I thought it all frivolity and vice."
The Bishop handed him a counter plain;
"Just take this stall and go to Drury Lane."

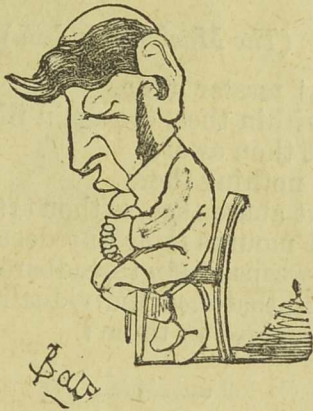


The Bishop took his leave,
Rejoicing in his sleeve.
The next ensuing day
Sowls went and heard a play.

He saw a dreary person on the stage,
Who mouthed and mugged in simulated rage,
Who growled and spluttered in a mode absurd,
And spoke an English Sowls had never heard.

For "gaunt" was spoken "garnt,"
And "haunt" transformed to "harnt,"
And "wrath" pronounced as "rath,"
And "death" was changed to "dath."

For hours and hours that dismal actor walked
And talked, and talked, and talked, and talked,
Till lethargy upon the parson crept,
And sleepy Micah Sowls serenely slept.



He slept away until
The farce that closed the bill
Had warned him not to stay,
And then he went away.

"I thought," said he, "I was a dreary thing,
I thought *my* voice quite destitute of ring,
I thought *my* ranting could distract the brain,
But oh! I hadn't been to Drury Lane.

"Forgive me, Drury Lane,
Thou penitential fane,
Where sinners should be cast
To mourn their wicked past!"



A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER.

A GENTLEMAN of City fame
Now claims your kind attention;
East India broking was his game,
His name I shall not mention:
No one of finely-pointed sense
Would violate a confidence,
And shall I go
And do it? No!
His name I shall not mention.

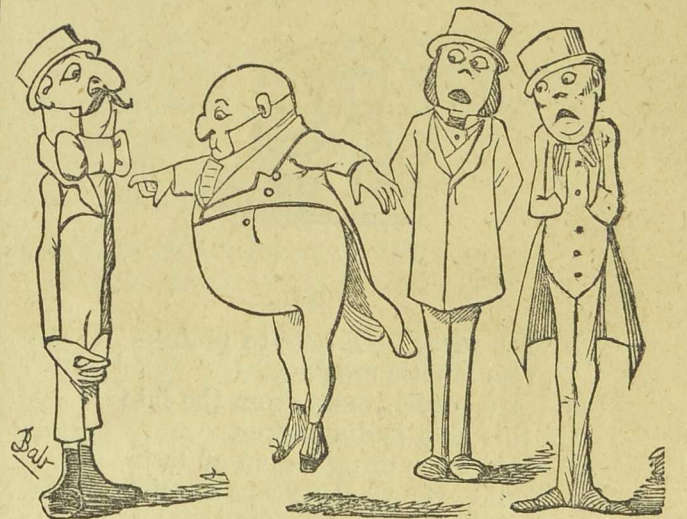
He had a trusty wife and truc,
And very cosy quarters,
A manager, a boy or two,
Six clerks, and seven porters.
A broker must be doing well
(As any lunatic can tell)
Who can employ
An active boy,
Six clerks, and seven porters.

His knocker advertised no dun,
No losses made him sulky,
He had one sorrow—only one—
He was extremely bulky.
A man must be, I beg to state,
Exceptionally fortunate
Who owns his chief
And only grief
Is—being very bulky.

"This load," he'd say, "I cannot bear;
I'm nineteen stone or twenty!
Henceforward I'll go in for air
And exercise in plenty."
Most people think that, should it come,
They can reduce a bulging tum
To measures fair
By taking air
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,
He took to dancing all the way
From Brompton to the City.
You do not often get the chance
Of seeing sugar brokers dance
From their abode
In Fulham Road
Through Brompton to the City.

He braved the gay and guileless laugh
Of children with their nusses,
The loud uneducated chaff
Of clerks on omnibuses.
Against all minor things that rack
A nicely-balanced mind, I'll back
The noisy chaff
And ill-bred laugh
Of clerks on omnibuses.

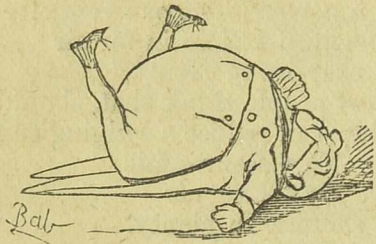


His friends, who heard his money chink,
And saw the house he rented,
And knew his wife, could never think
What made him discontented.
It never entered their pure minds
That fads are of eccentric kinds,
Nor would they own
That fat alone
Could make one discontented.

"Your riches know no kind of pause,
Your trade is fast advancing!
You dance—but not for joy, because
You weep as you are dancing.
To dance implies that man is glad,
To weep implies that man is sad,
But here are you
Who do the two—
You weep as you are dancing!"

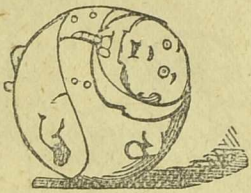
His mania soon got noised about
And into all the papers;
His size increased beyond a doubt
For all his reckless capers:
It may seem singular to you,
But all his friends admit it true—
The more he found
His figure round,
The more he cut his capers.

His bulk increased—no matter that—
He tried the more to toss it—
He never spoke of it as "fat,"
But "adipose deposit."
Upon my word, it seems to me
Unpardonable vanity
(And worse than that)
To call your fat
An "adipose deposit."



At length his brawny knees gave way,
And on the carpet sinking,
Upon his shapeless back he lay
And kicked away like winking.
Instead of seeing in his state
The finger of unswerving Fate,
He laboured still
To work his will,
And kicking away like winking.

His friends, disgusted with him now,
Away in silence wended.
I hardly like to tell you how
This dreadful story ended.
The shocking sequel to impart,
I must employ the limner's art—
If you would know,
This sketch will show
How his exertions ended.



MORAL.

I hate to preach—I hate to prate—
I'm no fanatic croaker,
But learn contentment from the fate
Of this East India broker.
He'd everything a man of taste
Could ever want, except a waist;
And discontent
His size anent,
And bootless perseverance blind,
Completely wrecked the peace of mind
Of this East India broker.

—o—

THE PANTOMIME "SUPER" TO HIS MASK.

VAST empty shell!
Impertinent, preposterous abortion!
With vacant stare,
And ragged hair,
And every feature out of all proportion!
Embodiment of echoing inanity!
Excellent type of simpering insanity!
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity!
I ring thy knell!

To-night thou diest,
Beast that destroy'st my heaven-born identity!
Nine weeks of nights
Before the lights,
Swamped in thine own preposterous nonentity,
I've been ill-treated, cursed, and thrashed diurnally,
Credited for the smile you wear externally—
I feel disposed to smash thy face, infernally,
As there thou liest!

I've been thy brain:
I've been the brain that lit thy dull concavity!
The human race
Invest *my* face
With thine expression of unchecked depravity.
Invested with a ghastly reciprocity,
I've been responsible for thy monstrosity,
I, for thy wanton, blundering ferocity—
But not again!

'Tis time to toll
Thy knell, and that of follies pantomimical:
A nine weeks' run,
And thou hast done
All thou canst do to make thyself inimical.
Adieu, embodiment of all inanity!
Excellent type of simpering insanity!
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity!
Freed is thy soul!

(The Mask respondeth.)

Oh! master mine,
Look thou within thee, ere again ill-using me.
Art thou aware
Of nothing there

Which might abuse thee, as thou art abusing me?
A brain that mourns *thine* unredeemed rascality?
A soul that weeps at *thy* threadbare morality?
Both grieving that *their* individuality
Is merged in thine?

—o—

THE FORCE OF ARGUMENT.

LORD B. was a nobleman bold
Who came of illustrious stocks,
He was thirty or forty years old,
And several feet in his socks.

To Turniptopville-by-the-Sea
This elegant nobleman went,
For that was a borough that he
Was anxious to rep-per-re-sent.

At local assemblies he danced
Until he felt thoroughly ill—
He waltzed, and he galoped, and lanced,
And threaded the mazy quadrille.

The maidens of Turniptopville
Were simple—ingenuous—pure—
And they all worked away with a will
The nobleman's heart to secure.

Two maidens all others beyond
Imagined their chances looked well—
The one was the lively Ann Pond,
The other sad Mary Morell.

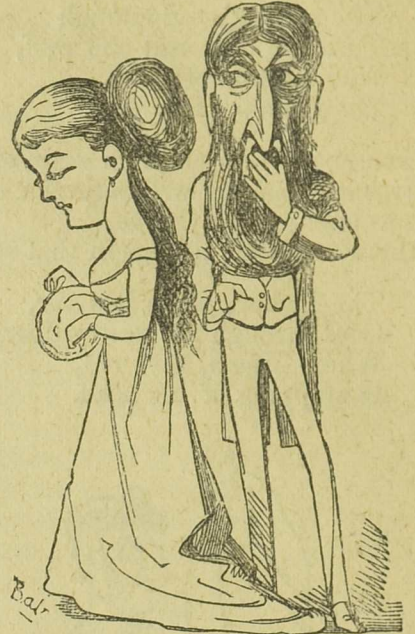
Ann Pond had determined to try
And carry the Earl with a rush;
Her principal feature was eye,
Her greatest accomplishment—gush.



And Mary chose this for her play:
Whenever he looked in her eye
She'd blush and turn quickly away,
And flitter, and flutter, and sigh.

It was noticed he constantly sighed
As she worked out the scheme she had planned,
A fact he endeavoured to hide
With his aristocratical hand.

Old Pond was a farmer, they say,
And so was old Tommy Morell.
In a humble and pottering way
They were doing exceedingly well.



They both of them carried by vote
The Earl was a dangerous man;
So nervously clearing his throat,
One morning old Tommy began:

"My darter's no pratty young doll—
I'm a plain-spoken Zommerzet man—
Now what do 'ee mean by my Poll,
And what do 'ee mean by his Ann?"

Said B., "I will give you my bond
I mean them uncommonly well,
Believe me, my excellent Pond,
And credit me, worthy Morell.



"It's quite indisputable, for
I'll prove it with singular ease,—
You shall have it in 'Barbara' or
'Celarent'—whichever you please.

"You see, when an anchorite bows
To the yoke of intentional sin—
If the state of the country allows,
Homogeny always steps in—

"It's a highly æsthetical bond,
As any mere ploughboy can tell—"
"Of course," replied puzzled old Pond.
"I see," said old Tommy Morell.

"Very good, then," continued the lord;
"When it's fooled to the top of its bent,
With a sweep of a Damocles sword
The web of intention is rent.

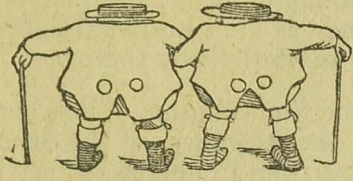
"That's patent to all of us here,
As any mere schoolboy can tell."
Pond answered, "Of course it's quite clear;"
And so did that humbug Morell.

"Its tone's esoteric in force—
I trust that I make myself clear?"—
Morell only answered, "Of course,"
While Pond slowly muttered, "Hear, hear."

"Volition—celestial prize,
Pellucid as porphyry cell—
Is based on a principal wise."
"Quite so," exclaimed Pond and Morell.

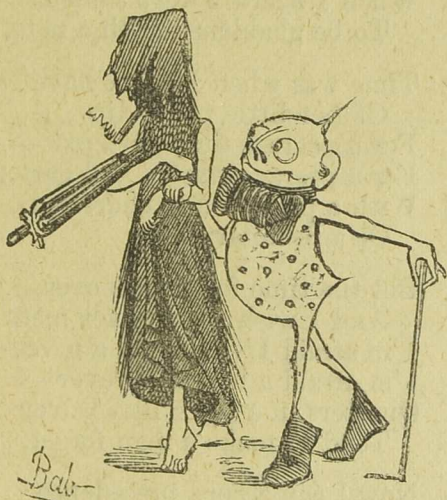
"From what I have said you will see
That I couldn't wed either—in fine,
By Nature's unchanging decree
Your daughters could never be *mine*.

"Go home to your pigs and your ricks,
My hands of the matter I've rinsed."
So they take up their hats and their sticks,
And *exceunt ambo*, convinced.



THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, THE GAEL, AND THE GOBLIN.

O'ER unreclaimed surburban clays
Some years ago were hobblin'
An elderly ghost of easy ways,
And an influential goblin.
The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,
A fine old five-act foggy,
The goblin imp, a lithe young ape,
A fine low-comedy boggy.



And as they exercised their joints,
Promoting quick digestion,
They talked on several curious points,
And raised this delicate question:

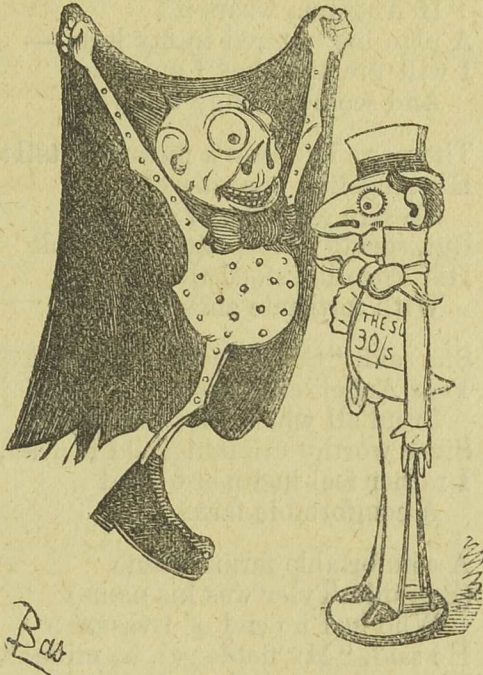
"Which of us two is Number One—
The ghostie, or the goblin?"
And o'er the point they raised in fun
They fairly fell a-squabblin'.

They'd barely speak, and each, in fine,
Grew more and more reflective:
Each thought his own particular line
By chalks the more effective.
At length they settled some one should
By each of them be haunted,
And so arrange that either could
Exert his prowess vaunted.

"The Quaint against the Statuesque"—
By competition lawful—
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,
The ghost the Grandly Awful.
"Now," said the goblin, "here's my plan—
In attitude commanding
I see a stalwart Englishman
By yonder tailor's standing.

"The very fittest man on earth
My influence to try on—
Of gentle, p'raps of noble birth,
And dauntless as a lion!
Now wrap yourself within your shroud—
Remain in easy hearing—
Observe—you'll hear him scream aloud
When I begin appearing!

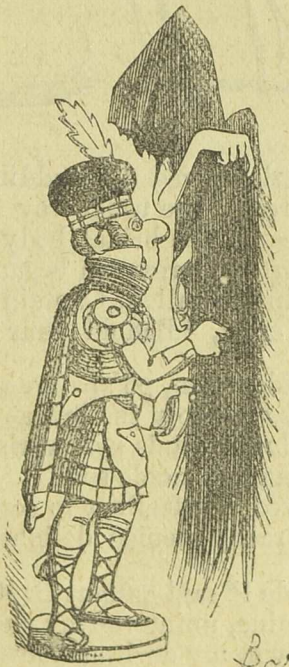
The imp with yell unearthly—wild—
Threw off his dark enclosure:
His dauntless victim looked and smiled
With singular composure.
For hours he tried to daunt the youth,
For days, indeed, but vainly—
The stripling smiled!—to tell the truth,
The stripling smiled inanely.



For weeks the goblin weird and wild
That noble stripling haunted;
For weeks the stripling stood and smiled
Unmoved and all undaunted.
The sombre ghost exclaimed, "Your plan
Has failed you, goblin, plainly.
Now watch yon hardy Hieland man,
So stalwart and ungainly.

"These are the men who chase the roe,
Whose footsteps never falter,
Who bring with them, where'er they go,
A smack of old Sir Walter.
Of such as he, the men sublime
Who lead their troops victorious,
Whose deeds go down to after-time
Enshrined in annals glorious!

"Of such as he the bard has said
'Hech thrawfu' raltie rorkie!
Wi' thecht ta' croonie clapperhead
And fash' wi' unco pawkie!
He'll faint away when I appear
Upon his native heather;
Or p'raps he'll only scream with fear,
Or p'raps the two together."



The spectre showed himself, alone,
To do his ghostly battling,
With curdling groan and dismal moan
And lots of chains a-rattling!

But no—the chiel's stout Gaelic stuff
Withstood all ghostly harrying;
His fingers closed upon the snuff
Which upwards he was carrying.

For days that ghost declined to stir,
A foggy shapeless giant—
For weeks that splendid officer
Stared back again defiant!
Just as the Englishman returned
The goblin's vulgar staring,
Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned
The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain
These Britons bold have haunted,
But all their efforts are in vain—
Their victims stand undaunted.
This very day the imp, and ghost,
Whose powers the imp derided,
Stand each at his allotted post—
The bet is undecided.

THE PHANTOM CURATE.

A FABLE.

A BISHOP once—I will not name his see—
Annoyed his clergy in the mode conventional;
From pulpit shackles never set them free,
And found a sin where sin was unintentional.
All pleasures ended in abuse auricular—
The Bishop was so terribly particular.

Though, on the whole, a wise and upright man,
He sought to make of human pleasures clear-
ances;
And form his priests on that much-lauded plan
Which pays undue attention to appearances.
He couldn't do good deeds without a psalm in 'em,
Although, in truth, he bore away the palm in 'em.

Enraged to find a deacon at a dance,
Or catch a curate at some mild frivolity,
He sought by open censure to enhance
Their dread of joining harmless social jollity.
Yet he enjoyed (a fact of notoriety)
The ordinary pleasures of society.

One evening, sitting at a pantomime,
(Forbidden treat to those who stood in fear of
him),
Roaring at jokes *sans* metre, sense, or rhyme,
He turned, and saw immediately in rear of him,
His piece of mind upsetting, and annoying it,
A curate, also heartily enjoying it.

Again, 't was Christmas Eve, and to enhance
His children's pleasure in their harmless rollick-
ing,
He, like a good old fellow, stood a dance;
When something checked the current of his
frolicking:
That curate, with a maid he treated lover-ly,
Stood up and figured with him in the "Coverley!"

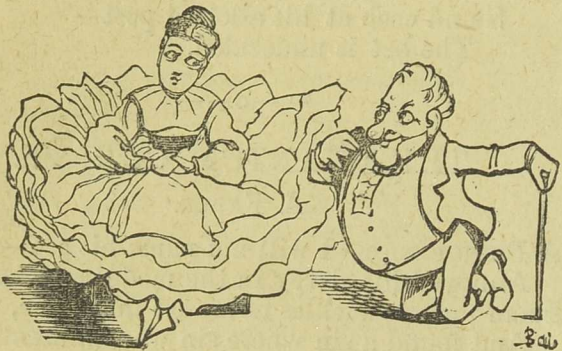
Once, yielding to an universal choice
(The company's demand was an emphatic one,
For the old Bishop had a glorious voice),
In a quartet he joined—an operatic one,
Harmless enough, though ne'er a word of grace
in it;
When, lo! that curate came and took the bass in it!

One day, when passing through a quiet street,
He stopped awhile and joined a Punch's gather-
ing
And chuckled more than solemn folk think meet
To see that gentleman his Judy lathering;
And heard, as Punch was being treated penally,
That phantom curate laughing all hyänally.

Now at a picnic, 'mid fair golden curls,
Bright eyes, straw hats, *bottines* that fit amazingly,
A *croquet-bout* is planned by all the girls;
And he, consenting, speaks of *croquet* praisingly;
But suddenly declines to play at all in it—
The curate fiend has come to take a ball in it!

Next, when at quiet seaside village, freed
 From cares episcopal and ties monarchical,
 He grows his beard, and smokes his fragrant weed,
 In manner anything but hierarchical—
 He sees—and fixes an unearthly stare on it—
 That curate's face, with half a yard of hair on it!
 At length he gave a charge, and spake this word:
 "Vicars, your curates to enjoyment urge ye may;
 To check their harmless pleasuring's absurd;
 What laymen do without reproach, my clergy
 may."
 He spake, and lo! at this concluding word of him,
 The curate vanished—no one since has heard of
 him.

THE SENSATION CAPTAIN.



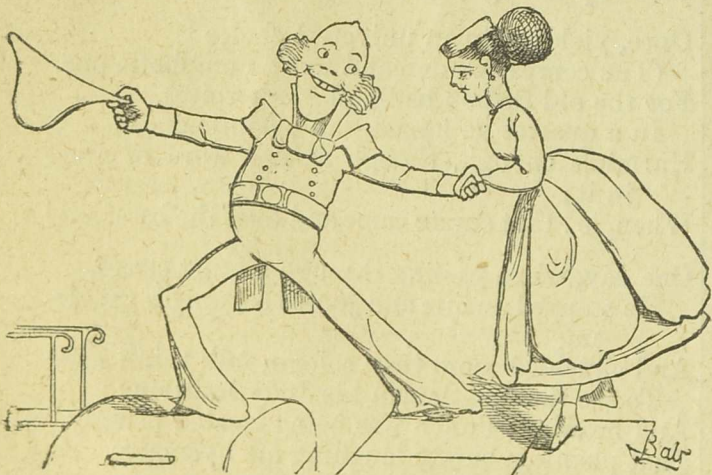
No nobler captain ever trod
 Than Captain Parklebury Todd,
 So good—so wise—so brave, he!
 But still, as all his friends would own,
 He had one folly—one alone—
 This Captain in the Navy.

I do not think I ever knew
 A man so wholly given to
 Creating a sensation;
 Or p'raps I should in justice say—
 To what in an Adelphi play
 Is known as "Situation."

He passed his time designing traps
 To flurry unsuspecting chaps—
 The taste was his innately;
 He couldn't walk into a room
 Without ejaculating "Boom!"
 Which startled ladies greatly.

He'd wear a mask and muffling cloak,
 Not, you will understand, in joke,
 As some assume disguises.
 He did it, actuated by
 A simple love of mystery
 And fondness for surprises.

I need not say he loved a maid—
 His eloquence threw into shade
 All others who adored her:
 The maid, though pleased at first, I know,
 Found, after several years or so,
 Her startling lover bored her.



So, when his orders came to sail
 She did not faint or scream or wail,
 Or with her tears anoint him.
 She shook his hand, and said "good bye,"
 With laughter dancing in her eye—
 Which seemed to disappoint him.

But ere he went aboard his boat
 He placed around her little throat
 A ribbon, blue and yellow,
 On which he hung a double tooth—
 A simple token this, in sooth—
 'T was all he had, poor fellow!

"I often wonder," he would say,
 When very, very far away,
 "If Angelina wears it?
 A plan has entered in my head,—
 I will pretend that I am dead,
 And see how Angy bears it."

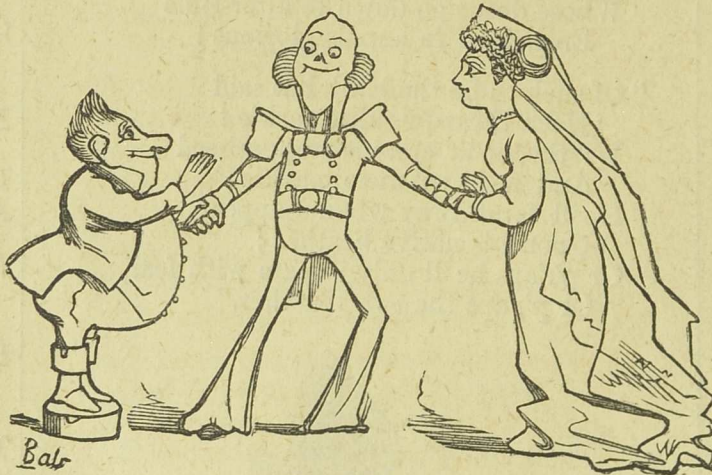
The news he made a messmate tell:
 His Angelina bore it well,
 No sign gave she of crazing;
 But, steady as the Inchcape Rock
 His Angelina stood the shock
 With fortitude amazing.

She said, "Some one I must elect
 Poor Angelina to protect
 From all who wish to harm her.
 Since worthy Captain Todd is dead,
 I rather feel inclined to wed
 A comfortable farmer."

A comfortable farmer came
 (Bassanio Tyler was his name)
 Who had no end of treasure:
 He said, "My noble gal, be mine!"
 The noble gal did not decline,
 But simply said, "With pleasure."

When this was told to Captain Todd,
 At first he thought it rather odd,
 And felt some perturbation;
 But very long he did not grieve,
 He thought he could a way perceive
 To such a situation!

"I'll not reveal myself," said he,
 "Till they are both in the Eccle-
 siastical arena;
 Then suddenly I will appear,
 And paralysing them with fear,
 Demand my Angelina!"



At length arrived the wedding day—
 Accoutred in the usual way
 Appeared the bridal body—
 The worthy clergyman began,
 When in the gallant Captain ran
 And cried, "Behold your Toddy!"

The bridegroom, p'raps, was terrified,
 And also possibly the bride—
 The bridesmaids were affrighted;
 But Angelina, noble soul,
 Contrived her feelings to control,
 And really seemed delighted.

"My bride!" said gallant Captain Todd,
 "She's mine, uninteresting clod!
 My own, my darling charmer!"
 "Oh, dear," said she, "you're just too late,—
 I'm married to, I beg to state,
 This comfortable farmer!"

"Indeed," the farmer said, "she's mine,
 You've been and cut it far too fine!"

"I see," said Todd, "I'm beaten."
 And so he went to sea once more,
 "Sensation" he for aye forswore,
 And married on her native shore
 A lady whom he'd met before—
 A lovely Otaheitan.

—o—

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

LETTERS, letters, letters, letters!
 Some that please and some that bore,
 Some that threaten prison fetters
 (Metaphorically, fetters
 Such as bind insolvent debtors)—
 Invitations by the score.

One from Cogson, Wiles, and Railer,
 My attorneys, off the Strand,
 One from Copperblock, my tailor—
 My unreasonable tailor—
 One in Flagg's disgusting hand.

One from Ephraim and Moses,
 Wanting coin without a doubt,
 I should like to pull their noses—
 Their uncompromising noses;
 One from Alice with the roses,—
 Ah, I know what that's about!

Time was when I waited, waited
 For the missives that she wrote,
 Humble postmen execrated—
 Loudly, deeply execrated—
 When I heard I wasn't fated
 To be gladdened with a note.

Time was when I'd not have bartered
 Of her little pen a dip
 For a peerage duly gartered—
 For a peerage starred and gartered—
 With a palace-office chartered,
 Or a Secretaryship.

But the time for that is over,
 And I wish we'd never met.
 I'm afraid I've proved a rover—
 I'm afraid a heartless rover—
 Quarters in a place like Dover
 Tend to make a man forget.

Now I can accord precedence
 To my tailor, for I do
 Want to know if he gives credence
 An unwarrantable credence—
 To my proffered I O U!

Bills for carriages and horses,
 Bills for wine and light cigar,
 Matters that concern the Forces—
 News that may affect the Forces—
 News affecting my resources,
 Now unquestioned take the pas.

And the tiny little paper,
 With the words that seem to run
 From her little fingers taper
 (They are very small and taper),
 By the tailor and the draper
 Are in interest outdone.

And unopened it's remaining!
 I can read her gentle hope—
 Her entreaties, uncomplaining
 (She was always uncomplaining),
 Her devotion never waning—
 Through the little envelope!

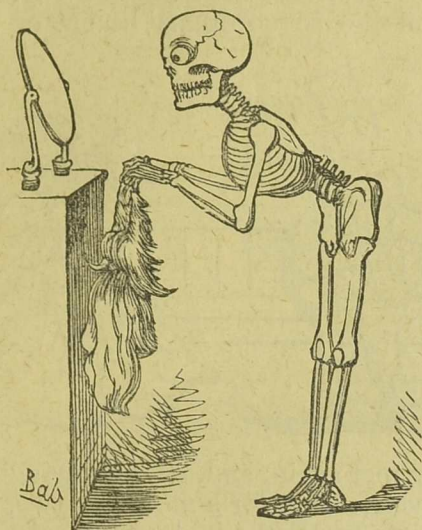
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AT A PANTOMIME.

BY A BILIOUS ONE.

AN Actor sits in doubtful gloom,
 His stock-in-trade unfurled,
 In a damp funereal dressing-room
 In the Theatre Royal, World.

He comes to town at Christmas-time,
And braves its icy breath,
To play in that favourite pantomime,
Harlequin Life and Death.



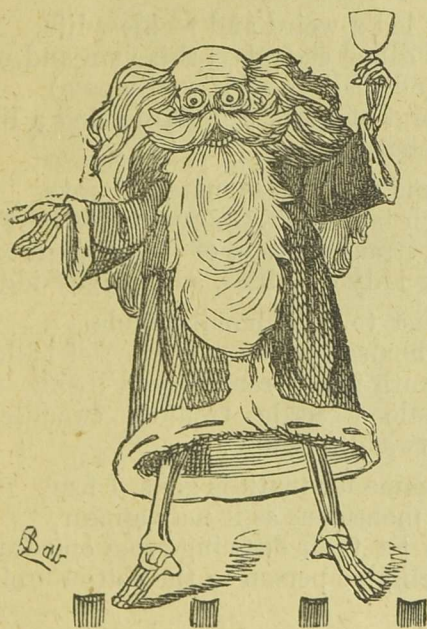
A hoary flowing wig his weird
Unearthly cranium caps,
He hangs a long benevolent beard
On a pair of empty chaps.

To smooth his ghastly features down
The actor's art he cribs,—
A long and a flowing padded gown
Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, "Go on—begin, begin!
Turn on the light of lime;
I'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas in
A favourite pantomime!"

The curtain's up—the stage all black—
Time and the year nigh sped—
Time as an advertising quack—
The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of Time is waved, and lo!
Revealed Old Christmas stands,
And little children chuckle and crow,
And laugh and clap their hands.



The cruel old scoundrel brightens up
At the death of the Olden Year,
And he waves a gorgeous golden cup,
And bids the world good cheer.

The little ones hail the festive King,—
No thought can make them sad,
Their laughter comes with a sounding ring,
They clap and crow like mad!

They only see in the humbug old
A holiday every year,
And handsome gifts, and joys untold,
And unaccustomed cheer.

The old ones, palsied, blear, and hoar,
Their breasts in anguish beat—
They've seen him seventy times before,
How well they know the cheat!

They've seen that ghastly pantomime,
They've felt its blighting breath,
They know that rollicking Christmas-time
Meant Cold and Want and Death,—

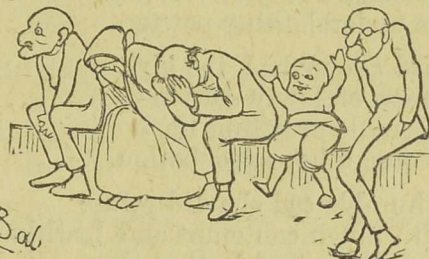
Starvation—Poor Law Union fare—
And deadly cramps and chills,
And illness—illness everywhere,
And crime, and Christmas bills.

They know old Christmas well, I ween,
Those men of ripened age;
They've often, often, often seen
That Actor off the stage.

They see in his gay rotundity
A clumsy stuffed-out dress—
They see in the cup he waves on high
A tinselled emptiness.

Those aged men so lean and wan,
They've seen it all before,
They know they'll see the charlatan
But twice or three times more.

And so they bear with dance and song,
And crimson foil and green,
They wearily sit, and grimly long
For the Transformation Scene.



KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO.

KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO
Was a man-eating African swell;
His sigh was a hullabaloo,
His whisper a horrible yell—
A horrible, horrible yell!

Four subjects, and all of them male,
To Borria doubled the knee,
They were once on a far larger scale,
But he'd eaten the balance, you see
("Scale" and "balance" is punning, you see).

There was haughty Pish-Tush-Pooh-Bah,
There was lumbering Doodle-Dum-Dey,
Despairing Alack-a-Dey-Ah,
And good little Tootle-Tum-Teh—
Exemplary Tootle-Tum-Teh.

One day there was grief in the crew,
For they hadn't a morsel of meat,
And Borria Bungalee Boo
Was dying for something to eat—
"Come, provide me with something to eat!"

"Alack-a-Dey, famished I feel;
Oh, good little Tootle-Tum-Teh,
Where on earth shall I look for a meal?
For I haven't no dinner to-day!—
Not a morsel of dinner to-day!"

"Dear Tootle-Tum, what shall we do?
Come, get us a meal, or, in truth,
If you don't, we shall have to eat you,
Oh, adorable friend of our youth!
Thou beloved little friend of our youth!"

And he answered, "Oh, Bungalee Boo,
For a moment I hope you will wait,—
Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo
Is the Queen of a neighbouring state—
A remarkably neighbouring state.

"Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo,
She would pickle deliciously cold,
And her four pretty Amazons, too,
Are enticing, and not very old—
Twenty-seven is not very old.

"There is neat little Titty-Fol-Leh,
There is rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah,
There is jocular Waggety-Weh,
There is musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah—
There's the nightingale Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah!"



So the forces of Bungalee Boo
Marched forth in a terrible row,
And the ladies who fought for Queen Loo
Prepared to encounter the foe—
This dreadful, insatiate foe!

But they sharpened no weapons at all,
And they poisoned no arrows—not they!
They made ready to conquer or fall
In a totally different way—
An entirely different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye
They endeavoured to make themselves fair,
With black they encircled each eye,
And with yellow they painted their hair
(It was wool, but they thought it was hair).

And the forces they met in the field:
And the men of King Borria said,
"Amazonians, immediately yield!"
And their arrows they drew to the head—
Yes, drew them right up to the head.

But jocular Waggety-Weh
Ogled Doodle-Dum-Dey (which was wrong),
And neat little Titty-Fol-Leh
Said, "Tootletum, you go along!
You naughty old dear, go along!"

And rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah
Tapped Alack-a-Dey-Ah with her fan;
And musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah
Said, "Pish, go away, you bad man!
Go away, you delightful young man!"

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,
And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,
And they opened their pretty eyes wide,
And they chuckled, and flirted, and blushed
(At least, if they could, they'd have blushed).

But haughty Pish-Tush-Pooh-Bah
Said, "Alack-a-Dey, what does this mean?"
And despairing Alack-a-Dey-Ah
Said, "They think us uncommonly green!
Ha! ha! most uncommonly green!"

Even blundering Doodle-Dum-Dey
Was insensible quite to their leers,
And said good little Tootle-Tum-Teh,

"It's your blood we desire, pretty dears—
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"

And the Queen of the Amazons fell
To Borria Bungalee Boo,—
In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,
Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo—
The pretty Queen Tol-the-Rol-Loo.

And neat little Titty-Fol-Leh
Was eaten by Pish-Pooh-Bah,
And light-hearted Waggety-Weh
By dismal Alack-a-Dey-Ah—
Despairing Alack-a-Dey-Ah.

And rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah
Was eaten by Doodle-Dum-Dey,
And musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah
By good little Tootle-Tum-Teh—
Exemplary Tootle-Tum-Teh!

—o—

THE PERIWINKLE GIRL.

I've often thought that headstrong youths
Of decent education,
Determine all-important truths
With strange precipitation.

The over-ready victims they
Of logical illusions,
And in a self-assertive way
They jump at strange conclusions.

Now take my case: Ere sorrow could
My ample forehead wrinkle,
I had determined that I would
Not like to be a wrinkle.

"A wrinkle," I would oft advance
With readiness provoking,
"Can seldom flirt, and never dance,
Or soothe his mind by smoking."

In short, I spurned the shelly joy,
And spoke with strange decision:
Men pointed to me as a boy
Who held them in derision.

But I was young—too young by far—
Or I had been more wary:
I knew not then that wrinkles are
The stock-in-trade of Mary.



I had not seen her sunlight blithe
As o'er their shells it dances;
I've seen those wrinkles almost writhe
Beneath her beaming glances.

Of slighting all the winky brood
I surely had been chary,
If I had known they formed the food
And stock-in-trade of Mary.

Both high and low and great and small
Fell prostrate at her tootsies;
They all were noblemen, and all
Had balances at Coutts's.

Dukes with the lovely maiden dealt,
Duke Bailey and Duke Humphy,
Who ate her wrinkles till they felt
Exceedingly uncomfy.



Duke Bailey greatest wealth computes,
And sticks, they say, at no-thing;
He wears a pair of golden boots,
And silver underclothing.

Duke Humphy, as I understand,
Though mentally acuter,
His boots are only silver, and
His underclothing pewter.

A third adorer had the girl,
A man of lowly station—
A miserable growling Earl
Besought her approbation.

This humble cad she did refuse
With much contempt and loathing:
He wore a pair of leather shoes,
And cambric underclothing!

"Ha! ha!" she cried. "Upon my word!
"Well, really—come, I never!
Oh, go along, it's too absurd!
My goodness! Did you ever?"

"Two Dukes would make their Bowles a bride,
And from her foes defend her."
"Well, not exactly that," they cried,
"We offer guilty splendour."

"We do not offer marriage rite,
So please dismiss the notion!"
"Oh, dear!" said she; "that alters quite
The state of my emotion."

The Earl he up, and says, says he,
"Dismiss them to their orgies,
For I am game to marry thee
Quite reg'lar at St. George's."

He'd had, it happily befell,
A decent education,
His views would have befitted well
A far superior station.

His sterling worth had worked a cure,
She never heard him grumble;
She saw his soul was good and pure,
Although his rank was humble.

Her views of earldoms and their lot
All underwent expansion:
Come, Virtue in an earldom's cot!
Go, Vice in ducal mansion!

—o—

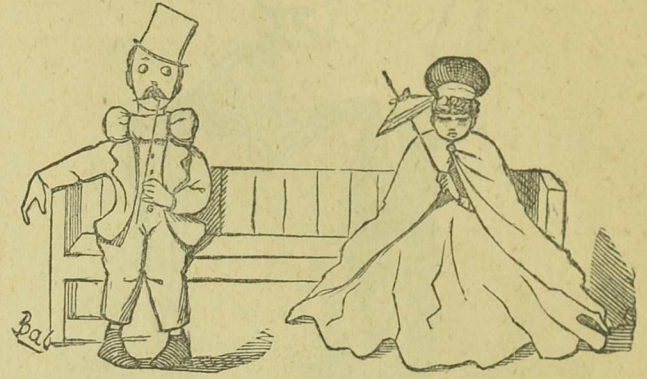
THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE.

(To be sung to the Air of "An 'Orrible Tale.")

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale;
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twum!"

Oh, Thomson Green was an auctioneer,
And made three hundred pounds a year;

And Harriet Hale, most strange to say,
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.
Oh, Thomson Green, I may remark,
Met Harriet Hale in Regent's Park,
Where he, in a casual kind of way,
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day.



They met again, and, strange though true,
He courted her for a month or two,
Then to her Pa he said, says he,
"Old man, I love your daughter and your daughter
worships me!"

Their names were regularly banned,
The wedding day was settled, and
I've ascertained by dint of search
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary Ab-
bott's Church.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum!"

That very selfsame afternoon
They started on their honeymoon,
And (oh, astonishment!) took flight
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle
of Wight.

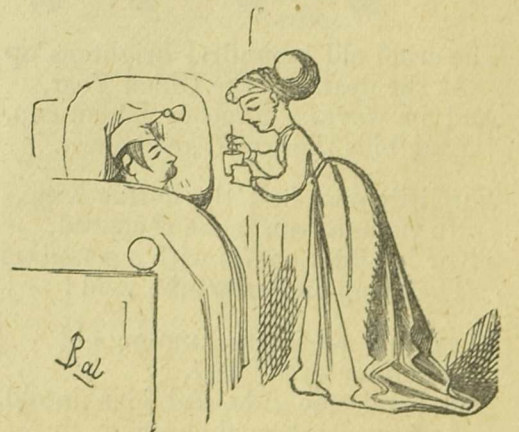
But now—you'll doubt my word, I know—
In a month they both returned, and lo!
Astounding fact! this happy pair
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury
Square!

They led a weird and reckless life,
They dined each day, this man and wife,
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please)
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a little bit of
cheese.

In time came those maternal joys
Which take the form of girls or boys,
And, strange to say, of each they'd one—
A tiddy iddy daughter, and a tiddy iddy son.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum!"

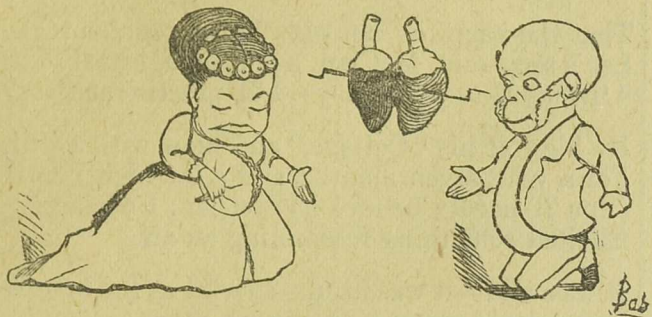
My name for truth is gone, I fear,
But, monstrous as it may appear,
They let their drawing-room one day
To an eligible person in the cotton broking way.



Whenever Thomson Green fell sick
His wife consulted Doctor Crick,
From whom some words like these would come—
Fiat mist. sumendum haustus, in a cochleyareum.

For thirty years this curious pair
Hung out in Canonbury Square,
And somehow, wonderful to say!
They loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of way.

Well, Thomson Green fell ill and died;
For just a year his widow cried,
And then her heart she gave away
To the eligible lodger in the cotton-broking way.

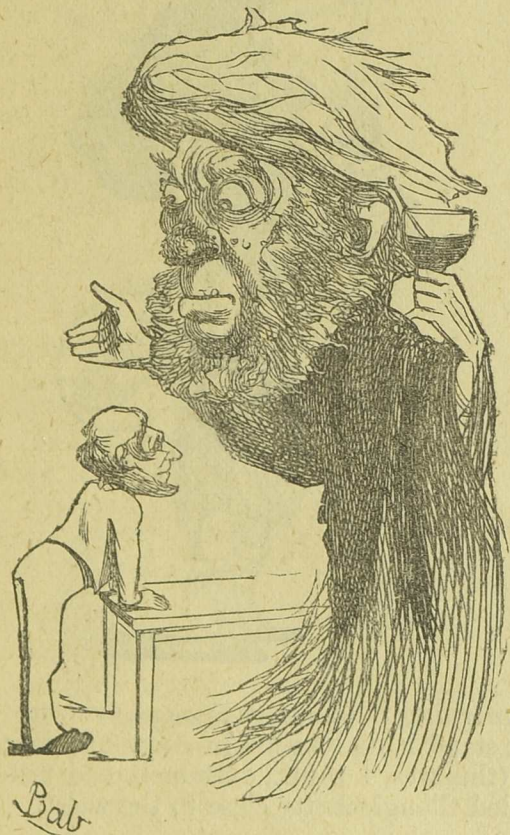


Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum!"

BOB POLTER.

BOB POLTER was a navvy, and
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,
His homely face was rough and tanned,
His time of life was thirty-two.

He lived among a working clan
(A wife he hadn't got at all),
A decent, steady, sober man—
No saint, however—not at all.



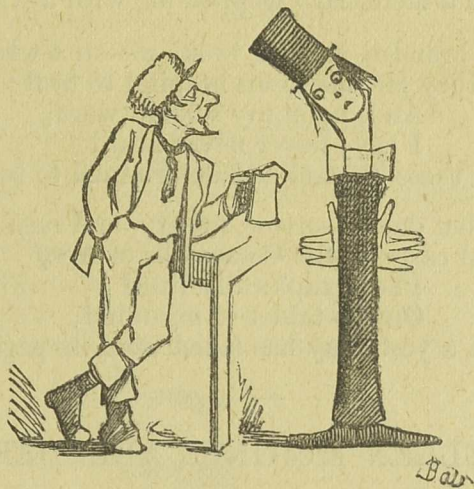
He smoked, but in a modest way,
Because he thought he needed it;
He drank a pot of beer a day,
And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he'd pass with other men
A loud convivial night or two,
With, very likely, now and then,
On Saturdays, a fight or two.

But still he was a sober soul,
A labour-never-shirking man,
Who paid his way—upon the whole
A decent English working man.

One day, when at the Nelson's Head
(For which he may be blamed of you),
A holy man appeared, and said,
"Oh, Robert, I'm ashamed of you."

He laid his hand on Robert's beer
Before he could drink up any,
And on the floor, with sigh and tear,
He poured the pot of "thruppenny."



"Oh, Robert, at this very bar
A truth you'll be discovering,
A good and evil genius are
Around your noddle hovering.

"They both are here to bid you shun
The other one's society,
For Total Abstinence is one,
The other, Inebriety."

He waved his hand—a vapour came—
A wizard Polter reckoned him:
A bogey rose, and called his name,
And with his finger beckoned him.

The monster's salient points to sum,—
His heavy breath was portery;
His glowing nose suggested rum;
His eyes were gin-and-wortery.

His dress was torn—for dregs of ale
And slops of gin had rusted it;
His pimpled face was wan and pale,
Where filth had not encrusted it.

"Come, Polter," said the fiend, "begin,
And keep the bowl a-flowing on—
A working man needs pints of gin
To keep his clockwork going on."

Bob shuddered: "Ah, you've made a miss
If you take me for one of you:
You filthy beast, get out of this—
Bob Polter don't want none of you."

The demon gave a drunken shriek,
And crept away in stealthiness,
And lo! instead, a person sleek,
Who seemed to burst with healthiness.



"In me, as your adviser hints,
Of Abstinence you've got a type—
Of Mr. Tweedie's pretty prints
I am the happy prototype.

"If you abjure the social toast,
And pipes, and such frivolities,
You possibly some day may boast
My prepossessing qualities!"

Bob rubbed his eyes, and made 'em blink:
"You almost make me tremble, you!
If I abjure fermented drink,
Shall I, indeed, resemble you?"

"And will my whiskers curl so tight?
My cheeks grow smug and muttony?
My face become so red and white?
My coat so blue and buttony?"

"Will trousers, such as yours, array
Extremities inferior?
Will chubbiness assert its sway,
All over my exterior?"

"In this, my unenlightened state,
To work in heavy boots I comes;
Will pumps henceforward decorate
My tiddle toddle tootsicums?"

"And shall I get so plump and fresh,
And look no longer seedily?
My skin will henceforth fit my flesh
So tightly and so Tweedie-ly?"

The phantom said, "You'll have all this,
You'll know no kind of huffiness,
Your life will be one chubby bliss,
One long unruffled puffiness."

"Be off!" said irritated Bob.
"Why come you here to bother one?
You pharisaical old snob,
You're wuss almost than t'other one!"

"I takes my pipe—I takes my pot,
And drunk I'm never seen to be:
I'm no teetotaler or sot,
And as I am I mean to be!"

THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB.



STRIKE the concertina's melancholy string!
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!
Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the Echoes of the Past,
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing!

Of Agib, who, amid Tartaric scenes,
Wrote a lot of ballet-music in his teens:
His gentle spirit rolls
In the melody of souls—
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Of Agib, who could readily, at sight,
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.
He would diligently play
On the Zoetrope all day,
And blow the gay Pantehnicon all night.

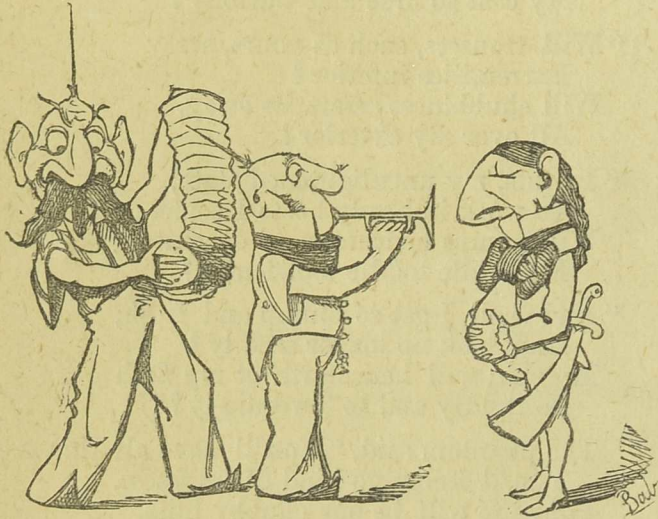
One winter—I am shaky in my dates—
Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates;
Oh, Allah be obeyed,
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the
"Oüaits."

Oh! that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page!

Alas! Prince Agib went and asked them in;
Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent,
and tin.

And when (as snobs would say)
They "put it all away,"
He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core,
I will tell you what I never told before,—
The consequences true
Of that awful interview,
For I listened at the keyhole in the door!



They played him a sonata—let me see!
"Medulla oblongata"—key of G.
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
"Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp."

He gave them money, more than they could count,
Scent from a most ingenious little fount,
More beer, in little kegs,
Many dozen hard-boiled eggs,
And goodies to a fabulous amount.

Now follows the dim horror of my tale,
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale,
For, even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail!

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal,
All-overish it made me for to feel.
"Oh, Prince," he says, says he,
"If a Prince indeed you be,
I've a mystery I'm going to reveal!"

"Oh, listen, if you'd shun a horrid death,
To what the gent who's speaking to you saith:
No 'Ouais' in truth are we,
As you fancy that we be,
For (ter-remble!) I am Aleck—this is Beth!"



Said Agib, "Oh! accursed of your kind,
I have heard that ye are men of evil mind!"
Beth gave a dreadful shriek—
But before he'd time to speak
I was mercilessly collared from behind.

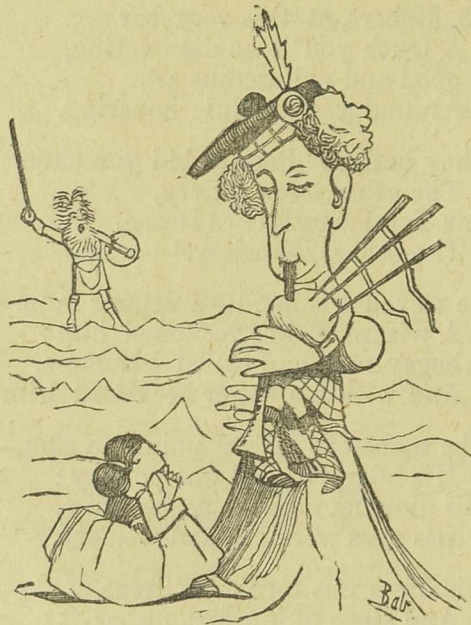
In number ten or twelve, or even more,
They fastened me, full length, upon the floor.
On my face extended flat,
I was walloped with a cat
For listening at the keyhole of a door.

Oh! the horror of that agonizing thrill!
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still).
For a week from ten to four
I was fastened to the floor,
While a mercenary wopped me with a will!

They branded me and broke me on a wheel,
And they left me in an hospital to heal—
And, upon my solemn word,
I have never never heard
What those Tartars had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow, misery, and rage
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page!

ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.



MACPHAIRSON Clonglocketty Angus McClan
Was the son of an elderly labouring man;
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader,
at sight,
And p'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the beastly Deeside,
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of
the Clyde,
There wasn't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus McClan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,
With reed and with chaunter—with bag and with
drones:
All day and all night he delighted the chieft
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighbouring maidens would gather
around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

All loved their McClan, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way;
Tho' his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.

If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson McClan—
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween—
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Let's show," said McClan, "to this Sassenach
loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see," said McClan, as he thoughtfully sat,
"In my Cottage' is easy—I'll practise at that."

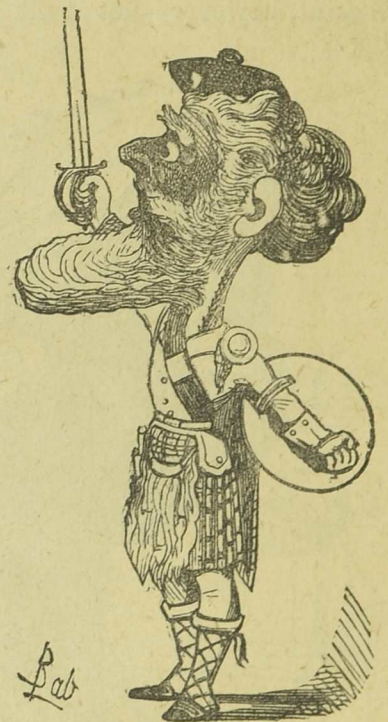
He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'll hardly believe it) McClan, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—
It wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced;
He shrieked in his agony—bellowed and pranced;
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;
And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air fra' the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus McClan!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land:
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green—
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.



One morning the fidgetty Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, extremely bad taste)
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

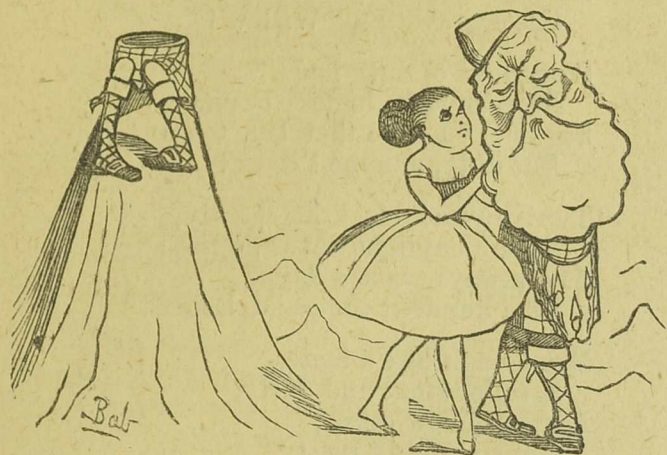
Oh! loud were the wailings for Angus McClan,
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man—
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay
To find them "take on" in this serious way;
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said Pattison, touching his hat,
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than Angus McClan."

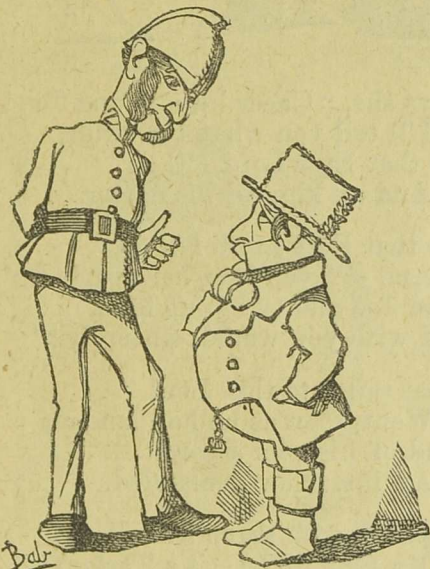
They smiled when he winked and addressed them
as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their
tears,

A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.



PETER THE WAG.

POLICEMAN PETER FORTH I drag
From his obscure retreat :
He was a merry, genial wag,
Who loved a mad conceit.
If he were asked the time of day
By country bumpkins green,
He not unfrequently would say,
“A quarter past thirteen.”



If ever you by word of mouth
Inquired of Mister Forth
The way to somewhere in the South,
He always sent you North.
With little boys his beat along
He loved to stop and play ;
He loved to send old ladies wrong,
And teach their feet to stray.

He would in frolic moments, when
Such mischief bent upon,
Take Bishops up as betting men—
Bid Ministers move on.
Then all the worthy boys he knew
He regularly licked,
And always collared people who
Had had their pockets picked.

He was not naturally bad,
Or viciously inclined,
But from his early youth he had
A waggish turn of mind.
The Men of London grimly scowled
With indignation wild ;
The Men of London gruffly growled,
But Peter calmly smiled.

Against this minion of the Crown
The swelling murmurs grew—
From Camberwell to Kentish Town,
From Rotherhithe to Kew.
Still humoured he his wagsome turn,
And fed in various ways
The coward rage that dared to burn,
But did not dare to blaze.

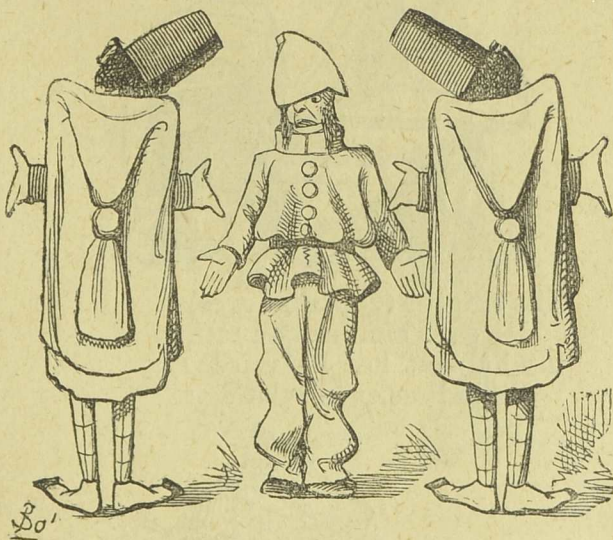
Still, Retribution has her day,
Although her flight is slow :
One day that Crusher lost his way
Near Poland Street, Soho.
The haughty boy, too proud to ask,
To find his way resolved,
And in the tangle of his task
Got more and more involved.

The Men of London, overjoyed,
Came there to jeer their foe,
And flocking crowds completely cloyed
The mazes of Soho.
The news, on telegraphic wires,
Sped swiftly o'er the lea,
Excursion trains from distant shires
Brought myriads to see.



For weeks he trod his self-made beats
Through Newport-Gerrard-Bear-
Greek-Rupert-Frith-Dean-Poland-streets,
And into Golden Square.
But all, alas ! in vain, for when
He tried to learn the way
Of little boys or grown-up men,
They none of them would say.

Theireyes would flash, their teeth would grind,
Their lips would tightly curl ;
They'd say, “Thy way thyself must find,
Thou misdirecting churl !”
And, similarly, also, when
He tried a foreign friend ;
Italians answered, “*Il balen*” —
The French, “No comprehend.”



The Russ would say with gleaming eye
“Sevastopol !” and groan.
The Greek said, *τυπτω, τυπτομαι,
τυπτω, τυπτεω, τυπτων.*
To wander thus for many a year
That Crusher never ceased ;
The Men of London dropped a tear,
Their anger was appeased.

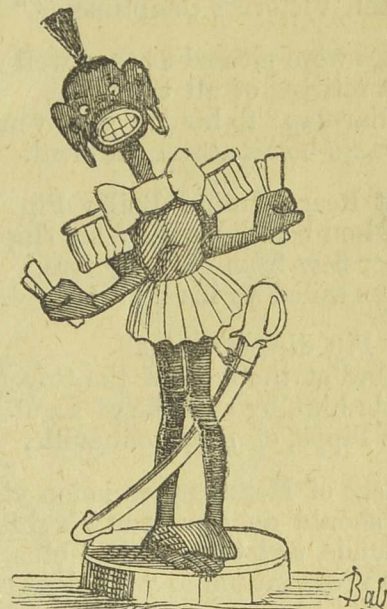
At length exploring gangs were sent
To find poor Forth's remains ;
A handsome grant by Parliament
Was voted for their pains.
To seek the poor policeman out
Bold spirits volunteered,
And when they swore they'd solve the doubt
The Men of London cheered.

And in a yard, dark, dank, and drear,
They found him, on the floor—
It leads from Richmond Buildings—near
The Royalty stage-door.
With brandy cold and brandy hot
They plied him, starved and wet,
And made him sergeant on the spot—
The Men of London's pet !



THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO.

THERE were three niggers of Chickeraboo—
Pacifico, Bang-bang, Popchop—who
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,
“Oh, let's be Kings in a humble way.”



The first was a highly accomplished “bones,”
The next elicited banjo tones,
The third was a quiet, retiring chap,
Who danced an excellent breakdown “flap.”

“We niggers,” said they, “have formed a plan
By which, whenever we like, we can
Extemporize islands near the beach,
And then we'll collar an island each.

“Three casks, from somebody else's stores,
Shall rep-per-esent our island shores,
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

“Great Britain's navy scours the sea,
And everywhere her ships they be ;
She'll recognize our rank, perhaps,
When she discovers we're Royal Chaps.

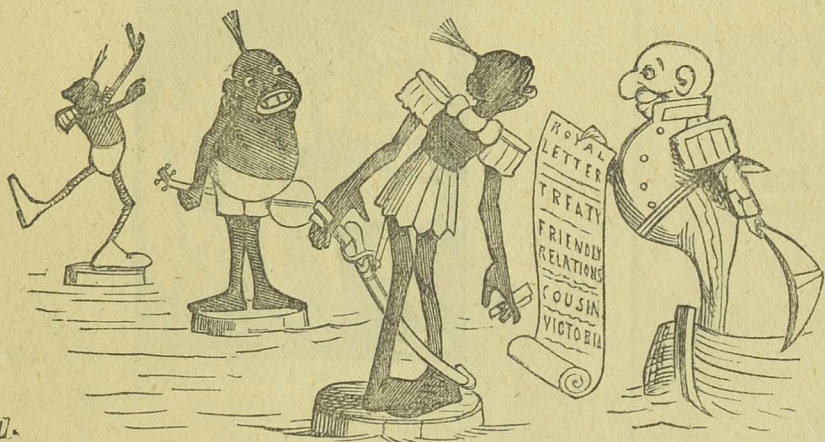
“If to her skirts you want to cling,
It's quite sufficient that you're a King ;
She does not push inquiry far
To learn what sort of King you are.”

A ship of several thousand tons,
And mounting seventy-something guns,
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,
Discovering Kings and countries new.

The brave Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip,
Commanding that superior ship,
Perceived one day, his glasses through,
The Kings that came from Chickeraboo.

"Dear eyes!" said Admiral Pip, "I see
Three flourishing islands on our lee,
And, bless me! most extror'nary thing!
On every island stands a King!

"Come, lower the Admiral's gig," he cried,
"And over the dancing waves I'll glide,
That low obeisance I may do
To those three Kings of Chickeraboo!"



Ba.

The Admiral pulled to the islands three;
The Kings saluted him graciouslee.
The Admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,
Pulled out a printed Alliance form.

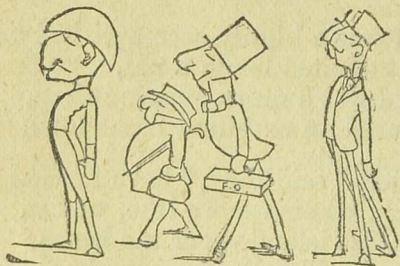
"Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray—
I come in a friendly kind of way—
I come, if you please, with the best intents,
And Queen Victoria's compliments."

The Kings were pleased as they well could be;
The most retiring of all the three
In a "cellar-flap" to his joy gave vent,
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,
And off he sailed to his native shore.

Admiral Pip directly went
To the Lord at the head of the Government,
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,
Baron de Pippe, of Pippetonneville.

The College of Heralds permission yield
That he should quarter upon his shield
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."



Ambassadors, yes, and Attachés too
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo;
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,
A Bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things
May come of alliance with darkey Kings.
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!

—o—

JOE GOLIGHTLY;

OR, THE FIRST LORD'S DAUGHTER.

A TAR, but poorly prized,
Long, shambling, and unsightly,
Thrashed, bullied, and despised,
Was wretched Joe Golightly.

He bore a workhouse brand,
No Pa or Ma had claimed him,
The Beadle found him, and
The Board of Guardians named him.

P'raps some Princess's son—
A beggar p'raps his mother!
He rather thought the one,
I rather think the other.

He liked his ship at sea,
He loved the salt sea-water;
He worshipped junk, and he
Adored the First Lord's daughter.

The First Lord's daughter proud,
Snubbed Earls and Viscounts
nightly—
She sneered at Barts aloud,
And spurned poor Joe Go-
lightly.

Whene'er he sailed afar
Upon a Channel cruise, he
Unpacked his light guitar
And sang this ballad (Boo-
sey):

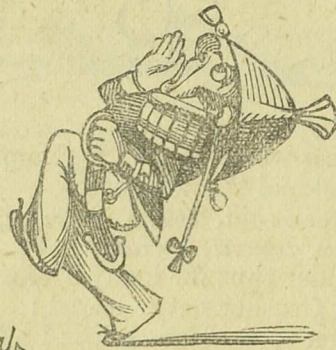
Ballad.

The moon is on the sea,
Willow!
The wind blows towards the lee,
Willow!
But though I sigh and sob and cry,
No Lady Jane for me,
Willow!

She says, "'Twere folly quite,
Willow!
For me to wed a twight,
Willow!
Whose lot is cast before the mast;"
And possibly she's right,
Willow!



His skipper (Captain Joyce)
He gave him many a rating,
And almost lost his voice
From thus expostulating:



Ba.

"Lay out, you lubber, do!
What's come to that young man, Joe?
Belay!—'vast heaving! you!
Do kindly stop that banjo!

"I wish, I do—oh, lor'!—
You'd shipped aboard a trader:
Are you a sailor, or
A negro serenader?"

But still the stricken cad,
Aloft or on his pillow,
Howled forth in accents sad
His aggravating "Willow!"

Stern love of duty had
Been Joyce's chiefest beauty:
Says he, "I love that lad,
But duty, damme! duty!

"Twelve years' black-hole, I say,
Where daylight never flashes;
And always twice a day
Five hundred thousand lashes!"

But Joseph had a mate,
A sailor stout and lusty,
A man of low estate,
But singularly trusty.



Ba.

Says she, "Cheer hup, young Joe!
I'll tell you what I'm arter,
To that Fust Lord I'll go
And ax him for his darter.

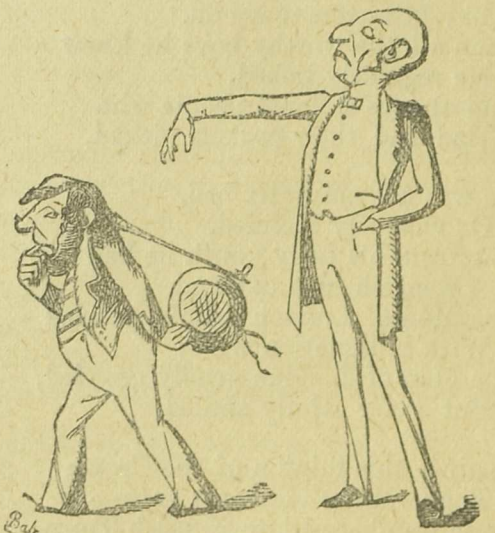
"To that Fust Lord I'll go
And say you love her dearly."
And Joe said (weeping low),
"I wish you would, sincerely!"

That sailor to that Lord
Went, soon as he had landed,
And of his own accord
An interview demanded.

Says he, with seaman's roll,
"My Captain (wot's a Tartar)
Guv Joe twelve years' black-hole,
For loving your darter.

"He loves Miss Lady Jane
(I own she is his betters),
But if you'll jine them twain,
They'll free him from his fetters.

"And if so be as how
You'll let her come aboard ship,
I'll take her with me now."
"Get out!" remarked his Lordship.



Ba.

That honest tar repaired
To Joe, upon the billow,
And told him how he'd fared:
Joe only whispered, "Willow!"

And for that dreadful crime
(Young sailors, learn to shun it)
He's working out his time:
In ten years he'll have done it.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

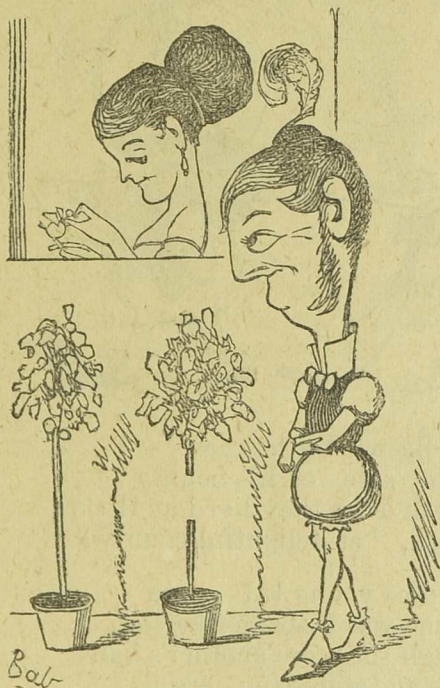
ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

[It rolls on.]

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.



It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;

So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'t would grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find:
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks.
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But, oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"



"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;

And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who now was for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well:
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do,
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.



And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

MISTER WILLIAM.

OH, listen to the tale of Mister William, if you please,
Whom naughty, naughty judges sent away beyond the seas.
He forged a party's will, which caused anxiety and strife,
Resulting in his getting penal servitude for life.

He was a kindly goodly man, and naturally prone,
Instead of taking others' gold, to give away his own.
But he had heard of Vice, and longed for only once to strike—
To plan one little wickedness—to see what it was like.

He argued with himself, and said, "A spotless man am I;
I can't be more respectable, however hard I try;

For six and thirty years I've always been as good
as gold,
And now for half an hour I'll plan infamy untold!

"A baby who is wicked at the early age of one,
And then reforms—and dies at thirty-six a spot-
less son,
Is never, never saddled with his babyhood's defect,
But earns from worthy men consideration and
respect.

"So one who never revelled in discreditable tricks
Until he reached the comfortable age of thirty-six,
May then for half an hour perpetrate a deed of
shame,
Without incurring permanent disgrace, or even
blame.

"That babies don't commit such crimes as forgery
is true,
But little sins develop, if you leave 'em to accrue;
And he who snubs all vices as successive seasons
roll,
Should reap at length the benefit of so much self-
control.

"The common sin of babyhood—objecting to be
drest—
If you leave it to accumulate at compound interest,
For anything you know, may represent, if you're
alive,
A burglary or murder at the age of thirty-five.

"Still, I wouldn't take advantage of this fact, but
be content
With some pardonable folly—it's a mere experi-
ment.
The greater the temptation to go wrong, the less
the sin;
So with something that's particularly tempting
I'll begin.

"I would not steal a penny, for my income's very
fair—
I do not want a penny—I have pennies and to
spare—
And if I stole a penny from a money-bag or till,
The sin would be enormous—the temptation being
nil.

"But if I broke asunder all such pettifogging
bounds,
And forged a party's Will for (say) Five Hundred
Thousand Pounds,
With such an irresistible temptation to a haul,
Of course the sin must be infinitesimally small.

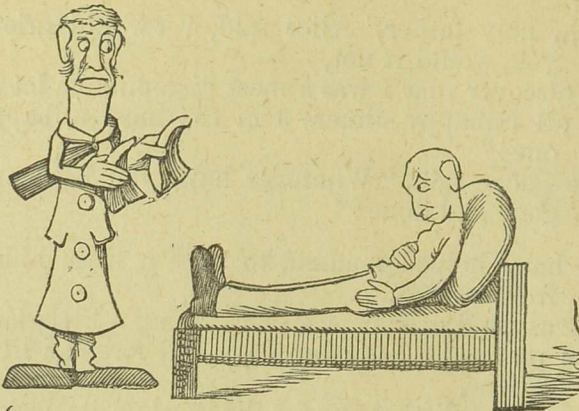
"There's Wilson who is dying—he has wealth
from Stock and rent—
If I divert his riches from their natural descent,
I'm placed in a position to indulge each little
whim.
So he diverted them—and they, in turn, diverted
him.

Unfortunately, though, by some unpardonable
flaw,
Temptation isn't recognized by Britain's Common
Law;
Men found him out by some peculiarity of touch,
And William got a "lifer," which annoyed him
very much.

For, ah! he never reconciled himself to life in
gaol,
He fretted and he pined, and grew dispirited and
pale;
He was numbered like a cabman, too, which told
upon him so
That his spirits, once so buoyant, grew uncomfort-
ably low.

And sympathetic gaolers would remark, "It's very
true,
He ain't been brought up common, like the likes
of me and you."

So, they took him into hospital, and gave him
mutton chops,
And chocolate, and arrowroot, and buns, and malt
and hops.

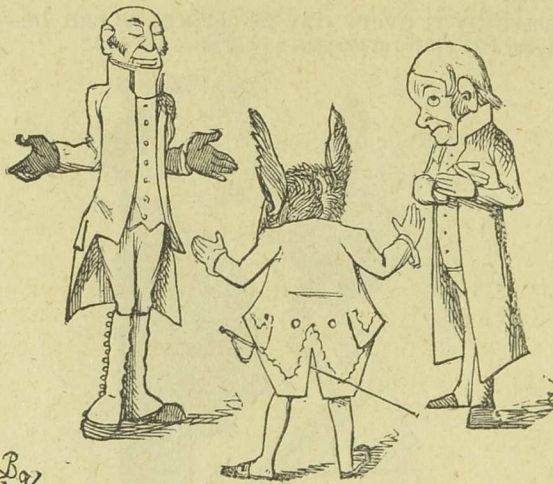


Kind clergymen, besides, grew interested in his
fate,
Affected by the details of his pitiable state.
They waited on the Secretary, somewhere in
Whitehall,
Who said he would receive them any day they
liked to call.

"Consider, sir, the hardship of this interesting
case:
A prison life brings with it something very like
disgrace;
It's telling on young William, who's reduced to
skin and bone—
Remember he's a gentleman, with money of his
own.

"He had an ample income, and of course he stands
in need
Of sherry with his dinner, and his customary
weed;
No delicacies now can pass his gentlemanly lips—
He misses his sea-bathing and his continental trips.

"He says the other prisoners are commonplace
and rude;
He says he cannot relish uncongenial prison food.
When quite a boy they taught him to distinguish
Good from Bad,
And other educational advantages he's had.

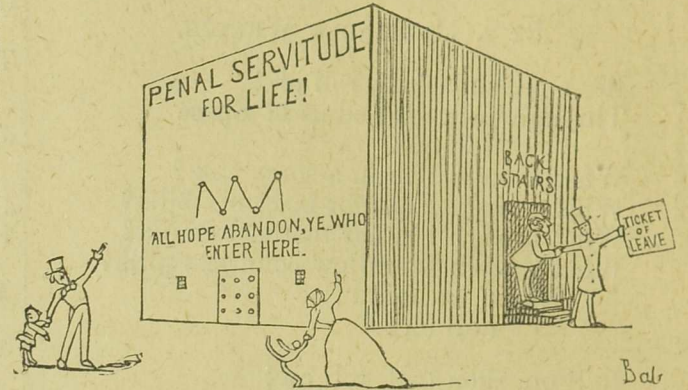


"A burglar or garotter, or, indeed, a common thief
Is very glad to batten on potatoes and on beef,
Or anything, in short, that prison kitchens can
afford,—
A cut above the rest in common workhouse
ward.

"But beef and mutton-broth don't seem to suit
our William's whim,
A boon to other prisoners—a punishment to him.
It never was intended that the discipline of gaol
Should dash a convict's spirits, sir, or make 'em
thin or pale."

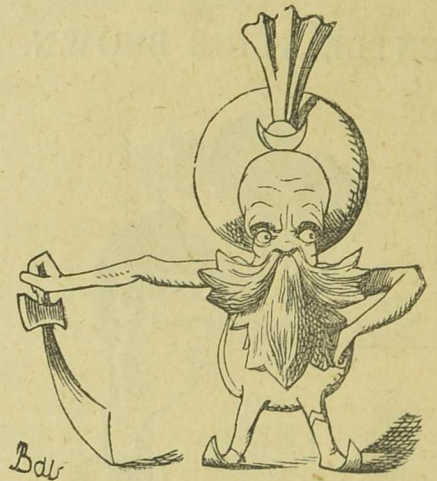
"Good Gracious Me!" that sympathetic Secretary
cried,
"Suppose in prison fetters Mister William could
have died!
Dear me, of course! Imprisonment for Life his
sentence saith:
I'm very glad you mentioned it—it might have
been for Death!"

"Release him with a ticket—he'll be better then,
no doubt,
And tell him I apologize." So Mister William's
out.
I hope he will be careful in his manuscripts, I'm
sure,
And not begin experimentalizing any more.



BEN ALLAH ACHMET; OR, THE FATAL TUM.

I ONCE did know a Turkish man
Whom I upon a two-pair-back met,
His name it was Effendi Khan
Backsheesh Pasha Ben Allah Achmet.



A Doctor Brown I also knew—
I've oft eaten of his bounty;
The Turk and he they lived at Hooe
In Sussex, that delightful county!

I knew a nice young lad—ere
Her name was Isabella Sherson,
And though she wore another's hair,
She was an interesting person.

The Turk adored the maid of Hooe
(Although his harem would have shocked her);
But Brown adored that maiden too:
He was a most seductive doctor.

They'd follow her where'er she'd go—
A course of action most improper;
She neither knew by sight, and so
For neither of them cared a copper.

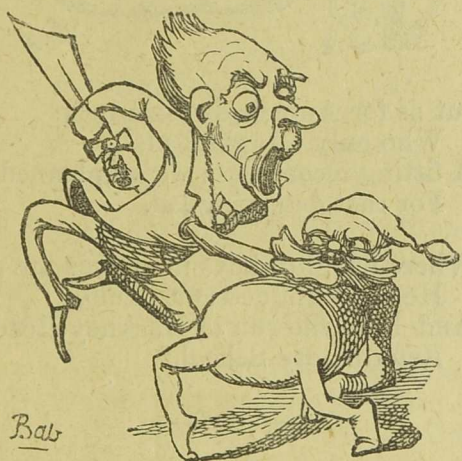
Dr. Brown did not know that Turk's male,
He might have been his sainted mother:
The people in this simple tale
Are total strangers to each other.

One day that Turk he sickened sore,
Which threw him straight into a sharp pe
He threw himself upon the floor
And rolled about upon his—cassinet.

It made him moan—it made him groan,
And almost wore him to a mummy:
Why should I hesitate to own
That pain was in his little tummy?

At length a doctor came, and rung
(As Allah Achmet had desired),
Who took his pulse, looked up his tongue,
And nuzzled and hawed, and then inquired:

"Where is the pain that long has preyed
Upon you in so sad a way, sir?"
The Turk he giggled, blushed, and said,
"I don't exactly like to say, sir."
"Come, nonsense!" said good Doctor Brown.
"So this is Turkish coyness, is it?
You must contrive to fight it down—
Come, come, sir, please to be explicit."
The Turk he shyly bit his thumb,
And coyly blushed like one half-witted,
"The pain is in my little tum."
He, whispering, at length admitted.
"Then take you this, and take you that—
Your blood flows sluggish in its channel—
You must get rid of all this fat,
And wear my medicated flannel.
"You'll send for me, when you're in need—
My name is Brown—your life I've saved it."
"My rival!" shrieked the invalid,
And drew a mighty sword and waved it:
"This to thy weazand, Christian pest!"
Aloud the Turk in frenzy yelled it,
And drove right through the doctor's chest
The sabre and the hand that held it.



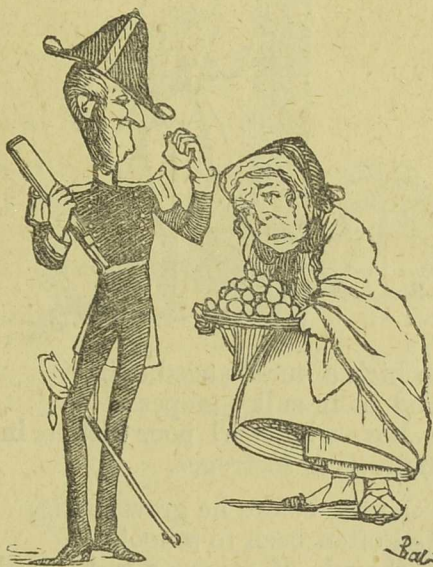
The blow was a decisive one,
And Doctor Brown grew deadly pasty.
"Now see the mischief that you've done,—
You Turks are so extremely hasty.
"There are two Doctor Browns in Hooe—
He's short and stout—I'm tall and wizen;
You've been and run the wrong one through,
That's how the error has arisen."
The accident was thus explained,
Apologies were only heard now:
"At my mistake I'm really pained,
I am, indeed, upon my word now.
"With me, sir, you shall be interred,
A mausoleum grand awaits me."
"Oh, pray don't say another word,
I'm sure that more than compensates me.
"But p'raps, kind Turk, you're full inside?"
"There's room," said he, "for any number."
And so they laid them down and died.
In proud Stamboul they sleep their slumber.

—o—

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.

I'm old, my dears, and shrivelled with age, and
work, and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn
by Time, the Thief!
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great
I've run—
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost
done.
Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've played
the deuce with men!
I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty
then:
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes
were large and sweet,
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast of
the Royal Fleet.

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served
the ships
With apples and cakes, and fowls and beer, and
halfpenny dips,
And beef for the generous mess, where the officers
dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking
midshipmites.



Of all the kind commanders who anchored in
Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant
Belaye.
Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat, *Hot
Cross Bun*,
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and she
carried a gun.

With the laudable view of enhancing his country's
naval pride,
When people inquired her size, Lieutenant Belaye
replied,
"Oh, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hundred
and Seventy-ones!"
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it
meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me
down below,
"Come down, Little Buttercup, come" (for he
loved to call me so),
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd
taken a part,
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pine-
apple's heart!

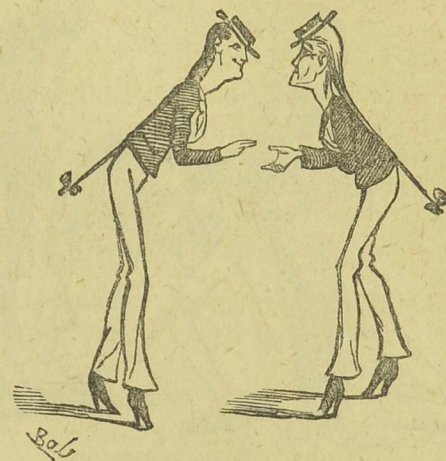
But at length his orders came, and he said one
day, said he,
"I'm ordered to sail with the *Hot Cross Bun* to
the German Sea."
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they
learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant
Belaye.

And I went to a back back street, with plenty of
cheap cheap shops,
And I bought an oilskin hat, and a second-hand
suit of slops,
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never
suspected me!)
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go
to sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour of
one,—
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the
Hot Cross Bun.
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors
sometimes swear,
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything wrong,
I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Mess-
mate, ho! What cheer?"
But here, on the *Hot Cross Bun*, it was "How do
you do, my dear?"

When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with
a big big D—,
But the strongest oath of the *Hot Cross Bun* was a
mild "Dear me!"



Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could
scarcely call them slick:
Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely
sick;
And whenever the weather was calm, and the
wind was light and fair,
They spent more time than a sailor should on his
back back hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when ordered
aloft to run,
And they screamed when Lieutenant Belaye dis-
charged his only gun.
And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is
hardly wrong—
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all
day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times you
heard it said
That Bill had a way of his own of making his lips
look red—
That Joe looked quite his age—or somebody might
declare
That Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his own
own hair.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no great
use to him,
"But then," he would say, "there is little to do
on a gumboat trim.
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big
gun too—
And it *is* such a treat to sail with a gentle well-
bred crew."

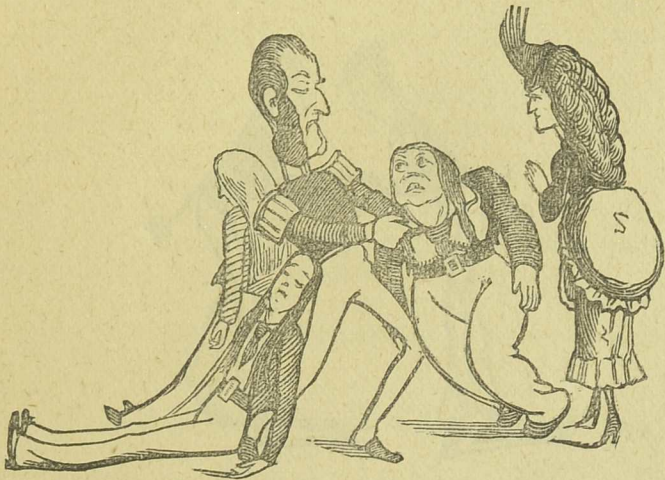
I saw him every day! How the happy moments
sped!
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty
weather ahead!
(I do not mean that tempests threatened the *Hot
Cross Bun*:
In that case, I don't know whatever we should
have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,
And off on leave for a week went kind Lieutenant
Belaye,
And after a long long week had passed (and it
seemed like a life),
Lieutenant Belaye returned to his ship with a fair
young wife!

He up, and he says, says he, "O crew of the *Hot
Cross Bun*,
Here is the wife of my heart, for the Church has
made us one!"
And as he uttered the word, the crew went out of
their wits,
And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case
might be,
And lo! the rest of the crew were simple girls,
like me,

Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's
blue array,
To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant
Belaye.



* * * * *
It's strange to think that I should ever have loved
young men,
But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely
sixty then,
And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief and
age, I trow!
And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their
lustre now!

THE TWO OGRES.

Good children, list, if you're inclined,
And wicked children too—
This pretty ballad is designed
Especially for you.

Two ogres dwelt in Wickham Wold,
One grown up—one a lad:
The younger was as good as gold,
The elder one was bad.

A wicked, disobedient son
Was James Mc Alpine, and
A contrast to the younger one,
Good Applebody Bland.

Mc Alpine—brutes like him are few—
In greediness delights,
A melancholy victim to
Unchastened appetites.

Good, well-bred children every day
He ravenously ate,—
All boys were fish who found their way
Into Mc Alpine's net:



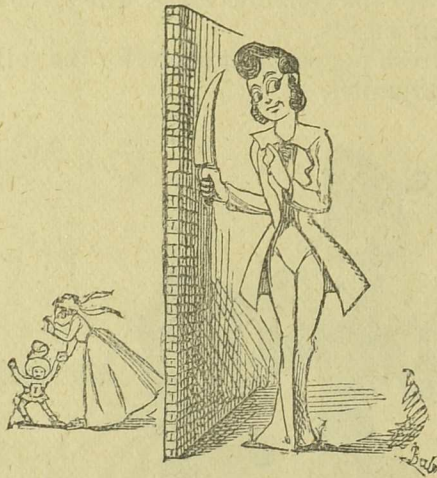
Boys whose good breeding is innate,
Whose sums are always right;
And boys who don't expostulate
When sent to bed at night;

And kindly boys who never search
The nests of birds of song;
And serious boys for whom, in church,
No sermon is too long.

Contrast with James's greedy haste
And comprehensive hand,
The nice discriminating taste
Of Applebody Bland.

Bland only eats bad boys, who swear—
Who can behave, but don't—
Disgraceful lads who say "don't care,"
And "shan't," and "can't," and "won't."

Who wet their shoes and learn to box,
And say what isn't true,
Who bite their nails and jam their frocks,
And make long noses too;



Who kick a nurse's aged shin,
And sit in sulky mopes;
And boys who twirl poor kittens in
Distracting zoëtropes.

But James, before he grew so big,
Had often been to school,
And though, of course, a reckless pig,
He wasn't quite a fool.

At logic few with him could vie;
To his peculiar sect
He could propose a fallacy
With singular effect.

So, when his Mentors said, "You hound,
Why eat good children—why?"
Upon his Mentors he would round
With this absurd reply:

"I have been taught to love the good—
The pure—the unalloyed—
And wicked boys, I've understood,
I always should avoid.

"Why do I eat good children—why?
Because I love them so!"
(But this was empty sophistry,
As your Papa can show.)

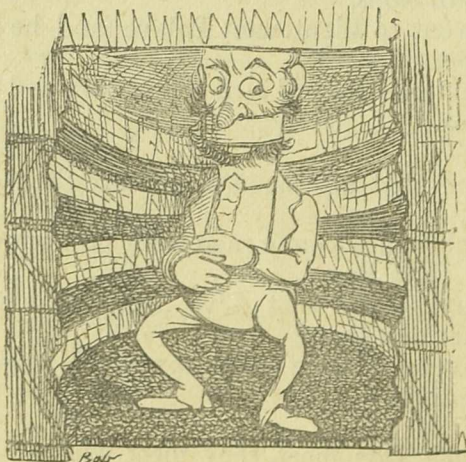
Now, though the learning of his friends
Was truly not immense,
They had a way of fitting ends
By rule of common sense.

"Away, away!" his Mentors cried,
"Thou uncongenial pest!
A quirk's a thing we can't abide,
A quibble we detest!

"A fallacy in your reply
Our intellect deseries,
Although we don't pretend to spy
Exactly where it lies.

"In misery, unworthy son,
Must end a glutton's joys;
And learn how ogres punish one
Who dares to eat good boys.

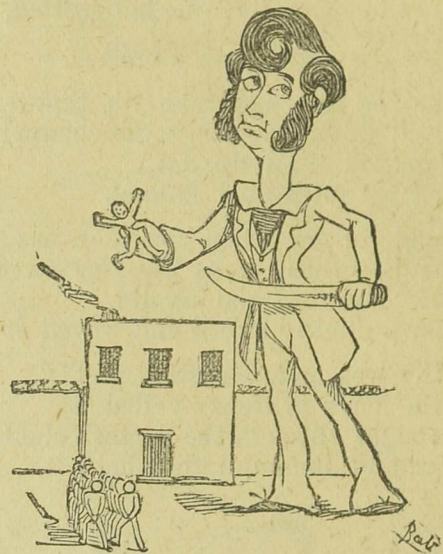
"Secured by fetter, cramp, and chain,
And gagged securely—so—



You shall be placed in Drury Lane,
Where only good lads go.

"Surrounded there by virtuous boys,
You'll suffer torture wus
Than that which constantly annoys
Disgraceful Tantalus.

("If you would learn the woes that vex
Poor Tantalus, down there,
Pray borrow of Papa an ex-
Purgated Lemprière.)



"But as for Applebody Bland,
Who only eats the bad,
A fitting recompense we've planned
For that deserving lad.

"Where naughty boys in crowds are stowed
He shall unquestioned rule,
And have the run of Hackney Road
Reformatory School."

LITTLE OLIVER.

EARL JOYCE he was a kind old party
Whom nothing ever could put out;
Though eighty-two, he still was hearty,
Excepting as regarded gout.

He had one unexampled daughter,
The Lady Minnie-haha Joyce,
Fair Minnie-haha, "Laughing Water,"
So called from her melodious voice.

By Nature planned for lover-capture,
Her beauty every heart assailed;
The good old nobleman with rapture
Observed how widely she prevailed.

Aloof from all the lordly flockings
Of titled swells who worshipped her,
There stood in pumps and cotton stockings,
One humble lover—Oliver

He was no peer by Fortune petted,
His name recalled no bygone age;
He was no lordling coronetted—
Alas! he was a simple page!

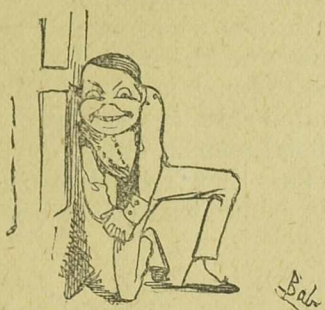
With vain appeals he never bored her,
But stood in silent sorrow by—
He knew how fondly he adored her,
And knew, alas! now hopelessly!

Well grounded by a village tutor
In languages alive and past,
He'd say unto himself, "Knee-suitor,
Oh, do not go beyond your last!"

But though his name could boast no handle
He could not every hope resign;
As moths will hover round a candle,
So hovered he about her shrine.

The brilliant candle dazed the moth well:
One day she sang to her Papa
The air that Marie sings with Bothwell
In Neidermeyer's opera.

(Therein a stable boy, it's stated,
Devoutly loved a noble dame,
And that the dame reciprocated
His rather injudicious flame.)



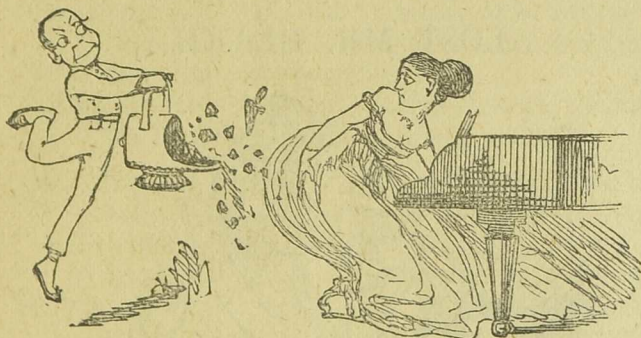
And then, before the piano closing
(He listened coyly at the door)
She sang a song of her composing—
I give one verse from half a score :

BALLAD.

Why, pretty page, art ever sighing?
Is sorrow in thy heartlet lying?
Come, set a-ringing
Thy laugh entrancing,
And ever singing
And ever dancing.
Ever singing, Tra! la! la!
Ever dancing, Tra! la! la!
Ever singing, ever dancing,
Ever singing, Tra! la! la!

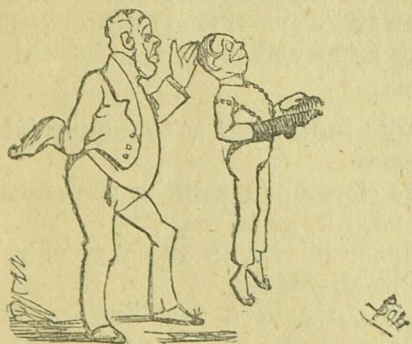
He skipped for joy like little muttons,
He danced like Esmeralda's kid
(She did not mean a boy in buttons,
Although he fancied that she did).

Poor lad! convinced he thus would win her,
He wore out many pairs of soles;
He danced when taking down the dinner—
He danced when bringing up the coals.



He danced and sang (however laden)
With his incessant "Tra! la! la!"
Which much surprised the noble maiden,
And puzzled even her Papa.

He nourished now his flame and fanned it,
He even danced at work below.
At length the servants wouldn't stand it,
And Bowles the butler told him so.



At length on impulse acting blindly,
His love he laid completely bare;
The gentle Earl received him kindly,
And told the lad to take a chair.

"Oh, sir," the suitor uttered sadly,
"Don't give your indignation vent;
I fear you think I'm acting madly,
Perhaps you think me insolent?"

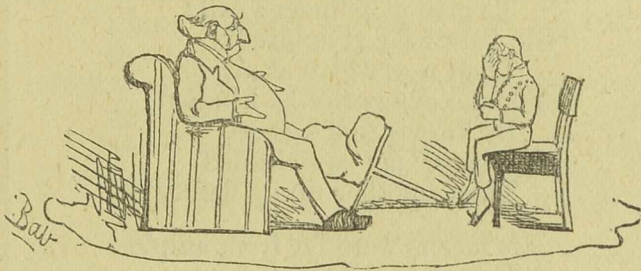
The kindly Earl repelled the notion;
His noble bosom heaved a sigh,
His fingers trembled with emotion,
A tear stood in his mild blue eye.

For, oh! the scene recalled too plainly
The half-forgotten time when he,
A boy of nine, had worshipped vainly
A governess of forty-three!

"My boy," he said, his hands still wringing,
"Give up this idle fancy—do—
The ballad that you heard her singing
Did not, indeed, refer to you.

"I feel for you, poor boy, acutely;
I would not wish to give you pain;
Your pangs I estimate minutely,—
I, too, have loved, and loved in vain.

"But still your humble rank and station
For Minnie surely are not meet."
He said much more in conversation
Which it were needless to repeat.



Now I'm prepared to bet a guinea,
Were this a mere dramatic case,
The page would have eloped with Minnie,
But, no—he only left his place.

The simple Truth is my detective,
With me Sensation can't abide;
The Likely beats the mere Effective,
And Nature is my only guide.

PASHA BAILEY BEN.



A PROUD Pasha was Bailey Ben,
His wives were three, his tails were ten,
His form was dignified, but stout,
Men called him "Little Roundabout."

His Importance.

Pale Pilgrims came from o'er the sea
To wait on Pasha Bailey B.,
All bearing presents in a crowd,
For B. was poor as well as proud.

His Presents.

They brought him onions strung on ropes,
And cold boiled beef, and telescopes,
And balls of string, and shrimps, and guns,
And chops, and tacks, and hats, and buns.

More of them.

They brought him white kid gloves, and pails,
And candlesticks, and potted quails,
And capstan-bars, and scales and weights,
And ornaments for empty grates.

Why I mention these.

My tale is not of these—oh, no!
I only mention them to show
The divers gifts that divers men
Brought o'er the sea to Bailey Ben.

His Confidant.

A confidant had Bailey B.,
A gay Mongolian dog was he;
I am not good at Turkish names,
And so I call him Simple James.

His Confidant's Countenance.

A dreadful legend you might trace
In Simple James's honest face,



For there you read, in Nature's print,
"A Scoundrel of the Deepest Tint."

His Character.

A deed of blood, or fire, or flames,
Was meat and drink to Simple James.
To hide his guilt he did not plan,
But owned himself a bad young man.

The Author to his Reader.

And why on earth good Bailey Ben
(The wisest, noblest, best of men)
Made Simple James his right-hand man
Is quite beyond my mental span.

The same, continued.

But there—enough of gruesome deeds!
My heart, in thinking of them, bleeds
And so let Simple James take wing,—
'T is not of him I'm going to sing.

The Pasha's Clerk.

Good Pasha Bailey kept a clerk
(For Bailey only made his mark),
His name was Matthew Wycombe Coo,
A man of nearly forty-two.

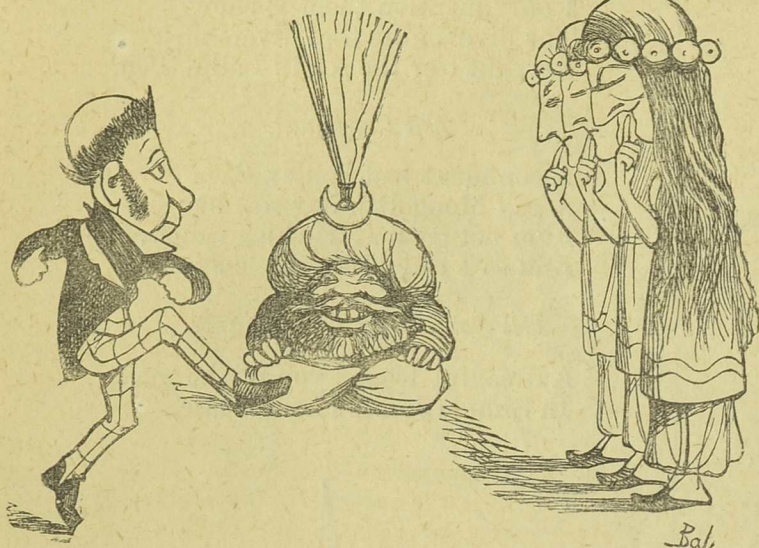
His Accomplishments.

No person that I ever knew
Could "yödel" half as well as Coo;
And Highlanders exclaimed, "Ah, weel!"
When Coo began to dance a reel.

His Kindness to the Pasha's Wives.

He used to dance and sing and play
In such an unaffected way,

He cheered the unexciting lives
Of Pasha Bailey's lovely wives.



The Author to his Reader.

But why should I encumber you
With histories of Matthew Coo?
Let Matthew Coo at once take wing,—
'Tis not of Coo I'm going to sing.

The Author's Muse.

Let me recall my wandering Muse;
She shall be steady if I choose—
She roves, instead of helping me
To tell the deeds of Bailey B.

One morning knocked, at half-past eight,
A tall Red Indian at his gate.
In Turkey, as you're p'r'aps aware,
Red Indians are extremely rare.

Mocassins decked his graceful legs,
His eyes were black, and round as eggs,
And on his neck, instead of beads,
Hung several Catawampous seeds.

"Ho, ho!" he said, "thou pale-faced one,
Poor offspring of an Eastern sun,
You've never seen the Red Man skip
Upon the banks of Mississip!"

To say that Bailey oped his eyes
Would feebly paint his great surprise—
To say it almost made him die
Would be to paint it much too high.

But why should I ransack my head
To tell you all that Indian said?
We'll let the Indian man take wing,—
'Tis not of him I'm going to sing.

The Reader to the Author.

Come, come, I say, that's quite enough
Of this absurd disjointed stuff;
Now let's get on to that affair
About Lieutenant-Colonel Flare.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FLARE.



The earth has armies plenty,
And semi-warlike bands,
I dare say there are twenty
In European lands;

But, oh! in no direction
You'd find one to compare
In brotherly affection
With that of Colonel Flare.

His soldiers might be rated
As military Pearls:
As unsophisticated
As pretty little girls!
They never smoked or ratted,
Or talk of Sues or Polls;
The Sergeant-Major tatted,
The others nursed their dolls.

He spent the days in teaching
These truly solemn facts:
There's little use in preaching,
Or circulating tracts.
(The vainest plan invented
For laying other creeds,
Unless it's supplemented
With charitable deeds.)

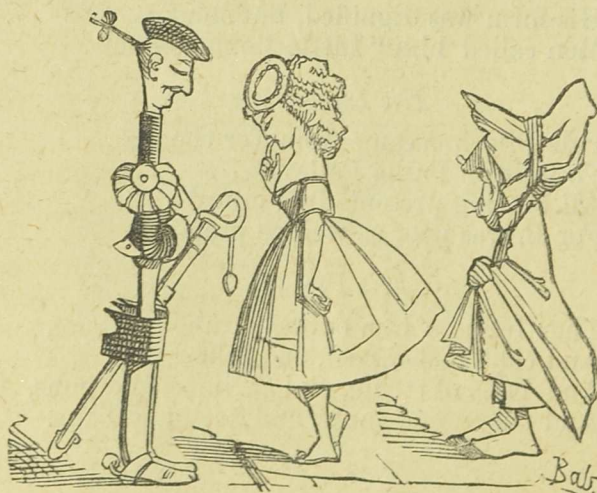
He taught his soldiers kindly
To give at Hunger's call:
"Oh, better far give blindly
Than never give at all.
Though sympathy be kindled
By Imposition's game,
Oh, better far be swindled
Than smother up its flame."

His means were far from ample
For pleasure or for dress,
Yet note this bright example
Of single-heartedness:
Though ranking as a Colonel,
His pay was but a groat,
While their reward diurnal
Was—each a five-pound note.

Moreover,—this evinces
His kindness, you'll allow,—
He fed them all like princes,
And lived himself on cow.
He set them all regaling
On curious wines, and dear,
While he would sit pale-ale-ing
Or quaffing ginger-beer.

Then at his instigation
(A pretty fancy this)
Their daily pay and ration
They'd always change for his,
They brought it to him weekly,
And he without a groan
Would take it from them meekly,
And give them all his own!

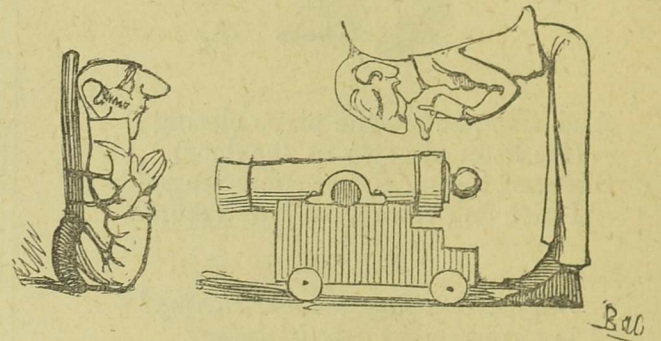
Though not exactly knighted
As knights, of course, should be,
Yet no one so delighted
In harmless chivalry.
If peasant girl or ladye
Beneath misfortunes sank,
Whate'er distinctions made he,
They were not those of rank.



No maiden young and comely
Who wanted good advice
(However poor or homely)
Need ask him for it twice.

He'd wipe away the blindness
That comes of teary dew;
His sympathetic kindness
No sort of limit knew.

He always hated dealing
With men who schemed or planned;
A person harsh—unfeeling—
The Colonel could not stand.
He hated cold, suspecting,
Official men in blue,
Who pass their lives detecting
The crimes that others do.



For men who'd shoot a sparrow,
Or immolate a worm
Beneath a farmer's harrow,
He could not find a term.
Humanely, ay, and knightly
He dealt with such an one;
He took and tied him tightly,
And blew him from a gun.
The earth has armies plenty,
And semi-warlike bands,
I'm certain there are twenty
In European lands;
But, oh! in no direction
You'd find one to compare
In brotherly affection
With that of Colonel Flare.

LOST MR. BLAKE.



MR. BLAKE was a regular out-and-out hardened
sinner,
Who was quite out of the pale of Christianity,
so to speak.
He was in the habit of smoking a long pipe and
drinking a glass of grog on Sunday after
dinner,
And seldom thought of going to church more
than twice or—if Good Friday or Christmas
Day happened to come in it—three times a
week.

He was quite indifferent as to the special kinds of
dresses
That the clergyman wore at the church where
he used to go to pray,
And whatever he did in the way of relieving a
chap's distresses,
He always did in a sneaking, underhanded,
hole-and-corner sort of way.

I have known him indulge in profane, ungentle-
manly emphatics,
When the Protestant Church has been divided
on the subject of the proper width of a
chasuble's hem;
I have even known him to sneer at albs—and as
for dalmatics,
Words can't convey an idea of the contempt he
expressed for them.

He didn't believe in persons who, not being well off themselves, are obliged to confine their charitable exertions to collecting money from wealthier people,
 And looked upon individuals of the former class as ecclesiastical hawks ;
 He used to say that he would no more think of interfering with his priest's robes than with his church or his steeple,
 And that he did not consider his soul imperilled because somebody over whom he had no influence whatever, chose to dress himself up like an exaggerated Guy Fawkes.

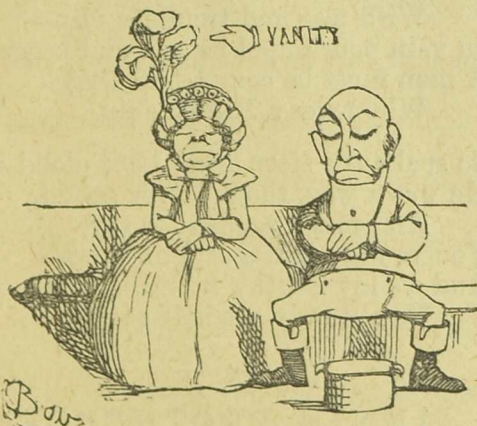
This shocking old vagabond was so unutterably shameless
 That he actually went a-courting a very respectable and pious middle-aged sister, by the name of Biggs.
 She was a rather attractive widow, whose life as such had always been particularly blameless ;
 Her first husband had left her a secure but moderate competence owing to some fortunate speculations in the matter of figs.

She was an excellent person in every way—and won the respect even of Mrs. Grundy,
 She was a good housewife, too, and wouldn't have wasted a penny if she had owned the Koh-i-noor.
 She was just as strict as he was lax in her observance of Sunday,
 And being a good economist, and charitable besides, she took all the bones and cold potatoes and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends (when she had quite done with them), and made them into an excellent soup for the deserving poor.

I am sorry to say that she rather took to Blake—that outcast of society,
 And when respectable brothers who were fond of her began to look dubious and to cough,
 She would say, "Oh, my friends, it's because I hope to bring this poor benighted soul back to virtue and propriety,"
 And, besides, the poor benighted soul, with all his faults, was uncommonly well off.

And when Mr. Blake's dissipated friends called his attention to the frown or the pout of her,
 Whenever he did anything which appeared to her to savour of an unmentionable place,
 He would say she would be a very decent old girl when all that nonsense was knocked out of her,
 And his method of knocking it out of her is one that covered him with disgrace.

She was fond of going to church services four times every Sunday, and four or five times in the week, and never seemed to pall of them,
 So he hunted out all the churches within a convenient distance that had services at different hours, so to speak ;
 And when he had married her he positively insisted upon their going to all of them,



So they contrived to do about twelve churches every Sunday, and, if they had luck, from twenty-two to twenty-three in the course of the week.

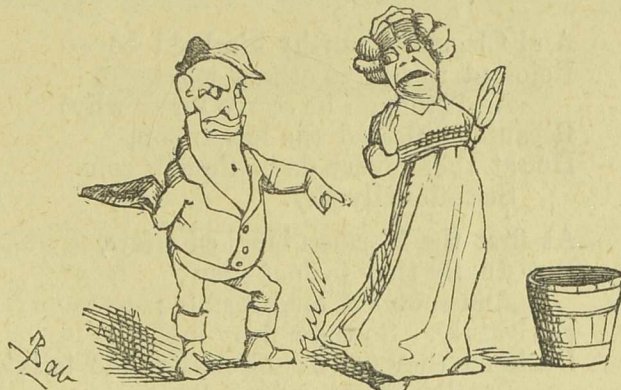
She was fond of dropping his sovereigns ostentatiously into the plate, and she liked to see them stand out rather conspicuously against the commonplace half-crowns and shillings,

So he took her to all the charity sermons, and if by any extraordinary chance there wasn't a charity sermon anywhere, he would drop a couple of sovereigns (one for him and one for her) into the poor-box at the door ;
 And as he always deducted the sums thus given in charity from the housekeeping money, and the money he allowed her for her bonnets and frillings,
 She soon began to find that even charity, if you allow it to interfere with your personal luxuries, becomes an intolerable bore.

On Sundays she was always melancholy and anything but good society,
 For that day in her household was a day of sighings and sobbings and wringing of hands and shaking of heads :
 She wouldn't hear of a button being sewn on a glove, because it was a work neither of necessity nor of piety,
 And strictly prohibited her servants from amusing themselves, or indeed doing anything at all except dusting the drawing-rooms, cleaning the boots and shoes, cooking the parlour dinner, waiting generally on the family, and making the beds.

But Blake even went further than that, and said that people should do their own works of necessity, and not delegate them to persons in a menial situation,
 So he wouldn't allow his servants to do so much as even answer a bell.

Here he is making his wife carry up the water for her bath to the second floor, much against her inclination,—
 And why in the world the gentleman who illustrates these ballads has put him in a cocked hat is more than I can tell



After about three months of this sort of thing, taking the smooth with the rough of it (Blacking her own boots and peeling her own potatoes was not her notion of connubial bliss),
 Mrs. Blake began to find that she had pretty nearly had enough of it,
 And came, in course of time, to think that Blake's own original line of conduct wasn't so much amiss.

And now that wicked person—that detestable sinner ("Belial Blake" his friends and well-wishers call him for his atrocities),
 And his poor deluded victim whom all her Christian brothers dislike and pity so,
 Go to the parish church only on Sunday morning and afternoon and occasionally on a week-day, and spend their evenings in connubial fondlings and affectionate reciprocities,
 And I should like to know where in the world (or rather, out of it) they expect to go!

THE BABY'S VENGEANCE.

WEARY at heart and extremely ill
 Was Paley Vollaire of Bromptonville.

In a dirty lodging, with fever down,
 Close to the Polygon, Somers Town.

Paley Vollaire was an only son
 (For why? His mother had had but one),
 And Paley herited gold and grounds
 Worth several hundred thousand pounds.

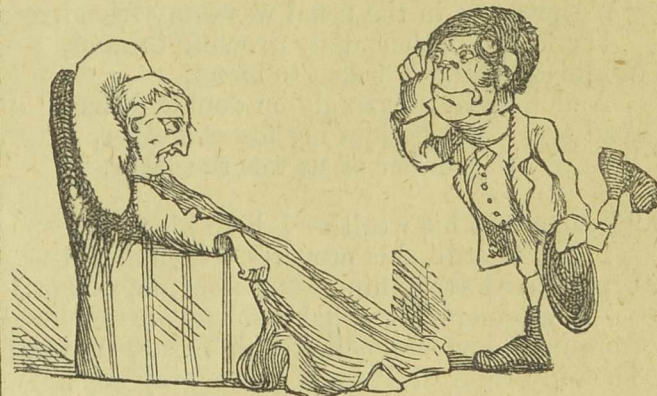
But he, like many a rich young man,
 Through this magnificent fortune ran,
 And nothing was left for his daily needs
 But duplicate copies of mortgage-deeds.

Shabby and sorry and sorely sick,
 He slept, and dreamt that the clock's "tick, tick,"
 Was one of the Fates, with a long sharp knife,
 Snicking off bits of his shortened life.

He woke and counted the pips on the walls,
 The outdoor passengers' loud footfalls,
 And reckoned all over, and reckoned again,
 The little white tufts on his counterpane.

A medical man to his bed-side came
 (I can't remember that doctor's name),
 And said, "You'll die in a very short while
 If you don't set sail for Madeira's isle"

"Go to Madeira? goodness me!
 I haven't the money to pay your fee!"
 "Then, Paley Vollaire," said the leech, "good bye;
 I'll come no more, for you're sure to die."



He sighed and he groaned and smote his breast ;
 "Oh, send," said he, "for Frederick West,
 Ere senses fade or my eyes grow dim :
 I've a terrible tale to whisper him."

Poor was Frederick's lot in life,—
 A dustman he with a fair young wife,
 A worthy man with a hard-earned store,
 A hundred and seventy pounds—or more:

Frederick came, and he said, "Maybe
 You'll say what you happen to want with me?"
 "Wronged boy," said Paley Vollaire, "I will,
 But don't you fidget yourself—sit still."

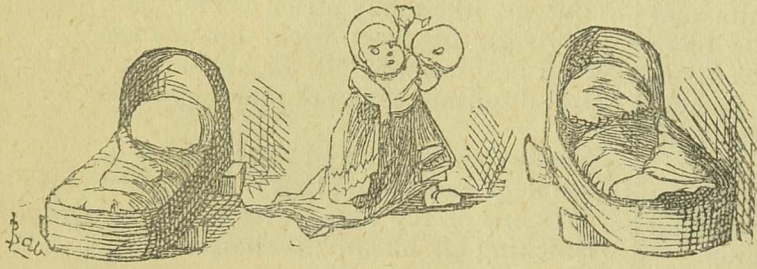
"T is now some thirty-seven years ago
 Since first began the plot that I'm revealing,
 A fine young woman, whom you ought to know,
 Lived with her husband down in Drum Lane,
 Ealing.

Herself by means of mangling reimbursing,
 And now and then (at intervals) wet-nursing.



"Two little babes dwelt in her humble cot ;
 One was her own—the other only lent to her :
 Her own she slighted. Tempted by a lot
 Of gold and silver regularly sent to her,
 She ministered unto the little other
 In the capacity of foster-mother.

"I was her own. Oh! how I lay and sobbed
In my poor cradle—deeply, deeply cursing
The rich man's pampered bantling, who had robbed
My only birthright—an attentive nursing!
Sometimes, in hatred of my foster-brother,
I gnashed my gums—which terrified my mother.



"One day—it was quite early in the week—
I in MY cradle having placed the bantling—
Crept into his! He had not learnt to speak,
But I could see his face with anger mantling.
It was imprudent—well, disgraceful maybe,
For, oh! I was a bad, black-hearted baby!

"So great a luxury was food, I think
No wickedness but I was game to try for it.
Now if I wanted anything to drink
At any time, I only had to cry for it!
Once, if I dared to weep, the bottle lacking,
My blubbering involved a serious smacking!

"We grew up in the usual way—my friend,
My foster-brother, daily growing thinner,
While gradually I began to mend,
And thrived amazingly on double dinner.
And every one, besides my foster-mother,
Believed that either of us was the other.

"I came into his wealth—I bore his name,
I bear it still—his property I squandered—
I mortgaged everything—and now (oh, shame!)
Into a Somers Town shake-down I've wandered.
I am no Paley—no Vollaire—it's true, my boy!
The only rightful Paley V. is you, my boy!

"And all I have is yours—and yours is mine.
I still may place you in your true position:
Give me the pounds you've saved, and I'll resign
My noble name, my rank, and my condition.
So far my wickedness in falsely owning
Your vast wealth, I am at last atoning!"

* * * *

Frederick he was a simple soul,
He pulled from his pocket a bulky roll,
And gave to Paley his hard-earned store,
A hundred and seventy pounds or more.

Paley Vollaire, with many a groan,
Gave Frederick all that he'd called his own—
Two shirts and a sock, and a vest of jean,
A Wellington boot and a bamboo cane.

And Fred (entitled to all things there)
He took the fever from Mr. Vollaire,
Which killed poor Frederick West. Meanwhile
Vollaire sailed off to Madeira's isle.

—o—

THE CAPTAIN AND THE MERMAIDS.

I SING a legend of the sea,
So hard-a-port upon your lee!
A ship on starboard tack!
She's bound upon a private cruise—
(This is the kind of spice I use
To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon
(Save in a gale or strong Monsoon)

Great Captain Capel Cleggs
(Great morally, though rather short)
Sat at an open weather-port
And aired his shapely legs.

And Mermaids hung around in flocks,
On cable chains and distant rocks,
To gaze upon those limbs;
For legs like those, of flesh and bone,
Are things "not generally known"
To any Merman Timbs.

But Mermen didn't seem to care
Much time (as far as I'm aware)
With Cleggs's legs to spend;
Though Mermaids swam around all day
And gazed, exclaiming, "That's the way
A gentleman should end!"

"A pair of legs with well-cut knees,
And calves and ankles such as these,
Which we in rapture hail,
Are far more eloquent, it's clear,
When clothed in silk and kerseymere,
Than any nasty tail."



And Cleggs—a worthy kind old boy—
Rejoiced to add to others' joy
And (though he scarce knew why)
Because it pleased the lookers-on,
He sat there every day—though con-
stitutionally shy.

At first the Mermen laughed a few,
But finally they jealous grew,
And sounded loud recalls;
But vainly. So these fishy males
Declared they too would clothe their tails
In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work, these water-men,
And made their nether robes; but when
They drew with dainty touch
The kerseymere upon their tails,
They found it scraped against their scales,
And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose
To deck their tails, by way of hose
(They never thought of shoon),
For such a use was much too thin,—
It tore against the caudal fin
And "went in ladders" soon.

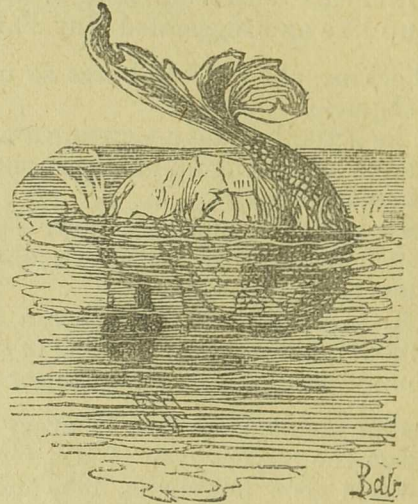
So they designed another plan:
They sent their most seductive man
This note to him to show—
"Our Monarch sends to Captain Cleggs
His humble compliments, and begs
He'll join him down below;

"We've pleasant homes below the sea—
Besides, if Captain Cleggs should be
(As our advices say)
A judge of Mermaids, he will find
Our lady-fish of every kind
Inspection will repay."

Good Capel sent a kind reply,
For Capel thought he could descry

An admirable plan
To study all their ways and laws—
(But not their lady-fish, because
He was a married man)!

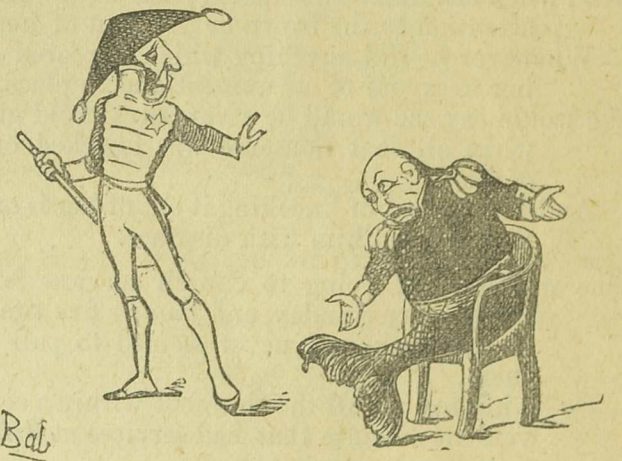
The Merman sank—the Captain too
Jumped overboard, and dropped from view
Like stone from catapult;
And when he reached the Mermen's lair
He certainly was welcomed there,
But, ah! with what result?



They didn't let him learn their law,
Or make a note of what he saw,
Or interesting mem.:
The lady-fish he couldn't find,
But that, of course, he didn't mind—
He didn't come for them.

For though, when Captain Capel sank,
The Mermen drawn in double rank
Gave him a hearty hail;
Yet when secure of Captain Cleggs,
They cut off both his lovely legs,
And gave him such a tail!

When Captain Cleggs returned aboard,
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd
To see him altered so
The Admiralty did insist
That he upon the Half-pay List
Immediately should go.



In vain declared the poor old salt,
"It's my misfortune—not my fault,"
With tear and trembling lip—
In vain poor Capel begged and begged.
"A man must be completely legged
Who rules a British ship."

So spake the stern First Lord aloud—
He was a wag, though very proud,
And much rejoiced to say,
"You're only half a captain now—
And so, my worthy friend, I vow
You'll only get half-pay!"

—o—

ANNIE PROTHEROE.

A Legend of Stratford-le-Bow.

Oh! listen to the tale of little Annie Protheroe.
She kept a small post-office in the neighbourhood
of Bow;

She loved a skilled mechanic, who was famous in his day—
A gentle executioner whose name was Gilbert Clay.
I think I hear you say, "A dreadful subject for your rhymes!"
O reader, do not shrink—he didn't live in modern times!
He lived so long ago (the sketch will show it at a glance)
That all his actions glitter with the lime-light of Romance.



In busy times he laboured at his gentle craft all day—
"No doubt you mean his Cal-craft" you amusingly will say—
But, no—he didn't operate with common bits of string,
He was a Public Headsman, which is quite another thing.
And when his work was over, they would ramble o'er the lea,
And sit beneath the frondage of an elderberry tree.
And Annie's simple prattle entertained him on his walk,
For public executions formed the subject of her talk.

And sometimes he'd explain to her, which charmed her very much,
How famous operators vary very much in touch,
And then, perhaps, he'd show how he himself performed the trick,
And illustrate his meaning with a poppy and a stick.

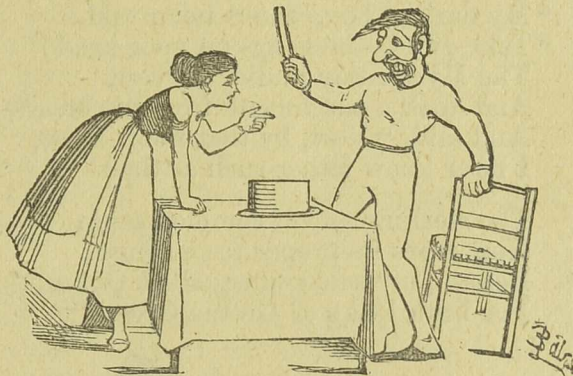
Or, if it rained, the little maid would stop at home, and look
At his favourable notices, all pasted in a book,
And then her cheek would flush—her swimming eyes would dance with joy
In a glow of admiration at the prowess of her boy.

One summer eve, at supper-time, the gentle Gilbert said
(As he helped his pretty Annie to a slice of collared head),
"This reminds me I must settle on the next ensuing day
The hash of that unmitigated villain Peter Gray."

He saw his Annie tremble and he saw his Annie start,
Her changing colour trumpeted the flutter at her heart;
Young Gilbert's manly bosom rose and sank with jealous fear,
And he said, "O gentle Annie, what's the meaning of this here?"

And Annie answered, blushing in an interesting way,
"You think, no doubt, I'm sighing for that felon Peter Gray:
That I was his young woman is unquestionably true,
But not since I began a-keeping company with you."

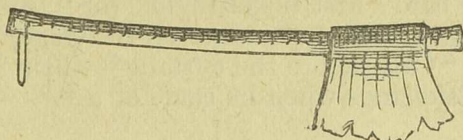
Then Gilbert, who was irritable, rose and loudly swore
He'd know the reason why if she refused to tell him more;
And she answered (all the woman in her flashing from her eyes),
"You mustn't ask no questions, and you won't be told no lies."



"Few lovers have the privilege enjoyed, my dear, by you,
Of chopping off a rival's head and quartering him too!
Of vengeance, dear, to-morrow you will surely take your fill."
And Gilbert ground his molars as he answered her, "I will!"

Young Gilbert rose from table with a stern determined look,
And, frowning, took an inexpensive hatchet from its hook;
And Annie watched his movements with an interested air—
For the morrow—for the morrow he was going to prepare!

He chipped it with a hammer and he chopped it with a bill,
He poured sulphuric acid on the edge of it, until
This terrible Avenger of the Majesty of Law
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.



And Annie said, "O Gilbert, dear, I do not understand
Why ever you are injuring that hatchet in your hand?"

He said, "It is intended for to lacerate and flay
The neck of that unmitigated villain Peter Gray!"

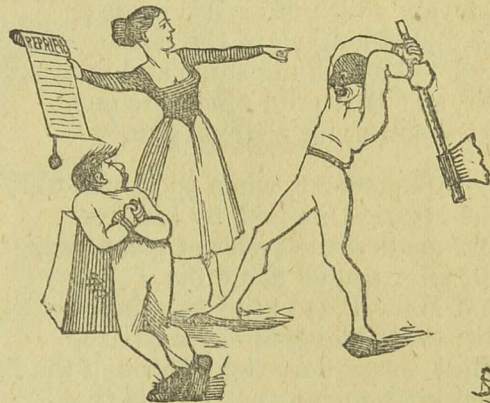
"Now Gilbert," Annie answered, "wicked headsman, just beware—
I won't have Peter tortured with that horrible affair;
If you appear with that, you may depend you'll rue the day."
But Gilbert said, "Oh, shall I?" which was just his nasty way.

He saw a look of anger from her eyes distinctly dart,
For Annie was a woman, and had pity in her heart.
She wished him a good evening—he answered with a glare;
She only said, "Remember, for your Annie will be there!"

* * * * *

The morrow Gilbert boldly on the scaffold took his stand,
With a vizor on his face and with a hatchet in his hand,
And all the people noticed that the Engine of the Law
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.

The felon very coolly loosed his collar and his stock,
And placed his wicked head upon the handy little block.
The hatchet was uplifted for to settle Peter Gray,
When Gilbert plainly heard a woman's voice exclaiming, "Stay!"
'T was Annie, gentle Annie, as you'll easily believe.
"O Gilbert, you must spare him, for I bring you a reprieve,
It came from our Home Secretary many weeks ago,
And passed through that post-office which I used to keep at Bow.



"I loved you, loved you madly, and you know it, Gilbert Clay,
And as I'd quite surrendered all idea of Peter Gray,
I quietly suppressed it, as you'll clearly understand,
For I thought it might be awkward if he came and claimed my hand.

"In anger at my secret (which I could not tell before)
To lacerate poor Peter Gray vindictively you swore;
I told you if you used that blunted axe you'd rue the day,
And so you will, old fellow, for I'll marry Peter Gray!"

[And so she did.]

—o—

GREGORY PARABLE, LL.D.

A LEAFY cot, where no dry rot
Had ever been by tenant seen,
Where ivy clung and wopses stung,
Where bees hummed and drummed and strummed,
Where trees grew and breezes blew—
A thatchy roof, quite waterproof,
Where countless herds of dickybirds
Built twiggy beds to lay their heads
(My mother begs I'll make it "eggs,"
But though it's true that dickies do
Construct a nest with chirpy noise,
With view to rest their eggjoys,
'Neath eavy sheds, yet eggs and beds,
As I explain to her in vain
Five hundred times, are faulty rhymes).
'Neath such a cot, built on a plot
Of freehold land, dwelt Mary and
Her worthy father, named by me
Gregory Parable, LL.D.

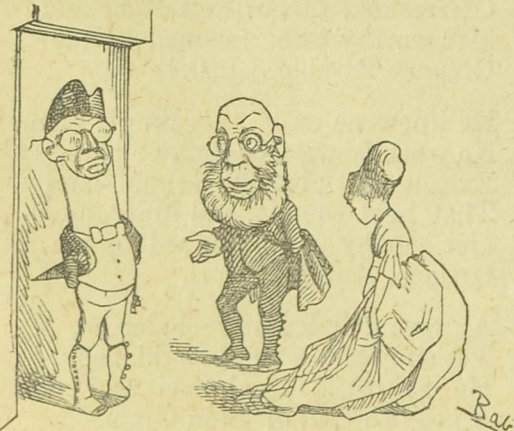
He knew no guile, this simple man,
No worldly wile, or plot, or plan,
Except that plot of freehold land
That held the cot, and Mary, and
Her worthy father, named by me
Gregory Parable, LL.D.

A grave and learned scholar he,
Yet simple as a child could be.
He'd shirk his meal to sit and cram
A goodish deal of Eton Gram.
No man alive could him nonplus
With vocative of *filius*.

No man alive more fully knew
The passive of a verb or two.
None better knew the worth than he
Of words that end in *b, d, t*.
Upon his green in early spring
He might be seen endeavouring
To understand the hooks and crooks
Of Henry and his Latin books,
Or calling for his "Caesar on
The Gallic War," like any don;
Or, p'raps expounding unto all
How mythic Balbus built a wall.
So lived the sage who's named by me
Gregory Parable, LL.D.

To him one autumn day there came
A lovely youth of mystic name;
He took a lodging in the house
And fell a-dodging snipe and grouse,
For, oh! that mild scholastic one
Let shooting for a single gun.

By three or four, when sport was o'er,
The Mystic One laid by his gun,
And made sheep's eyes of giant size,
Till after tea, at Mary P.;
And Mary P. (so kind was she),
She, too, made eyes of giant size,
Whose every dart right through the heart
Appeared to run that Mystic One.
The Doctor's whim engrossing him,
He did not know they flirted so.
For, save at tea, "*musa muse*,"
As I'm advised, monopolized
And rendered blind his giant mind.
But looking up above his cup
One afternoon, he saw them spoon.
"Aha!" quoth he, "you naughty lass!
As quaint old Ovid says, 'Amas!'"
The Mystic Youth avowed the truth,
And, claiming ruth, he said, "In sooth
I love your daughter, aged man;
Refuse to join us if you can.
Treat not my offer, sir, with scorn,
I'm wealthy though I'm lowly born."
"Young sir," the aged scholar said,
"I never thought you meant to wed.
Engrossed completely with my books,
I little noticed lovers' looks.
I've lived so long away from man,
I do not know of any plan
By which to test a lover's worth,
Except, perhaps, the test of birth.
I've half forgotten in this wild
A father's duty to his child.
It is his place, I think it's said,
To see his daughters richly wed
To dignitaries of the earth,
If possible, of noble birth.
If noble birth is not at hand,
A father may, I understand
(And this affords a chance for you),
Be satisfied to wed her to
A Boucicault or Baring—which
Means any one who's jolly rich.
Now, there's an Earl who lives hard by,—
Come, Mary, we will go and try
If he would like to marry thee,
If not, thy bride the maid shall be."

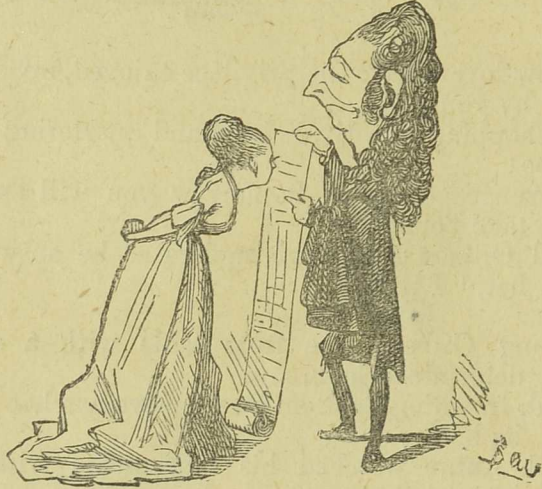


They sought the Earl that very day;
The Sage began to say his say.

The Earl (a very wicked man,
Whose face bore Vice's blackest ban)
Cut short the scholar's simple tale,
And said in voice to make them quail,
"Pooh! go along! you're drunk, no doubt—
Here, Peters, turn these people out!"

The Sage, rebuffed in mode uncouth,
Returning, met the Mystic Youth.
"My darling boy," the Scholar said,
"Take Mary—blessings on your head!"
The Mystic Boy undid his vest,
And took a parchment from his breast,
And said, "Now, by that noble brow,
I ne'er knew father such as thou!"

The sterling rule of common sense
Now reaps its proper recompense.
Rejoice, my soul's unequalled Queen,
For I am Duke of Gretna Green!"



AN UNFORTUNATE LIKENESS.

I've painted Shakespeare all my life—
"An infant" (even then at play!)
"A boy," with stage-ambition rife,
Then "Married to Ann Hathaway."

"The bard's first ticket night" (or "ben."),
His "First appearance on the stage,"
His "Call before the curtain"—then
"Rejoicings when he came of age."

The bard play-writing in his room,
The bard a humble lawyer's clerk,
The bard a lawyer¹—parson²—groom³—
The bard deer-stealing, after dark.

The bard a tradesman⁴—and a Jew⁵—
The bard a botanist⁶—a beak⁷—
The bard a skilled musician⁸ too—
A sheriff⁹ and a surgeon¹⁰ eke!

¹ "Go with me to a Notary—seal me there
Your single bond."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. 3.

² "And there shall she, at Friar Lawrence' cell,
Be shrived and married."—
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., sc. 4.

³ "And give their fasting horses provender."—
Henry the Fifth, Act IV., sc. 2.

⁴ "Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares."—
Troilus and Cressida, Act I., sc. 3.

⁵ "Then must the Jew be merciful."—
Merchant of Venice, Act IV., sc. 1.

⁶ "The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries."—
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., sc. 1.

⁷ "In the county of Glo'ster, justice of the peace and
coram."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., sc. 1.

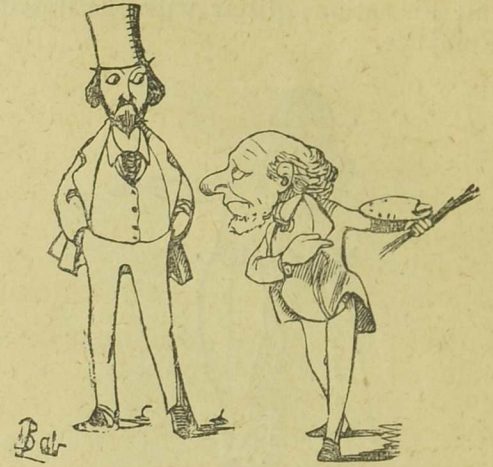
⁸ "What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?"—
King John, Act V., sc. 2.

⁹ "And I'll provide his executioner."—
Henry the Sixth (Second Part), Act III., sc. 1.

¹⁰ "The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled."—
As You Like It, Act IV., sc. 3.

Yet critics say (a friendly stock)
That, though it's evident I try,
Yet even I can barely mock
The glimmer of his wondrous eye!

One morning as a work I framed,
There passed a person, walking hard:
"My gracious goodness," I exclaimed,
"How very like my dear old bard!"



"Oh, what a model he would make!"
I rushed outside—impulsive me!—
"Forgive the liberty I take,
But you're so very"—"Stop!" said he.

"You needn't waste your breath or time,—
I know what you are going to say,—
That you're an artist, and that I'm
Remarkably like Shakespeare. Eh?"

"You wish that I would sit to you?"
I clasped him madly round the waist,
And breathlessly replied, "I do!"
"All right," said he, "but please make haste."

I led him by his hallowed sleeve,
And worked away at him apace,
I painted him till dewy eve,—
There never was a nobler face!

"Oh, sir," I said, "a fortune grand
Is yours, by dint of merest chance,—
To sport *his* brow at second-hand,
To wear *his* cast-off countenance!"

"To rub *his* eyes whenever they ache—
To wear *his* baldness ere you're old—
To clean *his* teeth when you awake—
To blow *his* nose when you've a cold!"

His eyeballs glistened in his eyes—
I sat and watched and smoked my pipe;
"Bravo!" I said, "I recognize
The phrensy of your prototype!"

His scanty hair he wildly tore:
"That's right," said I, "it shows your breed."
He danced—he stamped—he wildly swore—
"Bless me, that's very fine indeed!"

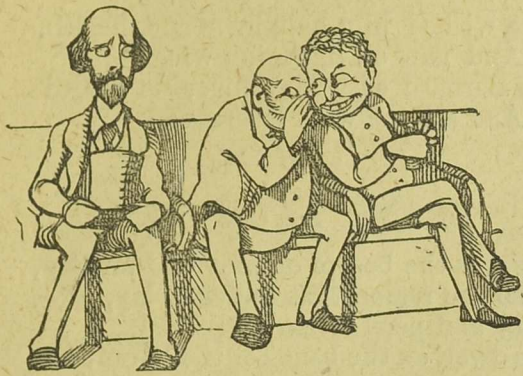
"Sir," said the grand Shakesperian boy
(Continuing to blaze away),
"You think my face a source of joy;
That shows you know not what you say."

"Forgive these yells and cellar-flaps:
I'm always thrown in some such state
When on his face well-meaning chaps
This wretched man congratulate."

"For, oh! this face—this pointed chin—
This nose—this brow—these eyeballs too,
Have always been the origin
Of all the woes I ever knew!"

"If to the play my way I find,
To see a grand Shakesperian piece,
I have no rest, no ease of mind
Until the author's puppets cease."

"Men nudge each other—thus—and say,
'This certainly is Shakespeare's son,
And merry wags (of course in play)
Cry 'Author!' when the piece is done.



Bab

"In church the people stare at me,
Their soul the sermon never binds;
I catch them looking round to see,
And thoughts of Shakespeare fill their minds.

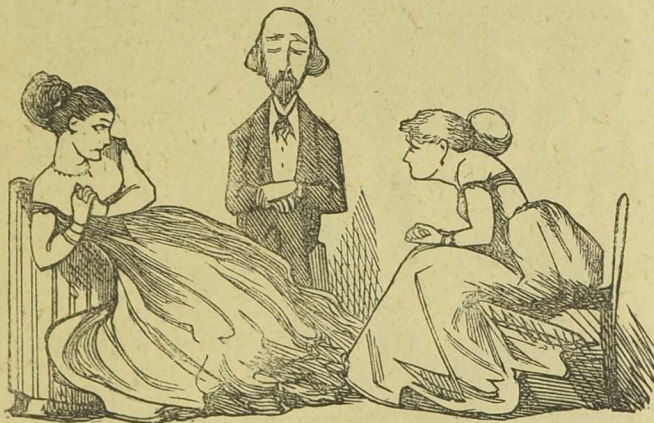
"And sculptors, fraught with cunning wile,
Who find it difficult to crown
A bust with Brown's insipid smile,
Or Tomkins's unmannered frown,

"Yet boldly make my face their own,
When (oh, presumption!) they require
To animate a paving-stone
With Shakespeare's intellectual fire.

"At parties where young ladies gaze,
And I attempt to speak my joy,
'Hush, pray,' some lovely creature says,
'The fond illusion don't destroy!'

"Whene'er I speak my soul is wrung
With these or some such whisperings:
'T is pity that a Shakespeare's tongue
Should say such un-Shakesperian things!'

"I should not thus be criticised
Had I a face of common wont:
Don't envy me—now, be advised!"
And, now I think of it, I don't!



—o—

THE KING OF CANOODLE-DUM.

THE story of Frederick Gowler,
A mariner of the sea,
Who quitted his ship, the *Howler*,
A-sailing in Caribbee.
For many a day he wandered,
Till he met in a state of rum
Calamity Pop Von Peppermint Drop,
The King of Canoodle-Dum.

That monarch addressed him gaily,
"Hum! Golly de do to-day?
Hum! Lily-white Buckra Sailee"—
(You notice his playful way?)—
"What dickens you doin' here, sar?
Why debbil you want to come?
Hum! Picaninee, dere isn't no sea
In city Canoodle-Dum!"

And Gowler he answered sadly,
"Oh, mine is a doleful tale!
They've treated me verry badly
In Lunnon, from where I hail.
I'm one of the Family Royal—
No common Jack Tar you see;
I'm William the Fourth, far up in the North,
A King in my own countree!"

Bang-bang! How the tom-toms thundered!
Bang-bang! How they thumped the gongs!
Bang-bang! How the people wondered!
Bang-bang! At it, hammer and tongs!
Alliance with Kings of Europe
Is an honour Canoodlers seek,
Her monarchs don't stop with Peppermint Drop
Every day in the week!

Fred told them that he was undone,
For his people all went insane,
And fired the Tower of London,
And Grinnidge's Naval Fane.
And some of them racked St. James's,
And vented their rage upon
The Church of St. Paul, the Fishmongers' Hall,
And the Angel at Islington.

Calamity Pop implored him
To stop with him—yes, remain
Till those people of his restored him
To power and rank again.
Calamity Pop he made him
A Prince of Canoodle-Dum,
With a couple of caves, some beautiful slaves,
And the run of the royal rum.



Bab

Pop gave him his only daughter,
Hum Pickety Wimple Tip:
Fred vowed that if over the water
He went, in an English ship,
He'd make her his Queen,—though truly
It is an unusual thing
For a Caribbee brat who's as black as your hat
To be wife of an English King.

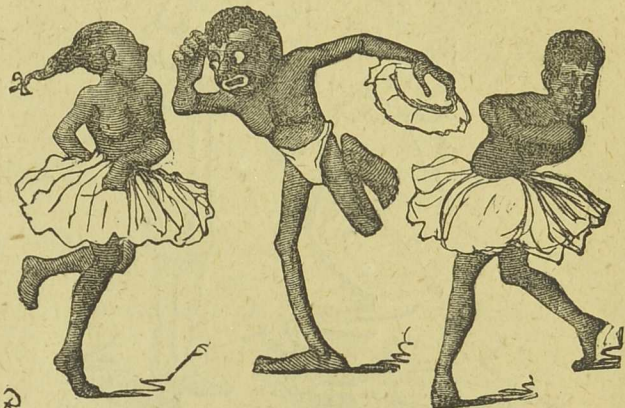
And all the Canoodle-Dummers
They copied his rolling walk,
His method of draining rummers,
His emblematical talk.
For his dress and his graceful breeding,
His delicate taste in rum,
And his nautical way, were the talk of the day
In the Court of Canoodle-Dum.

Calamity Pop most wisely
Determined in everything
To model his Court precisely
On that of the English King;
And ordered that every lady
And every lady's lord
Should masticate jacky (a kind of tobaccy)
And scatter its juice abroad.

They signified wonder roundly
At any astounding yarn,
By darning their dear eyes roundly
('T was all that they had to darn).
They "hoisted their slacks," adjusting
Garments of plantain-leaves
With nautical twitches (as if they wore—stitches,
Instead of a dress like Eve's!)

They shivered their timbers proudly,
At a phantom fore-lock dragged,
And called for a hornpipe loudly
Whenever amusement flagged.
"Hum! Golly! him Pop resemble
Him Britisher sov'reign, hum!
Calamity Pop Von Peppermint Drop,
De King of Canoodle-Dum!"

The mariner's lively "Hollo!"
Enlivened Canoodle's plain
(For blessings unnumbered follow
In Civilization's train).
But Fortune (a walking bathos)
A terrible ending planned,
For Admiral D. Chickabiddy, C.B.,
Placed foot on Canoodle land!



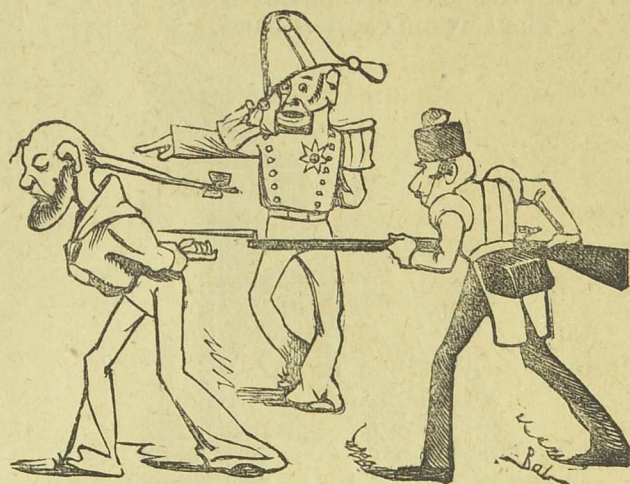
Bab

That rebel, he seized King Gowler,
He threatened his royal brains,
And put him aboard the *Howler*,
And fastened him down with chains.

The *Howler* she weighed her anchor,
With Frederick nicely nailed,
And off to the north with Wil-
liam the Fourth
These horrible pirates sailed.

Calamity said (with folly)
"Hum! nebber want him
again—
Him civilize all of us, golly!
Calamity suck his brain!"
The people, however, were pained
when

They saw him aboard his ship,
But none of them wept for their Freddy, except
Hum Pickety Wimple Tip.



—o—

FIRST LOVE.

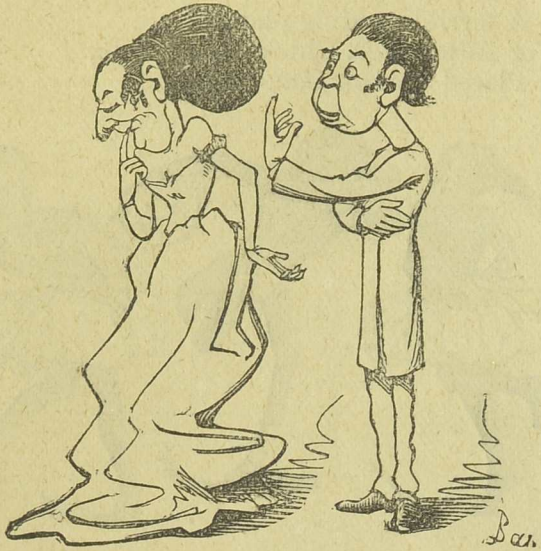
A CLERGYMAN in Berkshire dwelt,
The Reverend Bernard Powles,
And in his church there weekly knelt
At least a thousand souls.

There little Ellen you might see,
The modest rustic belle;
In maidenly simplicity,
She loved her Bernard well.

Though Ellen wore a plain silk gown
Untrimmed with lace or fur,
Yet not a husband in the town
But wished his wife like her.

Though sterner memories might fade,
You never could forget
The child-form of that baby-maid,
The Village Violet!

A simple frightened loveliness,
Whose sacred spirit-part
Shrank timidly from worldly stress,
And nestled in your heart.



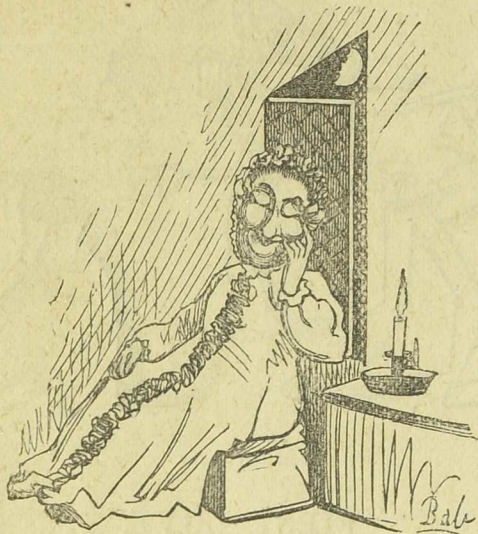
Powles woo'd with every well-worn plan
And all the usual wiles
With which a well-schooled gentleman
A simple heart beguiles.

The hackneyed compliments that bore
World-folks like you and me,
Appeared to her as if they wore
The crown of Poesy.

His winking eyelid sang a song
Her heart could understand,
Eternity seemed scarce too long
When Bernard squeezed her hand.

He ordered down the martial crew
Of Godfrey's Grenadiers,
And Coote conspired with Tinney to
Ecstaticize her ears.

Beneath her window, veiled from eye,
They nightly took their stand,
On birthdays supplemented by
The Covent Garden band.



And little Ellen, all alone,
Enraptured sat above,
And thought how blest she was to own
The wealth of Powles's love.

I often, often wonder what
Poor Ellen saw in him;
For calculated he was *not*
To please a woman's whim.

He wasn't good, despite the air
An M.B. waistcoat gives;
Indeed, his dearest friends declare
No greater humbug lives.

No kind of virtue decked this priest,
He'd nothing to allure;
He wasn't handsome in the least,—
He wasn't even poor.

No—he was cursed with acres fat
(A Christian's direst ban),
And gold—yet, notwithstanding that,
Poor Ellen loved the man.

As unlike Bernard as could be
Was poor old Aaron Wood
(Disgraceful Bernard's curate he):
He was extremely good.

A Bayard in his moral pluck,
Without reproach or fear,
A quiet venerable duck
With fifty pounds a year.

No fault had he—no fad, except
A tendency to strum,
In mode at which you would have wept,
A dull harmonium.

He had no gold with which to hire
The minstrels who could best
Convey a notion of the fire
That raged within his breast.



And so, when Coote and Tinney's Own
Had tootled all they knew,
And when the Guards, completely blown,
Exhaustedly withdrew,

And Nell began to sleepy feel,
Poor Aaron then would come,
And underneath her window wheel
His plain harmonium.

He woke her every morn at two,
And having gained her ear,
In vivid colours Aaron drew
The sluggard's grim career.

He warbled Apiarian praise,
And taught her in his chant
To shun the dog's disgraceful ways,
And imitate the ant.

Still Nell seemed not, how much he played,
To love him out and out,
Although the admirable maid
Respected him, no doubt.



She told him of her early vow,
And said as Bernard's wife
It might be hers to show him how
To rectify his life.

"You are so pure, so kind, so true,
Your goodness shines so bright,
What use would Ellen be to you?
Believe me, you're all right."

She wished him happiness and health,
And flew on lightning wings
To Bernard with his dangerous wealth
And all the woes it brings.

—o— BRAVE ALUM BEY.

OH, big was the bosom of brave Alum Bey,
And also the region that under it lay,
In safety and peril remarkably cool,
And he dwelt on the banks of the River Stamboul.

Each morning he went to his garden, to cull
A bunch of zenana or sprig of 'bul-bul,
And offered the bouquet, in exquisite bloom,
To Backsheesh, the daughter of Rahat Lakoum.

No maiden like Backsheesh could tastily cook
A kettle of kismet or joint of tchibouk,
As Alum, brave fellow! sat pensively by,
With a bright sympathetic ka-bob in his eye.

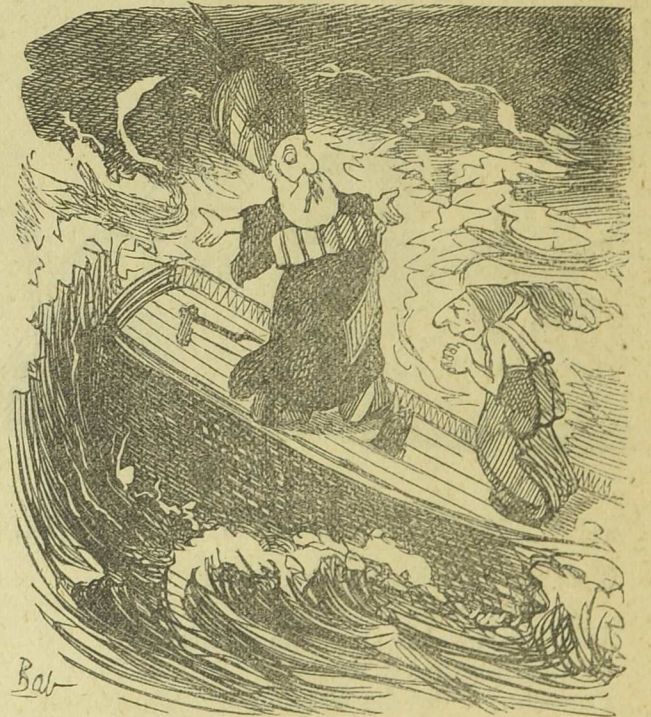
Stern duty compelled him to leave her one day—
(A ship's supercargo was brave Alum Bey)—
To pretty young Backsheesh he made a salaam,
And sailed to the isle of Seringapatam.

"O Alum," said she, "think again, ere you go—
Hareems may arise and Moguls they may blow;
You may strike on a fez, or be drowned, which is
wuss!"

But Alum embraced her and spoke to her thus:
"Cease weeping, fair Backsheesh! I willingly
swear

Cork jackets and trousers I always will wear,
And I also throw in a large number of oaths
That I never—no, *never*—will take off my clothes!"

* * * * *



They left Madagascar away on their right,
And made Clapham Common the following night,
Then lay on their oars for a fortnight or two,
Becalmed in the ocean of Honolulu.

One day Alum saw, with alarm in his breast,
A cloud on the nor-sow-sow-nor-sow-nor-west;
The wind it arose, and the crew gave a scream,
For they knew it—they knew it!—the dreaded
Hareem!!

The mast it went over, and so did the sails,
Brave Alum threw over his casks and his bales;
The billows arose as the weather grew thick,
And all except Alum grew terribly sick.

The crew were but three, but they holloa'd for nine,
They howled and they blubbered with wail and
with whine:
The skipper he fainted away in the fore,
For he hadn't the heart for to skip any more.

"Ho, coward!" said Alum, "with heart of a child!
Thou son of a party whose grave is defiled!
Is Alum in terror? is Alum afeared?
Ho! ho! If you had one I'd laugh at your beard."
His eyeball it gleamed like a furnace of coke;
He boldly inflated his clothes as he spoke;
He daringly felt for the corks on his chest,
And he recklessly tightened the belt at his breast.

For he knew, the brave Alum, that, happen what
might,
With belts and cork-jacketing, he was all right;
Though others might sink, he was certain to
swim,—

No Hareem whatever had terrors for him!

They begged him to spare from his personal store
A single cork garment—they asked for no more;
But he couldn't, because of the number of oaths
That he never—no, never!—would take off his
clothes.

The billows dash o'er them and topple around,
They see they are pretty near sure to be drowned.
A terrible wave o'er the quarter-deck breaks,
And the vessel it sinks in a couple of shakes!

The dreadful Hareem, though a beggar to blow,
Expend all its strength in a minute or so;
When the vessel had foundered, as I have detailed,
The tempest subsided, and quiet prevailed.

One collared a cork with a yelling "Ha! ha!"
(Its bottle had prisoned a pint of Pacha)—
Another a toothpick—another a tray—
"Alas! it is useless!" said brave Alum Bey.

"To holloa and kick is a very bad plan:
You'd best get it over as soon as you can;
You'd better get hold of a good lump of lead,
And collar it tightly until you are dead.

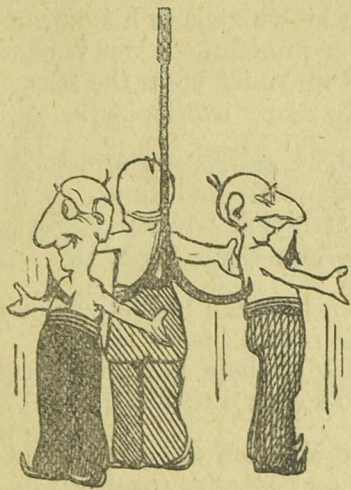


"Just raise your hands over your pretty heads—
so—

Right down to the bottom you're certain to go.
Ta! ta! I'm afraid we shall not meet again"—
For the truly courageous are truly humane.

Brave Alum was picked up the very next day—
A man-o'-war sighted him smoking away;
With hunger and cold he was ready to drop,
So they sent him below and they gave him a chop.

O reader, or readress, whichever you be,
You weep for the crew who have sunk in the sea!
O reader, or readress, read further, and dry
The bright sympathetic ka-bob in your eye.



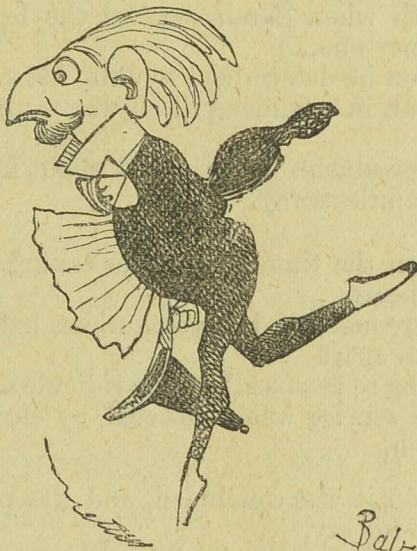
That ship had a grapple with three iron spikes,—
It's lowered, and, ha! on a summat it strikes!

They haul it aboard with a British "heave-ho!"
And what it has fished the drawing will show.

There was Wilson, and Parker, and Tomlinson
too—
(The first was the captain, the others the crew)—
As lively and spry as a Malabar ape,
Quite pleased and surprised at their happy escape.

And Alum, brave fellow, who stood in the fore,
And never expected to look on them more,
Was really delighted to see them again,
For the truly courageous are truly humane.

SIR BARNABY BAMPTON BOO.



THIS is Sir Barnaby Bampton Boo,
Last of a noble race,
Barnaby Bampton, coming to woo,
All at a deuce of a pace.
Barnaby Bampton Boo,
Here is a health to you:
Here is wishing you luck, you elderly buck—
Barnaby Bampton Boo!

The excellent women of Tuptonvee
Knew Sir Barnaby Boo;
One of them surely his bride would be,
But dickens a soul knew who.
Women of Tuptonvee,
Here is a health to ye:
For a Baronet, dears, you would cut off you ears,
Women of Tuptonvee!



Here are old Mr. and Mrs. de Plow
(Peter his Christian name),
They kept seven oxen, a pig, and a cow—
Farming it was their game.
Worthy old Peter de Plow,
Here is a health to thou:
Your race isn't run, though you're seventy-one,
Worthy old Peter de Plow!

To excellent Mr. and Mrs. de Plow
Came Sir Barnaby Boo,
He asked for their daughter, and told 'em how
He was as rich as a Jew.
Barnaby Bampton's wealth,
Here is your jolly good health:
I'd never repine if you came to be mine,
Barnaby Bampton's wealth!

"O great Sir Barnaby Bampton Boo"
(Said Plow to that titled swell),
"My missus has given me daughters two—
Amelia and Carrotty Nell!"
Amelia and Carrotty Nell,
I hope you're uncommonly well:
You two pretty pearls, you extremely nice girls—
Amelia and Carrotty Nell!

"There are Amelia and Carrotty Nell—
Milly is good but plain,
The other is pretty, as I've heard tell,
But terribly pert and vain."
Carrotty Ellen de Plow,
I drink to you willingly now;
But, oh, dear! you should copy Milly the Good,
Carrotty Ellen de Plow!

"Amelia is passable only in face,
But, oh! she's a worthy girl;
Superior morals like hers would grace
The home of a belted Earl."
Morality, heavenly link!
To you I'll eternally drink:
I'm awfully fond of that heavenly bond,
Morality, heavenly link!



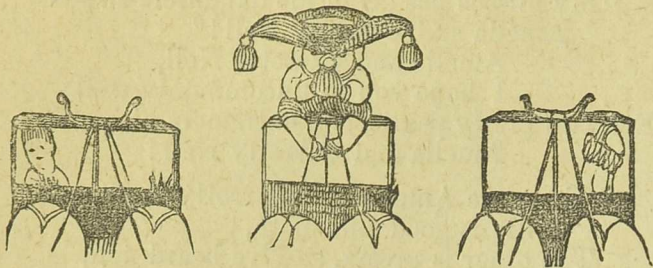
"Now, Nelly's the prettier, p'r'aps, of my gals,
But, oh! she's a wayward chit;
She dresses herself in her showy fal-lals,
And doesn't read Tupper a bit!"
O Tupper, philosopher true,
How do you happen to do?
A publisher looks with respect on your books,
For they do sell, philosopher true!

The Bart. (I'll be hanged if I drink him again,
Or care if he's ill or well),
He sneered at the goodness of Milly the Plain,
And cottoned to Carrotty Nell.
O Carrotty Nelly de P.!
Be hanged if I'll empty to thee:
I like worthy maids, not mere frivolous jades,
Carrotty Nelly de P.!

They bolted, the Bart. and his frivolous dear,
And Milly was left to pout;
For years they've got on very well, as I hear,
But soon he will rue it, no doubt.
O excellent Milly de Plow,
I really can't drink to you now;
My head isn't strong, and the song has been long,
Excellent Milly de Plow!



THE MODEST COUPLE.



WHEN man and maiden meet, I like to see a drooping eye,
I always droop my own—I am the shyest of the shy,
I'm also fond of bashfulness, and sitting down on thorns,
And modesty's a quality that womankind adorns.

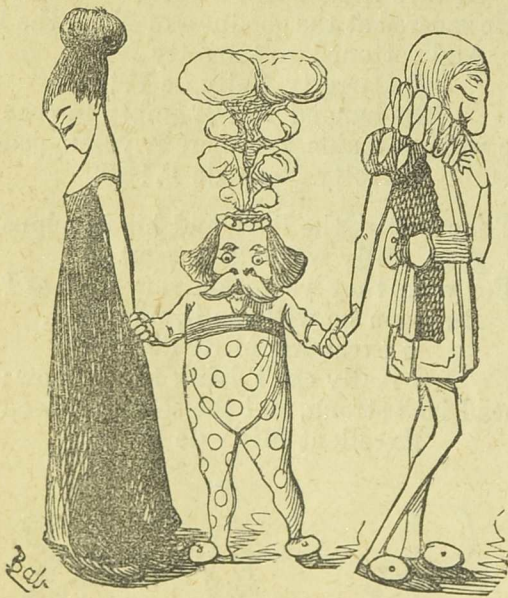
Whenever I am introduced to any pretty maid,
My knees they knock together, just as if I were afraid;
I flutter, and I stammer, and I turn a pleasing red,
For to laugh, and flirt, and ogle I consider most ill-bred.

Some persons when they're introduced to maidens young and fair,
Begin at once by begging for a little lock of hair;
Or when they meet a strange young girl, they'll take her round the waist;
Perhaps I am old fashioned, but it argues want of taste.

But still in all these matters, as in other things below,
There is a proper medium, as I'm about to show.
I do not recommend a newly-married pair to try
To carry on as Peter carried on with Sarah Bligh.

Betrothed they were when very young—before they'd learnt to speak
(For Sarah was but six days old, and Peter was a week);
Though little more than babies at those early ages, yet
They bashfully would faint when they occasionally met.

They blushed, and flushed, and fainted, till they reached the age of nine,
When Peter's good Papa (he was a Baron of the Rhine)
Determined to endeavour some sound argument to find
To bring these shy young people to a proper frame of mind.



He told them that as Sarah was to be his Peter's bride,
They might at least consent to sit at table side by side:
He begged that they would now and then shake hands, till he was hoarse,
Which Sarah thought indelicate, and Peter very coarse.

And Peter in a tremble to the blushing maid would say,
"You must excuse Papa, Miss Bligh,—it is his mountain way."
Says Sarah, "His behaviour I'll endeavour to forget,
But your Pa's the very coarsest person that I ever met.

"He plighted us without our leave, when we were very young,
Before we had begun articulating with the tongue.
His underbred suggestions fill your Sarah with alarm;
Why, gracious me! he'll ask us next to walk out arm in arm!"

At length when Sarah reached the legal age of twenty-one,
The Baron he determined to unite her to his son;
And Sarah in a fainting fit for weeks unconscious lay,
And Peter blushed so hard you might have heard him miles away.

And when the time arrived for taking Sarah to his heart,
They were married in two churches half a dozen miles apart
(Intending to escape all public ridicule and chaff),
And the service was conducted by electric telegraph.

And when it was concluded, and the priest had said his say,
Until the time arrived when they were both to drive away
They never spoke or offered for to fondle or to fawn,
For *he* waited in the attic, and *she* waited on the lawn.

At length, when four o'clock arrived, and it was time to go,
The carriage was announced, but decent Sarah answered "No!
Upon my word, I'd rather sleep my everlasting nap
Than go and ride alone with Mr. Peter in a trap."

And Peter's ever-sensitive and highly-polished mind
Wouldn't suffer him to sanction a proceeding of the kind;
And further, he declared he suffered overwhelming shocks
At the bare idea of having any coachman on the box.

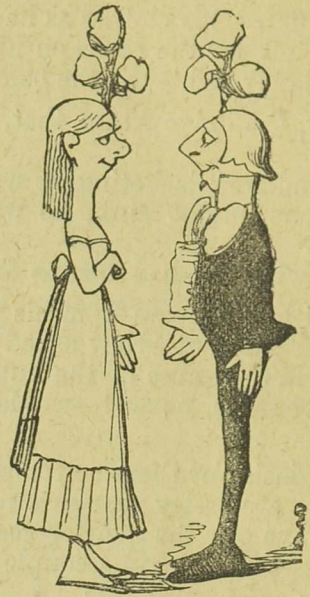
So Peter in one chariot incontinently rushed,
While Sarah in a second trap sat modestly and blushed;
And Mr. Newman's coachman, on authority I've heard,
Deposited himself upon the coach-box of a third.

Now, though this modest couple in the matter of the car
Were very likely carrying a principle too far,
I hold their shy behaviour was more laudable in them
Than that of Peter's brother with Miss Sarah's sister Em.

Alphonso, who in cool assurance all creation licks,
He up and said to Emmie (who had impudence for six),
"Miss Emily, I love you—will you marry? Say the word!"
And Emily said, "Certainly, Alphonso, like a bird!"

I do not recommend a newly-married pair to try
To carry on as Peter carried on with Sarah Bligh,

But still their shy behaviour was more laudable in them
Than that of Peter's brother with Miss Sarah's sister Em.



THE MARTINET.

SOME time ago, in simple verse
I sang the story true
Of Captain Reece, the *Mantelpiece*,
And all her happy crew.

I showed how any captain may
Attach his men to him,
If he but heeds their smallest needs,
And studies every whim.

Now mark how, by Draconic rule
And *harateur* ill-advised,
The noblest crew upon the Blue
May be demoralized.

When his ungrateful country placed
Kind Reece upon half-pay,
Without much claim Sir Berkely came,
And took command one day.

Sir Berkely was a martinet—
A stern unyielding soul—
Who ruled his ship by dint of whip
And horrible black-hole.

A sailor who was overcome
From having freely dined,
And chanced to reel when at the wheel,
He instantly confined!

And tars who, when an action raged,
Appeared alarmed or scared,
And those below who wished to go,
He very seldom spared.

E'en he who smote his officer
For punishment was booked,
And mutinies upon the seas
He rarely overlooked.

In short, the happy *Mantelpiece*
Where all had gone so well,
Beneath that fool Sir Berkely's rule
Became a floating hell.

When first Sir Berkely came aboard
He read a speech to all,
And told them how he'd made a vow
To act on duty's call.

Then William Lee, he up and said
(The Captain's coxswain he):
"We've heard the speech your honour's made,
And werry pleased we be.

"We won't pretend, my lad, as how
We're glad to lose our Reece;
Urbane, polite, he suited quite
The saucy *Mantelpiece*.

"But if your honour gives your mind
To study all our ways,
With dance and song we'll jog along
As in those happy days.

"I like your honour's looks, and feel
You're worthy of your sword.
Your hand, my lad—I'm doosid glad
To welcome you aboard!"

Sir Berkely looked amazed, as though
He didn't understand.

"Don't shake your head," good William said,
"It is an honest hand.



"It's grasped a better hand than yourn—
Come, gov'nor, I insist!"
The Captain stared—the coxswain glared—
The hand became a fist!

"Down, upstart!" said the hardy salt;
But Berkely dodged his aim,
And made him go in chains below:
The seamen murmured "Shame!"

He stopped all songs at 12 p.m.,
Stopped hornpipes when at sea,
And swore his cot (or bunk) should not
Be used by aught than he.

He never joined their daily mess,
Nor asked them to his own,
But chaffed in gay and social way
The officers alone.

His First Lieutenant, Peter, was
As useless as could be,
A helpless stick, and always sick
When there was any sea.

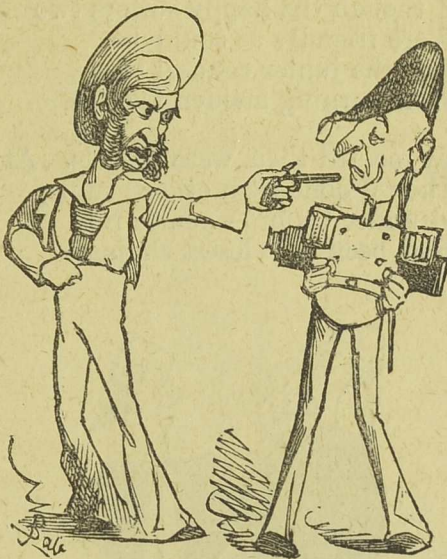
This First Lieutenant proved to be
His foster-sister May,
Who went to sea for love of he
In masculine array.

And when he learnt the curious fact,
Did he emotion show,
Or dry her tears, or end her fears
By marrying her? No!



Or did he even try to soothe
This maiden in her teens?
Oh, no!—instead he made her wed
The Sergeant of Marines!

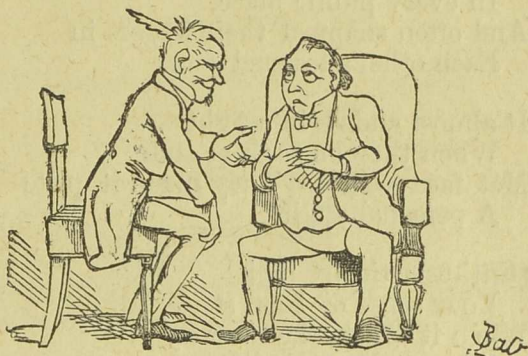
Of course such Spartan discipline
Would make an angel fret.
They drew a lot, and William shot
This fearful Martinet.



The Admiralty saw how ill
They'd treated Captain Reece;
He was restored once more aboard
The saucy *Mantelpiece*.

THE REVEREND SIMON MAGUS.

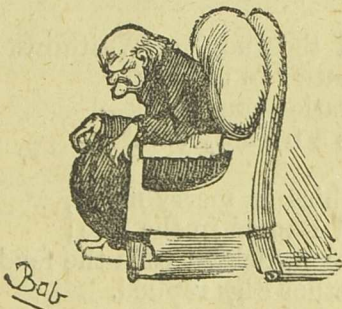
A RICH advowson, highly prized,
For private sale was advertised;
And many a parson made a bid;
The Reverend Simon Magus did.



He sought the agent's: "Agent, I
Have come prepared at once to buy
(If your demand is not too big)
The Cure of Otium-cum-Digge."

"Ah!" said the agent, "there's a berth—
The snuggest vicarage on earth;
No sort of duty (so I hear),
And fifteen hundred pounds a year!"

"If on the price we should agree,
The living soon will vacant be:
The good incumbent's ninety-five,
And cannot very long survive.



"See—here's his photograph—you see,
He's in his dotage." "Ah, dear me!
Poor soul!" said Simon. "His decease
Would be a merciful release!"

The agent laughed—the agent blinked—
The agent blew his nose and winked—
And poked the parson's ribs in play—
It was that agent's vulgar way.

The Reverend Simon frowned: "I grieve
This light demeanour to perceive;
It's scarcely *comme il faut*, I think:
Now—pray oblige me—do not wink.

"Don't dig my waistcoat into holes—
Your mission is to sell the souls
Of human sheep and human kids
To that divine who highest bids.

"Do well in this, and on your head
Unnumbered honours will be shed."
The agent said, "Well, truth to tell,
I have been doing very well."

"You should," said Simon, "at your age;
But now about the parsonage.
How many rooms does it contain?
Show me the photograph again.

A poor apostle's humble house
Must not be too luxurious;
No stately halls with oaken floor—
It should be decent and no more.

"No billiard-rooms—no stately trees—
No croquet-grounds or pineries."
"Ah!" sighed the agent, "very true:
This property won't do for you.

"All these about the house you'll find"—
"Well," said the parson, "never mind;
I'll manage to submit to these
Luxurious superfluities.

"A clergyman who does not shirk
The various calls of Christian work
Will have no leisure to employ
These 'common forms' of worldly joy.

"To preach three times on Sabbath days—
To wean the lost from wicked ways—
The sick to soothe—the sane to wed—
The poor to feed with meat and bread;

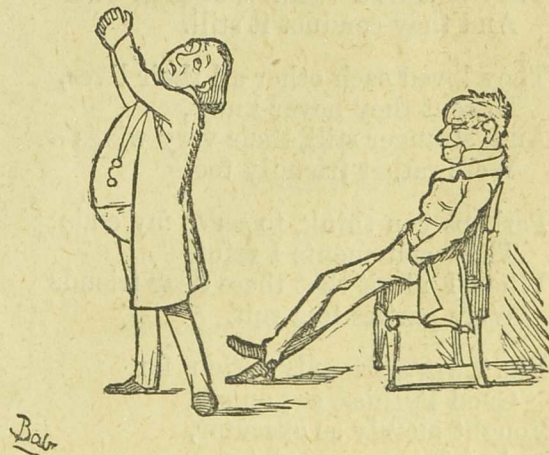
"These are the various wholesome ways
In which I'll spend my nights and days:
My zeal will have no time to cool
At croquet, archery, or pool."

The agent said, "From what I hear,
This living will not suit, I fear—
There are no poor, no sick at all;
For services there is no call."

The reverend gent looked grave. "Dear me!
Then there is no 'society'?—
I mean, of course, no sinners there
Whose souls will be my special care?"

The cunning agent shook his head,
"No, none—except"—(the agent said)—
"The Duke of A., the Earl of B.,
The Marquis C., and Viscount D.

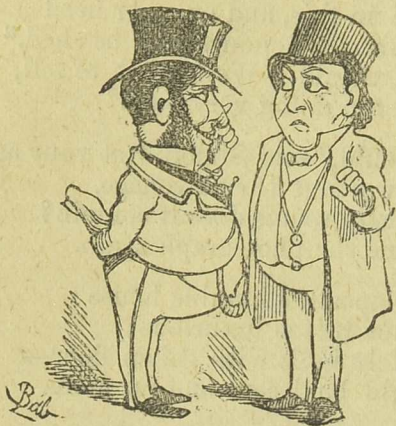
"But you will not be quite alone,
For, though they've chaplains of their own,
Of course this noble well-bred clan
Receive the parish clergyman."



"Oh, silence, sir!" said Simon M.,
"Dukes—earls! What should I care for them?
These worldly ranks I scorn and flout,
Of course." The agent said, "No doubt."

"Yet I might show these men of birth
The hollowness of rank on earth."
The agent answered, "Very true—
But I should not, if I were you."

"Who sells this rich advowson, pray?"
The agent winked—it was his way—
"His name is Hart; 'twixt me and you,
He is, I'm grieved to say, a Jew!"

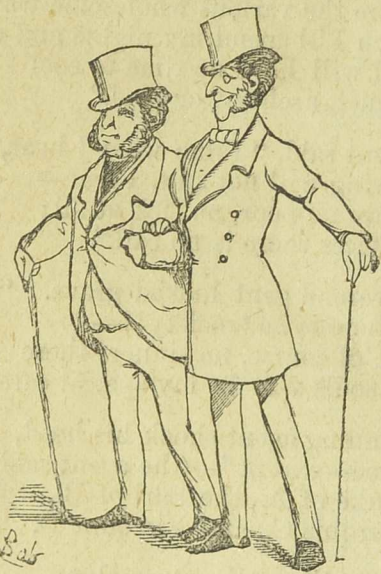


"A Jew?" said Simon, "happy find!
I purchase this advowson, mind.
My life shall be devoted to
Converting that unhappy Jew!"

DAMON v. PYTHIAS.

Two better friends you wouldn't pass
Throughout a summer's day,
Than Damon and his Pythias,—
Two merchant princes they.

At school together they contrived
All sorts of boyish larks;
And, later on, together thrived
As merry merchants' clerks.



And then, when many years had flown,
They rose together till
They bought a business of their own—
And they conduct it still.

They loved each other all their lives,
Dissent they never knew,
And, stranger still, their very wives
Were rather friendly too.

Perhaps you think, to serve my ends
These statements I refute
When I admit that these dear friends
Were parties to a suit.

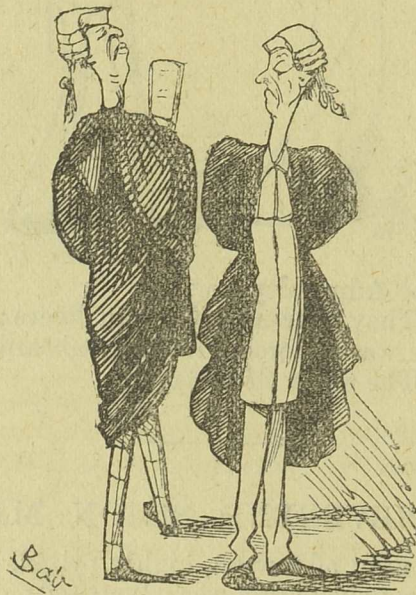
But 't was a friendly action, for
Good Pythias, as you see,
Fought merely as executor,
And Damon as trustee.

They laughed to think, as through the throng
Of suitors sad they past,
That they, who'd lived and loved so long,
Should go to law at last.

The junior briefs they kindly let
Two sucking counsel hold;
These learned persons never yet
Had tasted suitors' gold.

But though the happy suitors two
Were friendly as could be,
Not so the junior counsel who
Were earning maiden fee.

They too, till then, were friends. At school
They'd done each other's sums,
And under Oxford's gentle rule
Had been the closest chums.



But now they met with scowl and grin
In every public place,
And often snapped their fingers in
Each other's learned face.

It almost ended in a fight
When they on path or stair
Met face to face. They made it quite
A personal affair.

(Enthusiastically high
Your sense of legal strife,
When it affects the sanctity
Of your domestic life.)

And when at length the case was called
(It came on rather late),
Spectators really were appalled
To see their deadly hate.

One junior rose—with eyeballs tense,
And swollen frontal veins:
To all his powers of eloquence
He gave the fullest reins.

His argument was novel—for
A verdict he relied
On blackening the junior
Upon the other side.

"Oh," said the Judge at Westminster,
"The matter in dispute
To arbitration pray refer—
This is a friendly suit."

And Pythias, in merry mood,
Dugged Damon in the side;
And Damon, tickled with the feud,
With other digs replied.

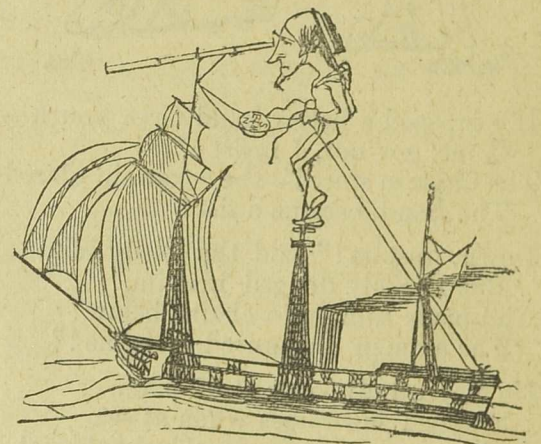
But oh! those deadly counsel twain,
Who were such friends before,
Were never reconciled again;
They quarrelled more and more.

At length it happened that they met
On Alpine heights one day,
And then they paid each other's debt—
Their fury had its way.

They seized each other in a trice,
With scorn and hatred filled,
And falling from a precipice,
They, both of them, were killed.

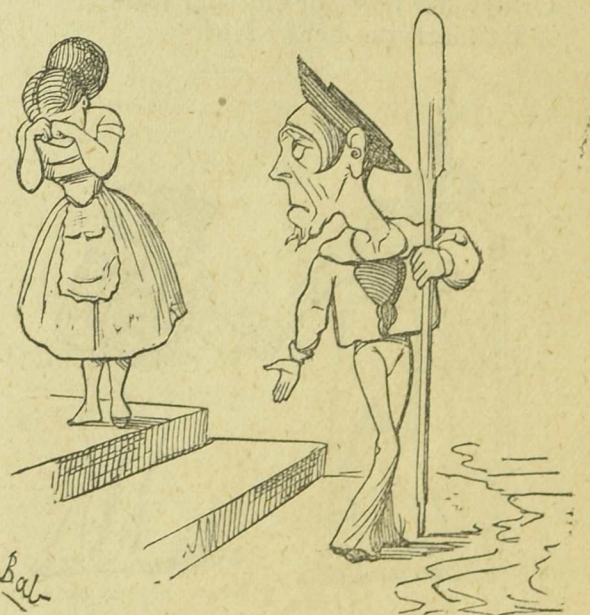


THE SAILOR BOY TO HIS LASS.



I go away this blessed day,
To sail across the sea, Matilda!
My vessel starts for various parts
At twenty after three, Matilda.
I hardly know where we may go,
Or if it's near or far, Matilda,
For Captain Hyde does not confide
In any 'foremast tar, Matilda!

Beneath my ban that mystic man
Shall suffer, *coûte qui coûte*, Matilda!
What right has he to keep from me
The Admiralty route, Matilda?
Because, forsooth! I am a youth
Of common sailors' lot, Matilda!
Am I a man on human plan
Designed, or am I not, Matilda?



But there, my lass, we'll let that pass!
With anxious love I burn, Matilda.
I want to know if we shall go
To church when I return, Matilda?

Your eyes are red, you bow your head ;
It's pretty clear you thirst, Matilda,
To name the day—What's that you say ?—
"You'll see me further first," Matilda?

I can't mistake the signs you make,
Although you barely speak, Matilda ;
Though pure and young, you thrust your tongue
Right in your pretty cheek, Matilda !
My dear, I fear I hear you sneer—
I do—I'm sure I do, Matilda—
With simple grace you make a face,
Ejaculating, "Ugh!" Matilda.

Oh, pause to think before you drink
The dregs of Lethe's cup, Matilda !
Remember, do, what I've gone through,
Before you give me up, Matilda !
Recall again the mental pain
Of what I've had to do, Matilda !
And be assured that I've endured
It, all along of you, Matilda !

Do you forget, my blithesome pet,
How once with jealous rage, Matilda,
I watched you walk and gaily talk
With some one thrice your age, Matilda ?
You squatted free upon his knee,
A sight that made me sad, Matilda !
You pinched his cheek with friendly tweak,
Which almost drove me mad, Matilda !

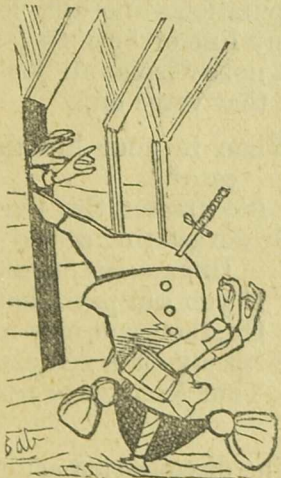
I know him not, but hoped to spot
Some man you thought to wed, Matilda !
I took a gun, my darling one,
And shot him through the head, Matilda !
I'm made of stuff that's rough and gruff
Enough, I own ; but, ah, Matilda !
It *did* annoy your poor old boy
To find it was your Pa, Matilda !

I've passed a life of toil and strife,
And disappointments deep, Matilda ;
I've lain awake with dental ache
Until I fell asleep, Matilda !
At times again I've missed a train,
Or p'rhaps run short of tin, Matilda,
And worn a boot on corns that shoot,
Or, shaving, cut my chin, Matilda !

But, oh! no trains—no dental pains—
Believe me when I say, Matilda,
No corns that shoot—no pinching boot
Upon a summer day, Matilda—
It's my belief, could cause such grief
As that I've suffered for, Matilda,
My having shot in vital spot
Your old progenitor, Matilda.

Bethink you how I've kept the vow
I made one winter day, Matilda—
That, come what could, I never would
Remain too long away, Matilda.
And, oh! the crimes with which, at times,
I've charged my gentle mind, Matilda,
To keep the vow I made—and now
You treat me so unkind, Matilda!

For when at sea, off Caribbee,
I felt my passion burn, Matilda ;



By passion egged, I went and begged
The captain to return, Matilda.

And when, my pet, I couldn't get
That captain to agree, Matilda,
Right through a sort of open port
I pitched him in the sea, Matilda!

Remember, too, how all the crew,
With indignation blind, Matilda,
Distinctly swore they ne'er before
Had thought me so unkind, Matilda.
And how they'd shun me one by one—
An unforgiving group, Matilda—
I stopped their howls and sulky scowls
By pizenning their soup, Matilda!



So pause to think, before you drink
The dregs of Lethe's cup, Matilda !
Remember, do, what I've gone through,
Before you give me up, Matilda.
Recall again the mental pain
Of what I've had to do, Matilda,
And be assured that I've endured
It, all along of you, Matilda!

MY DREAM.

THE other night, from cares exempt,
I slept—and what d'you think I dreamt ?
I dreamt that somehow I had come
To dwell in Topsy-Turveydom!—

Where vice is virtue—virtue, vice :
Where nice is nasty—nasty, nice :
Where right is wrong and wrong is right—
Where white is black and black is white.

Where babies, much to their surprise,
Are born astonishingly wise ;
With every Science on their lips,
And Art at all their finger-tips.

For, as their nurses dandle them,
They crow binomial theorem,
With views (it seems absurd to us)
On differential calculus.

But though a babe, as I have said,
Is born with learning in his head,
He must forget it, if he can,
Before he calls himself a man.

For that which we call folly here
Is wisdom in that favoured sphere ;
The wisdom we so highly prize
Is blatant folly in their eyes.

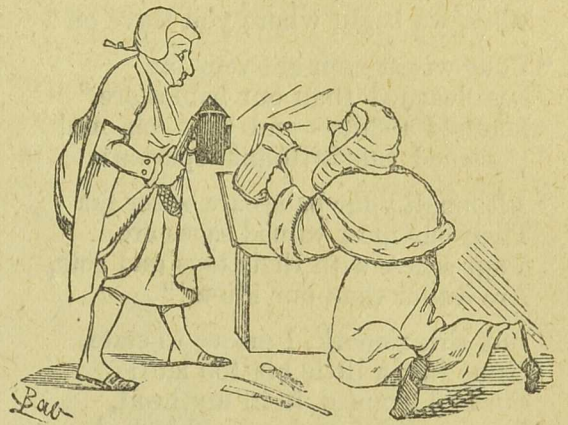
A boy, if he would push his way,
Must learn some nonsense every day ;
And cut, to carry out this view,
His wisdom teeth and wisdom too.

Historians burn their midnight oils,
Intent on giant-killers' toils ;
And sages close their aged eyes
To other sages' lullabies.

Our magistrates, in duty bound,
Commit all robbers who are found ;
But there the beaks (so people said)
Commit all robberies instead.

Our judges, pure and wise in tone,
Know crime from theory alone,

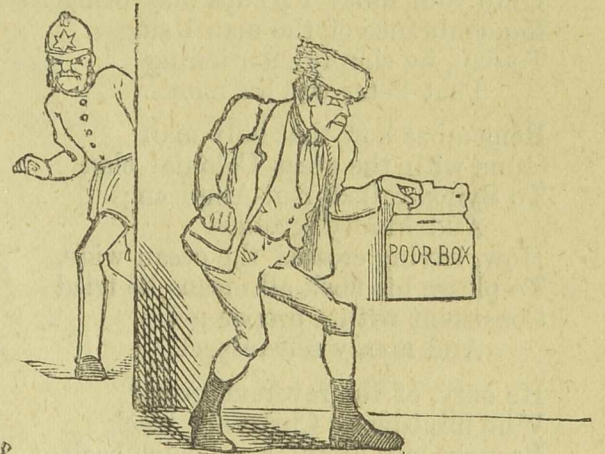
And glean the motives of a thief
From books and popular belief.



But there, a judge who wants to prime
His mind with true ideas of crime,
Derives them from the common sense
Of practical experience.

Policemen march all folks away
Who practise virtue every day—
Of course, I mean to say, you know,
What we call virtue here below.

For only scoundrels dare to do
What we consider just and true,
And only good men do, in fact,
What we should think a dirty act.

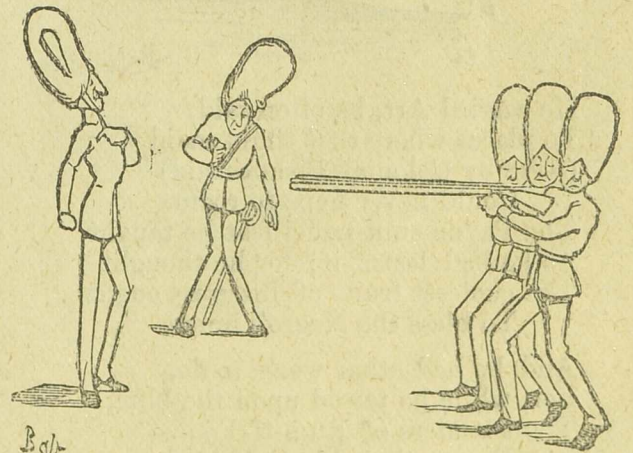


But strangest of these social twirls,
The girls are boys—the boys are girls !
The men are women, too—but then,
Per contra, women all are men.

To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things,
But if to think it out you try,
It doesn't really signify.

With them, as surely as can be,
A sailor should be sick at sea,
And not a passenger may sail
Who cannot smoke right through a gale.

A soldier (save by rarest luck)
Is always shot for showing pluck,
(That is, if others can be found
With pluck enough to fire a round).



"How strange," I said to one I saw,
"You quite upset our every law.
However can you get along
So systematically wrong?"

"Dear me," my mad informant said,
 "Have you no eyes within your head?
 You sneer when you your hat should doff:
 Why, we begin where you leave off!"

"Your wisest men are very far
 Less learned than our babies are."
 I mused awhile—and then, oh, me!
 I framed this brilliant repartee:

"Although your babes are wiser far
 Than our most valued sages are,
 Your sages, with their toys and cots,
 Are duller than our idiots!"

But this remark, I grieve to state,
 Came just a little bit too late;
 For as I framed it in my head,
 I woke and found myself in bed.

Still I could wish that, 'stead of here,
 My lot were in that favoured sphere!—
 Where greatest fools bear off the bell
 I ought to do extremely well.

—o—

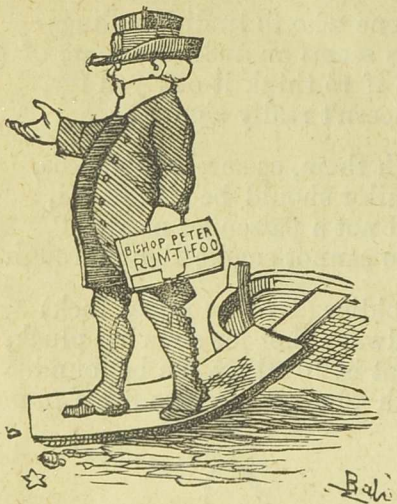
THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO, AGAIN.

I OFTEN wonder whether you
 Think sometimes of that Bishop, who
 From black but balmy Rum-ti-Foo
 Last summer twelvemonth came.
 Unto your mind I p'raps may bring
 Remembrance of the man I sing
 To-day, by simply mentioning
 That Peter was his name.

Remember how that holy man
 Came with the great Colonial clan
 To Synod called Pan-Anglican;
 And kindly recollect
 How, having crossed the ocean wide,
 To please his flock all means he tried
 Consistent with a proper pride
 And manly self-respect.

He only, of the reverend pack
 Who minister to Christians black
 Brought any useful knowledge back
 To his Colonial fold.

In consequence a place I claim
 For 'Peter' on the scroll of Fame
 (For Peter was that Bishop's name,
 As I've already told).



He carried Art, he often said,
 To places where that timid maid
 (Save by Colonial Bishops' aid)
 Could never hope to roam.
 The Payne-cum-Lauri feat he taught
 As he had learnt it; for he thought
 The choicest fruits of Progress ought
 To bless the Negro's home.

And he had other work to do,
 For, while he tossed upon the blue,
 The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
 Forgot their kindly friend.
 Their decent clothes they learnt to tear—
 They learnt to say, "I do not care,"
 Though they, of course, were well aware
 How folks, who say so, end.

Some sailors, whom he did not know,
 Had landed there not long ago,
 And taught them "Bother!" also, "Blow!"
 (Of wickedness the germs.)
 No need to use a casuist's pen
 To prove that they were merchantmen;
 No sailor of the Royal N.
 Would use such awful terms.

And so, when Bishop Peter came
 (That was the kindly Bishop's name),
 He heard these dreadful oaths with shame,
 And chid their want of dress.
 (Except a shell—a bangle rare—
 A feather here—a feather there—)
 The South Pacific negroes wear
 Their native nothingness.

He taught them that a Bishop loathes
 To listen to disgraceful oaths,
 He gave them all his left-off clothes—
 They bent them to his will.
 The Bishop's gift spreads quickly round;
 In Peter's left-off clothes they bound
 (His three-and-twenty suits they found
 In fair condition still).

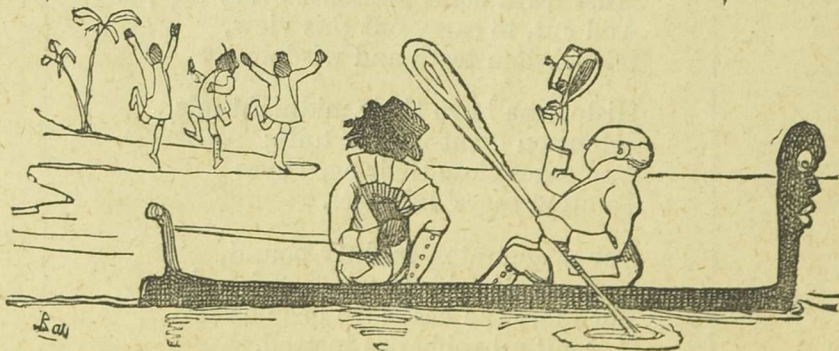


Baw

The Bishop's eyes with water fill,
 Quite overjoyed to find them still
 Obedient to his sovereign will,
 And said, "Good Rum-ti-Foo!
 Half-way I'll meet you, I declare:
 I'll dress myself in cowries rare,
 And fasten feathers in my hair,
 And dance the 'Cutch-chi-boo!'" *

And to conciliate his see
 He married Piccadillillee,
 The youngest of his twenty-three,
 Tall—neither fat nor thin.
 (And though the dress he made her don
 Looks awkwardly a girl upon,
 It was a great improvement on
 The one he found her in.)

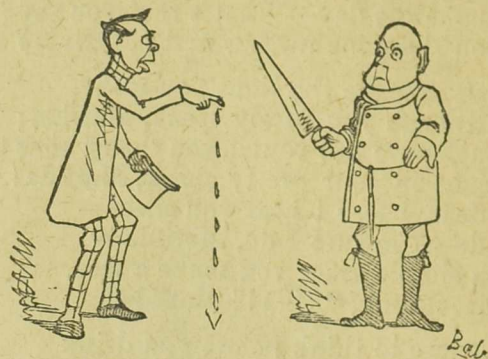
The Bishop in his gay canoe
 (His wife, of course, went with him too)
 To some adjacent island flew,
 To spend his honeymoon.
 Some day in sunny Rum-ti-Foo
 A little Peter'll be on view;
 And that (if people tell me true)
 Is like to happen soon.



Baw

* Described by Mungo Park.

THE HAUGHTY ACTOR.



AN actor—Gibbs, of Drury Lane—
 Of very decent station,
 Once happened in a part to gain
 Excessive approbation:
 It sometimes turns a fellow's brain
 And makes him singularly vain
 When he believes that he receives
 Tremendous approbation.

His great success half drove him mad,
 But no one seemed to mind him;
 Well, in another piece he had
 Another part assigned him.
 This part was smaller, by a bit,
 Than that in which he made a hit.
 So, much ill-used, he straight refused
 To play the part assigned him.

* * * * *

That night that actor slept, and I'll attempt
 To tell you of the vivid dream he dreamt:

THE DREAM.

In fighting with a robber band
 (A thing he loved sincerely)
 A sword struck Gibbs upon the hand
 And wounded it severely.
 At first he didn't heed it much,
 He thought it was a simple touch,
 But soon he found the weapon's bound
 Had wounded him severely.

To Surgeon Cobb he made a trip,
 Who'd just effected featly
 An amputation at the hip
 Particularly neatly.
 A rising man was Surgeon Cobb,
 But this extremely ticklish job
 He had achieved (as he believed)
 Particularly neatly.

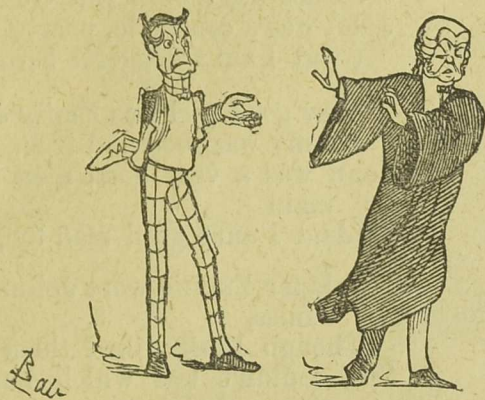
The actor rang the surgeon's bell,
 "Observe my wounded finger,
 Be good enough to strap it well,
 And prithee do not linger.
 That I, dear sir, may fill again
 The Theatre Royal Drury Lane:
 This very night I have to fight—
 So prithee do not linger."

"I don't strap fingers up for doles,"
 Replied the haughty surgeon;
 "To use your cant, I don't play rôles
 'Utility' that verge on.
 'First amputation'—nothing less—
 That is my line of business:
 We surgeon nobs despise all jobs
 Utility that verge on.

"When in your hip there lurks dis-
 ease"
 (So dreamt this lively dreamer)
 "Or devastating caries
 In humerus or femur,
 If you can pay a handsome fee,
 Oh, then you may remember me—
 With joy elate I'll amputate
 Your humerus or femur."

The disconcerted actor ceased
 The haughty leech to pester,
 But when the wound in size increased
 And then began to fester,

He sought a learned Counsel's lair,
And told that Counsel, then and there,
How Cobb's neglect of his defect
Had made his finger fester.

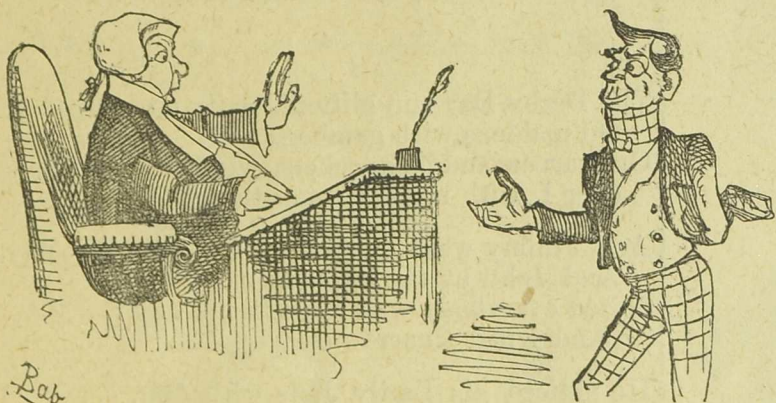


"Oh, bring my action, if you please,
The case I pray you urge on,
And win me thumping damages
From Cobb, that haughty surgeon.
He culpably neglected me
Although I proffered him his fee,
So pray come down, in wig and gown,
On Cobb, that haughty surgeon."

That Counsel learned in the laws,
With passion almost trembled.
He just had gained a mighty cause
Before the Peers assembled!
Said he, "How dare you have the face
To come with Common Jury case
To one who wings rhetoric flings
Before the Peers assembled?"

Dispirited became our friend—
Depressed his moral pecker—
"But stay! a thought! I'll gain my end
And save my poor exchequer.
I won't be placed upon the shelf,
I'll take it into Court myself,
And legal lore display before
The Court of the Exchequer."

He found a Baron—one of those
Who with our laws supply us—
In wig and silken gown and hose,
As if at *Nisi Prius*.
But he'd just given, off the reel,
A famous judgment on Appeal:
It scarce became his heightened fame
To sit at *Nisi Prius*.



Our friend began, with easy wit,
That half concealed his terror.
"Pooh!" said the Judge, "I only sit
In *Banco* or in *Error*.
Can you suppose, my man, that I'd
O'er *Nisi Prius* Courts preside,
Or condescend my time to spend
On anything but *Error*?"

"Too bad," said Gibbs, "my case to shirk!
You must be bad innately,
To save your skill for mighty work
Because it's valued greatly!"

But here he woke, with sudden start.

* * * * *

He wrote to say he'd play the part.
I've but to tell he played it well—
The author's words—his native wit
Combined, achieved a perfect "hit"—
The papers praised him greatly.



THE TWO MAJORS.

AN excellent soldier who's worthy the name,
Loves officers dashing and strict:
When good, he's content with escaping all blame,
When naughty, he likes to be licked.

He likes for a fault to be bullied and stormed,
Or imprisoned for several days,
And hates, for a duty correctly performed,
To be slavered with sickening praise.

No officer sickened with praises his *corps*
So little as Major La Guerre—
No officer swore at his warriors more
Than Major Makredi Prepere



Their soldiers adored them, and every grade
Delighted to hear their abuse;
Though whenever these officers came on
parade,
They shivered and shook in their
shoes.

For, oh! if La Guerre could all praises
withhold
Why, so could Makredi Prepere,
And, oh! if Makredi could bluster and
scold,
Why, so could the mighty La
Guerre.

"No doubt we deserve it—no mercy we crave—
Go on—you're conferring a boon;
We would rather be slanged by a warrior brave,
Than praised by a wretched poltroon!"

Makredi would say that in battle's fierce rage
True happiness only was met:
Poor Major Makredi, though fifty his age,
Had never known happiness yet!

La Guerre would declare, "With the blood of a foe
No tippie is worthy to clink."
Poor fellow! he hadn't, though sixty or so,
Yet tasted his favourite drink!

They agreed at their mess—they agreed in the
glass—

They agreed in the choice of their "set,"
And they also agreed in adoring, alas!
The Vivandière, pretty Fillette.

Agreement, you see, may be carried too far,
And after agreeing all round
For years—in this soldierly "maid of the bar"
A bone of contention they found!



It may seem improper to call such a pet—
By a metaphor, even—a bone;
But though they agreed in adoring her, yet
Each wanted to make her his own.

"On the day that you marry her," muttered
Prepere
(With a pistol he quietly played),
"I'll scatter the brains in your noddle, I swear,
All over the stony parade!"

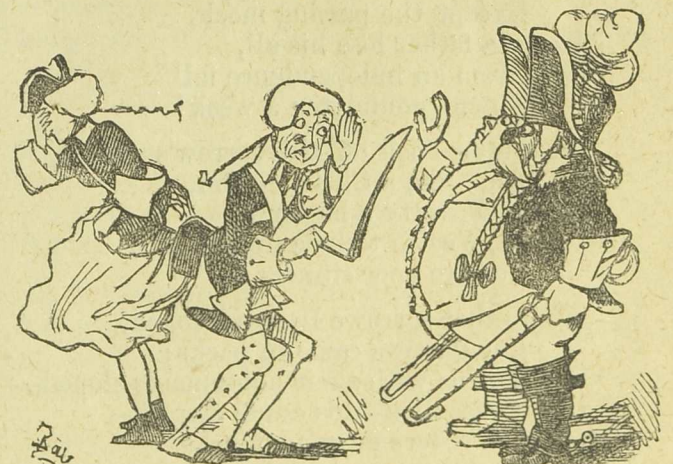
"I cannot do that to you," answered La Guerre,
"Whatever events may befall;
But this I can do—if you wed her, *mon cher!*
I'll eat you, moustachios and all!"

The rivals, although they would never engage,
Yet quarrelled whenever they met!
They met in a fury and left in a rage,
But neither took pretty Fillette.

"I am not afraid," thought Makredi Prepere:
"For country I'm ready to fall;
But nobody wants, for a mere Vivandière,
To be eaten, moustachios and all!"

"Besides, though La Guerre has his faults, I'll
allow
He's one of the bravest of men:
My goodness! If I disagree with him now,
I might disagree with him then."

"No coward am I," said La Guerre, "as you
guess—
I sneer at an enemy's blade;
But I don't want Prepere to get into a mess
For splashing the stony parade!"



One day on parade to Prepere and La Guerre
Came Corporal Jacotte Debette,
And trembling all over, he prayed of them there
To give him the pretty Fillette.

"You see, I am willing to marry my bride
Until you've arranged this affair;
I will blow out my brains when your honours
decide
Which marries the sweet Vivandière!"

"Well, take her," said both of them in a due
(A favourite form of reply),
"But when I am ready to marry Fillette
Remember you've promised to die!"

He married her then: from the flowery plains
Of existence the roses they cull:
He lived and he died with his wife; and his brains
Are reposing in peace in his skull.

—o—

A WORM WILL TURN.

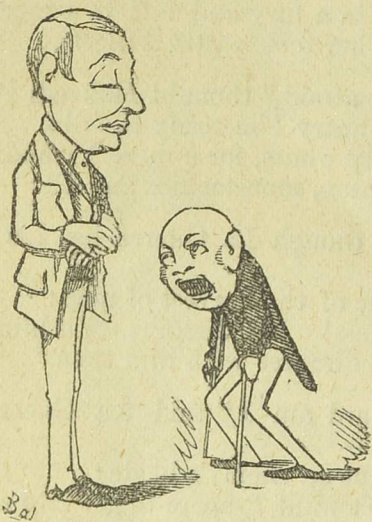
I LOVE a man who'll smile and joke
When with misfortune crowned;
Who'll pun beneath a pauper's yoke,
And as he breaks his daily toke,
Conundrums gay propound.

Just such a man was Bernard Jupp,
He scoffed at Fortune's frown;
He gaily drained his bitter cup—
Though Fortune often threw him up,
It never cast him down.

Though years their share of sorrow bring,
We know that far above
All other griefs, are griefs that spring
From some misfortune happening
To those we really love.

E'en sorrow for another's woe
Our Bernard failed to quell;
Though by this special form of blow
No person ever suffered so,
Or bore his grief so well.

His father, wealthy and well clad,
And owning house and park,
Lost every halfpenny he had,
And then became (extremely sad!)
A poor attorney's clerk.



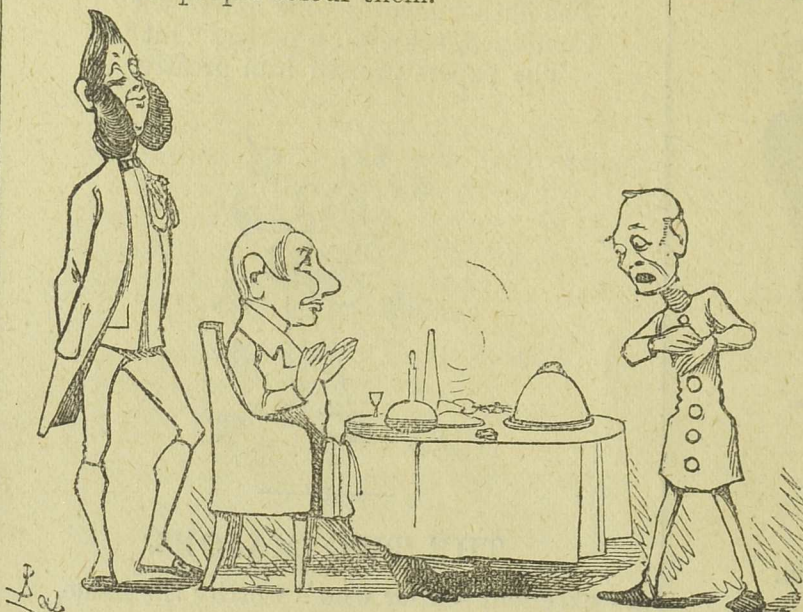
All sons it surely would appal,
Except the passing meek,
To see a father lose his all,
And from an independence fall
To one pound ten a week!

But Jupp shook off this sorrow's weight,
And like a Christian son,
Proved Poverty a happy fate—
Proved Wealth to be a devil's bait,
To lure poor sinners on.

With other sorrows Bernard coped,
For sorrows came in packs;
His cousins with their housemaids sloped—
His uncles died—his aunts eloped—
His sisters married blacks.

But Bernard, far from murmuring,
(Exemplar, friends, to us)
Determined to his faith to cling,—
He made the best of everything,
And argued softly thus:

"T were harsh my uncles' forging knack
Too rudely to condemn—
My aunts, repentant, may come back,
And blacks are nothing like as black
As people colour them."



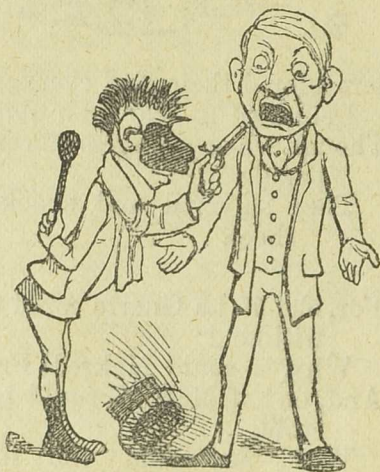
Still Fate, with many a sorrow rife,
Maintained relentless fight:
His grandmamma next lost her life,
Then died the mother of his wife,
But still he seemed all right.

His brother fond (the only link
To life that bound him now)
One morning, overcome by drink,
He broke his leg (the right, I think)
In some disgraceful row.

But did my Bernard swear and curse?
Oh, no—to murmur loth,
He only said, "Go, get a nurse:
Be thankful that it isn't worse;
You might have broken both."

But worms who watch without concern
The cockchafer on thorns,
Or beetles smashed, themselves will turn,
If, walking through the slippery fern,
You tread upon their corns.

And if when all the mischief's done
You watch their dying squirms,
And listen, ere their breath has run,
You'll hear them sigh "Oh, clumsy one!"
—And devil blame the worms.



One night, as Bernard made his track
Through Brompton home to bed,
A footpad, with a vizor black,
Took watch and purse, and dealt a crack
On Bernard's saint-like head.

It was too much—his spirit rose,
He looked extremely cross.
Men thought him steeled to mortal foes,
But no—he bowed to countless blows,
But kicked against this loss.

He finally made up his mind
Upon his friends to call;
Subscription lists were largely signed,
For men were really glad to find
Him mortal, after all!

EMILY, JOHN, JAMES, AND I.

A DERBY LEGEND.

EMILY JANE was a nursery maid—

James was a bold Life Guard,
John was a constable, poorly paid,
(And I am a doggerel bard).

A very good girl was Emily Jane,
Jimmy was good and true,
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 I 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 I would have done, with joy).

From Johnny escaped an expression of pain,
But Jimmy said, "Done with you!
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 I often do, when vexed).

For John was on duty next day with the Force,
To punish all Epsom crimes;
Young people will 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—
(For 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 I had a narrow escape).

He noticed his Emily Jane with Jim,
And envied the well-made elf;
And people remarked that he muttered "Oh,
dim!"
(I often say "dim!" myself).

John dogged them all day, without asking their
leaves;
For his sergeant he told, aside,
That Jimmy and Jane were notorious thieves
(And I think he was justified).

And James wouldn't dream of abstracting a fork,
And Jenny would blush with shame
At stealing so much as a bottle or cork
(A bottle I think fair game).

But, ah! there's another more serious crime!
They wickedly strayed upon
The course at a critical moment of time
(I pointed them out to John).
The crusher came down on the pair in a crack—
And then, with a demon smile,
Let Jenny cross over, but sent Jimmy back
(I played on my harp the while).

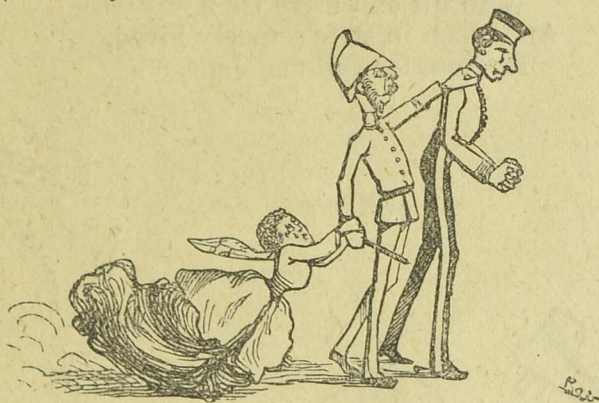


Stern Johnny their agony loud derides
With a very triumphant sneer—
They weep and they wail from the opposite sides
(And I shed a silent tear).

And Jenny is crying away like mad,
And Jimmy is swearing hard;
And Johnny is looking uncommonly glad
(And I am a doggerel bard).

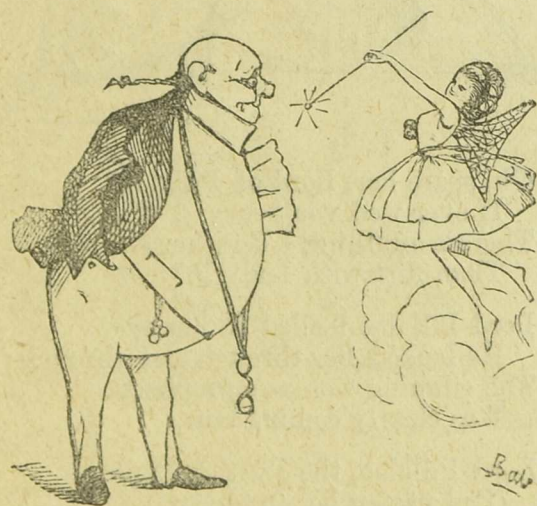
But Jimmy he ventured on crossing again
The scenes of our Isthmian Games—
John caught him, and collared him, giving him pain
(I felt very much for James).

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).

THE PERILS OF INVISIBILITY.



Old Peter led a wretched life—
Old Peter had a furious wife;

Old Peter too was truly stout,
He measured several yards about.

The little fairy Picklekin
One summer afternoon looked in,
And said, "Old Peter, how de do?
Can I do anything for you?"

"I have three gifts—the first will give
Unbounded riches while you live;
The second, health where'er you be;
The third, invisibility."

"O little fairy Picklekin,"
Old Peter answered with a grin,
"To hesitate would be absurd,—
Undoubtedly I choose the third."

"T is yours," the fairy said; "be quite
Invisible to mortal sight
Whene'er you please. Remember me
Most kindly, pray, to Mrs. P."

Old Mrs. Peter overheard
Wee Picklekin's concluding word,
And, jealous of her girlhood's choice,
Said, "That was some young woman's voice!"

Old Peter let her scold and swear—
Old Peter, bless him, didn't care.
"My dear, your rage is wasted quite—
Observe, I disappear from sight!"

A well-bred fairy (so I've heard)
Is always faithful to her word:
Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—his suit of clothes did not.

For when conferred the fairy slim
Invisibility on him,
She popped away on fairy wings,
Without referring to his "things."

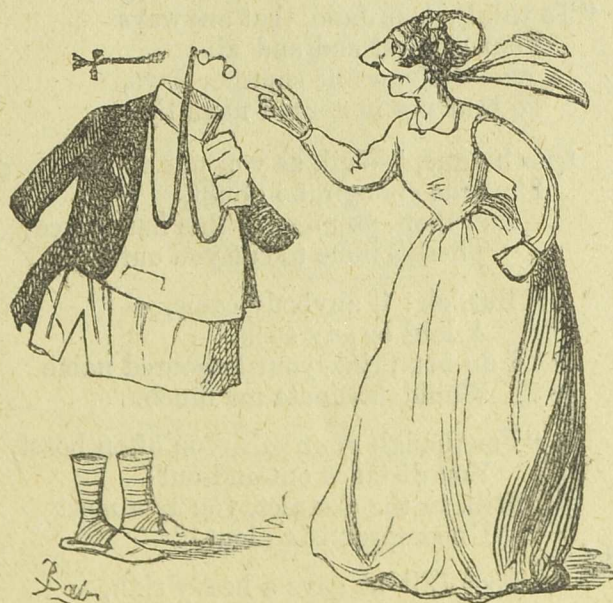
So there remained a coat of blue,
A vest and double eyeglass too,
His tail, his shoes, his socks as well,
His pair of—no, I must not tell.

Old Mrs. Peter soon began
To see the failure of his plan,
And then resolved (I quote the Bard)
To "Hoist him with his own petard."

Old Peter woke next day and dressed,
Put on his coat and shoes and vest,
His shirt and stock—but could not find
His only pair of—never mind!

Old Peter was a decent man,
And though he twigged his lady's plan,
Yet, hearing her approaching, he
Resumed invisibility.

"Dear Mrs. P., my only joy,"
Exclaimed the horrified old boy,
"Now give them up, I beg of you—
You know what I'm referring to!"



But no; the cross old lady swore
She'd keep his—what I said before—

To make him publicly absurd;
And Mrs. Peter kept her word.

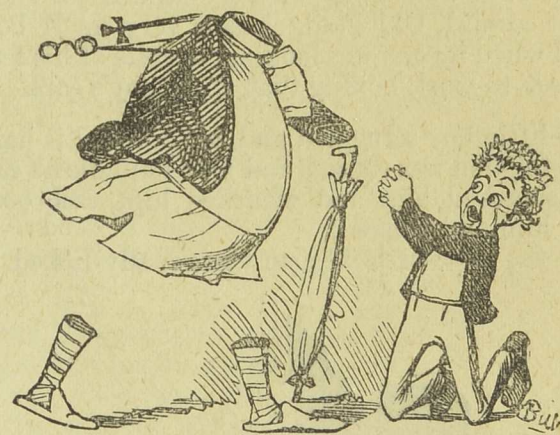
The poor old fellow had no rest;
His coat, his stock, his shoes, his vest,
Were all that now met mortal eye—
The rest, invisibility!

"Now, madam, give them up, I beg—
I've had rheumatics in my leg;
Besides, until you do, it's plain
I cannot come to sight again!"

"For though some mirth it might afford
To see my clothes without their lord,
Yet there would rise indignant oaths
If he were seen without his clothes!"

But no; resolved to have her quiz,
The lady held her own—and his—
And Peter left his humble cot
To find a pair of—you know what.

But—here's the worst of this affair—
Whene'er he came across a pair
Already placed for him to don,
He was too stout to get them on!



So he resolved at once to train,
And walked and walked with all his main;
For years he paced this mortal earth,
To bring himself to decent girth.

At night, when all around is still,
You'll find him pounding up a hill;
And shrieking peasants whom he meets,
Fall down in terror on the peats!

Old Peter walks through wind and rain,
Resolved to train, and train, and train,
Until he weighs twelve stone or so—
And when he does, I'll let you know.

OLD PAUL AND OLD TIM.

WHEN rival adorers come courting a maid,
There's something or other may often be said,
Why *he* should be pitched upon rather than *him*.
This wasn't the case with Old Paul and Old Tim.

No soul could discover a reason at all
For marrying Timothy rather than Paul;
Though all could have offered good reasons, on
oath,
Against marrying either—or marrying both.

They were equally wealthy and equally old,
They were equally timid and equally bold;
They were equally tall as they stood in their shoes,
Between them, in fact, there was nothing to choose.

Had I been young Emily, I should have said,
"You're both of you old for a pretty young maid,
Threescore at the least you are verging upon;"
But I wasn't young Emily. Let us go on.

No coward's blood ran in young Emily's veins,
Her martial old father loved bloody campaigns;
At the rumours of battles all over the globe
He pricked up his ears like the war-horse in "Job."

He chuckled to hear of a sudden surprise
Of soldiers, compelled, through an enemy's spies,

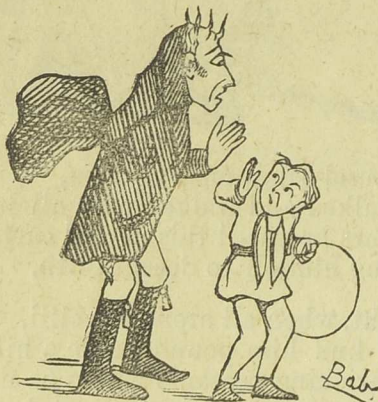
Without any knapsacks or shakos to flee,
For an eminent army-contractor was he.



So when her two lovers, whose patience was tried,
Implored her between them at once to decide,
She told them she'd marry whichever might bring
Good proofs of his doing the pluckiest thing.

They both went away with a qualified joy:
That coward, Old Paul, chose a very small boy,
And when no one was looking, in spite of his fears,
He set to work boxing that little boy's ears.

The little boy struggled and tugged at his hair,
But the lion was roused, and Old Paul didn't care;
He smacked him and whacked him, and boxed
him and kicked,
Till the poor little beggar was royally licked.

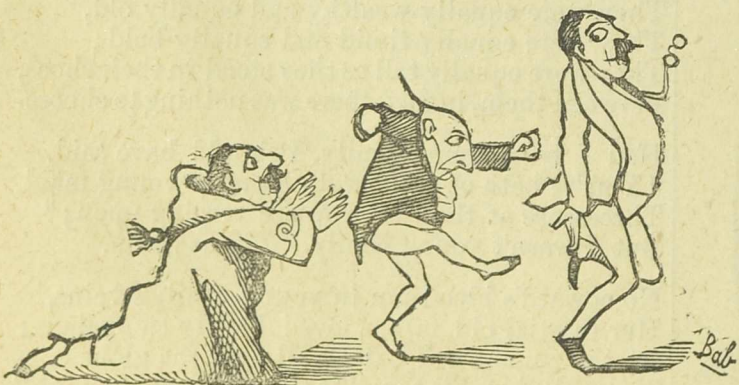


Old Tim knew a trick worth a dozen of that,
So he called for his stick and he called for his hat.
"I'll cover myself with cheap glory—I'll go
And wollop the Frenchmen who live in Soho!"

"The German invader is ravaging France
With infantry rifle and cavalry lance,
And beautiful Paris is fighting her best
To shake herself free from her terrible guest.

"The Frenchmen in London, in craven alarms,
Have all run away from the summons to arms;
They haven't the pluck of a pigeon—I'll go
And wollop the Frenchmen who skulk in Soho!"

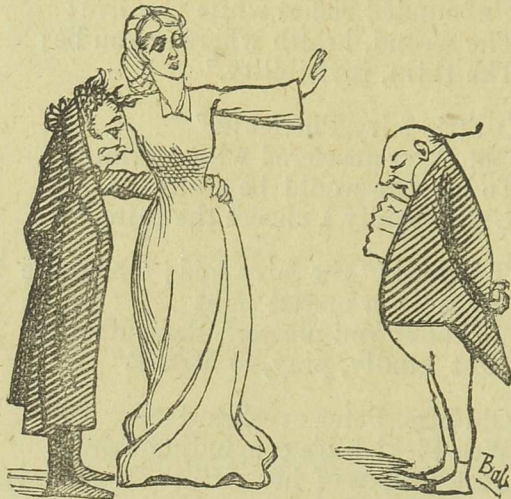
Old Timothy tried it and found it succeed:
That day he caused many French noses to bleed;
Through foggy Soho he spread fear and dismay,
And Frenchmen all round him in agony lay.



He took care to abstain from employing his fist
On the old and the crippled, for they might resist;

An elderly one may have pluck in his breast,
But the young and the strong ones are cowards
confest.

Old Tim and Old Paul, with the list of their foes,
Prostrated themselves at their Emily's toes:
"Oh, which of us two is the pluckier blade?"
And Emily answered and Emily said:



"Old Tim has thrashed runaway Frenchmen in
scores,
Who ought to be guarding their cities and shores;
Old Paul has made little chaps' noses to bleed—
Old Paul has accomplished the pluckier deed!"

THE CUNNING WOMAN.

In all Arcadia's sunny plain,
On all Arcadia's hill,
None were so blithe as Bill and Jane,
So blithe as Jane and Bill.

No social earthquake e'er occurred
To rack their common mind:
To them a Panic was a word—
A Crisis, empty wind.

No Stock Exchange disturbed the lad
With overwhelming shocks—
Bill ploughed with all the shares he had,
Jane planted all her stocks.

And learn in what a simple way
Their pleasures they enhanced—
Jane danced like any lamb all day,
Bill piped as well as danced.

Surrounded by a twittling crew
Of linnet, lark, and thrush,
Bill treated his young lady to
This sentimental gush:

"Oh, Jane, how true I am to you!
How true you are to me!
And how we woo, and how we coo!
So fond a pair are we!"

"To think, dear Jane, that anyways
Your chiefest end and aim
Is, one of these fine summer days,
To bear my honoured name!"

Quoth Jane, "Well, as you put the case,
I'm true enough, no doubt,
But then, you see, in this here place
There's none to cut you out."

"But, oh! if anybody came,
A lord or any such,
I do not think your honoured name
Would fascinate me much.

"For though your pals, you often boast,
You distance out-and-out;
Still, in the abstract, you're a most
Uncompromising lout!"

Poor Bill he gave a heavy sigh,
He tried in vain to speak—
A fat tear started to each eye
And coursed adown each cheek.

For, oh! right well in truth, he knew
That very selfsame day
The Lord de Jacob Pillaloo
Was coming there to stay.

The Lord de Jacob Pillaloo
All proper maidens shun—
He loves all womankind, it's true,
But never marries none.

Now Jane, with all her mad self-will,
Was no coquette—oh, no!
She really loved her painful Bill,
And thus she tuned her woe:

"Oh, willow, willow, o'er the lea!
And willow once again!
He's sure to fall in love with me!
Why wasn't I made plain?"

* * * * *

A cunning woman lived hard by,
A sorceressing dame,
Mac Catacomb de Salmon-Eye
Was her uncommon name!

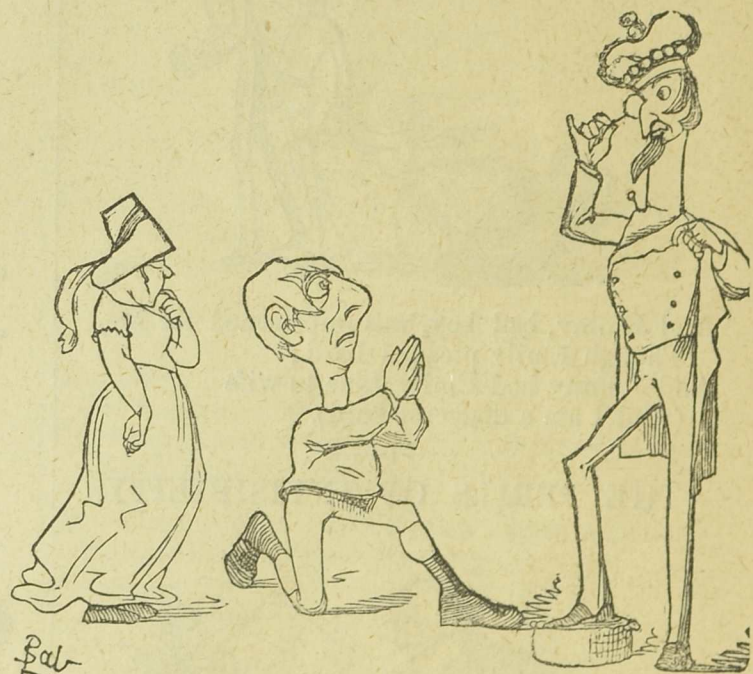
To her good Jane, with kindly yearn
For Bill's increasing pain,
Repaired in secret for to learn
How best to make her plain.

"Oh, Jane," the worthy woman said,
"This mystic phial keep,
And rub its liquor in your head
Before you go to sleep.

"When you awake next day, I trow,
You'll look in form and hue
To others just as you do now—
But not to Pillaloo!"

"When you approach him, you will find
He'll think you coarse—unkempt—
And coarsely bid you get behind,
With undisguised contempt."

The Lord de Pillaloo arrived
With his expensive train,
And when in state serenely hived,
He sent for Bill and Jane.



"Oh, spare her, Lord of Pillaloo!
If ever wed you be,
There's anything I'd rather do
Than flirt with Lady P."

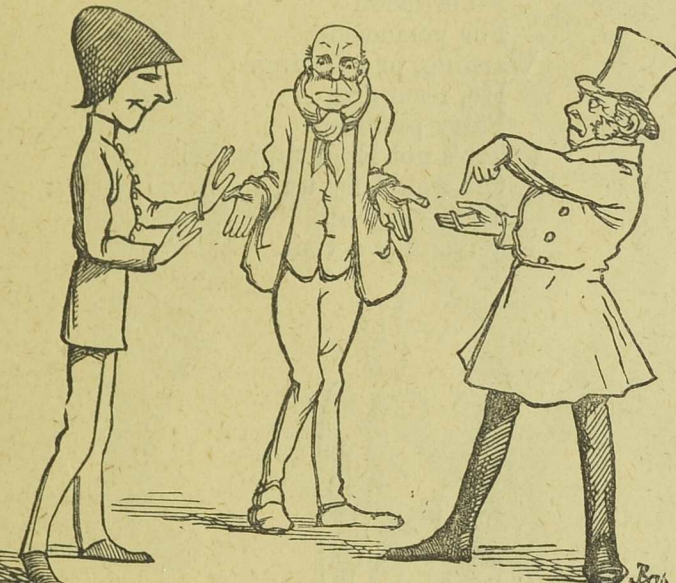
Lord Pillaloo looked in her eye,
He looked her through and through:
The cunning woman's prophecy
Was clearly coming true.

Lord Pillaloo, the Rustic's Bane
(Bad person he, and proud),
He laughed Ha! ha! at pretty Jane,
And sneered at her aloud!

He bade her get behind him then,
 And seek her mother's stye—
 Yet to her native countrymen
 She was as fair as aye!
 Mac Catacomb, continue green!
 Grow, Salmon-Eye, in might!
 Except for you, there might have been
 The deuce's own delight!

PHRENOLOGY.

"COME, collar this bad man—
 Around the throat he knotted me
 Till I to choke began—
 In point of fact, garotted me!"



So spake Sir Herbert White
 To James, Policeman Thirty-two—
 All ruffled with his fight
 Sir Herbert was, and dirty too.

Policeman nothing said
 (Though he had much to say on it)
 But from the bad man's head
 He took the cap that lay on it.

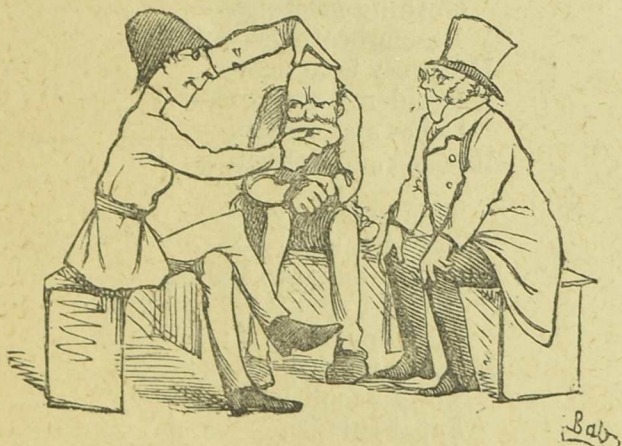
"No, great Sir Herbert White—
 Impossible to take him up.
 This man is honest quite—
 Wherever did you rake him up?"

"For Burglars, Thieves, and Co.,
 Indeed I'm no apologist,
 But I, some years ago,
 Assisted a Phrenologist.

"Observe his various bumps,
 His head as I uncover it;
 His morals lie in lumps
 All round about and over it."

"Now take him," said Sir White,
 "Or you will soon be rueing it;
 Bless me! I must be right,—
 I caught the fellow doing it!"

Policeman calmly smiled,
 "Indeed you are mistaken, sir,
 You're agitated—riled—
 And very badly shaken, sir.



"Sit down, and I'll explain
 My system of Phrenology,
 A second, please, remain"—
 (A second is horology).

Policeman left his beat—
 (The Bart., no longer furious,
 Sat down upon a seat,
 Observing, "This is curious!")

"Oh, surely, here are signs
 Should soften your rigidity,
 This gentleman combines
 Politeness with timidity.

"Of Shyness here's a lump—
 A hole for Animosity—
 And like my fist his bump
 Of Impecuniosity.

"Just here the bump appears
 Of Innocent Hilarity,
 And just behind his ears
 Are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

"He of true Christian ways
 As bright example sent us is—
 This maxim he obeys,
 'Sorte tuâ contentus sis.'

"There, let him go his ways,
 He needs no stern admonishing."
 The Bart., in blank amaze,
 Exclaimed, "This is astonishing!"

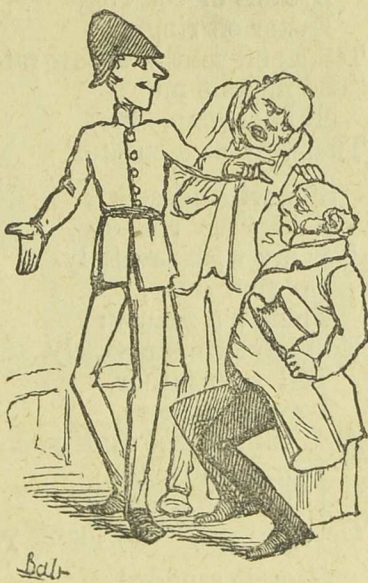
"I must have made a mull,
 This matter I've been blind in it:
 Examine, please, my skull,
 And tell me what you find in it."

That Crusher looked, and said
 With unimpaired urbanity,
 "Sir Herbert, you've a head
 That teems with inhumanity.

"Here's Murder, Envy, Strife
 (Propensity to kill any),
 And Lies as large as life,
 And heaps of Social Villany.

"Here's Love of Bran New Clothes,
 Embezzling—Arson—Deism—
 A taste for Slang and Oaths,
 And Fraudulent Trusteeism.

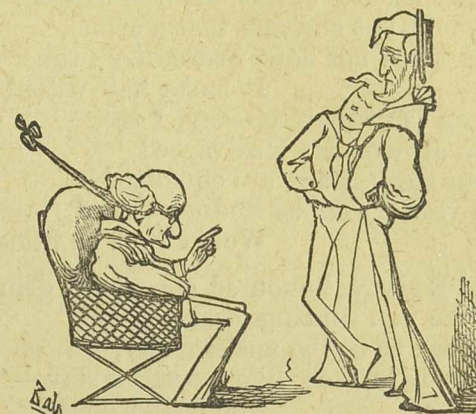
"Here's Love of Groundless Charge—
 Here's Malice, too, and Trickery,
 Unusually large
 Your bump of Pocket-Pickery—"



"Stop!" said the Bart., "my cup
 Is full—I'm worse than him in all;
 Policeman, take me up—
 No doubt I am some criminal!"

That Pleeceman's scorn grew large
 (Phrenology had nettled it),
 He took that Bart. in charge—
 I don't know how they settled it.

THE MYSTIC SALVAGEE.



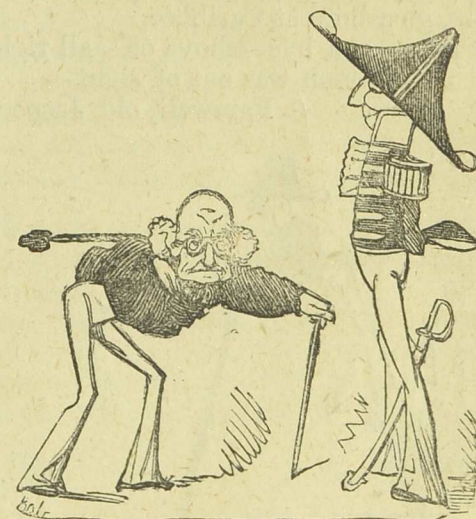
PERHAPS already you may know
 Sir Blennerhasset Portico?
 A Captain in the Navy, he—
 A Baronet and K.C.B.

You do? I thought so!
 It was that captain's favourite whim
 (A notion not confined to him)
 That Rodney was the greatest tar
 Who ever wielded capstan-bar.
 He had been taught so.

"Benbow! Cornwallis! Hood!—Belay!
 Compared with Rodney"—he would say—
 "No other tar is worth a rap!
 The great Lord Rodney was the chap
 The French to polish!
 Though, mind you, I respect Lord Hood;
 Cornwallis, too, was rather good;
 Benbow could enemies repel,
 Lord Nelson, too, was pretty well—
 That is, tol-lol-ish!"

Sir Blennerhasset spent his days
 In learning Rodney's little ways,
 And closely imitated, too,
 His mode of talking to his crew—
 His port and paces.
 An ancient tar he tried to catch
 Who'd served in Rodney's famous batch
 But since his time long years have fled,
 And Rodney's tars are mostly dead:
Eheu fugaces!

But after searching near and far,
 At last he found an ancient tar
 Who served with Rodney and his crew
 Against the French in 'Eighty-two,
 (That gained the peerage).
 He gave him fifty pounds a year,
 His rum, his baccy, and his beer;
 And had a comfortable den
 Rigged up in what, by merchantmen,
 Is called the steerage.



"Now, Jasper"—'t was that sailor's name—
 "Don't fear that you'll incur my blame
 By saying, when it seems to you,
 That there is anything I do
 That Rodney wouldn't."

The ancient sailor turned his quid,
 Prepared to do as he was bid:
 "Ay, ay, yer honour; to begin,
 You've done away with 'swiftin' in'—
 Well, sir, you shouldn't!"

"Upon your spars I see you've clapped
Peak halliard blocks, all iron-capped.
I would not christen that a crime,
But 't was not done in Rodney's time.
It looks half-witted!
Upon your maintop-stay, I see,
You always clap a salvagee!
Your stays, I see, are equalized—
No vessel, such as Rodney prized,
Would thus be fitted!

"And Rodney, honoured sir, would grin
To see you turning deadeyes in,
Not up, as in the ancient way,
But downwards, like a cutter's stay—
You didn't oughter;
Besides, in seizing shrouds on board,
Breast backstays you have quite ignored;
Great Rodney kept unto the last
Breast backstays on topgallant mast—
They make it tauter."

Sir Blennerhasset "swifted in,"
Turned deadeyes up, and lent a fin
To strip (as told by Jasper Knox)
The iron capping from his blocks,
Where there was any.

Sir Blennerhasset does away
With salvagees from maintop-stay;
And though it makes his sailors stare,
He rigs breast backstays everywhere—
In fact, too many.

One morning, when the saucy craft
Lay calmed, old Jasper toddled aft.

"My mind misgives me, sir, that we
Were wrong about that salvagee—
I should restore it."

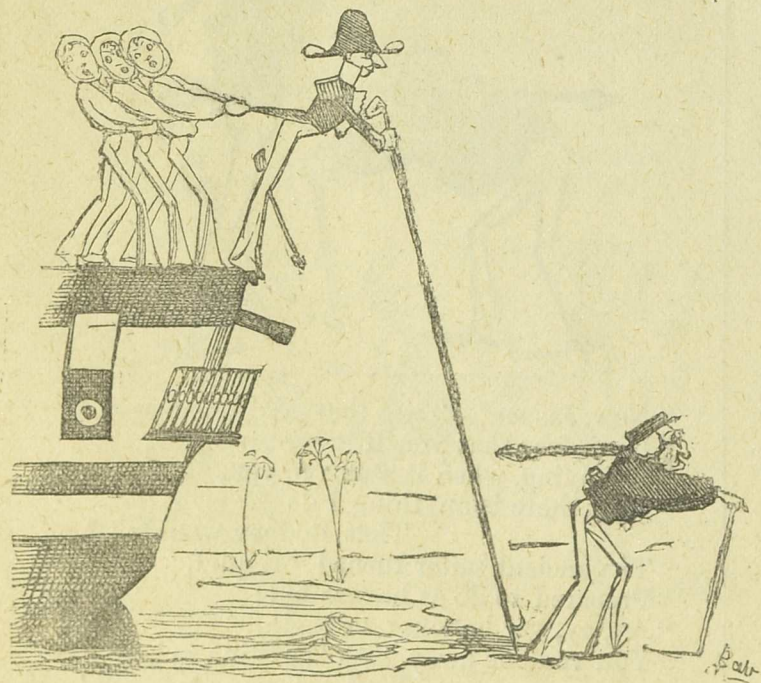
"Good," said the captain, and that day
Restored it to the maintop-stay.
Well-practised sailors often make
A much more serious mistake,
And then ignore it.

Next day old Jasper came once more:
"I think, sir, I was right before."
Well, up the mast the sailors skipped,
The salvagee was soon unshipped,
And all were merry.

Again a day, and Jasper came:
"I p'raps deserve your honour's blame,
I can't make up my mind," said he,
"About that cursed salvagee—
It's foolish—very."

"On Monday night I could have sworn
That maintop-stay it should adorn,
On Tuesday morning I could swear
That salvagee should not be there.
The knot's a rasper!"

"Oh, you be hanged," said Captain P.,
"Here, go ashore at Caribbee.
Get out—good bye—shove off—all right!"
Old Jasper soon was out of sight—
Farewell, old Jasper!



THE FAIRY CURATE.



ONCE a fairy
Light and airy
Married with a mortal;
Men, however,
Never, never
Pass the fairy portal.
Slyly stealing,
She to Ealing
Made a daily journey;
There she found him
Clients round him
(He was an attorney).
Long they tarried,
Then they married.
When the ceremony
Once was ended,
Off they wended
On their moon of honey.
Twelvemonth, maybe,
Saw a baby
(Friends performed an orgie).
Much they prized him,
And baptized him
By the name of Georgie.

Georgie grew up;
Then he flew up
To his fairy mother.
Happy meeting—
Pleasant greeting—
Kissing one another.
"Choose a calling
Most enthralling,
I sincerely urge ye."
"Mother," said he
(Rev'rence made he),
"I would join the clergy."

"Give permission
In addition—
Pa will let me do it:
He's a-living
In his giving,
He'll appoint me to it.
Dreams of coff'ring
Easter off'ring,
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,
So inflame me
(Do not blame me),
That I'll be a curate."

She, with pleasure,
Said, "My treasure,
Tis my wish precisely.
Do your duty,
There's a beauty;
You have chosen wisely.
Tell your father
I would rather
As a churchman rank you.
You, in clover,
I'll watch over."
Georgie said, "Oh, thank you!"

Georgie scudded,
Went and studied,
Made all preparations,
And with credit
(Though he said it)
Passed examinations.
(Do not quarrel
With him, moral,
Scrupulous digestions—
'T was his mother,
And no other,
Answered all his questions.)

Time proceeded;
Little needed
Georgie admonition:
He, elated,
Vindicated
Clergyman's position.
People round him
Always found him
Plain and unpretending;
Kindly teaching,
Plainly preaching—
All his money lending.

So the fairy,
Wise and wary,
Felt no sorrow rising—
No occasion
For persuasion,
Warning, or advising.
He, resuming
Fairy pluming
(That's not English, is it?)
Oft would fly up,
To the sky up,
Pay mamma a visit.



* * * *
Time progressing,
Georgie's blessing
Grew more ritualistic—
Popish scandals,
Tonsures—sandals—
Genuflections mystic;
Gushing meetings—
Bosom-beatings—
Heavenly ecstasies—
Broidered spencers—
Copes and censers—
Rochets and dalmatics.

This quandary
Vexed the fairy—
Flew she down to Ealing.
"Georgie, stop it!
Pray you, drop it;
Hark to my appealing:
To this foolish
Papal rule-ish
Twaddle put an ending;
This a swerve is
From our Service
Plain and unpretending."

He, replying,
 Answered, sighing,
 Hawing, hemming, humming,
 "It's a pity—
 They're so pritty ;
 Yet in mode becoming,
 Mother tender,
 I'll surrender—
 I'll be unaffected—"
 Then his Bishop
 Into *his* shop
 Entered unexpected !

Met Mahry Daubigny, the Village Rose,
 Under the Wizard's Oak—old trysting-place
 Of those who loved in rosy Aquitaine.

They thought themselves unwatched, but they
 were not ;
 For Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 Found in Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles Dubosc
 A rival, envious and unscrupulous,
 Who thought it not foul scorn to dodge his steps,
 And listen, unperceived, to all that passed
 Between the simple little Village Rose
 And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chas-
 soores.

A clumsy barrack-bully was Dubosc,
 Quite unfamiliar with the well-bred tact
 That animates a proper gentleman
 In dealing with a girl of humble rank.
 You'll understand his coarseness when I
 say

He would have married Mahry Daubigny,
 And dragged the unsophisticated girl
 Into the whirl of fashionable life,
 For which her singularly rustic ways,
 Her breeding (moral, but extremely rude),
 Her language (chaste, but ungrammatical)
 Would absolutely have unfitted her.
 How different to this unreflecting boor
 Was Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chas-
 soores !

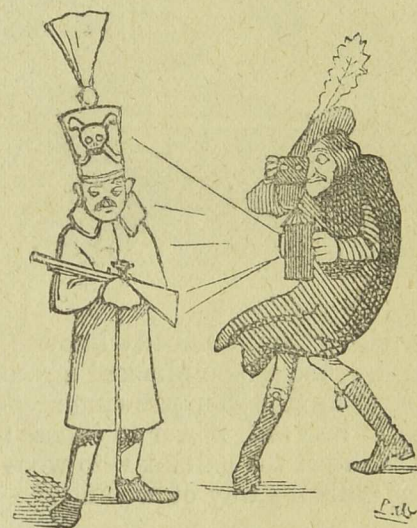
Contemporary with the incident
 Related in our opening paragraph,
 Was that sad war 'twixt Gallia and our-
 selves

That followed on the treaty signed at Troyes ;
 And so Lieutenant-Colonel Jules Dubosc
 (Brave soldier, he, with all his faults of style)
 And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 Were sent by Charles of France against the lines
 Of our Sixth Henry (Fourteen twenty-nine),
 To drive his legions out of Aquitaine.
 When Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 Returned, suspecting nothing, to his camp,
 After his meeting with the Village Rose,
 He found inside his barrack letter-box
 A note from the commanding officer,
 Requiring his attendance at head-quarters.

If Charles, my King, said, 'Go, my son, and die,'
 I'd go, of course—my duty would be clear.
 But Mahry is in bed asleep, I hope,
 And Charles, my King, three hundred leagues
 from this.

As for Lieutenant-Colonel Jules Dubosc,
 How know I that our monarch would approve
 The order he has given me to-night ?
 My King I've sworn in all things to obey—
 I'll only take my orders from my King !"
 Thus Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 Interpreted the terms of his commission.

And Hongree, who was wise as he was good,
 Disguised himself that night in ample cloak,
 Round flapping hat, and vizor mask of black,
 And made, unnoticed, for the English camp.
 He passed the unsuspecting sentinels
 (Who little thought a man in this disguise
 Could be a proper object of suspicion),
 And ere the curfew bell had boomed "lights out,"
 He found in audience Bedford's haughty Duke.

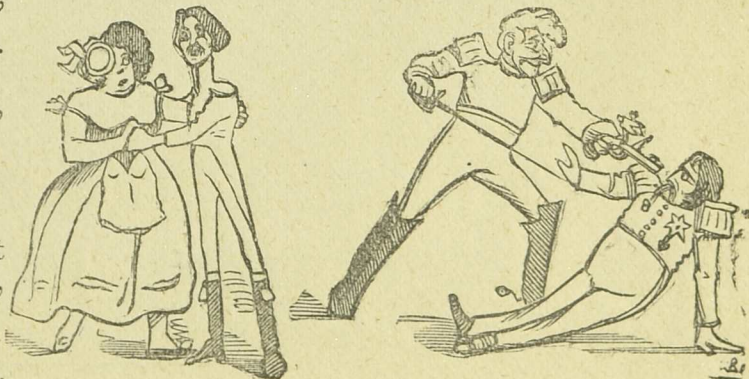


"Your Grace," he said, "start not—be not alarmed
 Although a Frenchman stands before your eyes.
 I'm Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors.
 My colonel will attack your camp to-night,
 And orders me to lead the hope forlorn.
 Now I am sure our excellent King Charles
 Would not approve of this ; but he's away
 A hundred leagues, and rather more than that.
 So, utterly devoted to my King,
 Blinded by my attachment to the throne,
 And having but its interest at heart,
 I feel it is my duty to disclose
 All schemes that emanate from Colonel Jooles,
 If I believe that they are not the kind
 Of schemes that our good monarch could approve."
 "But how," said Bedford's Duke, "do you propose
 That we should overthrow your colonel's scheme ?"
 And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 Replied at once with never-failing tact :
 "Oh, sir, I know this cursed country well.
 Entrust yourself and all your host to me ;
 I'll lead you safely by a secret path
 Into the heart of Colonel Jooles' array,
 And you can then attack them unprepared,
 And slay my fellow-countrymen unarmed."

The thing was done. The Duke of Bedford gave
 The order, and two thousand fighting-men
 Crept silently into the Gallic camp,
 And slew the Frenchmen as they lay asleep ;
 And Bedford's haughty Duke slew Colonel Jooles,
 And married Mahry, pride of Aquitaine,
 To Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors.

He went, and found Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles.
 "Young Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,
 This night we shall attack the English camp :
 Be the 'forlorn hope' yours—you'll lead it, sir,
 And lead it too with credit, I've no doubt"
 (These last words with a cruelly obvious sneer).
 "As every man must certainly be killed
 (For you are twenty 'gainst two thousand men),
 It is not likely that you will return.
 But what of that ? you'll have the benefit
 Of knowing that you die a soldier's death."

Obedience was young Hongree's strongest
 But he imagined that he only owed [point,
 Allegiance to his Mahry and his King.
 "If Mahry bade me lead these fated men,
 I'd lead them—but I do not think she would.



HONGREE AND MAHRY.

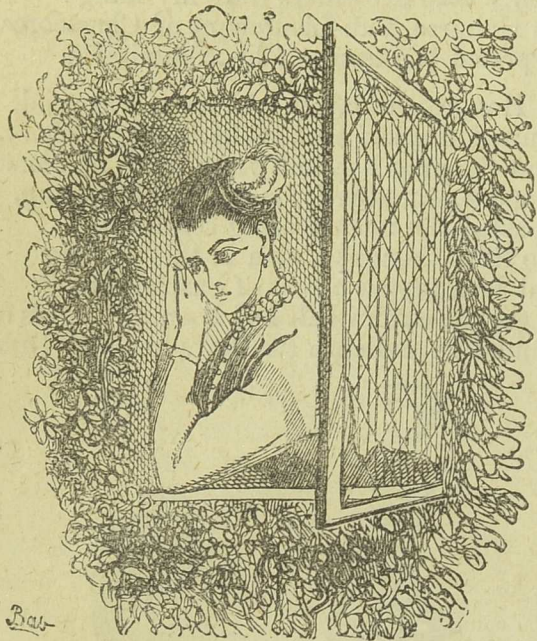
(A Transpontine Romance.)



THE sun was setting in its wonted west,
 When Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,

THE WAY OF WOOING.

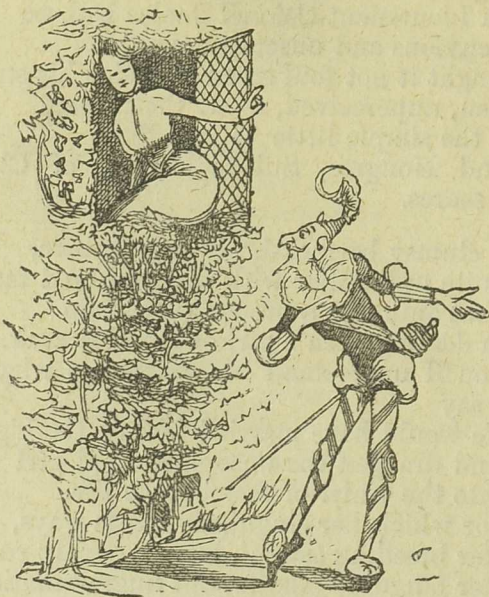
A MAIDEN sat at her window wide,
 Pretty enough for a prince's bride,
 Yet nobody came to claim her.
 She sat like a beautiful picture there,
 With pretty bluebells and roses fair
 And jasmine leaves to frame her.



And why she sat there nobody knows;
 But thus she sang as she plucked a rose,
 The leaves around her strewing:
 "I've time to lose and power to choose;
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 But the gallant's way of wooing!"

A lover came riding by awhile,
 A wealthy lover was he, whose smile

Some maids would value greatly—
 A formal lover, who bowed and bent,
 With many a high-flown compliment,
 And cold demeanour stately.
 "You've still," said she to her suitor stern,
 "The 'prentice-work of your craft to learn,



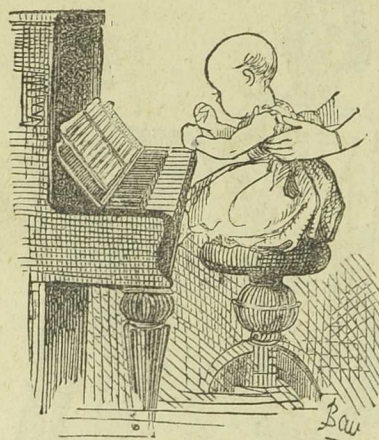
If thus you come a-cooing,
 I've time to lose and power to choose;
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"

A second lover came ambling by—
 A timid lad with a frightened eye,
 And a colour mantling high.
 He muttered the errand on which he'd come,
 Then only chuckled and bit his thumb,
 And simpered, simpered shyly.
 "No," said the maiden, "go your way,
 You dare but think what a man would say,

Yet dare to come a-sueing!
 I've time to lose and power to choose;
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"



A third rode up at a startling pace—
 A suitor poor, with a homely face—
 No doubts appeared to bind him.
 He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,
 And off he rode with the maiden, placed
 On a pillion safe behind him.
 And she heard the suitor bold confide
 This golden hint to the priest who tied
 The knot there's no undoing:
 "With pretty young maidens who can choose,
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"



THE END.

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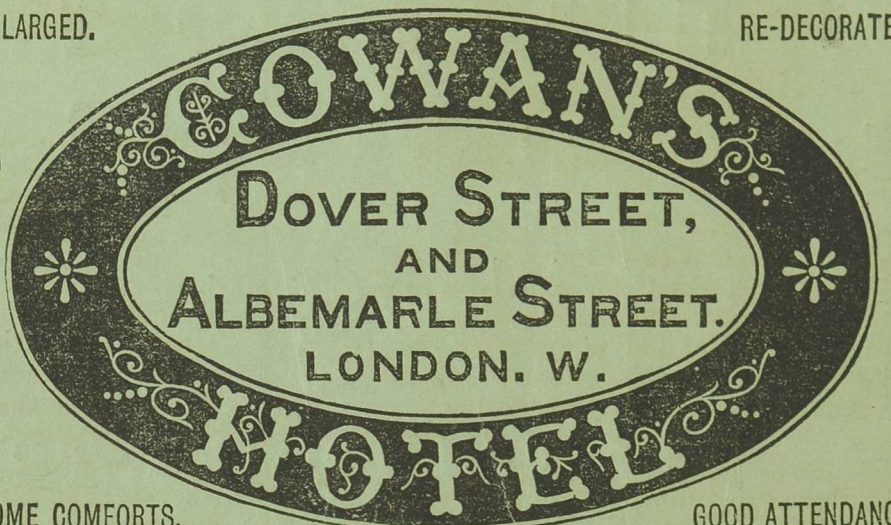
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