

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED



H. Cholmondeley Pennell
H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL



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PEGASUS RE-SADDLED.

BY

HENRY
H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL,

AUTHOR OF "PUCK ON PEGASUS."



WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY DU MAURIER.

HENRY S. KING AND CO., LONDON.

1877.

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Dedicated

TO

THOMAS HENRY FARRER, ESQ.,

OF ABINGER HALL, SURREY,

SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE.

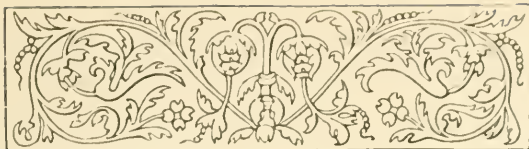
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TO


HIS PERSONAL QUALITIES AND

PUBLIC CAREER.





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“FAITE À PEINDRE.”



MADE to be painted”—a Millais might give

A fortune to study that exquisite face—

The face is a fortune—a Lawrence might live

Anew in each line of that figure's still grace.

The pose is perfection, a model each limb,

From the delicate foot to the classical head ;

But the almond blue eyes with their smiling look dim

And lips to be *loved* want a trifle more red.

Statuesque? no, a Psyche, let's say, in repose,—

A Psyche whose Cupid beseeches in vain,—

We sigh as the nightingale sighs to the rose

But the goddess declines to give sighs back again. . .

If the wind shook the rose?—then a shower would fall

Of sweet-scented petals to gather who list,—

If a sigh shook my Psyche?—she'd yawn, that is all,

She's "made to be painted"—and not to be kist.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.



LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And someone or other's lost little Bo-peep—
Or she'd never be wandering at twelve o'clock
With a golden crook, and a velvet frock,
In a diamond necklace, in such a rout,—
In diamond buckles, and my! how shocking,
A beautiful leg in a red silk stocking!
And an ankle a sculptor might rave about.
But I think she's a little witch, you know,
With her broomstick-crook and her high-heel'd shoe
And the mischievous fun that flashes thro'
The wreaths of her amber hair—don't you?
No wonder the flock follows little Bo-peep,
Such a shepherd would turn all the world into sheep.

To trot at her heels and look up in the face
Of their pastor for—goodness knows what, not for grace?—
Her face that recalls in its reds and its blues,
(Blue eyes, and red lips full of pearls if you choose)
And its setting of gold, “Esmeralda” by Greuze. . . .
There’s “Little Bo-peep,” dress, diamonds, and all,
As I met her last night at the Fancy Ball.





THE SECRET OF SAFETY.



YOU ask me to declare the spell

By which I sleep unhaunted slumbers :

“ Still fancy free !—the secret tell ? ”

The secret is, fair Isabel,

That “ Safety lies in numbers.”

It is not that my heart is tough,

I dare not make such false confession,

Or that it's made of such soft stuff

It is not durable enough

To take a firm impression :

But Beauty 's like the bloom that flies,
And Love 's a butterfly that hasteth,
From lip to lip the trifler hies
And sweet by sweet the garden tries,
But each one only tasteth. . . .

If I looked long in your *beaux-yeux*
I might not sleep unhaunted slumbers,—
At least 'twere rash to try, you know,—
So now I'm going to the Row
Where "safety lies in numbers!"



A CASE OF SPOONS.

(*He*)



WONDER why to sit I find it sweet,

As if you were Gamaliel, at your feet ?

They're quite too small to be of any use?—

(*She*) Because you are a goose.

(*He*) I wonder, when your glances downward stray,

Why mine look up until yours turn away—

You hate the sight of me, I dare assert !

(*She*) Because I hate a flirt.

(*He*) Then tell me why, when you attempt to speak,

I find my ear gets closer to your cheek,

Until it almost touches someone's locks ?

(*She*) Because it wants a box !

TO AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.



O name—unknown the “hand”—and yet
I think your fingers must be taper
Who wrote “*non ti scordar,*” and set
This tiny seal on pink-ting’d paper?

The page is fair, and deftly traced,
Folded across and neatly dated ;
The p’s and q’s display much taste,
The h’s look well aspirated.


The i’s are—well, like sweet sixteen’s—
When laughter’s light and smiles are plenty ;—
My taste’s like David’s as to queens—
I’m sure you can’t be more than twenty?

You still are in the bloom of youth
With faultless face and figure fairy,
They call you "Blanche" or "Maud"—in sooth
The odds are two to one on "Mary!"

If e'er we meet in after-life
Speak, dear, I'll answer circumspectly ;
And tho' you're some one else's wife,
You still might spell my name correctly ?



PRETTY PUSS.

HE slightest of pouts on the softest of lips
Of a little red mouth with its smiles in eclipse—
The least little flash under eyelids half shut,
The least little beat of the least little foot,
Like the thrill of the tigress preparing to spring,—
Seem to hint that my Mabel is not quite the thing?

I wish I was back in the hansom for choice!—
Shall I fight? or, like Niobe, lift up my voice?
Own my conduct was vile (but I've done that before,)
Pray forgiveness and never offend any more?



Or brazen it out?—"Yes, I trifled with Jane,
"And I flirted with Fan—and I mean to again!"—

Tableau!—But I'll keep on this side of the table,
There's certainly something that's *cat-like* in Mabel,—
If stroked the right way you get plenty of purr,
But claws, I've a fancy, lie hid in the fur,
And she looks at this moment as prompt to assail
As the Celt who begged someone to tread on his tail. . . .
It's perplexing—I wish I was back in the cab
There's something infernally cat-like in Mab.



LEASES FOR WIVES ;
OR, WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.



PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd ! !
How droll—a wedding ring ! . . .
Somehow we don't perceive the fun ;
“ For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one ”
Is now the style of thing.


We meet our charmer in the Row ;
One glance !—'tis love at sight—
We meet again at rout or hop,
A valse, two ices, and then pop,—
Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumpers up the fair
 With heaps of costly trash ;
No wedding breakfast makes her ill,
Nor speeches that won't pay the bill,
 Nor " settlements " of cash.

We register no fees on earth,
 No vows record in heaven ;
A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done !
For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one
 Suppose we try for *seven* ?



FORTY-FIVE.

OW is it that I'm forty-five
And still so very much unmarried?
Why did I wait so long to wive,
Or was it that the ladies tarried?

I rather think that as a boy
My notions were not celibatic;
At fourteen I was scarcely coy
But dreamt of heav'n in an attic,—

· With Katy, ætat. thirty-two,
And wrote her an amazing ditty;
“ My heart for her should still be true ”—
And she refused it—heartless Kitty!

I did not weep! if she'd said "yes"

It might have been a theme for laughter;

My suff'rings led me to confess

To Mary Jane a fortnight after.

Poor Poll! (I call you so because

No sense of injury now rankles—)

I think our *casus spooni* was

You had such very pretty ankles:

Preterea nil! might end the clause

But that would be ungenerous, very . . .

Lizette had elephantine paws

But cheeks as rosy as a cherry.

Louisa next,—my little Loo!—

Whose hand I claimed with fervent kisses;

Unluckily these things take two,

And *one* declined becoming Mrs.

A time arrives when every man
Has fatuous feelings for a cousin,
And if the first "draws blank" he can
(At least I did) try half a dozen ;—

First, second, third,—still no success,—
Fourth, fifth, and sixth, the numbers ran on ;
Not one my lonely lot would bless,
Two were forbidden by the canon.

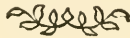
At last, *at last!* my pulse still stirs
As I recall your vision, Phœbe!
The rose-bud lips that owned me hers—
The form suggestive of a Hebe ;

I swore that we would never part,
Nor time nor change our love make colder,—
I clasped her to my beating heart—
And ran my breast-pin in her shoulder! . . .

The temper's warm at "sweet sixteen,"
We parted more in wrath than sorrow ;
And Phœbe's married Dick since then—
It's just ten years ago to-morrow . . .

And now love's chords no music wake,
I'm getting in the sere and yellow,
Is there no womankind will take
Compassion on a lonely fellow ?

Some Phœbe with less angry eyes ?
I think I've still some love to give her—
No more breast-pins I'll patronise
But stick to *rings* henceforth for ever.



RINKING REMINISCENCES.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.



YES it's awfully nice, and all that sort of thing,
But please take me back to a seat,—
Your intentions are excellent, Guy, I am sure,
But oh! may you never be forced to endure
The anguish I feel in my feet!

These straps are too tight—or the wheels don't go right—
And my ankles have taken a twist,—
I've tumbled at least twenty times on my arm,
And Bella just gave me a horrible qualm—
She fancies I've broken my wrist.

Old Buffers has knocked me down flat on my face
And poked in my eye his cigar,—
Young Larkins pursues me wherever I go,
And “cannons”—it must be on purpose, I know,
For he never “collides” with Papa.

Bumped battered and bruised, kicked cuffed and ill-used,
I’m a “figure for fun,” or for “Punch,”—
So now that you’ve taken my skates off, dear Guy,
And I feel less immediately likely to die
We’ll adjourn—*au revoir*, after lunch!



ECHOES FROM THE SAME.

FIRST ECHO. *Con expressione.*



YOU see me just now on my knees

And my elbows, and that's because

I arose in my might

To immediate light

On the spot where I previously was.

SECOND ECHO. *Agitato.*

If I don't rise to take off my hat,

I beg you won't think me a clown,—

On occasions like these

One stands at one's ease

More easily lying down.

THIRD ECHO. *Suffocato.*

It's pleasant to tumble at times—
 (The times when one's ready to drop,)—
He felt this as well,
The elderly swell
 Who's floored me and sits on the top.

I like to see folks at their ease,
 Especially fourteen stone—
If I asked him to sit
Off my head for a bit
 Do you think it would spoil his fun?

FOURTH ECHO. *Con triumphato.*

I am stooping my balance to gain ;
 Anon I shall backward descend ;
And that's what I call
My Roman fall
 And alternate Grecian bend.

SUNDRY ECHOES. *Diminuendo.*

What Splice-bone says is true—

The “exercise” is good—

But he might have added

Get your legs padded,

And elbows made of wood.



A LITTLE BEAUTY.



MAUD'S a naughty little girl,
Maudie's locks decline to curl,
Spite all sense of duty,
But they're *frise'd* up instead
Round her saucy little head,
Round her cheeks of white and red—
Maud's a little beauty!

Maud has got a roguish eye,
Maud has got a tender sigh,
Laughters soft and flutey—
"Cherries ripe" her lips, I swear,
Did you ever know a pair
Say so plainly "If you dare!"—
Maud the little beauty!

Yet her lip you cannot reach
Nor her cheek that's like a peach,
 Round and ripe and fruity ;
You can only look and sigh,—
I can only love, and try
To discern the reason why
 Maud 's *my* little beauty ?





A FIVE YEARS' CHARACTER.



FIVE years *amie!* five years ago,

It seems like yesterday,

You whispered that mysterious vow—

Love—honour—and obey.

And, darling, you have done your part,

And kept your promise, sweet,—

You have full-filled an empty heart

And made a life complete

I testify that you have been

The household sunshine, fairy, queen,—

A cool oasis ever green

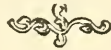
Along life's deserts sandy,—

As good as gold,


And as true as steel,

And as sweet as sugar candy!

We've shared some pleasure and some pain,
We've met some ups and downs :
And would you tie the knot again
Tho' all the smiles were frowns? . . .
Tho' all the joys were griefs, I say,
And dimmed each brighter spot,
This girl would face them all with me,—
You would, love, would you not?
And still would be what you have been,
My household fairy, sunshine, queen—
A cool oasis ever green
Amidst life's deserts sandy,—
As good as gold,
And as true as steel,
And as sweet as sugar candy.



“PAINTING THE LILY.”

 AINT *my* Lily? you'd be clever!
She is “beautiful for ever”—
Beauteous with a stick of cork,

Lovely with a coat of chalk!
From the calyx to the stalk—
Neck, I mean—and all the rest,
To the snow upon her breast,—
To the glittering of her hair,
Shaking gold-dust out, I swear ;—
Every charm in which you revelled
Powdered plaistered or bedevilled. . . .

All the Flow'r-show dyed?—Who knows?
Frank declares his blooming Rose
Wears a blush that never goes,
Never lessens, never grows—

And sweet Violet's fiancé
Ascertained the other day
That her petals *washed away!*
(Petals!—Eye brows, I should say)
Leaving only something grey. . .

These effects make an adorer
Rather dubious of his Flora,
With the blushes of Aurora,
With the reds and snow-whites o'er her,—
Lead him to be shy of Lily—
Roses picked in Piccadilly—
Make his views of Violet hazy—
Predisposed to like a Daisy?



NAUGHTY TWO-SHOES.



DETTY naughty Two-shoes

Bought a pair of blue shoes,

Bought a pair of silken hose all striped with white and red ;

Bought a skipping rope for skipping—

When they threatened her with whipping

Skipt them straightway into kissing her instead.

Skipt them into such ecstasies

That they thronged from base to attics

Peeping out from garret-window, pane, and door ;

Skipt the bumpkins out of wits,

Skipt their sweethearts into fits,

Skipt them higher than was ever seen before.

Basta! cried the lame schoolmaster—
But she only skipt the faster
With her beautiful kaleidoscopic feet,
From the squire to the clown
Skipt the village upside down,—
And I doubt if it has ever righted yet!



THE SQUIRE AND THE NEW
PARSON'S GIRL.



WITH wild locks streaming from the braid
That fillets them in vain,
Who is this hatless demoisel
Comes flying down the lane ?

It must be our new parson's girl—
I think they call her Jane ?

They really shouldn't let her out
In such prepost'rous guise—
Sixteen ? and in a pinafore,
Suggestive of dirt pies !
Frock'd to the knee ! . . . and what a pair
Of great blue saucer eyes !

The fair Miss Jenny's future lord
Will need to have a care!—
Despite the piquant little nose
“Tip-tilted” in the air—
They glitter like two corn-flow'rs thro'
That hayfield of her hair.

And then her mouth! a mile too wide—
But arched like Cupid's bow,
And strung with pearls—I never saw
Such a surprising row:
All womankind might “show their teeth”
If they'd such teeth to show.

'Twould almost be worth while to make
The little vixen scold,
If but to see the scornful smile
Flash out so bright and bold. . . .
There isn't such a face for miles,
Though half the shire were poll'd.

And face and figure ought to match,
Or nature's made a slip ;
She seems as flexible and straight
As my new riding-whip—
Upon my word if she'd a chance
I think she'd like to skip. . . .

And I should like to hold the rope !
Tho' skipping's not my way. . . .
She leads them all a pretty life
Up at the Grange, they say. . . .
It's really rude not to have called . . .
I think I'll go to-day.



SOME ONE'S FORGET-ME-NOTS



SOME one's Forget-me-nots !

“Laid up in lavender !”

Gew-gaws and trash and stuff—

Billets-doux—rhymes enough—

Love's ritornellas ;—

Here's an odd shoe in pink

Once in fate's chain a link,

So small one fain would think

'Twas Cinderella's.

Two lace-trimmed handkerchiefs,

Six rosettes !—fie for shame !

Clearly the youthful flame

Went in for slippers ;

Three gloves—some locks of hair. . . .

I wonder whose they were ?

But at least one may swear

They were all “ clippers.”

What's this perfume that comes

Faint as I close the lid ?

Have I lock'd up instead

Somebody's posy ?

Stay, I believe that it's

These crumpled violets,

Heartsease and mignonettes—

Rosebuds once rosy :

Ready-made *pot-pourri*—

(Sweet-scented none the less)

Isn't it time all this

Rubbish were rotten ?

Ribbons and gloves and locks?—

Never mind, shut the box—

Lie still in lavender,

Some one's Forget-me-nots,

Long since forgotten!



REPLY TO A VALENTINE

WITH A PORTRAIT.



AIR archeress, the shafts you wield
Are splintered on a careless shield ;
A wandering knight on bootless quest
For me there throbs no maiden breast,
No lady's favor decks my crest.

With pointless spear and silken glove,
I tilt not in the lists of love,
Tho' beauty's queen bestowed the prize,—
And if a smile my heart entice
'Tis as a sunbeam strikes on ice.

But yet, methinks, if life were young,
And love were all that bards have sung—
 If you were fond, and I were free,
 Sweet Valentine—whoe'er you be—
 I fain would break a lance for thee!





A GORDIAN KNOT.



HANDKERCHIEF—dropt out, you say,

From the receptacle allotted ?

Not much if that were all, but stay,

This pocket-handkerchief is *knotted*—

There at one end—frail souvenir,

Hinting the need of mental tonics ;

Whence comes the pale preceptor here

To give his lesson in mnemonics ?

Is it from him whose “un-urned ” shade

Petitions that, instead of joking,

The debt of kinship should be paid

To-day at Kensal Green or Woking ?

Poor Tom ! you were not much to me,
A cousin, twice removed, by marriage,
Removed once more by fate's decree—
At any rate I'll send the carriage. . . .

Or, query, was it "him" at all ?
This true-love knot may be a token
Of some fair vision I'd recall—
Of faithless vows and promise broken ?

Love's tryst unkept by haunted well,
Its sweet forget-me-nots forgotten. . . .
Perhaps it's only someone's bill
I back'd ?—of course it turned out rotten,—

Or hint to pay that bet I owe
For views about the Derby winner ;
I'd rather much it was to go
To Greenwich to a whitebait dinner ? . . .

Of pay or play may preach this knot—
Of death or duns or love's emotion—
I tied it yesterday, but what
It means, I've not the faintest notion.



WANTED—AN IDEA.



WANT an idea, if you've got it

Be pleased to impart on the spot :

You'll probably think

The idea's for a rink

Or a bank or bazaar—but it's not.

Not at all ! I disclaim all design

On your pockets, past, future or present—

Then of course you'll suppose

It's a poem or prose,


Or a sermon or song—but it isn't.

You'd say it was something in art
Or in science—that should be, or should 'nt—
'T would be something that's new,
Or at least something true—
Something somehow, you know—but it wouldn't.

No, no! F.R.S. and R.A.,
My idea isn't what you call *savant*—
Not Tyndall or Phiz—
But what the devil it is
P'rhaps you've got some idea—for I haven't.



ANTI-ANTIQUARIAN.

 O I doat upon "desolate towers?"
I really can't say that I do ;
They afford no protection from showers
But copious cob-webs and dew.

These courts (do you ever play tennis?)
Are Norman? No, Saxon I'm sure :
That arch Saracenic?—at Venice
And Cairo I've seen them before.

Let them sleep with their founders below them—
The sight of a lot of old stones
Won't stop an east wind howling thro' them
And chilling one into the bones.

My taste doesn't run into gables
Or buttresses old as the flood ;
I'd rather put faith in " Last Fables"
Than the dates of Professor Macmud.

" Stone Facts" I believe to be fiction—
" Rock Records" afford me no joy,—
No, I haven't the least predilection
For desolate towers, old boy.



FOR SALE, PENSIVE SELIMA.



WILL any one bid for a cat ?

Whose coat is the softest of silk—

Who's sleek and well-liking and fat—

And never refuses her milk.

Whose mistress no scratch can aver,

Whose master has never been bitten,

Who's warranted always to purr,

And not to have more than one kitten :

A cat who will polish off mice

And rats till the peep of Aurora—

In short who's delightfully nice,

A regular first-rate Angora ?

A CURL IN A LETTER.



LETTER, and a yellow curl,—

To call it “sandy” p'raps might rile her—

Who's this romantic little girl

That's fain to be her own Delilah?

For *me!* who never cared a rap

For rounded waist or taper ankle,—

At whom no spinster sets her cap,

No Cupid shoots the shafts that rankle!

“My dear—I grieve to make you pout—

But still it is imprudent, very,

To show'r your golden gifts about

In this way on Dick, Tom, and Harry;

“No doubt you’ve charms you highly prize
 Or else you’d scarce be Adam’s daughter,—
 There may be death in your blue eyes,
 But—don’t affect promiscuous slaughter.” . . .

Well preach’d ! but somehow don’t sound nice ?—
 And letters lead to tittle-tattle. . . .
 I think one ought to give advice
Vive voix—the tone is half the battle ? . . .

’Twould not be hard to match this curl—
 But should I like its fellow better ? . . .
 . . . You very yellow-pated girl
 Who wrote me this romantic letter ?



OUTSIDE.



JUST a gleam thro' the darkness
The lift of two eyes from a book—
A glance—but some glances are heaven
To such eyes 'tis given
To make Paradise in a look.

Just a face in the lamp-light,
A hand and some glittering hair,
But hearts have been broken it's said
And white steel stained red
For faces less faultlessly fair.

Just a girl in her beauty
Her glory of freshness and youth.
 But what has earth better to sigh for
 To live for to die for
Than innocence beauty and—Ruth ?





THE BLOATED BIGGAROON.



HE bloated Biggaroon,

Was so haughty, he would not repose

In a house, or a hall, or *ces choses*,

But he slept his high sleep in his clothes—

Neath the moon.

The bloated Biggaroon,

Thinking scorn of effeminate fops

Who use knives to dismember their chops,

Ate with hands his proud meats, and his slops

Without spoon.

The bloated Biggaroon
Poured contempt upon waistcoat and skirt,
Holding swallow-tails even as dirt—
So he puff'd himself out in his shirt,
Like a b'loon.

The bloated Biggaroon
Scorned to pay a ridiculous race
Petty cash—so the race, meanly base,
Locked him up in a rather ridiculous place
Rather soon.



UNSUNG SONGS.

I.

PARFAIT AMOUR.



YOU all knew St. Pierre's, with the star in the blind,
And Julie, the love-star, that glittered behind?
Chartreuse, Curaçoa, Acqua d'Oro, Russie,

Grew dim when compared with the smiles of Julie.

One day, with his lute and his long flowing hair,

Came a minstrel and played, at the Star of St. Pierre,—

“What will you please take?”—stopped the youth in the door—

“Oh, give me, dear maiden, some *parfait amour* ;”

He sighed, as he turned him away from the door,

“There's no wine that's so sweet as your *parfait amour* !”

Now morn, noon, and eve, for his glass of liqueur

To the Star of St. Pierre came that young troubadour ;

And ever his cheek it grew pale as the snow,
For the love-light burnt up as the life-light burnt low.
But Julie smiled on ; not a blush nor a sigh
Played tell-tale to Love when Bertrandie was nigh ;
And the boy never speaks ; was he rich ? was he poor ?—
He asks but a glass of her *parfait amour*.
Ah Julie ! tho' rich, for your sake he is poor,
And he dies for one drop of your *parfait amour*.

Months fly—still a youth with his long flowing hair,
May be seen drinking wine at the Star of St. Pierre,
And Julie-la-belle, whilst his liqueur he sips,
Still witches his heart with her eyes and her lips.
Such eyes pass not coldly when often they greet—
'T would be hard that such lips should not manage to meet. . . .
Yet I know not, in sooth, if her young troubadour
Still sighs to his lute “ *Julie, parfait amour !* ”—
If he pines in despair, or, his anguish to cure,
She has given him the glass of her *parfait amour*.

II.

BITTER VERMUTH.

(BY ANOTHER HAND.)



H, prate not to me of your *Parfait amour!*

Your old maraschino or dry curaçoa ;

Such syrupy fluids are not to my taste,

Too honied their flavour too oily their flow :

But fill me a draught that my temper will suit—

A bumper of bitingly bitter Vermuth.

I'm sick of the sugary shams that enchant

The ignorant palates of girls and of boys,—

The chalk-cover'd comfits, half poison half paint,

The pleasures that pall and the sweetness that cloys ;

Outside they 're as tempting as Dead Sea-shore fruit,

Inside—why they 're worse than my bitter Vermuth.

Then fill to the brim! and we'll drink to the Fates,

The cynical trio who parcel our lives,—

Our creditors pledge in the golden-green gall,
 And whilst we're about it we'll drink to our wives—
 Let optimists shudder, cry scandal, and hoot,
 We'll stand to our liquor : Vive bitter Vermuth !



III.

“OH, IF LIFE WERE A BUMPER.”



H, if life were a bumper of glittering wine
 And death but the bubble that bursts as it wakes,
 How gladly the magical draught we should drain
 Like the goblet that sparkles its best as it breaks,—
 For there's nothing makes joy sparkle up to the brain
 Like a glorious bumper of golden champagne !

'Tis an April-day world that we live in at best,
 So fleeting the pleasures, so dark are the cares ;

Like a landscape all chequered with shadows and mist,
Where a sunbeam is trying to kiss off its tears,—
And the sun that best shines off the mists of the brain
Is a glorious bumper of golden champagne.

Then fill up with glittering wine to the brim—
Let it smile like the smile of sweet beauty around,
Like a night-star of pleasure at morning's first beam
Some rosy Aurora still waking hath found ;—
And the last and best toast that in brimmers we'll drain
Is a glorious bumper of golden champagne !



HUNTING A "SLIPPER."



Is there any one can tell a
Fellow what's become of Bella!
(She's an angel that I've spotted
With a pig-tail) . . . Stay—I've got it . . .
Fifty pardons . . . Why that's not it?
Yet this is the corner where
She "inhabits?"—that's her chair—
Here's her card with my name in it:
Ices? ha, that must have been it,
She'll be back in half a minute:
She'll return with all her graces—
With the exquisest of faces—

Would have driven wild a Lawrence,—
Figure makes one feel abhorrence,
Of the Venuses of Florence.
Shames the Venus of Canova,
Knocks the Capitolian over,
Might have made a Milo jealous—
Such a foot and hand are Bella's!—
Twice as nice as Cinderella's. . . .
And the last step out I'll teach her,
Beaming Love in every feature,
Blushing when soft whispers reach her,
Answ'ring shyly "ask my mother" * * * *
Jove! she's dancing with another!!



THE BUTTERFLY CHAINED.



WHEN my years were gay eighteen
Rumour says that I've been seen
Oft disporting on the green

Mid the bow'rs,

Now enraptured with the rose

Now entranced by lily's snows

Or coquetting with a nose-

gay of flow'rs.

There are charms I must admit

In thus playing the coquette—

In this light *conter fleurette*

Everywhere,

From the Pic-nic to the "hop"—
At Swan & Edgar's shop,
Or sitting on the top
Ball-room stair.

In those days it's been averr'd
That my giddy pulse was stirr'd
By a glance or by a word
Shot at me,—
Now such beatings are misplaced
For my heart is locked and laced
And my Daisy at her waist
Keeps the key!



QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!!

FIRST PATIENT.



H, doctor dear make haste!

Give me something nice to taste—

I'm bent like a ball

With what you may call

A headache in the waist.

FIRST QUACK.

I'll give you a box of PILLS—

They cure all earthly ills—

Take ten at a time

You'll find it sublime—

(If it doesn't cure it kills.)

SECOND PATIENT.

Oh, doctor I shall die!

I've just poked out my eye—

It's black as a nigger

And five times bigger

Than the biggest gooseberry pie!

SECOND QUACK.

I give you a splendid LOTION,

(What it does I haven't a notion)

Keep mopping it fast

You'll find out at last

The plan of perpetual motion.

THIRD PATIENT.

Help doctor dear, I beg!

I want screwing up a "peg"—

I happened to fall

From the top of St. Paul

And fractured my dexter leg!

QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!!

THIRD QUACK.


I'll give you an OINTMENT of power—
You'll rub it in for an hour—
(If you fancy it *two*—
It's amusing for you
And won't hurt—it's tallow and flour).

CHORUS OF QUACKS AND PATIENTS.

This world's all take and give,
One dies that t'other may live,
And fools for knaves
Drop into their graves
As sand drops through a sieve!



A FINE OLD BUSTER.

Y neighbour Claptinbank is worth a pot,
And naturally feels he sheds a lustre
On the whole human family—he's what
I call a fine old Buster.

Respectable as even three per cents,
Broad as his lands and boundless as his lunches ;
His waist was once as slender as his rents—
It now resembles Punch's.

Madame is round and sound, but cheery most,
With pleasant kindly ways good-nature taught her,—
I would all mother-ladyships could boast
As nice a little daughter ! . . .

I married Maud—about this time last year—
And now think Claptinbank can well pass muster ;
Why is it, tho', he can't endure to hear
Me call him “ fine old Buster ?”





SWAIN SC

F. Du Maurier

“ DREI BITTE.”




LUE flow'r to true love dear
By haunted fountain drips,
Lend me thy lips
That I may whisper into *some one's* ear.

Lonely, my star of night,
Lovely pale star that lies
Trembling as twilight dies,
Give me thine eyes
That *some one* may look into mine for light.

And oh ye birds of wood !
And vocal fields and plain,
Hymning soft praise in vain
For me answering not again,
Teach me your strain—
I too would sing to *some one*, Love is good.



AN UNINVITED GUEST.

HE supper and the song had died
When to my couch I crept ;
I flung the muslin curtains wide
And took a first-class place inside—
It might have seemed I slept.

Yet scarce the drowsy god had woo'd
My pillow to befriend,
When fancy, how extremely rude ?
A fellow evidently screw'd
Got in, *the other end!*

The bolster from my side he took
To make his own complete,
Then gazed at me with scornful look,-
With wrath my very pulses shook
And quivered to my feet.

I kicked of course—long time in doubt
The war waged to and fro ;
At last I kicked the rascal out
And woke—to find explosive gout
Developed in my toe.



AT BRINDISI, ON BOARD THE P. & O.



CAN'T say much for "Brindisi the blest,"
As one poor lady called it who was sick,
But yet to English eyes it boasts a charm—
A strip of deep green grass, that after sand
And olive-tinted fields and groves and trees,
Comes with a cool refreshing hope of home.
And tranquilly beside the "Pera" lies,
As glad to rest after her long sea-strife ;
But all upon her deck is bustling life,
For last *adios* wished, hand-shakings past,
And civil stewardess "tipped" like Dian's shafts,
Each one just now is looking after one,
Excepting Benedict, who seeks his spouse,

Not yet emerged from cabin mysteries,
And charges up the trunk-encumber'd poop,
Regardless of his own or others' neck
Or long-backed chairs which bump his faithful legs.

There goes our gay grass-widow whom they call
The "Stormy Petrel," for she tells her friends
There's always some disaster when she sails ;
And she has sailed three times with Captain Jack,
And every time a damage or a loss—
A twisted axle or a broken screw—
And when he saw her on the gangway first
At Alexandria, crying "Now I've come
Captain, look out for squalls !" he was so mad
They thought he'd send her back ; but all went well
For some one hid a horse-shoe in her berth. . . .

And there's the stout Mynheer who always wears
A patent air-belt underneath his coat

And loaded pistols ready primed to shoot
The thief, who in the wreck and strain for life
Would filch his prize—his belt. And once they made
Pretence that we must sink, and this fat man,
Too scant of breath t' inflate the saviour bag,
Went rushing madly up and down the ship
Beseeching every one "Give me von blow!" . . .

Our pets are going too—the pale-faced ape
Who look'd so mild but bit me to the bone ;
The Colonel's poodle, Mop, and last not least,
The cockatoo who called poor Bishop Smith
"A (naughty word) old fool," and had to be
Removed for laughing, when his Reverence read
The prayers on Sunday on the quarter-deck.
Going, going, gone! and I'm the last that's left
Perched like a Jew amongst a heap of coats :
Well good-bye all ! and good-bye too my May,
For here comes Gus to say the train is in.

“THE WORLD’S MINE OYSTER.”



HE world’s mine oyster!” but, alas!

No other oyster’s in my reach;

Oh friends, how does it come to pass

That you’ve arrived at threepence each?

Time was—away, bewildering thought!

The fancy sets my pulses thrilling—

A dozen “natives” might be bought,

With bread and butter, for a shilling . . .

But these are glories of the past,

We hardly wonder where they’ve got to;

A generation’s coming fast

Wont even recollect “the grotto,”—

And when that old New Zealand swell
Arrives on London bridge to pose,
He'll find the final oyster-shell
Suspended from Britannia's nose !



A BRACE OF VALENTINES.

I.

TO A LADY, WITH A RING.



SWEET Valentine, dear lady mine,
Love lays an offering at your shrine—
Yet mete not by this span of gold
That which would reach thro' years untold,
Would burn when life itself is cold.
Not with the dazzling fitful gleam
That gilds the stripling's fever-dream,—
(For love—the dream-love of the boy—
Is but a glittering summer toy—)
But with the strong and steady glow
But with the deep and tender flow,
That a man's heart alone can know,

Pouring his soul out at her feet
Whose smile could make all dark things sweet . . .
Love undivided close and dear
With ready arm to guide and cheer,
His breast her shield from every fear :
Love changeless still, where change is rife,
Thro' storm and calm, thro' peace and strife,
For grief for joy, for death for life !
Love breathed in one soft whisper—wife.



II.

WITH A BUTTERFLY'S WING.




WHEN Flora the fair blossomed forth as a rose
In the burden of beauty and summer of scent,
Is't known that she buried her blushes in snows ?
Or waited to scatter her sweets till she went ?

See the butterfly, burnished with glitter and gold,
How he decks himself out for his bridals in June ;
If he waited for wooing till autumn was old
Don't you think he might find his enchantress had flown ?

Then, loiterer, list my advice in your ear—
Fly frosts of the winter and showers of spring,
Shine out like the sun whilst the summer is here
And the tints of the rainbow are all on the wing !



CONTER FLEURETTE.

“OVES me—he loves me not”—

Ah, golden Margaret !

Tell me, then, has he got

Truth in his heart or not,

Love in his heart or what ?—

Conter fleurette.

Ah, tell me true, I pray,

Gentle white Margaret

What does my lover say

Now he is far away,

Where do his glances stray—

Is it at Maud or May ?—

Conter fleurette.

I have a fear full sore,
 Weary, my Margaret,—
That he has taken more
Than he gave ten times o'er,
Loit'ring by lattice door,
Listing the streamlet's pour,
Ling'ring on sunset shore—

Conter fleurette !





WITH THE HORSE "WHITE-MIST."¹



THE sequel of to-day dissevers all
This fellowship of straight riders, and hard men
To hounds—the flyers of the hunt . . .

I think

That we shall never more in days to come
Hold cheery talk of hounds and horses, each
Praising his own the most,—shall steal away
Through brake and coppice-wood, or side by side
Breast the sharp bullfinch and deep-holding dyke,
Sweep through the uplands, skim the vale below,
And leave the land behind us like a dream.


¹ Lines sent to the late Charles Buxton, M.P., with a favourite horse, on the author giving up hunting owing to an accident in the hunting field.

Farewell to all ! to the brave sport I loved—
Though Paget swore that I should ride again—
But yet I think I shall not ; I have done :
My hunt is hunted : I have skimmed the cream,
The blossom of the seasons, and no more
For me shall gallant Scott have cause for wrath,
Or injured Smallpiece mourn his wasted crops.

Now, therefore, take my horse, which was my pride
(For still thou know'st he bore me like a man—),
And wheel him not, nor plunge him in the mere,
But set him straight and give his head the rein,
And he shall bear thee lightly to the front,
Swifter than wind, and stout as truest steel,
And none shall rob thee of thy pride of place.



MUSICAL UNDERTONES.

ERR BELLOWS won't you sing?
(Or rather won't you *roar*?—)
I should like so to accompany you—
(As far as the street door) . . .

Miss Squeals will take her part
In that charming duette by Meyer,
With Signor Buffo? (that's *two* at a go,
I wish I could do them "en choir") . . .

Lord Whooper sings I know
(Too well! and always flat)
What an exquisite air—(for a dirge on the stair!
Assisted by the cat) . . .

Shan't we hear *your* voice, madame ?

(Be thanked ! she's a cold in the head—)

Pray pity our loss—(what a fool I was !

She's going to “ play instead ”) . . .

“ Encore ! ” (oh, I can't stand this—

They're going it, hammer and tongs :

Confound them all ! I'll go out in the hall

And leather away at the gongs !)



A DAISY CHAIN.



HE white-rose decks the breast of May,

The red-rose smiles in June,

Yet autumn chills and winter kills

And leaves their stems alone ;

Ah, swiftly dies the garden's pride

Whose sleep no waking knows,—

But my love she is the daisy

That all the long year grows.

The early woods are gay with green,

The fields are pranked with gold,

But fair must fade and green be greyed

Before the year is old ;

The blue-bell hangs her shining head,
No more the oxslip blows,—
But my love she is the daisy
That all the long year grows.

Still deck, wild woods, your mantle green,
All meads bright jewels wear,
Let showers of Spring fresh violets bring
And sweetness load the air ;
Whilst summer boasts her roses red
And March her scented snows,—
My love be still the daisy,
And my heart whereon she grows.



ON GHOSTS :

BY A MATERIALIST.



DON'T go much for ghosts—altho' no doubt
Humanitarians feel a predilection
For such "leave-ticket" gentry, loose about
In history and fiction ;—

Familiar spirits, loved but *never* lost !

Like that vex'd shade in Corsica's twin Brothers,
Or in Macbeth, Don Juan, Hamlet, Faust,
And half a hundred others :

Of which, N. B., not half are ghosts at all,
But nondescripts defying diagnosis
Tho' Mrs. Crowe herself the list should call
Of each metempsychosis.

Faust's Mephistopheles who filch'd his soul
 Was just a "psychic" with a kleptomania,
 (In this resembling Oberon—who stole
 The changeling of Titania—)

Ondine's a "Nymph," who wanted to be kissed
 And didn't, both at once, case not uncommon,—
 And, barring liquids, it must be confessed
 A rather nice young woman :

Ariel's a puzzle, or has always been
 To me—altho' the part plays neatly, very,—
 But then it's only fair to add I've seen
 It acted by Kate Terry :

Avenel's White Lady of the Fountain grieved
 Because the girdle at her waist grew shorter,
 Proving herself, if Scott's to be believed,
 No ghost of Adam's daughter :

Witches arn't ghosts, or ghosts still in the flesh,
 Altho' they ride on broomsticks over ditches ;
 And this being thus, the point that's raised afresh
 Is to know which is witches ?

A Sylphide's what—I know not—not *a miss*—
 Nor fragile Peri from a rose-leaf sipping,
 Mermaids and Naiads wear a charming dress
 But run too much to dripping.

Then there's the Dry-ad, just by way of change,
 Brownie and Banshee, Troll—but he's a wood-fellow,—
 Fays, Elves, and Sprites who toadstool rings arrange
 And Puck or Robin Goodfellow ;—

Kelpie and Kobold, Wraith, and Spook, and Pix,
 Hobgoblin, Imp, and things of smaller matter,
 Not worth invoking—Bogie, Gnome, and Nix,
 “Hyperion to a Satyr.” . . .

And still they come ! they come before I call—

Indeed, I'd no idea so vast their bulk was.

Adieu, sweet friends ! give me, if ghosts at all

Ghosts solid—as Fitzfulk was.



POSTSCRIPT TO GHOSTS.



T seems that after all there 've been left out
Some "most respectables," to favour brevity—
The apparitions mean to make it hot
For treating them with levity.

A Siren hints I must have lost my eyes,
A Harpy kindly lets me know I'm "wanted,"
A Houri threatens me with Paradise,
A Hag with being haunted.

If this were all I might p'raps "chance the ducks"
But there's a Vampyre making frightful faces ;
A Ghoul has routed all my guardian Pucks
And offers its embraces. . . .

So there,—now, let's make peace!—But when all's done
These kind wont "act" with Edmund Phelps or Fechter,
At least your genuine Ghost has got some fun,
The real Shakspearian Spectre.

The King of Denmark was a gallant soul
Fresh run from Styx, and lively as a samlet,
('Twas Hamlet's uncle murder'd the "old mole,"
And Fechter murder'd Hamlet.)

But still the shade was honestest than most,
And what he owed his brother came and paid him.
As for Macbeth—but stay, he's not a ghost,
Or Irving would have laid him! . . .

And so adieu, sweet friends—going, going, *gone!*
I have enshrined you in a splendid ditty,
And wont be haunted more by any one—
Unless they're young and pretty.

A REPLY TO BIRTHDAY STANZAS.



DEAR poet of the playful pen,

Who fling'st thy rhyme in airy wreath

And graceful cadence of sweet breath

Upon the graceless sons of men—

Be sure the fairy flowers you twine,

With bud and bloom and scented sweets,

Warm from the kindest heart that beats,

Will shed a fragrance over mine.

Not often is life's past complete,

And seldom can th' auspicious fête

That tells him he is thirty-eight

To man be altogether sweet.

But tho' my sun has well nigh set,
One ray across the gathering night
Has cast a fair and lingering light
That gilds the horizon yet.



LADY 'BELL'S CATECHISM.



WHAT are your “load-stars,” sir?—“My Bella’s eyes :”

And what’s the sweetest of “sweet air?”—“Her sighs :”

Where does the “bee suck?”—“From her honied lip,
(Wish I’d the luck, just a rewarding sip !”)

Who “smiles and smiles,” and not one false?—“My sweet :”

What look as if they “dreamt a valse?”—“Her feet :”

What is her arm?—A “wreath as moonlight fair :”

Her hand, “so white, so warm?”—“A sceptre rare—

(The only rule to which I bow, my pet !”)

Stuff! pay attention now, and don’t forget :—

Where is the “glass of fashion?”—“In her eye !” . . .

(You’ll put me in a passion if you try !—)

What is the “mould of form,” then?—“Bella’s bonnet :”

(Good gracious! Tom, I think you’re sitting on it!) . . .

What is "each changeful fancy's sport?"—"The moon:"

It's nothing of the sort, you know—"A spoon:"

What's "changeless yet; tho' all should turn away" . . .

(Hullo! this grass is getting damp, I say—)

A "thing of beauty and a joy," what is it, tell?—

"My loved and loving lovely lady Bell!"





MAYFAIR ON SKATES.

(*Recitative. Allegro.*)



O you think the ice is safe, Mr. Beard?—I'm sure

I shall never be able to stand—

A chair? (he wants to put me off with a chair!)

thank you, but I think I should prefer a hand . . .

Oh, please don't let me go! I shall fall—I know I shall—

I feel I *must*—O dear! . . .

I told you so!—and—oh, Mr. Beard, I'm so ashamed, I
really didn't mean to pull your hair!

CHORUS.

For here we fall

And there we sprawl,—

This bumping is pernicious ;
 Yet Charley swears
 And Blanche declares
 That skating's quite delicious !

* * * * *

Thank you so much—I hope I've not tired you . . . light,
 am I? I'm sure I feel like lead ;

(It's very kind of him to say he's not a bit tired, but he looks
 half dead)—

Getting on awfully fast?—Yes, dreadfully! I feel I couldn't
 stop myself to save my life—

And here's Lord Dash towing Lady D. backwards like a
 lightning conductor, or a pilot engine with a wife,—

He'll be over us in half a minute!—can't somebody manage
 to catch me?—Ada, elf! . . .

Was there ever! . . . hurt myself did you say, sir? No, sir,
 I did *not* hurt *myself*! . . .

He'll scatter someone else directly—look, I told you so—
 there's Constance down and there goes Fanny Flop,

And Katy, and Ada with her "ice wings," and the three Miss Maypoles, and huge Mrs. MacAnak at the top :
 Why can't the man look where he's going to, or skate forwards like other people, I should like to know ?—
 He's bowling them over like ninepins, and, oh hurrah ! I declare he's bowled *himself* over at last into a great heap of snow !

CHORUS.

For here we slip
 And there we trip
 In moments too ambitious ;
 Yet Blanche declares
 And Charley swears
 That skating's quite delicious !

* * * * *

The Lancers ? What on skates ? Of all things !—wouldn't it be jolly ?

Richard can dance with me, and I'll introduce you to my country cousin Polly :

Rather have me? No, would you? I thought you'd like
better to have danced with her;

Only Polly always goes wrong in the Grand Chain and Dick
systematically refuses to stir. . . .

Can't somebody *whistle?*—They'll never get on like this—
but we'll finish it in spite of spites,—

What's stopping us now? Oh it's the girl with the pretty
feet again wanting her skate straps put to rights;—

And pray what are *you* about, sir? New Lancer step?
Nonsense, it's nothing of the sort, I know,

Its spread—"addle," or "eagle," or something, but you've
fairly settled the "set," and I believe that's what you
wanted to do,—

So we'll go and cut some "eights," shall we? or "threes
back?" (Yes, I know your stupid joke about my "back-
ward roll;")

Or make a voyage of discovery to the furthest ice, like
Captain Cook or Franklyn when they got to the top
of North Pole!

CHORUS.

For here we slide
And there we glide
Tho' Ma may look suspicious ;
A fall or two
Don't matter a sou,
And skating IS delicious !



THE "MATRIMONIAL NEWS."



YEAR ago with pockets full
My steps would often range,
To do a modest "bear" or "bull"
From Grub Street to th' Exchange ;
Sometimes my glance was golden-hued—
Sometimes I'd got the blues,—
But smile or frown
Could not put down
The "Matrimonial News."

"I say, sir! Marry! Want a wife?"

"The Devil!"—"Here you are!—"

"Just only buy the 'News and try"——

"Be off!"—"a penny!!" . . . "bah!!!"


And now, you know, I'm really wed,—
Perhaps I took the hint?—
At all events I'm fairly rid
Of that obnoxious print ;

For since the hour I said " I will,"
All note the brats refuse,
No youthful tout now spreads me out
The " Matrimonial News."

It can't be in my cut of coats,—
I'm not increasing fat,—
I still wear Hoby-Humby's boots
And Lincoln-Bennett's hat,
And thro' a single eye glass squint
The most benignant views ;—
But frown or smile
I can't beguile
The " Matrimonial News !"

PINCHER.

I.

AREWELL—sleep soft! whilst over mosses grow,
Kindest of all thy race was ever seen;
Some tears are thine, some drops of long adieu
From hearts where still thy memory shall be green.

II.

Farewell!—but oh! how often did'st thou lay
A soft head and brown eyes upon my breast,
Nestling and sighing deep, as if to say
“I love, I love you—master think the rest!”

III.

Companion both and terror of my gun,
Who all inapt, yet ardent for the chase,

Plunged in the crackling marsh when snipe was down
Spurr'd by ambitions alien to thy race ;

IV.

Or else, when bluebells rang thro' woods of May
Girt by the winding stream where alders nod,
How would'st thou drive th' amphibious foe to bay
Dripping and panting like some river god. . . .

V.

Farewell ! farewell ! and yet one last caress,
Old comrade, friend, for truer ne'er can be ;
Whose faults were only virtues in excess,
Whose virtues faultless—there's a star for thee !



NEXT MORNING.



F some one's head's not very bright
At least the owner bears no malice . . .
Who was it pulled my nose last night,
And begged an interview at Calais ?

The quarrel was not much, I think,
For such a deadly arbitration,—
Some joke about the “missing link”
And all the rest inebriation.

In vino veritas! which means
A man's a very ass in liquor ;
The “thief that slowly steals our brains”
Makes nothing but the temper quicker.

Next morning brings a train of woes,
But finds the passions much sedater—
Who was it, now, that pulled my nose?—
I'd better go and ask the waiter.



DAISY'S DIGIT.



FINGER with the circlet slight,
That keeps it warm and cosy,
Wee winsome third left-handed doight
So white and warm and rosy,—
More taper digits there may be,
More lips may kiss and cling on,
This tiny finger's best to me—
The one I put the ring on.

Some fingers may perhaps proclaim
A precedence of *status*,
To point the shaft of praise or blame
Or scorn at those that hate us ;

Lay down the law, you counsel small!—

Your barbéd arrows string on!

To me this finger's best of all—

The one I put the ring on.

My finger has not worked a bit

In caligraphics dainty,

The busy thimble dares not fit

The type of Suzerainty,—

Such weapons of bewild'ring art

I have no wit to sing on,

This fairy finger holds my heart—

The one I put the ring on.



LONDON'S "SUEZ CANAL."



WHAT pretty girls one sees about!

At rink and race, at ball and rout,

At drums and dinners,—

In books, where Ænids find Geraints,

In pictures Mr. Millais paints,

In church—I'm fond of such young saints
and sinners.

A score at least one's sure to meet

From Charing Cross to Oxford Street,

Or climbing hilly

St. James's, where of clubdom sick,

Old fogeys voted at old Nick

Fond glances turn at 4 towards Pic-
-cadilly.

Muse favoured haunt of all that's gay!
Whose every stone has had its day
 Of loves and graces!
Your triumphs many a bard can tell,
Fred Locker sings them passing well,
I know you bear away the bell
 for faces.

Along your Strand converging flow
The social tides to Rotten Row,
 Beloved and shady;
Old Gouty trundles with his "pair,"
De Boodle saunters, cane in air—
And wonders who's that golden hair-
 'd young lady? . . .

But whether gold or black or grey
Fashion decrees her slaves shall say
 The *dernier goût* is,

I bask away the balmy days
And write these verses to your praise
in Cairo.

Across the desert ridges high
Long lines of camels track the sky,
The pink lights flicker,—
The day has done his golden race—
The Mussulman kneels in his place
The pilgrim turns his patient face
to Mecca. . . .

All here's aglow with summer sun—
There hugs black frost his mantle dun
In winter chilly :
Yet could I stand on Simla's desk
And westward—ere this watch's tick
Old England ho ! for me, and Pic-
-cadilly !

“A POCKET VENUS.”



MABEL isn't quite fifteen,

She's just like some dolls I've seen—

Could they mischief mean us ;

Two red lips my doll has got,

Eyes like blue forget-me-not,

Flaxen ringlets—such a lot!—

May's my pocket Venus.

May has got a figure fine

Tho' she says her boots are “*nine!*”—

That's a joke between us,—

She's a foot outruns the breeze,

Killing ankles if you please,

You should see her climbing trees!


May, my pocket Venus.



In abbreviated frock
That would Mrs. Grundy shock,
 Had she only seen us,—
Tripping, dancing like a fay,
Playing hide and seek—some day
I should like to hide away
Altogether charming May
 As my pocket Venus!



THE COMING RACE.

OOK back, look back! a hundred years—
The retrospect is funny;
Men-kind, the puppets of an hour,
Monopolizing place and pow'r,
And spending all the money.

Now ladies of creation sit
Like gods of ancient story,
Arranging all sub-lunar things,
With lady-popes and lady-kings,
And lady-judge and jury.

One privilege to man is left—
The privilege of earning

The dross that pays the weekly bills—
All hints beside of former ills
 We pride ourselves on spurning.

The chain that once we used to hug
 We now agree to hate ;
No skirts our tameless ankles vex,
No ringlets stigmatize the sex,
 Nor bonnets—*pas si bête !*

A slightly classic style of dress,
 Is quite preferred, you know,
Not absolutely statuesque,
But like the heroes of burlesque,
 A century ago.

Blacks, greys, and drabs are out of date
 We fancy livelier hues ;

The modest crimson silk looks neat,
Or sky-blue velvet *tout en suite*,
With pearl-bespangled shoes.

The men would fain affect our style
As far as they were able ;
Of course that could not be endured,
Their peacock-ships we quickly cured,
And toned them down to sable !

Our parliament decreed besides,
What seemed a little harsh—
On pain of death no male should wear
A quizzing-glass or short-cropped hair,
Beard, whiskers, or moustache.

Malt, hops, to brew they were forbid,
Nor pipes allowed to carry ;

Cigars and brandy lead to debts,
And everything but cigarettes
 And claret, to old Harry.

At first they tried the fixed balloons,
 And smoked upon the quiet ;
But when we cut the ropes adrift,
And left the aeronauts to shift
 They almost raised a riot.

And what a howl the creatures made,
 As if they'd all got *rabies*,
When mothers ruled it was the *chic*
That fathers should in future stick
 At home and mind the babies !

It's not to be supposed that we
 Could drudge in toil domestic.

When daily we attend debate—
Law, Physic, and the Pulpit wait
Our presences majestic. . . .

And that reminds me to indite
My “pastoral” on Hades . . .
Does it exist? Where can it be? . . .
Not where the state is truly free.—
N.B. That is for ladies.



TWO LETTERS.



BRACE of letters—one by far

Too black, and one with silver label;

I'll toss for which shall have the *pas*—

Black wins! come then my friend in sable. . .

* * * *

Run down at last? Ten years ago

He plucked with me the tree of knowledge,

Was “pluckt” for the same “little go”

And rowed in the same eight at College.

Poor Charley! once so frank and free!

But duns and doctors did their killing;

I think I heard he could not pay

At last even the proverbial shilling.

The pauper's pound : now Death squares all,
 From debt or duns no more gainsayment,—
 I lent him fifty, and must call
 To-day at Woking for repayment !

* * * *

Let's hope there's something livelier here—
 These silver trimmings hint a wedding,
 I almost fancy I could swear
 An orange-blossom odour's spreading. . . .

What Blanche mignonne ! my fairy friend !
 And who may be the lucky fellow ?
 Next week your pretty pranks must end ?—
 Some score will have to wear the willow.

I wonder if you mean to bid
 Each former victim of your graces
 To see their fickle tyrant wed ?
 If so they'll want a lot of places.

There was a time I might have been
Averse to render such assistance,—
But you've forgot our tiff since then,
And I'd forgotten your existence !



VENI, VIDI, VICI.

* * * *



N unfledged heiress in her 'teens,
And worth a "plum" they say ;
With charms to move an anchorite—
The Duke made running at first sight,
But didn't seem to "stay"—
I mean to-night to wire in.
No "waiting" business—run to win—
You know my slashing way,
The *veni, vidi, vici* style,
Short, sharp, decisive, eh ? . . .

* * *

* * *

It's all U. P., old boy,—I'm done !
 Could laugh, if 'tweren't for spite ;—
 “ Unfledged,” indeed !—an old coquette !
 She'll teach them all *conter fleurettes*,
 And *conter scalps*, the kite !
 She's up to every move that's out,
 Knows when to sigh and smile and pout
 And “ plays ” you as you'd play a trout—
 The more fool I to bite !

At first she seemed to like the pace
 And answered to the bit,
 Blushed when I praised her twinkling feet,
 Whilst her two eyes grew dark and sweet—
 Green eyes with mischief lit,—
 “ I'm like a grape from the rich South,
 (They said) to drop into your mouth—
 Why don't you open it ? ” . . .

Ah, les yeux verts, les yeux d'enfer !—

The artful doll-faced chit !

I clasped her jewelled hand in mine

And through the gallop flew,

Her yielding waist my arm compressed,

Her whispered words almost caressed,—

“ Please hold me tighter, so ”— . . .

Then led her drooping to a seat

(Here the scene changed, you know).

I whispered “ hearts are more than gold ! ”

(Now for a lucky fluke !)

She said “ so I’ve been often told,”

“ Then hear me swear to all I hold ”—

She smiled—“ I think I won’t ! ”

(One effort more to wire in)

“ You do not care for me a pin ! ”

She laughed—“ of course I don’t ! ”

Then gently yawning—"There's mama
Is looking for me—thanks—ta-ta!"—
And left me speechless, *planté la*,—
(P.S.) The minx has hooked the Duke.



A FABLE WITH A MORAL.



, WAKEN snakes!" a herald cried,
" Attend to what I say ;
The bearer of a mandate, sent
To call a general parliament—
Oyez ! oyez !! oyez !!!"

" A congress of all rattle-snakes
Whom indignation pales,
That we alone of serpent kind
An instrument of torture find
Appended to our tails."

“ An instrument that signal gives
To every snake-molester ;
That warns mankind to clear the course
And often wakens up per force
Ourselves from our *sicsta*.”

“ It makes us all look white and wan
Thus robbed of peaceful slumber ;
It's neither useful that we find,
Nor ornamental, to our mind,
And serves but to encumber.”

“ Wherefore . . . a Parliament is fixed
By *croctalistic* usance,
To legislate upon the point
How to curtail this caudal joint
And remedy the nuisance.”

* * *

The day was set, the serpents met
Prepared for wordy battle;
They met—alas! no single word
By clerk or congress could be heard
But one stupendous rattle!



TWENTY-ONE TO-MORROW.



YOU are young ; I'm getting old,
Cara Mia !

In the glass when I behold
Touched locks in contrasted fold,
Mine are gray, and yours are gold,
Cara Mia.

Twenty—forty ; that's the score,
Cara Mia ;

One to two, a trifle o'er—
Why wern't you a decade more ?
Why am I not twenty-four,

Cara Mia ?

Twice your age! no time to say,

“ Cara Mia ;”

Doubled years make short delay . . .

Happy thought! after to-day

Can't again be *double*, eh,

Cara Mia ?



A JAPANESE PUZZLE.



LITTLE So-sli has an almond eye

And a foot that's fit for the graces,

She's pearls in her lips, and her finger-tips

Determined by golden cases.

Her cousin, you know, is little So-slo,

(*So fast* more correct—less idyllic)

Her mouth's a red rose, and as for her nose

It's Celestial and therefore angelic.

The worst of it is—for So-sli's a quiz,

And So-slo would plague her own brother

When for mischief inclined—I can't make up my mind

If it's this one I like or the other.

You can choose with more ease, from the cut, if you please,
Tho' you'll hardly get love for your labours,
But if all Japanese are as pretty as these
It's provoking we arn't nearer neighbours ?



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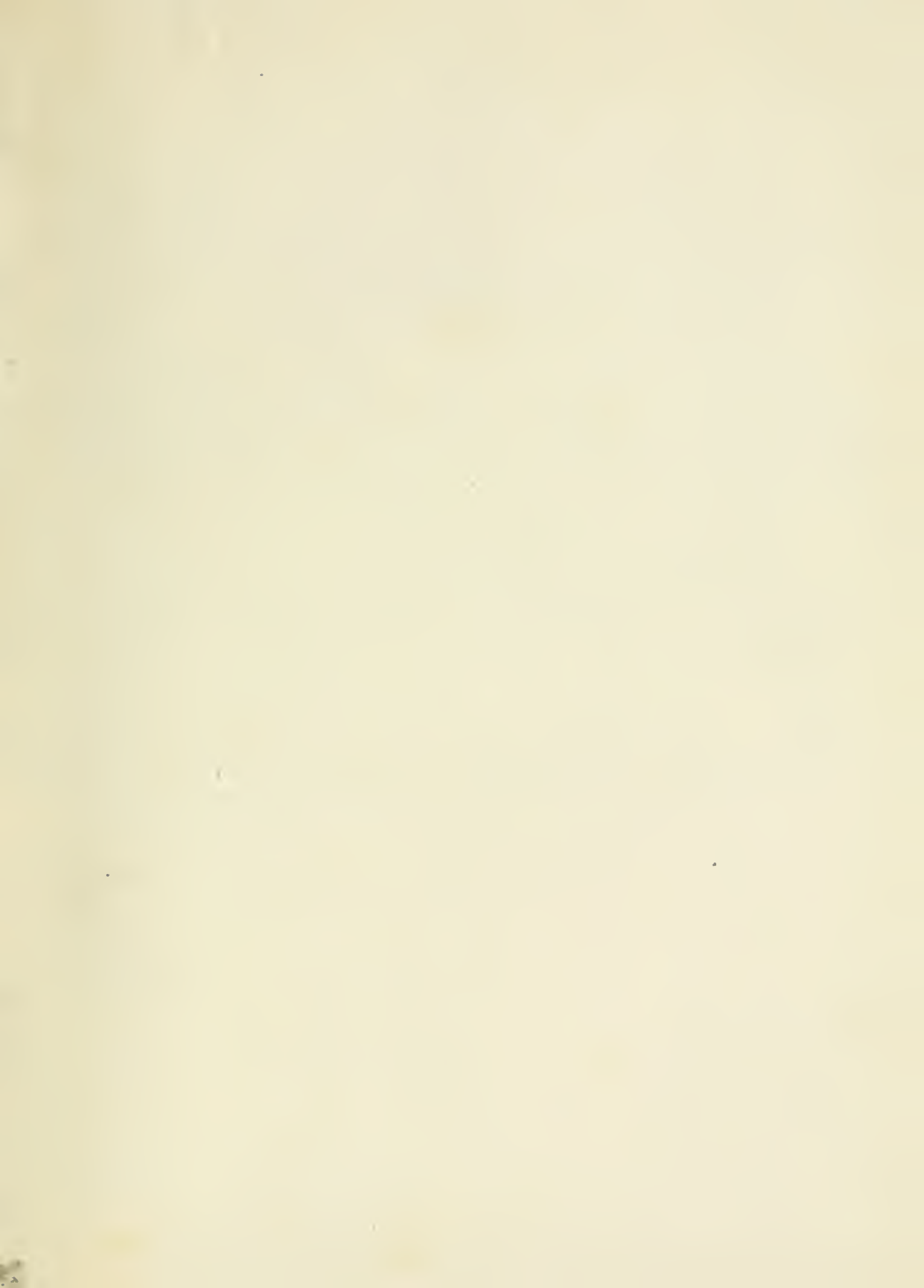
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