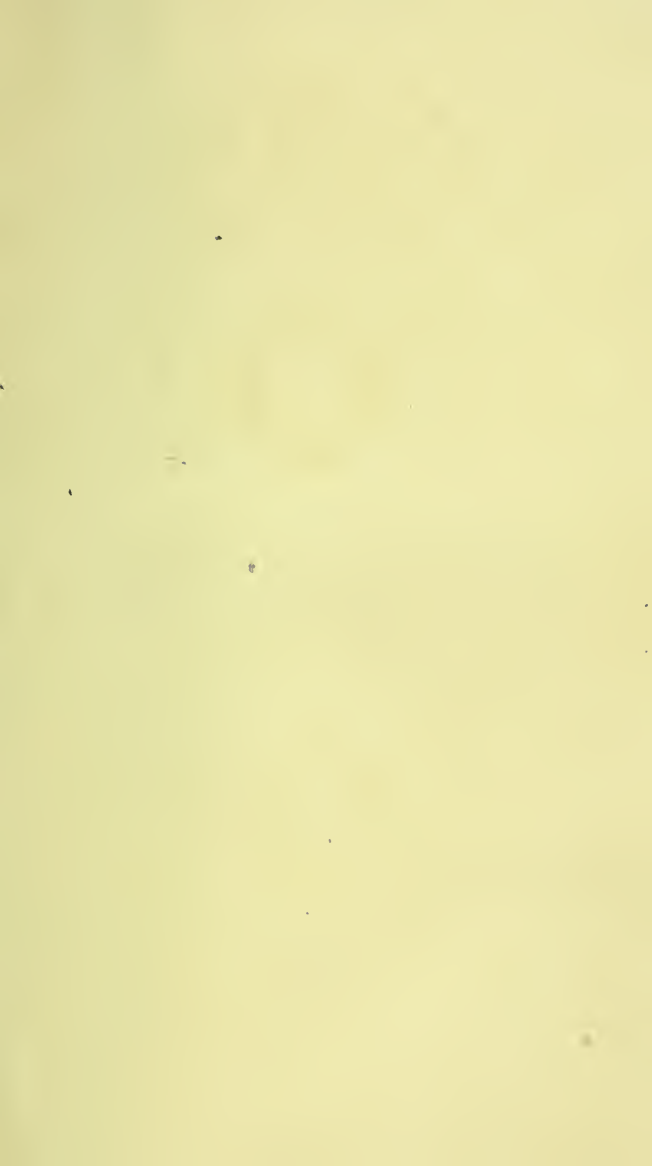




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LEGENDS IN VERSE.



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The Barber of Avignon.—Page 201.

LEGENDS



LONDON: JAMES BLACKWOOD,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1855

LEGENDS

IN VERSE ;

HUMOROUS, SERIOUS, SARCASTIC, SENTIMENTAL,
AND SUPERNATURAL.

BY

ALFRED W. COLE,

*Author of "The World in Light and Shade," "The Cape and the
Kaffirs," etc., etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY.

Θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.—ANACREON.

Levare diris pectora solitudinibus.—HORACE.

Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.—SHAKSPERE.

LONDON :

JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.

PR
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TO

ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.,

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN OF LETTERS,

THE POPULAR FAVOURITE, AND, ABOVE ALL,

THE VALUED FRIEND OF ALL WHO

KNOW HIM,

THE AUTHOR

INSCRIBES

This Volume.

94503

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PREFACE.

“GOOD wine needs no bush,”
And a Preface wont push
A bad book into notice—a good one can't need it—
But the Publisher hints,
That whatever *he* prints
Has always a Preface, though no one may read it.

So the Author complies,
As he audibly sighs,
And resignedly turns up the whites of his eyes ;
In the ink his pen dives
At the task as he strives—
Needs must when unpleasant necessity drives.

Dear reader, kind reader, good, generous, gentle,
 (As *my* reader d' you doubt
 How soon I found out
 That you've every perfection, corporeal and mental?)
 When first you shall chance
 On this volume to glance,
 Don't toss it aside with a "pooh-pooh," but try it—
 Just read it, or risk three and sixpence and *buy it*.

Having purchased the book you've a right to abuse
 it,
 If your temper, your taste, or your judgment so choose
 it.

The Legends may n't suit you, you may n't understand
 'em
 May n't like them—*de gustibus non disputandum*—
 But, don't be severe; don't abuse them for lacking
 The brilliance of Homer, or Warren's jet blacking.
 Don't sneer at the author, but take this momento—
 In no single line he has ever put pen to
 Is he aiming High Art or Poetical glory at,
 Or has the least thought of supplanting the Laureat.

If he can't make you smile,
If he cannot beguile
Dull care from her place at your elbow awhile—
Then he *has* missed his aim,
And does hereby proclaim
That henceforth he will never attempt any Legends—
No never—till even Sebastopol's siege ends.
He cannot use language that's clearer or stronger,
Or fix on a date that were probably longer.

And so with this vow,
He makes you his bow—
His Prologue is spoken in accents uncertain,
The prompter's bell rings—and up rises the curtain.

A. W. C.

London, July, 1855.

LEGENDS IN VERSE.

THE GHOST OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

A Legend of Amsterdam.

PUFF!—puff!—puff!—from the glowing bowl of clay
Rise clouds of smoke
Enough to choke
As the Dutchman pulls away.

Sip!—sip!—sip!—what fragrant vapours pass
To the tippler's nose,
As the liquor flows,
And the Dutchman drains his glass.

Sip!—sip!—sip! and puff!—puff!—puff!
Of the weed to smoke,
And Schiedam to soak,
What Dutchman has enough?

Twirl!—twirl!—twirl!—the wheel goes spinning round,
 As with anxious brow,
 By the Dutchman's frow,
 The worsted threads are wound.

Prose!—prose!—prose!—in one unchanging tone,
 As the old frow sits,
 And spins and knits,
 The old frow talks alone.

Twirl!—twirl!—twirl! and prose!—prose!—prose!
 What old Dutch frow
 Has said enow
 While round the wheel still goes?

Thus sat by the chimney Mynheer Van der Schmellar,
 A Dutchman renown'd for his excellent cellar
 Of Hollands, Geneva, Schiedam, cau-de-vie,
 Rum, whiskey, potheen, and whatever may be
 The several other correct designations
 Of all alcoholical known distillations.
 And there sat his wife, a good motherly dame,
 In a snowy white cap, and a tippet the same,
 And a russet-brown dress of the best linsey woollen,—
 Rather short in the skirts, but remarkably full in
 The regions where Nature throughout all that land
 Has lavish'd her gifts with so bounteous a hand:
 And stockings and mittens, grey, warm, and well-fitting,
 And all of the old lady's own proper knitting;

And shoes with high heels, and with very broad toes,
And her tortoise-shell spectacles stuck on her nose.

Mynheer kept on puffing huge volumes of smoke
And draining his glass, but Mynheer never spoke—
Except when his frow's tongue a moment might flag,
When Mynheer gave his head an oracular wag,
And removing his pipe from his lips—but not far,
Grunted out from the folds of his waistcoat a "Ya!"

The dame kept on talking as fast as she spun,
'T would puzzle to say which the faster might run,
Her tongue or her spinning-wheel; truly the latter
Effected some good by its voluble clatter,
Which can't be pronounced of the old lady's chatter.

Well, Mynheer kept on smoking and drinking and
dozing,
His frow kept on chatting and spinning and prosing,
The candle kept dancing and splutt'ring and flaring,
The fire kept on crackling and blazing and glaring,
The wheel kept on turning and twisting and twirling,
The smoke kept on rising and rolling and curling,
The grog kept on steaming and seething and reeking,
The wind kept on whistling and howling and shrieking,
The rain on the windows kept driving and pattering,
Sluicing and dashing and hissing and clattering—
When all on a sudden Mynheer and his frow
Both started and looked—I can hardly tell how,

But remarkably queer,
As if struck with the fear
That the Deuce or his tail were unpleasantly near!

For Mynheer and his frow they heard a sound
That seem'd to come from out the ground—
A low, deep sound—a kind of moan—
More than a sigh—not quite a groan ;
But spite the wind and spite the rain
They heard that sound again—again—
Creeping up and creeping round—
It *was* a most unearthly sound !
It made their hearts beat loud and quick ;
It made their breath come short and thick ;
It made their blood appear to freeze ;
It made them shake in jaws and knees ;
It made their hair to stand upright ;
It made their cheeks and lips turn white ;
It made them sit, and stare, and quake—
I don't know what it *didn't* make !

And then at the door there came a knock
That gave them a kind of electric shock,
For both had read, and both well knew,
As a singular fact, and strictly true,
Whenever a ghost, an imp, a bogie,
Or other such unsubstantial fogie,
Is out for the night, and is paying visits
To mortals on earth, so particular is its

Extreme politeness, that ever before
It enters the chamber it knocks at the door—
Not a hurried rap, as a man's might be,
But a solemn, mystic—one ! two ! three !

And this was the kind of knock they heard ;
But neither could utter a single word
To bid them " come in," or to ask " who's there ? "
Still less did either poor mortal dare
To rise from their seats and to go and see
Who might the ghostly visitor be.

The handle turns, the hinges grate
(They have n't been properly greas'd of late),
And the room door slowly opens wide,
And a tall, black figure seems to glide,
As with solemn step he comes inside !

His face was white as driven snow—
'Tis said that a ghost's is always so
As fresh air's exceedingly scarce below,—
His eyes were dark in hue, but bright
With a glaring, piercing sort of light.
His lips were of whitish, bluish grey—
Like a winter sky's at the break of day—
And the only sign of life-blood seen
Was half-way the mouth and the eyes between—
For, strange as the fact, we undoubtedly think !
The tip of his nose was decidedly pink !

He wore a long black cloak, or gown,
With a hood drawn over his shaven crown
In many an ample fold, and round
His waist a snow-white rope was bound.

Stately and solemn he closed the door,
And stalked along the chamber floor,
And he took a chair, and he drew it near
To the Dutchman's hearth and the Dutchman's
cheer,
And he seiz'd the tumbler and drain'd it dry,
And he set it down with a ghostly sigh ;
And there came from his breath, and his clothes as
well,
A nasty sort of a brimstone smell !

And then he gazed on the luckless pair
As both sat shaking and shivering there,
And he open'd his mouth and silence broke,
And these were the words his ghostship spoke :

“ Don't fear, good *frow*, don't fear, good host ;
I'm harmless though I *am* a ghost.
It is n't for long they let me walk,
And it is n't in graveyards *I* would stalk.
I like good cheer,
And I see it here,
And you've nothing at all on earth to fear
So long as you don't approach too near ;

For I'm told by my comrades down below
 (I won't say *where*, but of course you know)
 That if hand of mortal is laid on one
 From the other world, his days are done!
 It dries his blood, it stops his breath,
 It freezes his marrow—the touch is Death.
 So don't come near me, but fill your glass,
 And let the glorious bottle pass;
 For I'm come to taste the best Schiedam
 In all the city of Amsterdam,
 And if any one give me the liquor can,
 Why, Van der Schmellar, *you're* the man.
 So here's to you and your worthy frow—"'
 And the ghost made quite a polished bow.
 "And now, Mynheer, the *ghost* shall tell
 Of all that the living *man* befell;"

The Black Friar's Story.

1.

I was a pious, holy monk,
 And a holy life I led,
 Little I ate and less I drunk—
 The hard bare ground my bed.
 I told my beads, I read my book,
 Said pater, ave, credo,—
 Oh, none could holier live or look
 Than saintly Father Guido.

2.

I groan'd within my damp, cold cell ;
Used ashes for pomatum ;
I gather'd acorns as they fell,
And when I hunger'd, ate 'em.
I dressed in sackcloth for my shirt,
And never chang'd my linen—
For monkish virtue dwells in dirt,
And cleanliness there's sin in.

3.

The people to the convent flock'd,
They came to seek my blessing :
And rich and poor my cell-door knock'd
And never ceased confessing.
And who so blithe, and who so gay,
Or who so envied *then* as one
Who, heard and shrived, was sent away
With Father Guido's benison ?

4.

Fair damsels came in tears and grief,
And told how they'd been sinning,
And sought the holy monk's relief,
In accents wondrous winning.
They found him cold and stern in word,
Their wicked deeds reproving,
And many a virtuous precept heard,
To better courses moving.

5.

Some sought to play off naughty wiles,
The friar's heart to soften,
And loving looks and wanton smiles
They've given him—aye, often
But all unmoved the friar gazed,
It seem'd to vex him, rather—
The damsels went away amazed
At such an icy father.

6.

And princes came and bid him claim
Wealth, treasures in profusion ;
A kingdom he might almost name,
For only absolution.
Though wealth he deem'd but Satan's lure,
He took their proffer'd treasures —
But only to relieve the poor,
And not for sinful pleasures.

7.

The brethren of the convent too,
The rev'rend and the lay ones,
All bow'd before the friar, who
Had never miss'd a day once,
In penance, fasting, self-imposed
Corporeal flagellation,
And such like acts his life disclosed
For monkish imitation.

8.

And when the good Lord Abbot died
 (For abbots are but mortal,
And ours for long had stood beside
 Death's slowly opening portal),
Then all the monks with one accord,
 From novice to confessor,
Cried out that *I* should be their lord—
 The abbot's right successor!

9.

So then I left my cold, damp cell
 To occupy a dry one—
'Twas where the Abbot used to dwell,
 And better air'd than my one.
But still I lived a life austere
 And, if I'm not mistaken,
The friars thought it monstrous queer
 The course that I had taken.

10.

They deem'd—I know the fellows deem'd—
 That now I wore a mitre
I'd show I was not what I seem'd,
 And make my burdens lighter.
They thought I'd taste the flowing cup,
 Enjoy the well-stored table,
And daily dine, and daily sup,
 As most men do when able.

11.

They thought perchance the better saint
Would make the better sinner,
And first display his worldly taint
About the hour of dinner.
But they were wrong—I stood the test,
I left them to their messes,
And while *they* feasted on the best,
I dined on water-cresses.

12.

At last a sickness seiz'd on me,
They said it came from fasting—
I don't know what its cause might be,
'Twas very long in lasting.
They put me in my narrow bed,
And wept, but that was silly,
Because they thought that I was dead,
I felt so wondrous chilly.

13.

At last a fat and florid monk,
The jolliest of friars,
Whose nose proclaim'd the stuff' he drunk,
(How rare are noses liars!)
Cried out, "Why, holy brothers, why,
He isn't dead or dying,
You shouldn't stand, and stare, and cry,
Instead of *cordials* trying."

14.

"Here, stand aside!" with that he felt,
 As quick as thought, or quicker,
 For what he had, and from his belt
 Produced a flask of liquor.
 He placed it to my clay-cold lip,
 Alas! that fatal bottle!
 The liquor flow'd, and sip by sip,
 It gurgled down my throttle.

15.

I cannot venture to define,
 The exquisite sensations,
 Or tell the raptures that were mine,
 Imbibing those potations.
 I felt—I don't know how I felt—
 I've no description handy;
 But how it tasted! how it smelt!
 That best of cognac brandy.

16.

'Twas done; the liquor seem'd to fly,
 The fat monk look'd astonish'd,
 And said, "My eye!" till some one by
 His levity admonish'd.
 It cured me though—or help'd to cure—
 Thenceforth my languid fever,
 Found brandy ever the most sure,
 Most safe and swift reliever.

17.

I tippled oft, but all alone,
A solitary sopper,
I didn't dare a taste to own,
In abbots so improper.
Or, if at times, I shared my glass,
It was when I bethought me
Of him whose ready flask, alas!
The wicked taste had taught me.

18.

He'd drink from morning until night,
From matin until vesper,
And never bring our deeds to light,
By e'en a single whisper.
But, ah! at last they found me out,
For sin can't hide for ever,
Discovery *must* come about,
Be sinners e'er so clever.

19.

One day the monks had sought my cell,
About some convent matter,
I told them that I wasn't well,
And bid them cease their clatter.
But still they batter'd at my door,
All asking for admission,
When in a tipsy rage I swore,
I'd pitch them to—perdition!

20.

They broke the lock, they forced the door,
 'Twas clear what they suspected,
 And helpless, stretch'd upon the floor,
 Their abbot lay detected!
 And he who taught me first—the wretch—
 The fatal drink to use—he
 Cried out, “ Oh dear! what *shall* I fetch?
 I fear his lordship's boosy.”

21.

They turn'd me out—at least I fled—
 My pockets first well filling,
 And then, oh! what a life I led,
 From morn till midnight swilling!
 'Twas one incessant wicked round
 Of riot and of revel,
 And now I'm dead—why, underground,
 I tipple with the ——!

And the ghost, as he named the unprintable word,
 Laugh'd in tones the most hollow that ever were heard,
 And he toss'd off his liquor, a tumbler full drinking
 Unmix'd, without choking, or coughing, or winking.
 Then filling another one up to the brim,
 He smiled with a ghastly smile and grim,
 And he cried to his host
 “ I'll give you a toast,
 A friend whose acquaintance I'm proud to boast.

So fill up your tumbler, my hearty old brick,
And hip! hip! hurrah! to the health of Old Nick!"

He drain'd the glass as they stared in wonder,
And just as he finish'd, a peal of thunder
Rattled and rumbled, and shook them all
As if the old house were about to fall;
And Mynheer and his frow they trembled with "funk,"
But the pale-faced, red-nosed, ghostly monk,
Laughed out, "Ha! ha! bravo! bravo!
The old one's returning thanks below!"

Oh dear! oh dear! what a terrible lot,
To be face to face with a ghostly sot,
Who drinks your liquor, the best you've got,
And frightens you like—I don't know what;
~~While he tells you the wicked deeds he has done,~~
And appears to consider it excellent fun
To boast of his terms with the Evil One!

Again and again,
In fear and in pain,
His tumbler of liquor they see him drain,
Till the whole supply
Is made to fly—
A goodly quart of Schiedam drunk dry!

Slowly down his eyelids close,
Like a mortal's in repose;
But who'd venture to suppose
A ghost with such like wants as those!

One by one his arms drop down,
Resting on his jet-black gown ;
One by one his legs extend
Out beyond his cassock's end.

Gently back reclines his head,
Upwards points his nose of red ;
Opens wide his mouth, and shows
Tongue and teeth in double rows.

Listen to the sounds so hollow,
Rising from his ghostly swallow !
Listen to the wind that blows
Harshly through his ghostly nose,
Like the distant thunder roaring—
By Jove ! the ghost's asleep and snoring !

At length the good couple, with horror half froze,
Creep out of the room on the tips of their toes,
And grope down the stairs, though they shiver and
shake

Lest the noise that their steps in the corridors make
Should waken their visitor ! Slowly they gain
The doorway, and slowly they draw back the chain.
Then open the door, and then both rushing out,
“ Help ! Murder ! Police ! ” they both lustily shout.

Open fly windows, and open fly doors,
Out rush the people by dozens, by scores,

Women and children and babies in arms—
 Always the first in the thick of alarms,—
 Old men and young men, and young women too,
 And small dirty boys who have nothing to do ;
 People of all sorts ; save those that you seek—
Of course no police, not the sign of a “beak.”

And ev'ry one asks, “ What the deuce does it mean ? ”
 And ev'ry one's told that a ghost has been seen !
 And women cry “ Gracious ! ” and “ Goodness ! where
 is it ?

And where did it come from ? and whom did it visit ?
 And the men don't believe it, at least so they say,
 But are rather inclined to keep out of its way ;
 While the small dirty boys who've got nothing to do,
 Cry “ Crikey ! ” and look most alarmingly blue.

Then some with more courage—a very small band—
 And each with a poker or tongs in his hand,
 And each clinging close to his neighbour before,
 Go all in a heap to the haunted house door ;
 And then, step by step, as they climb up the stairs,
 They hear the loud snoring, which pretty well scares
 All their small stock of “ pluck,” but they still per-
 severe

In spite of their growing sensation of fear !

They reach to the chamber ; the doors open wide !
 The hinder ones push on the foremost inside !

And there by the table—yes, safe enough, there
 Is the ghost of the friar asleep in the chair!
 They mutter their pray'rs, and they hold very tight
 Their pokers and tongs, for they *are* in a fright!
 But the smallest among them, though largest in pluck,
 As if by a bright idea suddenly struck,
 Makes a dash with his tongs, with a jump and a shout,
 And catches the sleepy ghost fast by the snout!

Few words suffice to tell the rest:—
 His ghostship squeak'd, and then confess'd
 He was n't dead, but all he'd done
 Had only been "a bit of fun!"
 In short he own'd, though *very* drunk,
 He wasn't either ghost or monk!
 Which satisfied them all, and eased them
 Of all their fears, and rather pleased them—
 Except poor Van der Schmellar, who
 Could not forget 'twas sadly true
 The ghost had drunk his best Schiedam—
 "Mein Gott! the best in Amsterdam!"

Moral.

To those who have never enjoy'd the delight
 Of a call from the regions of spirits by night,
 But who, nevertheless, may have some inclination
 To witness a genuine "manifestation"

Of such non-substantials, I venture to hint,—
And they can't doubt the truth of a word that *I* print,—
They may find what they seek, at the cost of a crown,
For lately the ghosts have got lodgings in town!
It isn't *my* duty to indicate where,
But somewhere near Portman or Manchester Square;
And while *my* ghost had got a bad habit of napping,
These ghosts at the West End are given to "rapping!"
But I recommend much ere they part with their
"rhino,"

To try a more simple expedient that *I* know,
For seeing a ghost:—'tis to go to the place
Which the national paintings are hung up to grace,
And in some of the scraped, scratch'd, "clean'd"
canvas that's there,
See the ghosts of the glorious pictures that were!
But for my part, I look on all spirits as sham,
Save the spirits I've faith in, like that of Schiedam!

THE ARAB MAIDEN.

A Legend of the Crusades.

HUZZAH for the glorious days of old,
 When each was priest, or a warrior bold,
 When princes and peasants, the serf and his lord,
 Were alike of one calling—true sons of the sword!
 When a fight was the business and pastime of life,
 And the pleasantest times were the moments of strife.
 When the thickest-skull'd baron, the toughest-skinn'd
 knight
 Were the envied of men and the ladies' delight.
 When the fist that could handle the weightiest axe,
 Wield the biggest of swords, deal the hardest of whacks,
 Was of far more account than the skilfulest hand
 That now grasps a quill at the Muses' command,
 And, running a tilt, draws—not blood to affright—
 But a tear of compassion or smile of delight!
 When Churchmen and Bishops led troops to the war,
 Changed their croziers for clubs and broke heads by
 the score :

When the Pope bless'd whole armies preparing for
 action,
 To the blood-seeking gentry's intense satisfaction,
 Who'd the firmest convictions
 Those same benedictions
 (Albeit for money his Holiness barter'd 'em)
 Would book them quite safely for conquest or
 martyrdom.

What a noble idea! how sublime and how grand
 To gird on your sword at the Church's command,
 And sell off your house and your "sticks" and your
 land
 For gold to procure a respectable band
 Of followers and henchmen of ev'ry degree—
 All well-sinew'd rascals and armed *cap-à-pie*—
 And three or four chargers, and two suits of steel
 With devices inlaid,
 And most probably made
 By some smith of Damascus, or p'rhaps of Castile—
 (For in those days *we* couldn't compete with such
 "codgers,"
 As we hadn't Lund, Underwood, Mechi, or Rogers)—
 And then to start off by the Overland Route,
 For the "land of romance"—and of rascals to boot—
 Intent on blood, rapine, and butchery dealing,
 For love of religion and Christian-like feeling.—
 In fact to fulfil your most valorous vow
 By taking your part in a glorious row—

A war they call "holy"—crusade, as some term it—
That splendid delusion of Peter the Hermit!

Sir Raymond sits in his lonely tent,
His gaze on the floor of it firmly bent,
And looking uncommonly savage and grim,
With his hair and his beard in such shocking bad trim,
It is painfully clear that he hasn't a notion
Of Rowland's Macassar or Oldridge's Lotion.
He's pitched aside armour and jerkin of leather,
Because it's the closest and hottest of weather.
He's dress'd in a loose kind of garment—a gown
Of some flimsy white fabric, which just reaches down
To his knees, and displays—'pon my soul it's quite
shocking—
His legs without trousers, boots, shoes, sock, or stocking.
By the cut of his face, and the keen, stealthy glance
Of his eye, as it restlessly takes you askance,
You're disposed to opine that the thinly-clad knight
Is not quite at his ease—though, of course, you've no
right
To decide on the instant the serious question,
"Is his conscience afflicted, or is his digestion?"

'Mid all her sons that Albion sent—
In sooth, a goodly armament—
To battle in the Paynim lands,
And win Christ's tomb from Paynim hands;

To plant the Cross upon the sod
Where He, who hung upon it, trod ;
To chase the False One's followers forth,
And with the hordes from Christian north
People the sunny southern climes—
Too long th' abode of Moslem crimes—
'Mid all those heroes—verily
The flower of English chivalry,
Was none more brave, more proud, more famed
For deeds of valour—none more named
In minstrel's lay or warrior's tale—
Than Raymond, knight of Altondale !

Yet, truth to say, men loved him not ;
Upon his fame some stain, some blot,
Men dared not name, still darkly hung,
And o'er his ev'ry deed it flung
Its fatal blast—till at the sound
Of Raymond's name, on all around,
In ev'ry glance there stood reveal'd
Mistrust, or hate but half conceal'd.
'Twas said that he had once a bride
Fairer than all the sex beside,
And Raymond lov'd her with such love
As saints evince for God above—
Passion so deep, it seem'd to be
A love too like idolatry.

And then it changed—and in its stead
Came deadly hate, and jealous dread

Lest the fond heart that *he* could spurn
 For sympathy should elsewhere turn.
 And then his bride was no more seen ;
 And Raymond's hearth was desolate—
 But none save Raymond's self, I ween,
 Could tell the tale of Edith's fate !

It was certainly odd ; men would whisper and sneer,
 And the boldest would venture to say it " looked queer ;"
 While—to make matters short—the opinion was rife
 That somehow Sir Raymond had seragg'd his young
 wife—

That he'd " burk'd " her, or smother'd her—hard-
 hearted fellow !

Just as poor Desdemona was served by Othello—
 Or else that he'd flung her to drown in a well, or
 Brick'd her up close in a vault or a cellar.

 But there isn't a doubt
 That murder *will* " out "

In spite of the efforts folks make to conceal it ;
 And so it got wind

 How Sir Raymond had sinn'd,

Though there was n't a witness alive to reveal it.
 We've all heard of bogies, and spirits, and sprites,
 And ghosts and hobgoblins that walk out of nights,
 Dress'd in very white sheets of the thinnest material,
 And their eyeballs alight with a kind of ethereal
 Flame of blue fire, like a bowl of snap-dragon,
 Or the last grand " flare-up " which the managers tag on

To a dubious spectacle—hoping to raise
A round of applause for three-penn'orth of blaze!

But 'twas not in such guise
That appear'd to the eyes
Of Sir Raymond the bride he had murder'd so fear-
fully—

Each day to his side
She would stealthily glide
And gaze on him calmly and gently and tearfully.
And the brave man would shake,
And would quiver and quake,
And strive to avoid the mild eyes of the slain one ;
But turn as he might
She was ever in sight—
Each effort to shut out her glance was a vain one.

And such is aye the sinner's doom—
Nor morning's light, nor midnight's gloom,
Shall ever from his vision hide
The spectre Conscience by his side!

What an exquisite thing is a beautiful eye!
Or a pair of them rather—and here, by the by,
I would beg to remark that it's highly absurd
The habit of using the *singular* word.
“An eye”—or “a foot”—or “a leg”—or “an arm”—
As if any one ever discover'd a charm

In *one* of such things, which, in simple reality,
 To possess *any* charm must exist in duality.
 What exquisite things then are beautiful eyes !
 Dark, deep, liquid orbs, in whose lustre there lies
 Whole volumes of poetry, passion, and feeling,
 Such stores of heart-learning and language revealing
 To one who will read in their dangerous pages,
 Things wholly unknown and undreamt of by sages—
 Poor mole-eyed old book-worms, contented to think
 That their musty old volumes of parchment and ink
 Are the sole “black and white” wherein knowledge is
 writ :

Little dream they of all the bright fancies that flit
 Through the brain of the lover, who blushes and sighs
 Divining deep truths from his mistress’s eyes !

Well—for beautiful eyes and a beautiful nose,
 And for beautiful hair and for beautiful rows
 Of pearly white teeth, and for beautiful arms—
 For a conglomeration of beautiful charms,
 From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet,
 (And these last, by the way, were remarkably neat)
 I’d back little Zillah—the daughter of some one
 Whose name I can’t spell, for it is such a *rum* one.

And yet pretty Zillah was scarcely so mild
 Or so gentle in look as a lamb or a child :
 She’d a strong dash of spirit—a something *fière*
 In her glance, in her walk, her address, and her air—

A touch of the tigress, with much of the dove—
 A creature to dread, and yet still more to love
 With devotion or madness—whiche'er you prefer—
 They're synonymous terms *dans les affaires du cœur*.

And poor little Zillah's a bird in a cage!
 Alas! wicked men, in the wars that you wage
 The fair sex of no more account in your eyes is
 Than so many living and saleable prizes!

But the caged bird will sing, though a captive it be—
 Less blithely, perchance, than its mates that are free—
 Still it pours forth its melody—man cannot chain
 Its music, though dungeons may sadden the strain.

1.

Mourn, Arabs, mourn—
 The Frank hath borne,
 With the spoils of conquest laden,
 From the desert plain
 Where her kindred reign,
 The high-born Arab Maiden.

2.

Weep, Arabs, weep—
 The Frank shall keep
 Captive, his tents to fade in;
 And the Frank shall name,
 As a thing of shame,
 The free-born Arab Maiden.

3.

Arm, Arabs, arm!
 Let vain alarm
 Each Arab breast be laid in:
 By Allah's name
 Your vows proclaim
 To free the Arab Maiden.

4.

Rise, Arabs, rise!
 Let your battle-cries,
 From the Dead Sea's shores to Aden,
 Resound on high—
 And the Frank shall die
 By the hand of the Arab Maiden!

Thus poor Zillah sung:—ye, who smile at her lay
 For its want of refinement, remember, I pray,
 She was born in the Desert—she'd never been taught
 To sing or spin verses—her airs she had caught
 From the minstrels who stray'd through the land of
 her birth,
 And I haven't the slightest conception on earth
 Who had written the words—they had certainly none
 Of the fire of Fitzball or the pathos of Bunn!

Sir Raymond hies to his captive's cell—
 And here, by the way, I omitted to tell

That Zillah was *his* by the honours of war ;
For he'd carried her off, some weeks before,
As his share of the booty, in some case of sacking
Where the Christians had given the Arabs a
“whacking.”

Before the Arab Maiden kneels
The Christian knight—for now he feels
Himself more captive to her charms
Than she to his victorious arms

And, as he kneels, he vows, implores,
And in her ear, with passion pours
His tale of love—his deep devotion—
With ev'ry sort of fond emotion
Which ev'ry lover's ingenuity
Invents in wildest incongruity.

Calm and unmoved the Maiden hears
His glowing tale of hopes and fears :
No look, responsive, lights her eyes
In answer to those “honed lies :”
Each feature rigid, fix'd, and cold
As sculptur'd marble—nothing told
The fierce, dark passion, well-represt,
That smoulder'd in the Captive's breast.

Ah! could the Christian then have traced
The deadly purpose lurking there—
Ten thousand battle-fields were faced
More safely than yon fragile fair!

It's a horrible fix, when you're "pitching it strong"
 To a pretty young girl, and you're swearing how long
 And how deeply you've loved, and admired, and adored
 her—

To find that your vows have done nothing but bored
 her!

To see her sit looking as cool as a quaker

Unmoved by the spirit—you mutter "deuce take her;"

You wish you were somewhere—you don't care a rap

Where it is—you're a fool, you're a "spoon," you're a
 "sap"—

You've mistaken your game—go, and look in your
 glass,

And then write yourself down an egregious ass!

Sir Raymond, however, who saw the mistake
 In the course that his vanity led him to take,
Now threaten'd the rack and the dungeon—a fashion
 In vogue among tyrants to raise *la belle passion*.

How exquisitely calm the smile
 That curls the Maiden's lips awhile—
 How perfect, too, the cold disdain
 That glances from her eyes!—again
 'Tis past—and on her matchless face
 No transient passion leaves its trace.
 These words are all that meet the ear—
 "The Arab Maiden knows not fear!"

One bound—and Raymond's hand hath caught
The Maiden's wrist—when, quick as thought,
A tiny dagger whirls in air,
Grasp'd by her ready hand: but ere
'Tis plunged in Raymond's heart, a cry
Bursts from his lips of agony;
And heavily he falls to earth,
Unstruck by hand of mortal birth!

“Oh, woman, in thine hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—
When pain and suffering rack the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”
Thus sings a poet,—p'raps he's right;
But *I*'ve not found the women quite
So hard to please as he appears
To think the charming little dears.
Perchance, poor man, he'd got a wife
Who led him an unquiet life,
With milliners' extensive bills—
Those worst of matrimonial ills.
And when he ventured to remonstrate,
She'd mathematic'ly demonstrate,
“There never was, she *did* believe,
A woman since the days of Eve
(And *she*, poor thing, you must confess,
Had very little need of dress)

Whose wardrobe was so very small
 As *hers*—what *her* expensive call!—
 She'd only twenty gowns in all."

Or else if he, to make his peace,
 Presented her some pretty piece
 Of dress—a bonnet—or a trinket—
 Fondly imagining she'd think it
 A perfect beauty—she'd suggest
 "The quality was not the best—
 'Twas very nice, but to *her* mind
 The taste was *not* the most refined."

And, 'mid such little scenes as these,
 He wrote—"uncertain"—"hard to please."

Sir Raymond is tossing about in his bed,
 With pains in his bones, and a pain in his head:
 He's been cupp'd, and been physick'd, and blister'd,
 and bled,
 But, in spite of the doctor, he isn't *quite* dead.

By the side of his couch sits a raven-hair'd maid,
 In the most approved Mussulman fashion array'd,
 Except that she hasn't a veil on her face—
Tant mieux for the lover of beauty and grace.
 And she watches him tenderly, striving to guess in
 Each gesture some symptom her leechcraft may lessen.

In the glance of her eye
 You may clearly descry
 How true and how deep
 Are the passions that sleep
 In her soft, heaving breast—
 How, on yonder couch rest
 All her thoughts, all her cares, all her hopes, all her
 fears,
 For a future of joy, or a life-time of tears!

But though she watch'd him day by day,
 Unconsciously Sir Raymond lay,
 Stricken so sore in nerves and brain,
 'Twas fear'd he ne'er would rise again!

After many a roving year,
 How sweet it is to see
 Old England's chalky hills appear
 Above the heaving sea.

After coming back from France,
 And roaming Europe over,
 How charming is the first slight glance
 At Shakspeare's Cliff and Dover.

After many a meagre meal
 On "junk" and doubtful water,
 How pleasantly sweet visions steal
 Of British beef and porter!

Whether any such charming reflections as these,
About Dover and porter, and cities and trees,
Cross'd the brain of Sir Raymond, as *he* cross'd the seas,
And came back to our land in a smart south-east breeze,
Is a thing I can't tell—I can only relate

What the best and most truthful of chronicles state—
That the waves were a home he did *not* like to be on
When there chanced to be rather a riotous sea on ;
In fact, they declared that the “dark-heaving” ocean
Produced in his “breast” a dark-heaving commotion,
And made him pay many a visit to “leeward,”
And he *would* have called out for pale brandy and
“steward ;”

But in those days—a fact to be deeply lamented—
No stewards or pale cognac had yet been invented.

At length there's rejoicing throughout his domain,
For Sir Raymond's restored to his people again.
And bonfires are lighted, and oxen are roasted,
And by “gustative” legends it's currently boasted,
That the ale and the mead which flow'd forth far and
near,

Were enough to have put the whole land “under
beer”—

'Twould have fill'd a large lake and have floated large
boats,

If it had n't been damm'd by the tenantry's throats.

And soon men found it passing strange
To mark the very wondrous change

In all Sir Raymond's looks and bearing,
No more a care-worn visage wearing,
He pass'd his time in mirth and jollity,
With people of such doubtful quality,
As guzzling priests and tippling squires,
And noisy barons, knights of shires,
And unwash'd monks and greasy friars—
All fawning flatterers and liars!

It was whisper'd Sir Raymond had wedded once more
Some dark-visaged damsel on Moslemite shore;
But if ever the subject was mention'd, 'tis said
His henchman replied with a shake of the head,
And bade the rash speaker be silent, for fear
He should shortly taste something more potent than
beer—

An expression that sounded uncommonly queer,
And seem'd to admit of no clear explanation,
Save an arsenic draught, or a "prussic" potation.

In Raymond's hall the torches blaze,
'Tis one of Raymond's festive days:
The board is spread with goodly fare,
And many a massive bench and chair
Of dark old oak is occupied
By merry rev'lers, side by side
With sunburnt warriors—men whose hands
Have slain the foe in distant lands,
And carved their fame, with well-hack'd blades,
As heroes of the great Crusades.

And many a jolly, shaven priest
Shares in the revels of the feast ;
And down his very rev'rend throttle
Pours forth, from many a well-fill'd bottle,
The choicest produce of the vine ;—
Show me a better judge of wine
Than you fat shaveling whom you see
Draining his bowl of Burgundy.

They're all very merry—they're shouting and laughing,
And telling queer stories, hobnobbing and quaffing,
And trying to fancy they've banish'd dull care
To the confines of *some* place—I must'nt say where—
Because in these days it's ill-bred, if not vicious,
To mention localities when they're "suspicious."

In the midst of their noise they perceived by the door
A youth whom not one of them noticed before—
'Twas a slightly-built fellow—good-looking—not fair—
But with lustrous black eyes and with flowing black
hair,

And a half-haughty style in his figure erect,
As though he'd been used to command more respect
Than to bow or to serve—while his costume, at least,
Proclaim'd him at once a true child of the East.

Sir Raymond look'd up, took a glance at the youth,
And seem'd to be scarcely at ease, in good truth ;
Yet seeing the lad held a sackbut, he said—
"Fair minstrel, we're sadly in need of thine aid :

Good music is scarce in our noisy abode—
 Thy fellows, I ween, seldom travel our road.
 So welcome, good youth, and when please thee it may,
 Thou shalt lighten our hearts with thy pleasantest lay.”

The youthful minstrel lowly bow'd,
 But utter'd not one word aloud ;
 Though some around him still averr'd
 He mutter'd many an unknown word.
 Then slowly moving up the hall,
 'Mid silence deep his footsteps fall,
 Till, standing next Sir Raymond's seat,
 As though the chieftain's glance to meet,
 With skilful hands he touch'd the strings,
 And through the hall his ballad rings.

1.

A Christian knight on Paynim shores
 To a captive maid is kneeling,
 And into her listless ear he pours
 His honied words—revealing
 How strong the bonds o'er the victor's heart
 By the charms of the maiden thrown ;
 Though hers be the suppliant captive's part,
True conquest is still her own.

2.

But all unmoved the maiden hears
 Th' impassion'd words of love :
 Affection for none the maiden bears—
 Save kindred and God above.

He sues in vain, the victor knight ;
His breast with passion laden—
How gladly he'd barter fame and might,
For a smile from that simple maiden !

3.

On the couch of sickness stricken low
The Christian knight is lying ;
Beside him watches the maiden now,
The sick man's wants supplying.
And oft in the sleepless nights he pass'd
He calls on the maiden's name,
Till the maiden's heart is touch'd at last,
And owns a responsive flame.

4.

Before a Christian altar stand
The knight and the captive maid ;
And round them group'd a goodly band
In bridal robes array'd ;
And the mass is sung in pomp and pride,
And the marriage vows are plighted,
And the maiden is now a Christian bride,
To her conqueror united.

5.

The knight his course from the Paynim shore
To his island home hath taken—
And she, whom his lips to cherish swore,
By her craven lord's forsaken !

Thy cheek is blanch'd—*thy* false heart beats—
 Sir Knight, thou know'st my tale!
 Behold the maiden—*thus* she greets
 Raymond of Altondale!

And ere the words had died away,
 Stretch'd at her feet Sir Raymond lay:
 The tiny dirk had done its part,
 And pierced the false one to the heart—
 The blood gushed forth—its crimson tide
 Staining the sandals of his bride!

I shan't pause to tell how all hearts were amazed
 At this shocking catastrophe—how they upraised
 The fast-bleeding knight, nor how quickly he died
 By that sharp little dirk of his much-injured bride.
 How they sent for the coroner, sat on his body,
 And declared that they thought it remarkably odd he
 Didn't know the young lady in spite of her dress,
 Whose imprudence had made such a "case of distress."

However, one point was remarkably plain—
 He'd never know any one living again:
 It was clear that he'd taken the longest of journeys—
 His soul was the priest's—his affairs the attorney's!

They gave him a tomb with a handsome inscription,
 Containing a very poetic description
 Of all his great virtues—his kindness, humanity,
 Uxorious love, and intense Christianity.

In fact, though alive he 'd been hated and feared,
In the grave they discovered how deeply endeared
He had been to his serfs, to his followers, and peers—
And “this monument faintly recorded their tears!”

And where is she—the guilty one,
Whose hand the fatal work had done?
She who, in wrath, had made her own
Vengeance, which *should be* God's alone?
She, whom the curse and crime of Cain
Had branded with their bloody stain?

Deep in a cell, in yonder keep,
Below the stream, whose waters sweep
Around the grey old castle's walls,
Upon the list'ning ear there falls
The sound of accents sweet and low,
With much of music in the flow
Of words that seem like prayer or spell—
But what their purport none can tell.

Anon she sings some plaintive lay—
Then ceases;—and her thoughts will stray
Far from the dungeon's walls, to roam
Unfetter'd to her desert home.

And then she thinks of him that's slain—
She watches by his couch again—

She hears him whispering her name,
 And gushing forth her tears proclaim
 How fondly she *had* loved, adored,
 Her false, her base, her craven lord!

And now her eyeballs flash with ire—
 Each muscle strain'd—her brain on fire—
 She grasps her heavy clanking chain
 As 'twere a dirk—and strikes again.

Her strength has fled—the struggle's o'er—
 She falls upon the dungeon floor—
 The Arab Maiden breathes no more!
 Her chastisement to God belongs:—
 Soft-hearted Pity mourns her wrongs!

Moral.

The first of my moral's clear as the day:—
 If you live in a wicked and ill-behaved way,
 In feasting and drinking and riot and strife,
 In robbing your neighbour, in beating your wife,
 Forsaking your home to go roaming and fighting,
 And such like less moral pursuits than exciting—
 Unless in good time you repent, sir, and mend,
 You'll infallibly come to some shocking bad end.

Next—take my advice,—though they're very diverting,
 Don't wed a young lady that's given to flirting,
 Be she fair as the day, be she mild as a dove,
 A creature all beauty and softness and love—

One who sings like an angel, writes verses as well
As Sappho, or Norton, or poor L. E. L. :
Be she perfect in figure and matchless in face,
In carriage, in manner, in temper, in grace—
I doubt her whole mass of perfections availing
To compensate even that one little failing ;
For bards and philosophers, all alike tell us
In the strongest of terms—there's no rest for the
jealous !

Above all things, remember that—live as you please—
Abroad in the world, or at home at your ease,
You carve your own lot in the world where we dwell ;
'Tis *your* care if your heart be your Eden or hell :
Or, to quote an old saw—you may safely rely on it—
As you make your own bed, you shall certainly lie on it.

CORPORAL ROGERS'S YARN.

A Legend for the Marines.

'TWAS a moonlight night,
 The breeze was light,
 And the ship spread out her wings of white ;
 And the waves of blue
 Their spray upthrew
 As over the surface the brave ship flew.

Yet it was n't quite night, for the sun had just set,
 And a glimpse of his radiance was lingering yet
 Away in the west, where he'd turned into bed,
 Donning his nightcap of fiery red.

It was just half-past six, or a few minutes later,
 And in latitude somewhere about the equator.
 The ship was a frigate, a seventy-four,
 The Bellerophon—such was the title she bore—
 But which Jack, who considered it rather a tough one,
 Despising the classics, pronounced Belli-rough'un.

The Captain had dined and was sipping his claret,
 With the Doctor and Second-Lieutenant to share it—
 The first “luff” was keeping his watch up above,
 Thinking of nauticals less than of love—
 Two or three Middies were lounging about
 Chaffing the bo’swain and “drawing him out”—
 And away on the forecastle deck were a few
 Of jolly old “Salts” in their jackets of blue—
 And here and there sprinkled among them was seen
 A red-coated, stiff-collared, pipe-clayed marine.

Of the latter class Corporal Rogers was one—
 A solemn-faced, steady-paced son of a gun—
 And in using this term I must beg to disclaim
 All intention of coarseness—I give but the name
 Which belongs to all men of the musket like Rogers,
 Who I’ve mentioned was one of the salt-water
 “sodgers.”

The Corporal’s height was five-feet nine,
 And his figure was reckoned remarkably fine
 By envious pirates and raw recruits
 As he stood in his regulation boots :
 For his waist went in and his chest stuck out,
 Creating a half suspicious doubt
 Whether Corporal Rogers a stomach possess’d,
 Or whether he was n’t all legs and breast.
 But the Corporal’s shoulders were broad and square,
 And he carried them quite *à la militaire*,

And his face was long and his hair was red,
And cropped exceedingly close to his head,
And his cheeks of whisker and beard were bare,
And his eyes had a steady unchanging stare,
And his heart was supposed to be as hard as a flint, or
As cold as a Highlander's legs in winter.

A different man was one Bill Swab ;
A short thick tar, with a small round "nob,"
With a bristly crop on his cheeks and chin,
And no more waist than a rolling-pin ;
And legs that were capital legs to go
But certainly never were made for show,
For though they were active, free, and handy,
Bill's enemies might have pronounced them bandy.
But little cared Bill for their shape or beauty
So long as they carried him through his duty.
And Bill was a topman, the ship couldn't match him ;
There was n't a lad in the frigate could catch him
When bowling aloft, in a calm or a gale,
To shake out a reef or to shorten all sail.

" Now who's the chap has a yarn to spin ?
Here, Corporal, now, suppose *you* begin ;
Just give us the tale about Madame Che-fou,
Her as was so very fond of you,
Because your cheeks was so smooth and shiny
When you and I was away in Chiney."

Thus spoke Bill Swab to the stiff marine,
 But the Corporal was n't so *very* green
 As not to see through the topman's "chaffing,"
 And how all the other Jack Tars were laughing.
 And so the Corporal's curt reply
 Was, he'd see him "*blessed*" if he'd comply.

"Well, well," says Bill, "then I'll tell you what,
 It ain't a very glib tongue I've got,
 But if the Corporal there *won't* tell
 The tale himself, *I* may as well;
 So come alongside if you want to larn
 What I calls the Corporal Rogers's yarn.

The Corporal's Yarn.

In course you've heard of the Chinee war,
 And how we thrash'd the pigtails—
 And a precious queer set them fellows are,
 With their bumble feet and their big nails;
 And the rummest lingo you ever heard,
 And the rate they chatters it, too,
 You could n't make out a single word
 If you tried till all was blue.

I don't know what we fought about—
 But that's neither here nor there—
 For in course there can't be ne'er a doubt
 That we're *always* right and fair.

'Twas something about some smoking stuff
We sent 'em, and they refused it;
It wasn't baccy—but good enough—
And the pigtails always used it.

But the pigtails said they'd take no more
Because it made 'em silly;
But that was gammon, and so we swore
We'd force them, willy nilly,
To smoke whatever we sent, d'ye see?
And fair enough, I'm thinking,
For didn't us always take their tea,
Though it's wishy-washy drinking?

Well, away we sailed for Chinee-land,
And a jolly lot we were;
The fleet was n't over large or grand,
But for that we didn't care,
For the pigtails ain't much hands to fight,
Though they've tidy legs to run,
And whenever the enemy heaves in sight
They sails right off like fun.

Sometimes they fires a shot or two,
To make believe they're plucky,
But as soon as ever one's fired by *you*,
They up and cuts their lucky.

And so it ain't like war at all,
It's more like hunting rats,
Where the pigtailed bolt, and squeak, and squall,
And we follows them up like cats.

Well, the Corporal there, he sailed with me—
Leastways I sailed with him—
And a better shipmate can't well be
For all he looks so grim.
There ain't a lad I've ever seen
That's handier or readier ;
There ain't a seaman or marine
Will fight more cool or steadier.

He ain't afraid of gale or gun,
Or both of them together,
And a red-coat often don't mind one,
But can't stand dirty weather.
But bless your heart, the Corporal there,
He ain't afraid a rap,
It's all the same, come foul or fair,
He's a reg'lar plucky ehap.

If Corporal Rogers *has* a fault,
It's his being braced so tight ;
But then, you know, he ain't a " Salt,"
And so it's p'raps all right.

At all events, he likes his grog,
And a lass, when she's a true one,
And so he *is* a jolly dog,
Though his jacket ain't a blue one.

But somehow I'm a sailing loose,
Not minding of my hel-m,
But these here yarns, they're just the deuce
When a chap begins to tell'm.
They steers you here and steers you there,
To s'utherd, or to nor'ard,
To east'ard, west'ard, everywhere,
Except the right course—for'rard.

Well, here I go, then, like a book!
We batter'd many a town,
And many more we *should* have took,
But the pigtails burnt 'em down.
For Chinee towns are built of wood,
And it's just a hundred pities
To see the timber, bad and good,
They waste in building cities.

I take it, timber, mates, was meant
For ships, and nothing more,
No more than gales and squalls is sent
For them as live on shore.

And when the timber's used to make
The landsmen's towns, my notion
Is just this here, that what they take
Is robbing of the ocean.

One day the pigtails showed some fight,
And pretty strong they muster'd,
Though, in course, we weren't the men to fright,
For all they looked and bluster'd.
They blazed away, and so did we,
And we swore we'd change their notes, too,
As we pull'd towards shore on the Yaller Sea,
For I was one of a boat's crew.

We pulled away, we reached the shore,
We jumped with a cheer on land,
And we fought, as we never fought before,
The pigtails hand to hand.
The fellows did n't fight so bad,
Though they hadn't got no gumption,
And to say that's just the thing we had
I hope ain't much presumption.

For gumption, mates, is next to pluck,
(The Captain calls it science,)
The thing to which I've always stuck,
And placed the most reliance.

And so the pigtails got confused,
And cut and screamed terrific—
It warn't so much the force we used,
But we did it scientific.

The pigtails ran and we gave chase,
And we'd need of all our sail,
For when these chaps won't show their face,
'Tain't long you see their tail.
They *can* just run, such chaps as those
Ain't easy ones to follow,
I never see such bumble toes—
They beat a steamer hollow.

And so 'twas few enough we caught,
When once they showed their starns,
Though some of us weren't easy matched,
In anything one larns
As British seamen—such, my mates,
As reefing, steering, gunning,
And broadsword fighting—anything,
But turning tail and running.

We don't larn that—in course we don't—
We fight, and we give quarter ;
But as for running, *that* we won't,
On land nor yet on water.

We *may* be beat at times, but p'r'aps
There isn't e'er a man here
That has been yet, for we're the chaps
That can sing "Rule Britanyer."

How's'ever, mates, I said before,
And to say it's fair and right,
Just this one time in all the war
The pigtails did show fight.
And somehow, as they blazed away,
They managed now and then—
Though how they did it *I* can't say—
To hit us British men.

And some was wounded, some was dead,
Though most was safe and sound,
And some, 'twas very strangely said,
Was nowhere to be found.
The Corporal Rogers was in the list—
Not that of killed and wounded—
But that of men that we somehow missed,
As the Corporal there we soon did.

So a party soon was sent to search
(The first-lieutenant sent us)
For our messmate as was in the lurch,
What they calls the "*non inventus*."

But high and low we searched in vain,
For we wished to see him righted.
One thing at last was very plain—
The Corporal wasn't sighted.

And so we gave him up for dead,
And felt uncommon glum,
Though all of us, his shipmates, said
'Twas really very rum
Wherever he'd contrived to stow
His body and his bones,
Supposing he'd been made to go
The course to Davy Jones.

Hows'ever, he was really gone,
The ship's crew couldn't find him,
And there wasn't e'er as good a one
'Mongst those he left behind him.
We said he was a heart of oak,
And we thought it such a pity
That the Corporal there had been bespoke
For storming of the city.

Lord! if we'd only known the fact—
What *was* the Corp'ral's plight—
Our grief would very soon have tack'd,
And sailed right out of sight.

The Corporal wasn't dead at all,
And wounded very little,
And *hadn't* he the luck to fall
In a precious nice hos-pittal ?

You see the Corporal got a ball,
Which gave his pluck a damper,
And made the Corporal what I call
Not right in his top-hamper ;
He reeled a bit, and couldn't steer,
His head went spinning round,
He tried to stand—felt very queer—
And tumbled to the ground.

He can't just tell how long he lay,—
Because he lost his senses,—
(What women calls a faint-away,
Though often they're pretences.)
But when his daylights opened next,
He says—and I don't doubt him—
He felt a little bit perplexed
At what he saw about him.

For first he saw a she-Chinee
A-looking in his face,
And he wondered who the deuce was she—
And what was that same place.

For he wasn't lying where he fell,
 But stretched upon a bed,
And in a reg'lar house as well,
 With a shelter overhead.

The she-Chinee she gave a cry,
 Though she did it mild and soft,
As soon as ever the Corp'ral's eye
 Showed he wasn't gone aloft ;
And *then*—the Corp'ral needn't blush,
 It's nothing very wicked
I'm going to tell—but, messmates, hush !
 Why then she kissed his thick head.

In course the Corporal thought this queer,
 But his blushes didn't shock her,
So he cried, " Oh dear ! what place is here ?
 Is it Davy Jones's locker ? "
But the she-Chinee she only laughed,
 For want of knowing better,
And she really was a tidy craft,
 And the Corp'ral don't forget her.

But, lord ! she could n't talk a bit,
 Except her crackjaw stuff,
And the Corp'ral says she chattered *it*
 All day and night enough ;

For women's tongues you can't well baulk—
It's a very well-known thing—though
Sometimes it's nothing else they talk
Except a foreign lingo.

So the Corporal he not knowing her's,
And she not knowing his'n,
The Corp'ral never his tongue he stirs,
But keeps his thoughts in prison ;
Till finding this a hardish matter,
The Corporal, thinks he,
"I'll make her in *my* lingo chatter,
Or else I'll learn Chinee."

She tried to teach him hard enough,
But he couldn't even thank her—
The Chinee lingo was so tough
His tongue remained at anchor.
But when the Corporal took *his* turn,
And tried his hand at teaching,
The English warn't so hard to learn,
And the port not long in reaching.

And when the Corporal asked the lass,
Just chance-like, "Who are you?"
She answers him as bold as brass,
"My husband's name's Che-fou."

And the Corporal then he gave a stare,
 And he felt his blood all tingle,
 For, you see, till then he warn't aware
 As how she wasn't single.

And he says, with just a little sulk,
 "This here 's a pretty mess :
 It's true you picked me up a hulk
 When I was in distress :
 But you shouldn't have hid your colours thus—
 It warn't the proper tack—
 And *won't* there be a pretty fuss
 When old Che-fou comes back !"

"Che-fou a fool—Che-fou not care—
 Che-fou not man I love—
 Che-fou not got red, pretty hair—
 Che-fou's head bare above.
 You pretty face—you nice long nose,
 Not flat like poor Chinee—
 You shiny cheeks, you good long toes—
You just the man for me !"

In course the Corporal could n't feel
 Nohow but rayther flattered ;
 Though it likewise puzzled him a deal
 To know if Che-fou mattered—

That is, if he'd a need to mind
At all about Che-fou,
Seeing he'd left his wife behind,
And gone where no one knew.

He warn't quite satisfied as yet,
His conscience wasn't easy,
And his temper, too, was apt to get
At times a trifle breezy.
Till one day thinking what he'd do—
What course he'd steer for next—
He jumps and cuts a caper too
At what he recollects.

“Ain't she a heathen?—then it's clear
She can't be married right—
There ain't a single parson here
To tie a couple tight.
She ain't Che-fou's no more than mine,
Nor yet this place they say's his—
For Victory's my right divine—
Che-fou may go to blazes!”

So after this—and very true
I think the Corporal's views was—
He thought no more about Che-fou
Until at last the news was—

Che-fou was coming back one night—
And sure enough he came—
And our frigate also heav'd in sight
That day—the very same.

“Oh dear!” the female cries; “Oh dear!
Oh dear, what will become of us?
Che-fou's half mad—oh lord, I fear
He'll go and murder some of us!”
Che-fou walked in—the female cried,
“Oh Corporal, he'll kill you!”
The Corporal marches to his side,
And says, “Old buffer, *will* you?”

“I'll tell you what it is, Che-fou,
Just mind yourself, old codger,
Or it's shortish work I'll make of you,
For I'm a British sodger!
This lady's going away with me,
And I'll make the chaplain christen her,
And as for you, my man, you see
I'll take *you* as my prisoner.”

Che-fou looked blue, and so would you
If *you'd* been in his place;
But he saw that blusterin' wouldn't do,
So he pull'd a dismal face.

And he tumbled on his marrow-bones,
 And begg'd him not to be hard on
 A poor Chinee, and with sighs and groans
 He axed the Corporal's pardon.

So then the Corporal made amends,
 And treated him quite hearty,
 And Che-fou he sent for all his friends,
 And made a jolly party.
 And the Corporal kissed *her* just once more,
 And made Che-fou half boosy—
 And then the Corporal left the shore,
 And joined the "Arethusy."

Thus ended the "yarn," which I give you *verbatim*,
 In the words of Bill Swab—the young ladies will hate
 him
 For coarseness I fear; but the coarseness they *ought*
 to call
 Rather a form of expression that's nautical—
 And I trust that Bill's words, as I couldn't well mend
 them,
 Have nothing, in meaning at least, to offend them.

And now still over the azure wave
 Speeds onward the stately ship and brave;
 And the bell strikes "eight," and away they go,
 Bill Swab and his mates to their "watch below,"

And they sleep as men sleep who have no cares—
May all of our slumbers be light as theirs!

Moral.

It's remarkably clear from this "yarn," or this song,
That the Corporal's deeds were decidedly wrong;
But instead of refraining when seeing the evil,
He tried that sad subterfuge—cheating the Devil.
Now I'll give you a warning—a true golden maxim—
('Twill keep a man straight when the same wish attacks
him)

And long, long may the words to your memory stick—
It's a dangerous game playing chess with Old Nick!

THE SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN.*

A Fairy Legend.

I.

'TWAS a long while ago—

Three cent'ries or so—

I really can't tell you exactly the time,
 For chronology's ladder I never could climb,
 And dates look confoundedly awkward in rhyme :
 But somewhere I think in the Eighth Harry's reign—
 That monarch whose like we shall ne'er see again ;
 For in these modern days which we christen
 “degenerate,”

(Thank Heaven, we don't live in those that we venerate,)

For respectable kings it's considered improper

To lead very loose lives,

Marry six or eight wives,

And get rid of the old ones by means of a chopper.

To say nothing of keeping the church in a fright,

By robbing each abbot and friar of his right—

* The idea of this legend was suggested by Crofton Croker's Irish ballad of “The Lord of Dunkerron.”

Or seizing its lands on some pious pretence, or
In right of his title "Fidei Defensor:"

(Though what that faith was I by no means assert,
And I'm fearful, indeed,
That his majesty's creed
Was shifted as oft as his majesty's shirt.)

Yet, of course, we all praise
Those glorious old days
When kings were so good and their realms so con-
tented :

While thumbscrews and racks,
The faggot and axe,
Taught the last new religion the king had invented.

But it isn't with him that I'd darken my page—
Sure a mightier man was alive in that age!
In the county of Kerry his castle still stands,
But who shall e'er trace out the beautiful lands,
Where ruled in his glory in those days of yore,
With retainers, and horses, and dogs by the score,
The Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More?

This Lord of Dunkerron, he hunted and fought,
He feasted and drank as a gentleman ought;
His guns were the truest, his hounds the most keen,
His horses the swiftest the county had seen;
His deeds were the bravest that minstrel e'er sung—
All Erin, in fact, with his victories rung;

While chieftain and peasant, the prince and the priest,
 The men of all stations, the highest, the least,
 All flocked to his castle to revel and feast ;

And ev'ry one swore

That he never before

Had seen a man swallow such whiskey "galore,"

As the Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More.

And oft as he tipp'd some writer of rhymes

(Who'd been doomed to that trade, I've no doubt, for
 his crimes)

Would sing him this song, in the Bacchanal strain,

Displaying more love of good liquor than brain :—

1.

Merry wine, while thy generous blood

Hath been shed at each reveller's feast,

Since he who came forth from the flood

First planted the vine in the East,

All ages have echoed thy fame,

All poets thy virtues have sung,

And pæans in praise of thy name

From the poles to earth's centre have rung.

2.

The sweetest of lyrists of old,

Anacreon, worshipp'd thy shrine ;

And when even Love's praises he told,

The god that inspired him was Wine.

It nourish'd the flame of his youth,
 It warm'd the still blood of his age,
 And in bright, glowing accents of truth
 It spoke from his heart-stirring page.

3.

Let the saintly ascetic revile
 The juice that might lay his heart bare—
 He fears lest the sinful should smile
 To see the dark spots that are there.
 But he, through whose God-lighted soul
 The foul stream of guile never ran,
He fears not the generous bowl
 Which makes him but doubly a man.

4.

Be wine then the theme of my lays ;
 Be wine then my friend while I live ;
 And, dying, my last breath of praise
 To thee, merry wine, will I give.
 And oh, if one friend should deplore me
 When the long sleep of death shall be mine,
 Let him plant not the cypress-tree o'er me—
 But only the glorious Vine !

Well, well—no doubt 'tis very pleasant
 To live for ever for *the present* ;
 To take no thought about the morrow,
 And not a frown from care to borrow ;

T' enjoy your sport from morn till night,
 To go to bed and snore till light;
 To ride good horses, eat good dinners,
 And drink with other jolly sinners—
 To do, in fact, whate'er you please,
 And live a life of pleasant ease.

Yet somehow you find out you've pass'd
 Each day exactly like the last.

You vote it stupid, dull, and slow,
 Though why or how you never know,
 Except that each thing seems to pall—
 The hunting, eating, drinking—all.

In fact it's a truth which you find out at last,
 You cannot for ever keep "going it fast"—
 And whatever the pleasure, when right in the thick of it,
 Somehow or other you're sure to grow sick of it.

So O'Sullivan More
 Found out hunting "a bore"—
 And wonder'd he ever had liked it before.
 Thought the whiskey too strong,
 Detested a song,
 And sleeplessly toss'd about all the night long.
 He'd given up drinking,
 He'd taken to thinking,
 And really almost to a scarecrow was sinking.
 He ceas'd from all strife,
 Led a peaceable life,
 And suddenly fancied he wanted—a wife!



The Spirit of the Ocean.—Page 62.

Now it must be confest,
 When a man is first blest
 With connubial wishes, it rather perplexes
 His amorous mind,
 If he happens to find
 He knows not a house where the opposite sex is.

What the deuce can he do? it's a regular "fix"—
 Of that cruel jade Fortune the vilest of tricks—
 All his plans, all his wishes are scatter'd in air,
 And he's brought to a stand for the want of a "fair!"

My friend, if you should ever be
 In such a hobble—list to me.
 Don't sit at home and sigh and mope,
 And say you cannot see more hope
 For you to marry than the Pope.
 Sit down, and take up pen and ink,
 And draw at once (don't stop to think)
 A flatt'ring picture of your "phiz"—
 Describe what *you* suppose *it is*—
 Then talk about a "little cash,"
 As if you thought such trifles trash:
 Hint that you're looking out "to find
 Some fair one of congenial mind;
 And that, should such a creature chance
 O'er that same paragraph to glance,
 Perhaps she'll kindly condescend
 A line to your address to send,

And name (in confidence) a place
 Where you may see her lovely face—
 Et cetera”—sign it “Jones” or “Ghrimes,”
 And stick it in the “Sunday Times!”

So the Lord of Dunkerron, he sat down to write,
 (By St. Patrick it was a most comical sight,)
 He took up a pen and he dipp'd it in ink,
 Rubb'd his nose, scratch'd his head, and attempted to
 think.

“I have it,” he cries—“yes, I have—no, I've not—
 Let me see”—and he makes a terrific big blot;
 Dabs it up with his finger and soils half the page,
 And seems half inclined to jump up in a rage:
 Looks up to the roof as if *that* could assist,
 And then suddenly writes in a very queer fist
 As follows—“A young man of good expectations,
 And with every blessing but female relations,
 Is in want of a wife undeniably pretty,
 But he don't care a fig if she's stupid or witty:
 And as *he's* rather silent *she's* welcome to chatter—
 Don't care about temper—and riches no matter.
 As he really and truly proposes to wed, he
 Would rather not have one that's married already.
 Can't say that he's partial to widows, but yet
 Don't doubt that some charming ones *are* to be
 met.

So let each pretty woman—young widow or maid—
 Who wants a good husband, and isn't afraid

'To own it, just send a few lines to Kenmare
To O'S.—the writer—who lives about there.'

The deed was done—away he sent
This rather odd advertisement
To some old "Herald," "Times," or "Post,"
Whose name the chronicler has lost.
It's true that many a man in prose says
There wern't such things at all in those days:
But then I scorn such heavy dogs,
Whose dull conception never jogs,
And only beg, dear reader, *you*
Will fancy all my tale is true,
And not expect the least apology
If slips occur in its chronology

And when it appear'd how the people did stare,
And ask "*Who is O'S, that lives at Kenmare?*"
How young widows sigh'd, and how young maidens
smiled,

And how both of them many a moment beguiled
In joking and chatting at work or at tea
About him—and what a strange man he must be!

And then they declared
They wonder'd he dared
To do such a thing—
It really would bring
Discredit, they said,
On the whole sex's head

If one widow or maid should be heard to express
The slightest desire to be “*Mrs.*” O’S.

Yet the twopenny postman was heard to declare
Such a letter-bag never was seen at Kenmare,
Nor such a huge pile of small *billets-doux* in’t,
As the day when that “impudent thing” was in print.
In fact he averr’d, and was ready to swear to it,
“Valentine’s day worn’t a thing to compare to it!”
And “O’S” himself, when the letters appear’d,
Look’d, as Jonathan has it, most awfully “skeer’d.”
If he *had* any wits ’twas sufficient to scare ’em—
And O’Sullivan More dreamt of Solomon’s barem!

II.

’Twas a lovely night—not a sound was heard,
Not a breath o’er the slumb’ring ocean stirr’d—
Not a wave or a ripple to ruffle the stream
Of silvery light from the moon’s pale beam.
Each star was bright as the glance of love,
In the dark blue vault of heav’n above;
Each cavern and rock on the shore below
Sparkled and shone with a diamond glow.

All is silent around:—

Nay—list to that sound—

Hark, from cavern to cavern its echoes resound!

And behold, from the shade

By yon precipice made,

Steps the form of a warrior richly array’d!

Who is it thus waking when even the deep
 In the silence of midnight seems hush'd into sleep?
 When the wind and the billow have sunk into rest,
 Like the lamb in the fold, or the babe at the breast?
 Who is it thus moodily paces the shore?—
 'Tis the Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More!

Long and earnestly looks he across the dark main
 As if seeking some object—yet seeking in vain—
 Not a speck meets his eye on its azure domain.
 Then, weary with watching, he turns to depart
 With gloom on his brow and with grief in his heart,
 When slowly stealing on his ear,
 Each moment nearer and more near,
 A strain of dulcet music swells
 Soft as the sound of distant bells.
 Yet mortal hand could never wake
 Such sounds from lyre of earthly make;
 And were such voice to mortal given,
 Cecilia's self would list from heaven.

1.

Naiads arise!

Arise from your slumbers, ye maids of the deep—
 The winds are all hush'd and the waves are asleep,
 Come forth then, come forth at your mistress's call,
 From pearl-studded cavern, from coral-built hall—

Naiads arise!

2.

Naiads arise!

The May moon is keeping her vigil on high,
The stars peering forth from the dome of the sky,
Dull mortals are sleeping:—the earth and the sea
And the regions of air to the Spirits are free—

Naiads arise!

3.

Naiads arise!

Come forth from the depths of your fathomless
home:

Come forth—to the regions of earth let us roam.
Let us gaze on the world as it slumbers above,
And sing, as we rise, to the Godhead of Love—

Naiads arise!

4.

Naiads arise!

Raise your voices on high—let each silvery note,
Borne up from the deep, through the universe
float;

And the spirits of earth and of heaven ere long
Shall join in response to the Ocean-Nymphs'
song—

Naiads arise!

Such was the burden of the strain:
It ceased—and all was still again.

Then sudden there springs up a fountain of spray,
And the rays of the moon, as reflected they play,
Each tint of an exquisite rainbow display :
While gently beneath it a wave seems to swell,
And slowly there rises a beautiful shell—
Within it reclines—aye, Dunkerron, thy brow
May well own the blush that suffuses it now.
He were colder than thou who could feel no emotion,
Yet gaze on the beautiful Spirit of Ocean !

Faintly would human words express
That spirit's passing loveliness :
Vainly would poet seek to tell
How on her heaving bosom's swell
The golden tresses rose and fell.
Vainly would artist seek to trace
The lines of that angelic face ;
To paint that brow, or catch the hue
Of that soft eye's ethereal blue.
In vain would sculptor seek to mould
The limbs those filmy robes enfold ;
But vainer far were he, whose pen
Should strive to paint to fallen men
The look of spiritual grace
Which play'd for ever o'er her face,
Like some diviner beauty given
To mark her for a child of Heaven !

Long, earnest, and fixed was O'Sullivan's gaze,
Each thought and each feeling seem'd sunk in amaze—

When the beautiful spirit arose from her rest,
And calmly the wondering chieftain address'd—

“ Lord of Dunkerron, thou art here
Thine earthly destiny to hear!
I know thy thoughts, thy wishes—all:
I know how prone thou art to fall
Below the glory of thy name,
When urged by the unworthy flame
Thy headlong passions ever raise
To sear thee with its hellish blaze!
But shall their influence e'er drown
The memory of thy sire's renown?
Shall woman's smile or rev'ler's jest
Wither in thy degenerate breast
The recollection that thy race
From none *of earth* their lineage trace;
But from those demigods of old,
Those heroes of immortal mould,
Whose deeds still live from age to age—
The theme of many a deathless page!

“ Nay, nay—once more I see it now—
The pride of lineage on thy brow!
Once more thou feel'st in every vein
The blood no meaner race must stain:
Once more, no mistress but thy sword,
Thou art again Dunkerron's Lord!
Oh, be thou ever thus—the same,
The hero worthy of thy name;

For 'tis decreed beyond control,
 'Tis writ in the eternal roll
 Of Fate, that never to thy bed
 Shall one of Adam's race be led,
 Thy bride to be, thy name to share—
 Dunkerron, no—by Him I swear,
 Whose fiat gave Creation birth,
Thou shalt not wed a child of earth !”

She ceased—and there seem'd, as her words died away,
 One moment a flush o'er her features to play ;
 Her eyes, too, so earnest, so flashing before
 When fixed on the chieftain, now sought him no more ;
 But downcast their glance through the lashes' dark
 shade,
 Like the rays of the sun through a summer cloud,
 stray'd.

Can it be that an angel from heaven may know
 The passion of love for a mortal below ?
 Can it be that the Lord of Dunkerron may move
 The beautiful Spirit of Ocean to love ?—
 Though wild be the notion, yet see in his eyes
 The hope from her words, from her glances, arise ;
 And nought shall e'er quench it, and ne'er shall it rest
 Till the maiden herself to his bosom is press'd,
 And there, on the shore of the fathomless tide,
 Has plighted her troth as O'Sullivan's bride.
 Then swift as an arrow he plunged in the main
 As the maiden sank down 'neath the surface again.

Down, down as she goes, still the chieftain pursues
 (Fear finds not a place in the hero who woos).
 Down, down, 'midst the wonderful treasures that sleep
 Unknown and conceal'd in the vault of the deep,
 Untempted he passes, unheeding alarms,
 Till the beautiful spirit is clasp'd in his arms.

To the surface they rise, and a stalactite cave
 Receives them together borne up from the wave.
 The Lord of Dunkerron then pours forth his tale
 Of love to the maiden, who, trembling and pale,
 Scarce heeds all the passionate words that she hears,
 So much for herself and her lover she fears.
 "Stay, stay, I beseech thee, Dunkerron," she cries,
 "Thou know'st not the terrible danger that lies
 In the words that thou breathest—Dunkerron, arise—
 The spirit that stoops to feel love for thee—*dies!*"

Who shall paint Dunkerron now,
 With glaring eye and knitted brow?
 Who shall tell how burst on air
 His fearful cry of wild despair—
 While at the maiden's feet he falls
 And madly for her pity calls;
 Beseeching her unsay again
 Those words of more than mortal pain,
 Or bid him on the instant die
 And end this dream of agony?

The maiden's cheek is pale as death,
And thick and hurried comes her breath—

“Nay, courage!” she whispers, “O’Sullivan, hear!
To the chief of my race I will haste to appear—
I will kneel at his feet and for pity implore
That he’ll soften the doom, ne’er remitted before,
And yield me—the bride of O’Sullivan More.”

She is gone, and the deep hath received her again;
The chieftain stands gazing and gazing in vain—
He sees not the sign of a ripple or wave
To mark where the spirit had pass’d from the cave.

But, sudden a tinge rises up on the flood—
He shudders—he staggers—O God, it is blood!
And the waves in their fury are lifted on high,
And out from the depths of the ocean a cry—
The accent of death—rends the vault of the sky.
'Tis *her* voice!—aye, 'tis hers, who one moment before
Had own'd that she loved him—her blood stains the
shore

Where senseless and cold falls O’Sullivan More!

III.

Next morning the Lord of Dunkerron was found
In his chamber alone, lying flat on the ground,
With a heap of small *billets-doux* scattered around.
So they lifted him up, and they put him to bed,
With a wet pocket-handkerchief tied round his head,
To draw off the fumes of the whiskey, they said.

The whole of the day
 He kept snoring away,
 And, at night, when his servants took one little peep,
 They still found him lying there snoring asleep.
 You'd have thought for a month he had not had a
 wink of it—
 No one could tell in his heart what to think of it.

At length he awoke—rubb'd his eyes, and seem'd trying
 To find if he really was living or dying.
 Then he look'd at the ceiling and look'd at the floor,
 As if he had never beheld them before—
 But the truth is, he'd somehow got hold of the notion
 He *ought* to awake on the shore of the ocean.

A beautiful spirit he'd *certainly* seen ;
 But whether that spirit was christen'd "Potheen,"
 Or whether her home were earth, water, or air—
 Was a matter he couldn't decidedly swear.
 He rose from his couch, donn'd the clothes that were
 nearest,
 And found that his intellect wasn't the clearest.
 His brain seem'd a mill—how he wish'd it would cease
 From grinding one moment, and just have some grease !

What's that thing on the floor?—it's a pink *billet-*
doux—

There's a heap of them yonder of every hue.
 The sight of them makes poor O'Sullivan worse,
 And he's half in a humour to bluster and curse

The notes and their writers—but suddenly checks
His very ungallant remarks on their sex.

Well—time and some excellent soda and brandy
(A gentleman always should have such things handy)
Stopp'd the mill that *would* grind in O'Sullivan's brain,
And made him as fresh as a daisy again.

But the chronicles say,
That from that very day,
If a petticoat ever was seen in his way—
If he caught the least sight
Of a woman at night,
He'd run like a hare in a deuce of a fright.

He lived and he died in the county of Kerry,
The friend of the brave and the "pal" of the merry.
In his castle the warmest of welcomes was given
To men of all nations and ranks under heaven.

But to woman alone
No favour was shown;
And never through all his long life-time was known
A maid, wife, or widow to enter his door—
The last of his race was O'Sullivan More!

Moral.

And now for my moral! Pause, reader, and think—
Need I hint that it's highly improper to drink
Such very strong "night-caps" ere going to bed,
That you wake with a mill hard at work in your head?

No—I'm sure that I needn't—at least not to *you*—
You're a temperate man, sir, if noses speak true.

Need I give you advice, that it's certainly better
To make love in person, instead of by letter?
That the softest of language the heart can indite
Looks silly when written in plain black and white?
Of course not—so jewell'd, so dress'd, and so curl'd,
I see, sir, that *you* are a man of the world.

Then what *can* I say? Hath my legend no moral
The author may tell and his reader not quarrel?
Yes—fain would I think that the beautiful sprite
Who came to the Lord of Dunkerron that night,
May image some glorious vision that's past
But once through our dreams—but whose traces still
last;
And aye, as they linger, leave something behind
Of poetry's essence to freshen the mind,
And teach us—though far from the sphere of their
birth—
There's many a beautiful spirit on earth!

THE DANDY'S DREAM.

A Legend of London.

MR. CHESTERFIELD SUPPLETON lounged in his chair
 At his club, with a weary and dandified air,
 And he yawned, and he stretched, and gave many a
 twirl

To his silky moustache and his favourite curl ;
 And he played with his watch chain, whence gracefully
 dangled

A dozen small "charms" of the latest new-fangled
 Invention and fashion—coins, keys, curiosities,
 Horse shoes, and monkeys, and little monstrosities ;
 And he listlessly sipped at his Chateau Margaux,
 Unheeding its flavour, or ruby-like glow ;
 And he looked at the floor, and he looked at the ceiling,
 Without the least symptom of thought or of feeling,
 Except of that *blasé* and vapid inanity
 Which often afflicts poor young Pall Mall humanity ;
 And he said to himself with a ladylike sigh,
 " Was there ever a wretcheder fellow than I ?

What on earth can I do?—where on earth can I go?
 No opera open—the theatres all ‘low’—
 Can a desert be half so confoundedly slow?
 Not a single invite
 For this horrible night,
 And the season (deuce take it all) just at its height.”

And the thought of this terrible climax of ills
 Mr. Suppleton’s bosom with horror so fills,
 That his eyes on the beeswaxed mahogany glare,
 And he looks like a statue of gloomy despair.

 But of course it’s no use
 To remain in the “blues,”
 So he takes up the *Globe*, and dips into the news.
 But reading’s a work he
 So apt is to shirk, he
 Knows nothing at all about Russia and Turkey,
 Or cab fares, or “pikes,”
 Or the question of “strikes,”
 And so he finds nothing at all that he likes,
 But thrusts it away,
 And—as men *always* say—
 Says “There’s nothing at all in the paper to-day.”

And now the Chateau Margaux is done,
 The coffee-room’s empty, and one by one
 The waiters away out of sight have slunk,
 To finish the wine that is left undrunk.

Back in his chair,
 Still lounging there,
 Mr. Suppleton sits with his "used-up" air.
 But he yawns no more
 As he yawned before,
 Nor stares at the ceiling, nor stares at the floor ;
 But he crosses his arms, and rests his chin
 On his chest, just over his brilliant pin,
 And his eyelids blink, and his eyelids close,
 And a sound proceeding from out his nose,
 Like a grampus troubled with asthma, shows
 Mr. Chesterfield Suppleton's taking a doze.

Music's sound
 Floats around,
 Tapers flashing brightly,
 Pretty girls
 In many twirls,
 Spin about him lightly.

Merrily
 Off they fly,
 Scarce around them glancing—
 Such a pace
 Modern grace,
 Allows to ladies dancing.

Round each waist,
 Lightly placed,
 Rests a cavalier's arm.
 Supported so,
 Away they go,
 Not a damsel fears harm.

On ev'ry side
 They seem to glide,
 Right and left they're straying.
 Who'd withstand
 Weippert's band,
 Merry polkas playing?

The scene is a ball-room in Grosvenor Square,
 And all the *élite* of the *beau monde* are there—
 All polking and waltzing (though many do *these* ill,)
 Gallopading, quadrilling, and “popping the weasel,”
 And swallowing ices, and flirting, and smiling,
 And hasty old Time, as he speeds on, beguiling,
 And let cynical gentlemen sneer if they please,
 (Though we don't write our legends for people like
 these.)

'Tis a beautiful sight,
 That flood of rich light,
 And beauty and grace in a ball-room at night.
 The jewels, the dresses,
 The bright, flowing tresses,

The lips, and the eyes, and the small hand that presses
So gently our own, as we whirl to the measure,
And the heart dances fast as the feet do with pleasure.

Alas! alas! that there should be,
In such a scene of revelry,
A sorrowing heart, an evil thought,
A wish that was not virtue-wrought—
A taint of passions that impart
A demon tinge to human heart;
Alas! that forms so fair should hide
Hatred and envy, falsehood, pride,
The serpent lurking in the breast,
So meet a place for Virtue's nest.*

Yet I fear it's quite true that a ball-room contains
More vices than virtues, more beauty than brains;
It's a very sad fact, it's revolting, it's cruel,
To think that those dear little creatures could *do* ill;
Or even indeed that their hearts could conceive it—
To look in their faces no man could believe it.
But Beauty and Virtue, though often of course
Closely wedded, are apt to obtain a divorce;
Virtue clings to the lips still, and manfully tries
To hold on as long as he can to the eyes;
But the latter are apt to be traitors, revealing
The secrets that lips are for ever concealing.

* OÙ la vertu va-t-elle se *nicher*?

See that sweet Lady Eleanor, beauty and grace
In her air, in her carriage, her figure, her face,—
A voice like a bell of pure silver in tone,
An eye and a brow a Madonna might own—
And can *she*, too—can even that exquisite creature
Be a trifle less perfect in heart than in feature?
We'll see. There's her partner, the Earl of Roulette.
To drink and to riot, to gamble and bet,
To follow sad vices we only need hint,
As their names would look highly improper in print—
In fact, to do all that we ought to leave *undone*,
The Earl of Roulette has no equal in London.
Lady Eleanor knows it, she thinks him a wretch
Whose neck, in strict justice, a halter should stretch.
The name of the man is the bane of her life,
She so hates him, and means to be shortly his wife!
Poor girl! can't she help it? *a mariage forcé?*
Not at all—he's enormously rich, need I *more* say?
Mansions, carriages, jewels, unlimited pleasure,
Eighty thousand a-year—who would miss such a
treasure?
Not the sweet Lady Nell, for mere love of another
Who once had her heart—yonder poor younger
brother.

See that pretty young wife, too—a bride of last season—
Her heart even now is imagining treason
'Gainst yonder old grey head, who calls her his spouse,
And believes in her faith as he did in her vows.

See her "innocent" glance,
 As she stops in the dance,
 And leans on the arm of her whiskered *parti* ;
 How confiding—how tender—
 St. Cupid defend her !
 Or her faith and her vows, alas ! where will they be ?

See those scheming mamas bent on making up matches,
 (Real *Lucifer* ones,) looking out for good "catches"
 For Janes and Jemimas—fair damsels who're told
 To judge a man's worth not from merit but gold.
 See that booby young lordling, who's managed to get
 In two or three years so intensely in debt
 To tailors and horsedealers, jockeys and Jews,
 That the latter have even been known to refuse
 His lordship's acceptance, though backed by the
 "Blues !"

Sec—here Mr. Suppleton gave a loud snore,
 And turned in his sleep, crying, "Hold there ! no more,
 This horrible ball-room's becoming a bore."



Make your game, gents, make your game—
 Black or red, it's all the same—
 Fifty you, sir—twenty you—
 Blesh my soul, what shall I do
 If I lose that pile of monies ?
 Make your game, gents, all the run is

Clear against the bank to-night—
 'Pon my shoul I'm in a fright—
 Make your game, gents—game is made—
 Now then, here goes—who's afraid?
 Red's the winner—" Devil take it,
 Hang the bank! will no one break it?"
 Out the little hand-rake creeps,
 Raking gold up into heaps;
 Slyly grins the Hebrew croupier
 At the disconcerted troupe there,
 Staking money for their pastime,
 (Always vowing for "the last time,")
 While their almost every stake
 Feeds his ever ready rake.

There's young Snooks of the Guards,
 Whose passion for cards
 Young Snooks's professional progress retards,
 As he pitches away
 Each evening at play,
 The amount of full three or four years of his pay;
 And it's whispered, indeed,
 That he's coming to need,
 As the "Governor" somehow refuses to "bleed."

But Snooks is a "brick,"
 And swears that he'll stick
 To the cards and the dice-box, through thin and
 through thick.

So the lighter his purse,
 His passion the worse
 To empty it quickly and cling to his curse—
 Till to judge from his look,
 Of credit forsook,
 Mr. Snooks from a "pigeon" will soon be a "rook."

Beside him stands Mr. Aminadab Moses,
 Resplendent in jewels and trinkets, who shows his
 Bank-notes and bright metal all ready for play—
 Spread out on the table, in tempting array—
 And he plays and he loses with perfect *nonchalance*,
 As one who cares nothing at all for the balance
 Of luck either way,
 And people *do* say
 He only pretends to receive and to pay—
 Being merely a "bennet"—a cunning old boy stuck
 To act in the *rôle* of a human decoy duck.

"Blesh my heart, Mr. Snooks,
 How savage you looks!
 Cleaned out I'm afraid—shall I lend you a twenty?
 A fifty? a hundred? my dear, I've got plenty.
 Just take a cool fifty,
 'T will be such a lift t' ye,
 You'll find the luck change if you play with that
 money,
 My gold always does win—it *does*—ain't it funny?"

The fifty is taken and follows the rest,
 And Snooks of the Guards on departing is press'd
 Just to scribble his name to a small I O U
 For a hundred—well, well then, for eighty will do.
 But business is business, and by it is meant,
 In Aminadab's notions, a hundred per cent.

There's a queer-looking Guy,
 With a sharp, blood-shot eye,
 And a coat and a hat rather wanting in lustre.
 What a fuss the chap makes
 With his trumpery stakes!
 A guinea seems all the poor devil can muster.

Let's peep in his pocket a moment—let's pick it—
 What's this? It's a neat little green-coloured
 ticket,
 Proclaiming the fact of a little advance
 From a loan-lending "relative"—just a last chance
 Which he's raised on his bed, for his clothes are all
 gone,
 With his wife's, and his children's, as well as his own.

What's this? A small pistol crammed full to the
 muzzle.

Its use to a peaceable mortal might puzzle
 The wise; but the seedy man thinks it may settle
 Accounts he can't pay in a costlier metal.

“A guinea! poor devil!” the croupier thinks,
 As he watches the stakes and complacently chiuks
 All his *own* shining coins—“What a close-fisted fellow,
 To risk nothing more than that one bit of yellow.”

The queer-looking Guy puts his coin on the black,
 And for two or three seconds he sits on the rack,
 Till the croupier's lazy voice begins,
 “Black—red—black—red—black—red—*red wins.*”

Then the queer-looking Guy
 Gives a sharp little cry,
 As if something had stung him, and those who stand by
 Think the fellow is mad,
 Or it's “really too bad
 To make such a fuss for a guinea, begad.”

But the queer-looking Guy from the table has sped,
 And five minutes after his spirit has fled—
 Two bullets of lead
 Have gone through his head—
 The gambler has play'd his last *coup*, and *he's dead*.

And his wife and his children, half starved before,
 Can fight with wolfish want no more.
Sans bed, *sans* clothes, *sans* food, *sans* “tin,”
 The Union kindly takes them in.

And here Mr. Suppleton gives a twist
 On his chair as he hastily clenches his fist,

And mutters (still under his sleepy spell),
 "For mercy's sake take us away from this hell."

Scratching and fighting,
 And screaming and tearing,
 Kicking and biting,
 And raving and swearing,
 Shouting out "Murder," and roaring "Police."
 Where the deuce have we got to? What wretches are
 these?
 What a villanous hole! What a sight! What a smell!
 What horrors it would n't be decent to tell,
 In this dark little court
 Which an evil report
 Assigns as the place where "low Irishmen" dwell.
 From the cellars below even up to the tiles,
 Swarming with filth is this den of St. Giles.

There's a husband whose notions of marriage consist
 In crow-bars and pokers, to aid a strong fist
 In thumping a wife
 To an inch of her life,
 With occasional change to a razor or knife.

There's a wife and a mother,
 Who, somehow or other,
 Has one little taste that she never can smother;

She cares not a pin
 Who may think it a sin,
 But she certainly owns to a weakness for gin.

There's her baby there, filthy, and stretched on the floor,
 And screaming for food—it's the last one of four ;
 For all of the others (though very long dying—
 Starvation's slow work) are now peacefully lying
 In yon burial-ground, where they pack up the dead
 More close than the living are packed in a bed
 In these "furnished apartments at twopence a head."

And is there, in short,
 Not a spot in this Court
 But Vice, Poverty, Filth (what a pleasant triumvirate !)
 In all their most hideous aspects encumber it ?
 Is Poverty *always* a rogue and a sot,
 And Virtue in tatters a thing that is not ?
 A fiction, a fable, a dream of the fancy,
 Which no one e'er saw and which no one e'er *can* see ?

Stitching, sewing, all day through,
 Stitching half the night-time, too,
 Creep within this crazy portal,
 And look upon a half-starved mortal;
 See her long and bony fingers
 Guide the point that never lingers
 Till the long, hard task is done,
 Till the wretched pay is won.

There's a bed of loose straw stowed away in a corner,
 And whenever the starved-looking mortal has worn her
 Weak eyes to such dimness that, even in spite
 Of the guttering candle's magnificent light,
 She can't see her thimble, her needle, or thread,
 She flings herself down there, and feeling half dead,
 Is thankful such bedding her "income" affords,
 And she isn't obliged to lie *quite* on the boards.

She's uncommonly plain,

Yet on looking again

P'rhaps she *may* have been pretty ; we *have* seen worse
 features.

Work, hunger, and care,

With a lack of fresh air,

Play the deuce at eighteen with these delicate creatures.

Her eyes are not bad, but so sunk 'neath her brow ;
 Her hair long and wavy, but lustreless now ;
 Her mouth—yes, that's good, scarce a duchess could
 match it—

But her nose, why the bone is as sharp as a hatchet.

Her figure's all angles and flat—to be sure

Starvation is apt to impair the *contour*.

And that's not so uncommon, that pale, hollow cheek

In a damsel who lives on three shillings a-week,

And earns the three shillings, at least when they let

her,

By making up shirts for a slopseller's "sweater."

And is there no end and no hope?
 And is it this wretched one's doom
 For ever with famine to cope—
 No rest but the rest of the tomb?

O God! in this glorious city,
 The pride of this wealth-glutted nation,
 Will not riches, nor power, nor *pity*
 Save even one child from starvation?

If *not*, let the proud city quail,
 And bethink her of Babylon's fall—
 Lest the moral she read in the tale
 Be *thy writing e'en now on the wall*.

Mr. Suppleton here again turns round,
 And utters a guttural, nasal sound—
 And his dream, for a moment at least, is banish'd—
 The Court of St. Giles into air has vanished.

Let toppers praise wine—
 And no sentence of mine
 Shall refuse its due meed to the glorious vine—
 I confess that I long
 To illustrate in song
 The delights of a beautiful cup of Souchong.

It's ten thousand pities
 No soul-stirring ditties
 Are made on the drink that for "stirring" so fit is—
 While Anacreon, Horace,
 Tom Moore, Captain Morris,
 Burns, Byron—all dig in the same well-known
 quarries,
 All lauding the juice
 Whose indiscreet use,
 Though pleasant, sends many poor souls to the dence:
 While tea—the mild leaf,
 Gives the senses relief,
 And never yet brought any mortal to grief.

But I'll leave it alone—lest my too partial praise
 Bring disgrace on my head, and my unlucky lays,
 In the hands of tee-totallers chancing to fall,
 Be sung at a meeting in Exeter Hall!!

No matter—just glance at this family tea-table,
 Laden with ev'rything pleasant that's eatable—
 Toast, muffins, and cakes, preserves, biscuits, and
 jellies,
 How pleasant the sight is! How fragrant the smell is!

And see the bright faces, too, thronging the room—
 Health, pleasure, contentment in all their full bloom—
 And hark to the noise
 Of the merry young boys,
 And the silvery laugh of the girls' gentler joys—

And see the fond mother in matronly pride
 Alternately gazing, all smiles, on each side—
 And papa, too, who *won't* look the pleasure he feels,
 For dignity *must* be maintained, and “loud peals
 Of laughter are highly improper at meals!”

Dive into each heart there,
 And find me a part there
 Which Virtue herself would reject for her dwelling—
 Probe deep as you will
 To the core—you shall still
 Find traces of Love—Love, triumphantly telling.

So all is *not* black—all *not* tainted with evil,
 In spite of our proneness to only believe ill
 Of poor human nature, we find hearts and homes
 Where Virtue still dwells and where Vice rarely
 comes—
 Hearts warm with affection, with goodness and purity;
 And homes where such hearts may repose in security—
 Even *here*, in this city, we wrote half a page on,
 To vent our indignantly virtuous rage on!

“Good gracious! who's preaching? Where am I?
 Holloa!

I thought I was—somewhere—I really don't know—
 I fear I've been sleeping—I'll smoke a cheroot—
 Stay a minute—that foot's gone asleep in my boot.”

And so Mr. Chesterfield Suppleton rose
At eleven o'clock from his two hours' doze :
The dream had all vanished—the charm was all broke—
Like the dreamer it soon was enveloped in smoke.

Moral.

The Reader who's come to the end of "our dream,"
A "moral" will surely superfluous deem.
It's as plain as the sun—might be seen by a mole—
It is of our tale, not a part but *the whole* :
That for pleasure abroad it's in vain that we roam,
For the truest of pleasure stays always at home—
That riches but tempt—want and poverty hurt you—
And there's nothing like Quiet, Contentment, and
Virtue.

THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.*

An Irish Legend.

THE bride was arranging her bonnie black hair,
 Frizzing it here and smoothing it there :
 Pommading, and scenting, and combing, and curling,
 Brushing, and banding, and twisting, and twirling,
 Plaiting, and poking in two-legged pins—
 Not such as exist for our masculine sins—
 (Their white little cousins
 Which stick out by dozens
 From a modern dame's dress as a *chevaux-de-frize*,
 To guard her fair waist from the chance of a squeeze.)

A smart little waiting-maid stood by her side,
 And gazed, with a mixture of envy and pride,
 On her charming young mistress, the fair little bride ;
 Who look'd most bewitchingly pretty and neat
 From the top of her curls to her dear little feet.
 (And perhaps County Monaghan couldn't have shown
 A prettier pair than that bride call'd her own.)

* The following legend was suggested by Carleton's beautiful ballad.

Her lips were as plump and as red as a cherry :
 Her eyes were so brilliant, and sparkling, and merry—
 In all thy bright bevy
 Of lasses, Killeevy,
 There wasn't, I'll swear,
 A damsel more fair
 Than that same little bride who was "doing" her hair.

But hold—I'm afraid that I'm not quite correct—
 She *wasn't* a bride yet, but only "elect."
 I'm obliged to be careful; for critical noses,
 Which sniff at the nightshade and heed not the roses,
 Are apt to turn up at a slip, and deride, as
 They did at a certain young Bride of Abydos,
 Because, in the end, poor Zuleika turn'd out to be
Not Mrs. Selim—but only *about* to be.

 So, ere you deride
 My fair little "bride,"
 Or the author who's writing the young lady's story,
 And say she's no claim
 To so holy a name,
 Remember he found out the same thing before ye.

The hair being finished, the pretty *fiancée*
 Just tried for a while
 One sweet little smile
 In the mirror—well, well, p'r'aps it *may* have been
 fancy—

Then turn'd to her maid,
 Who proudly display'd,
 In all its bright glories of lace and brocade,
 And trimmings, and flounces, and flowers, and braid,
 A wedding-dress made in the mode of the day,
 And copied of course from the "Belle Assemblée"—
 That elegant medley of critiques and fashions,
 Soft verses, and stories of drawing-room passions!

The dress was donn'd—an orange wreath,
 With blossoms white as the brow beneath—
 The crown of purity was set
 Upon the maiden's lock of jet :
 While the bridal veil in flowing grace
 Half hid, and half exposed, her face.
 Ah! 'twas in truth a fairy sight,
 That bride arrayed in spotless white ;
 Now to her eye the tear-drop straying,
 Now on her lips the bright smile playing,
 Now murmuring the lov'd one's name,
 Now blushing in her maiden shame,
 And now turning round to her waiting-maid, Betty,
 Saying, "*Dis, donc, Bettina, suis-je bien toiletée ?*
 Can you find out a flaw that may meet with
 detection,
 Or am I now really dress'd *quite* to perfection ?
 I hope that dear Turlough will think I look
 nice—
 By the bye, that reminds me—I spoke of it twice—

I really do hope he remember'd and bought a ring—
 What's that? why, Betty, you're laughing, you
 naughty thing."

Sir Turlough is a stalwart knight,
 A lion-hearted Thane ;
 And fair as ever met the sight
 Is Turlough's broad domain.
 And wealth is his, and lineage long—
 No prouder, nobler race
 May wake the Irish minstrel's song,
 Or Erin's hist'ry grace.
 And 'mid that race no name more great,
 No hero's deeds more bold,
 Than Turlough's name can bard relate,
 Than Turlough's deeds are told.

Yet wealth and fame have lost their pow'r
 O'er Turlough's lion-heart ;
 And warlike songs at banquet hour
 No more their charm impart.
 Nay, minstrel, nay—strike other cords ;
 Cease war and wine to praise :
 No solace now thy song affords—
 Wake gentler, sweeter lays.
 Be Love thy theme—and thou shalt read
 In Turlough's conscious air,
 How to his heart thy notes have sped
 And woke an echo there.

And who is she whose witchery,
 Whose magic spells have wrought
 Such wondrous change, and Turlough's soul
 'Neath Love's dominion brought?
 'Tis Eva, Eva, fairest maid
 Green Erin's dames among,
 Whose praise through all the land hath stray'd,
 And ev'ry poet sung.
 'Tis Eva, Eva, fairest child—
 They say each fairy kiss'd her,
 And, at her birth, the Graces smil'd,
 And claim'd her for their sister.

Sir Turlough has seen her, and head over heels
 Has tumbled in love—and so “spooney” he feels,
 That one day at the feet of the lady he kneels,
 And swears that he's pining and dying for love of her:
 And walks all day long with an old cast-off glove of her
 Under his waistcoat, his shirt, and “et ceteras;”
 (I cannot describe all the clothes to the letter, as
 I'm by no means quite sure if he sported a “vest”
 Of merino or flannel—the latter's the best,
 Made in scarlet, or p'r'aps of a shade or two fainter,
 By the prince of all hosiers and shirt-makers—Painter.)
 But next to his heart—that chief station of arteries—
 Which aye in these cases a terrible martyr is.

Nobles and men of extensive estate
 Seldom are doom'd for an answer to wait.

Fair Eva look'd down on the knight as he knelt
And told the impassion'd sensations he felt;
And she smil'd, and she sigh'd, and two round little
tears
Ran a race down her cheeks—little innocent dears!
And she blush'd, and she stammer'd, and made an
endeavour
To talk about something like “thine, thine for ever—”
Which was pleasant, of course, if not novel or clever.
Then the knight made an effort and rose from his
knees,
(For the garden was damp, and the cold made him
sneeze—
What a foe to romance is a sharp north-east breeze!)
And he clasp'd the fair Eva close, close to his breast!
And—ladies, I leave you to fancy the rest!



Young May, for ever fresh and fair,
Bright skies and sunshine bringing,
Comes dancing on with joyous air—
Sweet perfumes round her flinging.

Grim, leafless Winter's reign is o'er;
Killeevy's woods are green,
Bedeck'd in smiling flow'rs once more
Killeevy's vales are seen.

With merry sound,
That echoes round,
Killeevy's bells are ringing ;
And bridal lays
And songs of praise
Killeevy's youths are singing.
And maids are there
For Eva fair
Their pray'rs to Heaven addressing ;
While young and old
On Turlough bold
Invoke their Maker's blessing.

Killeevy's church is old and grey,
Full many an age hath pass'd away
Since he who sleeps 'neath yonder stone—
His deeds forgot, his name scarce known—
First rais'd in piety and love
That off'ring to his God above.
And now its vaulted aisles along
Peal the notes of sacred song,—
Pray'r and praise to Christ on high
Breath'd in solemn minstrelsy :
While joyous peasants, like a gleam
Of sunlight, through its portal stream,
Contrasting with their gaudy dress
The dark old temple's hoariness.
And now the multitude give way,
And, glittering in proud array,

A gay and gallant group is seen
Threading the watchful crowd between.

Foremost walks a stalwart knight,
Smiling round with proud delight ;
And youth and maid, and young and old,
The bridegroom hail, Sir Turlough Bold !

I wish I could tell how the bridegroom was dress'd—
His mantle, his cap, his “do'n't-name-thems,” his vest ;
His shirt and his hose, and the fifty small articles
That form'd of man's costume the various particles,
Before it was fashion'd with modern precision—
Tight, awkward, and ugly, refin'd, and Parisian !

But in matters of dress,
I freely confess,
My knowledge is something remarkably small ;
And of doublets, hose, sashes,
Mantles, buskins, and slashes,
I really don't think I could tell you at all.

But look—they're all waiting and peering to see
If the bride is approaching. What's that ? is it she ?
No—it's only a fat man, in heavy sabots,
Which clatter like pattens wherever he goes,
Though he vainly endeavours to walk on his toes.

What's that ?—it's a priest in a snowy white gown,
With a little bald patch on the top of his crown,

And a cross on his back.—And what's that? It's a
brother,

With a gown and a patch and a cross—there's another.
Then three little urchins in little white spencers,
Bobbing and kneeling and swinging their censers,
Follow the priests, keeping close to their heels,
And filling the church with the scent of pastiles.

“But where is the bride?”

Asks each one aside :

“It's remarkably ‘rum,’

Why the deuce don't she come ?

Sir Turlough—just watch him—is getting quite glum,
And one of the priests there is biting his thumb.”

There's a rush through the door—there's a cry of
affright—

'Tis the voice of a maid robed in garments of white—

'Tis from Eva she comes—'tis to Turlough she flies—

And she kneels at his feet, and in agony cries,

“Eva—thine Eva—woe is me!

Sleeps the sleep of eternity!”

One moment with suspended breath

Stands Turlough—rigid, cold as death.

Then from his bloodless lips a cry

Bursts forth of pent-up agony :

Wildly on Eva's name he calls,

And senseless at the altar falls!

Autumn is a jolly king,
Many are his pleasures too—
Harvest home and rollicking,
Harvest and his treasures too.

See him brown and ruddy grown,
Fruits around him scattering,
Seated on his leafy throne,
A king that needs no flattering.

What though half his leaves be shorn—
Of varied tints what show is his :
For music, too, the hunting horn
And merry “tally-ho” is his.

In northern climes profusely flows
Of ale and mead a flood for him :
The grape in southern vineyards grows,
And sheds its purple blood for him.

He's rich in corn, in wine, in oil,
And rich in ev'ry pleasure ; he
Enjoys the fruit of honest toil,
And keeps a well-filled treasury.

Let Summer smile, and Winter frown,
And pretty Spring come laughing too :
Old Autumn still shall wear his crown—
A king whose health's worth quaffing to.

I'm fond of the Autumn, its sports and its fun—
 With the hounds—on the turf—with the rod and the
 gun ;
 Its sunshiny weather, its bronze-looking trees,
 Its pheasants and woodcocks—especially these ;
 For if there's a weakness to which I lay claim,
 It's a rather extravagant fondness for game ;
 And the best of all *plats*—happy man if you've tried
 it—
 Is a pheasant well dress'd with a woodcock inside it.

Killeevy's ancient church around,
 'Neath sculptur'd stone and grassy mound,
 Of rich and poor the ashes lie
 Waiting for Eternity.

'Tis night—a lovely autumn night—
 The stars above with glow-worm light
 Spangle the cloudless, azure sky—
 The sleeping world's dark canopy.

(This comparison, reader, is charming—it's fine—
 It's perfect—but, truth to confess, it's not *mine* :
 I've no wish another man's credit to “grab,”
 So I own that I stole it from Shelley's “Queen Mab.”)

Beside a grave, whose moss fresh-grown
 And stainless monumental stone

In silent eloquence relate
 How recently the hand of Fate
 Hath smitten her that slumbers there,
 Stands one who mourns in mute despair.
 Alas! 'tis Eva's form that sleeps—
 Alas! 'tis Turlough's self that weeps.

I've a mighty dislike to a churchyard at night,
 The church looks so cold, and the tombstones so white,
 And take such queer forms to a fanciful sight,
 That they fill me with something extremely like fright.
 Don't call me a coward, dear reader—it's true
 I may not have the same stock of courage as you—
 That is, while you sit in your chamber well lighted
 (Reading this legend, and feeling delighted.)
 But suppose that you just take a stroll after dark,
 Turn into a churchyard by way of a "lark,"
 And take a cool seat on a grave or a stone,
 (Of course you're to go there completely alone,)
 And think of the "party" that's sleeping below
 In horrid black coffins—and all of a row:—
 If you *don't* feel a kind of unpleasantish glow,
 Bearing a family likeness to dread,
 Creeping along from your toes to your head,
 And making you wish you were snug in your bed,
 Instead of a watcher alone with the dead—
 If you've none of these feelings, why then you're more
 lucky than
 I, and I freely pronounce you a "plucky" man.

Such a man—why the courage of Cæsar's old "tenth"
is his—

But all this, good reader, is merely parenthesis.

Sir Turlough leans upon the stone,
And weeps in silent grief, alone.
Not long alone—for to his side
Behold a white-rob'd figure glide—
A maiden young and tall and fair,
With flowing locks of raven hair,
And eyes whose brightness seems to tell
Of higher power than magic spell.

On Turlough, whose look on the grave-mound is fix'd,
She gazes in fondness with sympathy mix'd.
But she speaks not a word, and she draws not a breath,
She is silent and still as the aspect of death :
And, save in the flash of her soul-lighted eyes,
Not a trace that she lives in her attitude lies.

With a sigh and a groan from the depths of his heart,
Sir Turlough reluctantly turns to depart,
When falls on that motionless figure his glance !
He staggers—he reels—doth he wake from a trance ?
O God, is it she ? doth he dream ? doth he rave ?
Is't Eva, his bride, who steps forth from her grave ?

Now she speaks—and, oh, how clear
Fall those accents on his ear !

“Turlough, Turlough, cease to weep—
 She thou mourn’st hath ceas’d to sleep.
 Dry the unavailing tear—
 Turlough, see the lost one here!
 See her smiling by thy side!
 ’Tis thine Eva—’tis thy bride.
 Shrink not, Turlough—’tis by Heav’n
 Eva to thine arms is giv’n—
 Rescued from the grave’s domain,
 Eva is thine own again!”

When a young lady offers to fly to your arms,
 You’re a terrible “spoon” if you’ve any alarms;
 Provided, of course, that the lady’s all right,
 And hasn’t just sprung from her coffin at night!
 For, of course, such a pleasant proposal assumes
 A different aspect when made from the tombs;
 And you’ll shrink from a maid—be you ever so brave—
 Who coolly informs you she’s come from her grave.
 And, therefore, Sir Turlough, in spite of his valour,
 Look’d just at this moment the picture of pallor.

His blood seem’d to freeze,

He got weak in the knees,

And his whole body shook like the leaves on the trees;
 And he thought he’d have sunk, vanished clean out
 of sight—

He *was* in a most undeniable fright.

And just at this moment a fresh gleam of light
 From the moon brought the lady more clearly in sight,
 And he saw that her face—lips and all—was quite white.

(Of course, if she'd really been sleeping *down there*,
 She must have been sadly in want of fresh air.)
 But she smil'd, and her smile was so sweet and so
 sad
 That he felt her intentions could hardly be bad.
 And then her expression—'twas really so charming—
 After all, there was nothing so very alarming ;
 She was but a fairy, a witch, or at most,
 A remarkably beautiful feminine ghost !
 So he pluck'd up his courage and boldly he said,
 " Fair maid, can the dead with the living then wed ? "

The maiden's lips have ceas'd to smile,
 And silent are those lips awhile.
 Then faint, and low, and musical
 On Turlough's ear her accents fall—
 " Turlough, no : the quick and dead,
 Rightly say'st thou, cannot wed.
 But if thou wouldst have for bride
 Her thou lovedst, her that died—
 Pledge thy faith and plight thy vow
 By yon holy symbol now :
 And, while thou art kneeling there,
 By that holy cross I swear,
 Death, who robb'd thee, shall restore
 Eva to thine arms once more ! "

All doubt from Turlough's mind hath flown,
 And bold and firm his heart hath grown—

Swiftly on the sod he kneels,
 Solemnly to God appeals,
 Seeks the holy cross to kiss—
 And lo! a hand is link'd in his!

* * * * *

There's weeping and wailing in Turlough's domain,
 And masses on masses are offered in vain:
 In sickness, in silence, Sir Turlough is lying
 Alone in his chamber, and hopelessly dying:
 And leeches confess that their remedies fail;
 And priests and their prayers to no purpose avail—
 It is clear that King Death hath laid claim to the
 knight;
 And who shall deny the grim monarch his right?

Vain are prayers, and leeches' skill—
 Turlough dies—'tis God's high will!

—

Killeevy's hills are capp'd with snow,
 And cheerless all her vales below:
 Dreary Winter's come again—
 Winter with his gloomy reign:

Sadly tolls Killeevy's bell,
 Slow and sad—a funeral knell!
 Dirge is sung and mass is said—
 Requiems for Turlough dead!

'Neath yon tomb of sculptur'd stone,
 By yon grave, with moss o'ergrown,
 Sleep for ever, side by side,
 Turlough and his Churchyard Bride.

Many an age since then hath flown ;
 Grey and crumbled is the stone
 Whose rudely graven words relate
 Eva's death and Turlough's fate.

But, while fair Killeevy stands
 Smiling 'mid her fertile lands,
 In lordly hall or peasant cot
 Ne'er shall be that tale forgot.

Moral.

To those who're in search of a nice little wife
 (As *ev'ry* man is at some time of his life)
 I would beg to address this important remark—
 It's a dangerous thing making love in the dark !
 And even the moon, whom the poets all lie about,
 And boarding-school misses write verses and sigh
 about—

In spite of the very chaste light that she sheds,
 Puts mighty queer notions in young lovers' heads.
 But if you *must* pick out a churchyard at night
 For your bower of love, with the moon for a light,

Ascertain for a fact that your fair little *she*
Is of warm flesh and blood as a woman should be,
And ere you presume this advice to deride,
Think of Turlough the brave and his cold-blooded bride.
And this maxim his tale should impress on you most—
Don't go catching rheumatics and courting a ghost!

“IT IS OUR OPENING DAY.”

A Day of the New Crystal Palace.

It's the tenth of the month—June, eighteen-fifty-four—
 Such a day as the world never witnessed before ;
 So fling off your nightcaps—it's no time to snore—
 And uprouse, merry men, from your soft feather beds,
 Rub the sleep from your eyelids, the dreams from your
 heads ;
 Make your toilets and turn yourselves out clean and
 neat,
 For the greatest of sights—such a *fête*, such a treat,
 As defies all the sights of all ages to beat !

For this is the day when the Palace of Glass,
 Whose size, whose attractions, whose beauty surpass
 All the rest in the world from the very first one—
 Whichever it was—that was ever begun,
 Down to that in Hyde Park, of which *this* is the son ;
 This Palace of Crystal throws open its portals
 To the world—that is, two-guinea-ticketed mortals.

On this tenth day of June,
 Many hours before noon,
 All London's awake, shaving, washing, and dressing,
 Pommading and curling,
 And frizzing and twirling,
 And lacing and scenting, and smiling and—"bless-
 ing"—

The last *sotto voce*

When the valet or "coachee"

Or lady's maid tells them of something distressing—

A coat that won't fit,

A new dress that's been slit,

A horse that's not well,

Or that's just "been and fell,"

Or some *contretemps* like them which *we* call a "sell."

And then after breakfast all London's astir,
 At a time that a Frenchman would call *de bonne heure* :
 From the East down at Aldgate, and Limehouse, and
 Bow,

To the West at Belgravia and Chelsea, they go
 In Hansom, in dogcart, Whitechapel, pilentum,—
 What names, and what comical folks that invent 'em!—
 In chariot, in brougham, in Clarence, landau,

Barouche—and in short

In every sort

Of earthly conveyance Long Acre e'er saw,
 Half hidden in dust, as a mountain in mist, all
 Bowling away to this Palace of Crystal;

While even the sun—
 A thing he's not done
 Since summer's begun—
 Rubs the clouds from his eyelids to peep at the fun.

And London Bridge Station
 On this mighty occasion,
 Seems besieged all at once by the half of the nation ;
 And the crowd is so thick it's
 Not easy to pick its
 Way to the place where they serve out the tickets.
 And when it *is* through,
Three shillings—not two—
 Are charged, which the public pronounces a “*do*”—
 Which is perfectly true,
 Though between me and you,
 I strongly suspect that the rest of us men are all
 Apt, like these railway directors in general,
 To make all we can when the chance is before us,
 And conscience is off in a dose, and can't bore us.

And Her Majesty, too, in her carriage and four,
 With scarlet-clad outriders trotting before,
 And a troop of dragoons more for show than protection,
 (For Her Majesty's “Guard” is a nation's affection,)
 And the Prince, and the Portuguese king and his
 brother,
 And the young Prince of Wales, and some two or
 three other

Young princes of England, besides the princesses,
 All bowing and smiling in *such* pretty dresses,
 Lords and ladies in waiting, equerries attendant,
 On horseback, *en voiture*, in costumes resplendent,
 These add to the crowd which "huzzahs" as they
 pass
 Galloping on to the Palace of Glass.

 And each highway along
 Huge multitudes throng
 To stare at the folks,
 Make remarks, and cut jokes,
 Quiz a carriage, a horse, or a rider upon it,
 Admire a moustache, or a face, or a bonnet ;
 Or "chaff" the police
 (Without breaking the peace,)
 Or shout their "hoorays" for some popular man,
 As only a thorough-bred cockney mob can—
 Though they make some mistakes, and are puzzled
 between
 Mr. Bright and a bishop, the mayor and the
 Queen.
 But of all men there's no one of whom they're so
 sure as
 The Turkish Ambassador, Monsieur Musurus,
 Whose servants' heads neat little skull-caps bedeck,
 As well as his own—
 Though it's very well known
 If he lives *à la Turc*, he was born *à la Grec*.

At length, by degrees,
 By twos and by threes,
 By the dozen, the score,
 The hundred or more,
 Into the grounds of the Palace they pour.
 And, arriving, they gaze
 In rapture, amaze—
 Half dumb with delight
 At the wonderful sight ;
 Though still now and then
 O'er that ocean of men,
 Like a zephyr, a buzz of approval keeps running,
 As ladies cry “ charming ! ” and fast men say “ stun-
 ning ! ”

* * * * *

And surely since the world hath been,
 No fairer, nobler, richer scene—
 No scene by human genius plann'd—
 No structure reared by mortal hand,
 So vast, yet still all symmetry,
 So stately in simplicity,
 So beautiful, so fairy light,
 E'er broke on wond'ring mortals' sight !

He who hath gazed upon that fane
 Tow'ring above the neighb'ring plain,
 Hath seen it in the mid-day sun,
 Glitt'ring like myriad gems in one ;

Or watched it at the sun-set hour,
When over transept, roof, and tow'r,
The slender columns, crystal walls,
A rosy-tinted halo falls ;
Hath stood within its precincts' bound,
Beheld the treasures scattered round—
The mighty works of god-like art
Culled from each clime, each age, each part
Of earth's vast family of nations—
The triumphs of the soul's creations—
And, mightier still and still more fair,
The works of God and nature there !
The stately palm, the lordly pine,
The thousand flow'rets that combine
With varied scent and endless hues
Th' enraptured senses to confuse—
These which a tropic sun brought forth,
Those nurtured in the icy north ;—
Or, mounting to the lofty roof
(Like fabric spun from fairy's woof,)
Hath glanc'd around upon the show
Of glorious landscape spread below,
Where art and nature, valley, height,
Hill, river, forest, all unite
To spread a scene beneath his feet
Where earth and heav'n might seem to meet.
He who hath seen all this, with soul
To grasp, to know, to *feel* the whole,

Hath, in his inmost thought, avow'd
 How then his very spirit bow'd
 Oppressed yet raised, entranced, subdued,
 Made pure, and filled with gratitude
 To Him who gave to man such might—
 Who pour'd into his soul such light,
 And fill'd the cup of blessing full,
 By making earth so beautiful!

And though (which Heaven forefend!) the foe
 Should lay our nation's glory low—
 Though Egypt's, Rome's, Athena's fate
 Should on Britannia's empire wait—
 Though ruins scarcely mark the spot
 Where rose proud cities, long forgot;
 Though pilgrims wander o'er the scene
 Of all the glories that *have* been—
 Yet History's page shall still proclaim
 The wondrous fabric's matchless fame;
 Tradition point, as to a tomb,
 All-hallowed till the day of doom,
 The site where Learning, Science, Art,
 Taste, Beauty—ev'ry nobler part
 Of man's diviner nature telling—
 All found their fittest, noblest dwelling,
 Where rose in Britain's glorious isle
 The mighty, fragile, Crystal pile!

* * * * *

'Mid trumpets and drums
 Her Majesty comes,
 And thousands stand tiptoe, in keen expectation,
 While, blazing there, hark!
 The guns in the park
 Roar out to Her Majesty hoarse salutation.
 And 'midst clang and 'midst bang
 Steps forth Mr. Laing,
 And makes such an elegant bow at the door,
 You'd swear that he'd practised a fortnight before,
 And he says, (or he *should* have said so, had *I* bidden
 him,)
 "Welcome your Majesty—welcome to Sydenham."

And then up the aisle
 They slowly defile—
 People straining and stretching to see them the
 while—
 The Queen, and the King of Portugal bring
 Up the van, while the others come after—a string
 Of Princes, Princesses,
 Of Dukes and Duchesses,
 (What confusion there is with these endings in
 "esses,")
 Of Ministers, great
 Officials of State,
 Equerries and grooms, Lords and Ladies that wait.

But in front of them all,
 (What a Yankee would call
 Looking “tarnation tall,”)

Mr. Laing and his staff are permitted to pass—
 The king and the court of *this* Palace of Glass!

And the moment they’re seen
 Bursts “God Save the Queen,”

In a flood of rich music, those glass walls between,
 From an orchestra raised at a height from the throng,
 (Musicians and singers sixteen hundred strong,
 With Costa conducting, and Clara Novello,
 Whose voice is so sweet, and so rich, and so mellow,
 To warble the solos; and such the effect
 Of that soul-stirring anthem that, ere they are check’d,
 What with Clara’s sweet voice, Costa’s band and his
báton,

Each Peeler’s so moved that he can’t keep his hat on!
 And gentlemen cough, blow their noses, and try
 To fancy there’s something got into their eye;
 And soft-hearted damsels—the sweet little dears—
 Make their snowy white handkerchiefs wet with their
 tears.

While the Queen passes on with a glance and a bow,
 And a smile to the orchestra’s king, and I vow
 I believe at that moment there breathed from no lesser
 Than twoscore thousand voices, “God save,” and “God
 bless her.”

And she mounts up some steps to a beautiful dais,
 With her court grouped around, as the usual way is ;
 And then Mr. Laing, standing some distance off,
 Clears his throat with a "hem !" or a little short cough,
 And commences a speech which, as nobody hears,
 No one knows much about, till next day it appears
 In the papers—which accident often the case is,
 With speeches delivered in *other* great places.

And next all around
 A clear ringing sound,
 Like a pure silver bell
 Whose notes seem to swell
 As they float through the air,
 Strikes each ear that is there,

And a glance of delight on each feature is seen—
 For who does not own
 In that exquisite tone
 The voice of a syren—the words of a queen ?

Again Mr. Laing clears his obstinate throat,
 Determined to try and bring out the right note,
 And hopes that Her Majesty 'll please to allow
 A dozen aspirants to make her their bow.
 First Paxton, Sir Joseph the stately, is sighted,
 Who was three years ago by Her Majesty knighted,
 Who's built so many houses of glass that he owns
 He would punish with death little boys who throw
 stones.

And next, Owen Jones, who in ev'ry direction,
 All over the world's made a tour of inspection,
 Ransacking every earthly collection
 Of sculpture—Egyptian, Alhambra, Greek, Roman,
 The prince of artistical, classical showmen!
 And then Digby Wyatt, whose “line” is the same,
 And ev'ry man's taste will admit his just claim
 To all honour and praise, as you'll instantly see by
 The wonders he's done in the Court of Pompeii.
 And here is Sam Phillips, the man who directs
 The department of letters, whose goose-quill corrects
 What the others have written—their grammar—ortho-
 graphy—
 Sins against Priscian—mistakes in geography—
 Besides having written himself the Biography;
 (But who, by the way, had some few little crimes,
 Such as writing those slashing critiques in the
Times.)
 And next Mr. Ferguson's features appear—
 Who for this one occasion does *really* “lodge here”—
 Who's earned his own laurels by working away
 hard
 At Assyrian antiquities fished out by Layard.
 Next, Owen, Professor, who, give him a bone
 Of an animal never yet heard of or known,
 Will turn you out shortly the monster full grown,
 And Waterhouse Hawkins will carve him in stone.
 And then, Dr. Latham, Forbes, Waterhouse, Gould,
 And Thompson, together like lambs in a fold,

Five men of great learning, the sum of whose know-
ledge is

Displayed in all manner of erudite "Ologies."

All these "blushing aspirants," approaching the
Queen,

Make their bows of obeisance, and hand up the clean
Little Handbooks they've written (and Bradbury's
printed)

On the several subjects at which I've just hinted:

Then retreat again backwards—the swords by their
side

Compelling the wearers to step rather wide,

As they tickle their ankles, and stick in the heels

Of their shoes, so that each one unpleasantly feels

Predestined to do something awkward or silly,

And perhaps turn a summerset back, "willy-nilly."

Such a getting *down* stairs

Decidedly scares

A few of the party who, quite unawares,

Take such very long steps that they're suddenly sent

To the bottom with rather more speed than they meant.

But whether 't was Jones

Who thus risk'd his bones,

Or Owen, or Wyatt,

As each would deny it,

I'm not going to mention, but merely remark,

As they thus made their crab-like way back in the dark,

One or two of the party *did* happen to slip,
And one of them nearly went “head over tip.”

Again the procession
Makes a progression
Through part of the Palace, and after a while
Returns to the centre,
Which, just as they enter,
The band gives the “Old Hundredth Psalm” in good
style.

Then rises from the arch-priest there
One solemn, simple, fitting pray’r,
And ere away its echoes die,
The “Hallelujah!” swells on high.

Then the Marquis Breadalbane (whose snug little
place is
Her Majesty’s Chamberlain) suddenly faces
The public, and in his official capacity
Demurely declares with the utmost veracity,
“THE PALACE IS OPEN!” — which news about
matches
In freshness the latest gazetted despatches.

Then away goes Her Majesty—down go the barriers—
Home go the public (save very few tarriers)—
Some to rest, some to feast, but the whole to unite
In owning, methinks, “’t was a glorious sight.”

And with the day my task is done ;
And if good reader, over one,
Aye, even *one* sole line, of all
My goosequil has contriv'd to scrawl,
You've smiled—then you're a man of sense—
And *I* have had my recompence :
In gratitude for which I pray,
May all your lifetime pass away
As smoothly as " Our Opening Day."



The Cobbler of Toledo.— Page 131.

THE COBBLER OF TOLEDO.

A Legend of Castile.

You've all of you heard, or you've all of you read,
 Of a little old cobbler whose dwelling is said
 To have been nothing more than a stall or a shed,
 Where he couldn't stand up without bumping his head ;
 But which still, as the choicest authorities say,
 Both served him for kitchen and *salle à manger*.

This same little cobbler—so fickle is Fame—
 Has never yet figured in rhyme with *a name* ;
 And even the place of his birth or “ location,”
 His life, death, and actions, his language and nation,
 Are all alike left to our imagination.

Yet he lived and he died ;
 He'd a language beside,
 And a mother of whom he was haply the pride.

I've traced them all out with much trouble and pain,
 And I've taken a journey expressly to Spain
 To search all the archives—I hope not in vain,—

As I found that this maker of shoes for the "million,"
Was born at Toledo—a thorough Castilian.

Toledo's a city renowned through all ages,
In clerical tomes and historical pages,
For bishops and warriors, princes and sages,
And sword-blades, which even in these modern days
(When we're giving up fighting and choleric ways)
Are confess'd to be matchless in "temper"—a rarity
Scarcely more known to our peacemen than charity.

In one of the streets of this city of steel—
This Sheffield and Birmingham store of Castile—
Stood a gloomy old mansion, with windows so few,
And so closely barred up, how the light could get
through
Was a puzzle to all who beheld them, the more
As the street was so narrow and dismal before,
That no ray of the sunlight had ever been known
To wriggle its way down and burnish one stone.

Like a little excrescence below this great hall
Projected a queer little, black-looking stall,
Whence the sound of a hammer assail'd you, together
With odours of beeswax and blacking and leather.

And if you look'd *in*,
In the midst of the din,
And the gloom and the smell—
And the dirt, too, as well—

You might see a small body, a very big head,
 Two eyes very bright, and one nose very red,
 Two hands very large, and as grimy as soot,
 And not the least sign of a leg or a foot.

Don't fancy, I beg,
 That there *wasn't* a leg—

But merely their owner, a cobbler at work,
 Tuck'd them quite out of sight as he sat *à la* Turk.
 And *this* is "the cobbler who lived in the stall,
 Which served him for kitchen and parlour and all:"
 And this is the cobbler—Pedrillo by name—
 Whose wonderful story my verses proclaim.

One day, as Pedrillo sat mending the sole
 Of a shoe that its owner had worn to a hole,
 And stitching, and waxing, and pegging, and thumping,
 And filing, and smoothing, and "clicking," and
 "clumping,"

He somehow got thinking on all sorts of things,
 And all sorts of persons, from cobblers to kings.
 Pedrillo was not a philosopher, nor
 Had he ever much practised at thinking before;
 Or, at least, I much doubt till that moment if ever he
 Had made the remotest approach to a reverie.

Yet, how charming a reverie *is*

When the mind and the heart are at rest,
 When we shake off the clay of the world,
 And we dream of some land of the blest!

How pleasant to loll at one's ease—
 Arms a-kimbo, and eyes on the ceiling—
 And shut out, in an opium trance,
 (If we can) ev'ry earthly-born feeling!

But we're apt to do just the reverse—
 Begin thinking of every evil—
 Our pains, and our debts, and our sins,
 Our long balance-sheet with the devil.

“ Ah! Life, thou 'rt at best but a dream!”
 Is a saying each dreamer well knows—
 And, oh! what a deuce of a nightmare
 Doth trouble some mortals' repose!

How we fret, and we fume, and we snore,
 How we kick off the clothes, how we quake—
 How we fight with the phantoms we raise:
 And how stupid we look when we wake!

Yes—we've taken a great deal of trouble
 To suffer a great deal of pain;
 And when we awake to our folly,
 We turn round and act it again.

It's needless to point out our madness,
 We see it and feel it *within*—
 But the spendthrift goes deepest in debt when
 The least he's encumber'd with “ tin.”

I don't mean to say
'Twas at all in this way
The thoughts of Pedrillo attempted to stray.
He thought of his life,
Of struggle and strife
'Gainst the pangs of Necessity, sharp as his knife.
He thought how much Fate
Had bless'd all the great
Who roll'd by his stall in their coaches of state.
He thought of his soul—
What a dark little hole
It was shut in, in *this* world—as blind as a mole.
He wished he was rich—
How quickly he 'd pitch
This shoe to the dev'— here he made a false stitch.
He thought he could spend
Heaps of gold without end,
And wear more new boots than he e'er got to mend.
He thought how he 'd dine,
And what oceans of wine
He 'd swallow of Spain and of France and the Rhine.

'Till the very idea of extensive potation
Produced on his brain an uncommon sensation,
And made him feel dreamy and vicious;—at least
He fancied he 'd like to try thrashing a priest!
And this terrible notion so tickled his brain
That he burst into laughter again and again,
As he thought of his reverence dancing with pain.

When a wicked idea gets into one's head
There's no guessing the lengths into which it may
spread;

It expands ev'ry moment and gets more defined,
Till it seems to fill up ev'ry nook of the mind,
And leaves not a square inch of virtue behind.

And so with Pedrillo: each moment there fled
Some good little thought that remained in his head,
And its place was supplied by a bad one instead;
Till at length, quite o'erwhelmed in the vortex of
evil,

He cried, in the midst of his fanciful revel—
“I should like to have one little peep at the devil!”

Rat-tat-tat-tat—a whole shower of knocks
Come pattering down on his dark little box,
And he starts from his day-dream, and sees with
amaze

A very tall man with a sinister gaze,
Who stands at his window, and lifting his foot,
Shoves it in as he utters—“*There*—make me a boot.”

Pedrillo feels sick—he's half ready to faint;
His horror no language of mine could e'er paint,
As he grasps—not a foot—but a hoof hard and thick,
Just such as tradition assigns to Old Nick!
While the owner cries, “Now, then, you booby, be
quick—

Take the measure at once, sir—what makes you so slow?

Hang the fellow, my dinner's all spoiling, I know—
I've got a roast heretic waiting below."

Half dead with the fright which he's trying to smother,
Pedrillo contrives in some manner or other,
To measure the hoof with his tape; while the "gent"
Casts on him a glance of such evil intent
That cold perspiration commences to ooze
From the top of his head to the soles of his shoes.
"Now make that boot well, or you'll be in a mess,
And bring it home quickly, sir—*there's my address*:"
And he throws down his card, with a sulphurous smell,
And one word of four letters—I'd rather not tell
What it was, but the reader will guess pretty well.

'Tis now the merry month of May,
And all Toledo's streets are gay.
The bells peal forth a merry chime
In honour of the joyful time:
From steeple tow'r and mansion-top
In graceful folds bright banners drop;
Shallop, and barge, and tiny boat,
Across the glittering Tagus float,
Bearing their smiling freights along,
To mingle in the gladsome throng
That revel in each street. The song,

The joyous laugh, the pleasant jest,
 The strains of music—all attest,
 'Mid sights of mirth and sounds of glee,
 The noisy reign of Revelry.

Let's follow in the motley train,
 And listen to the blithesome strain
 Yon maiden sings : how rich and clear
 Each cadence strikes the list'ner's ear !

1.

Ye nobles and gentles, come near,
 And list to the glee-maiden's lay ;
 Fair ladies, approach ye, and hear
 The words from my lips as they stray :
 'Tis Love is the theme of my song,
 Love's praises my verses proclaim,
 And to *you* all his honours belong—
 For without you he is but a name.

2.

Say, is there a jewel on earth
 So brilliant, so priceless as this ?
 Does one hour of a lifetime give birth
 To a joy like the lover's pure bliss ?
 It glows like a furnace in youth ;
 In manhood more constant its flame ;
 In age its companion is Truth—
 In each—'tis Love only—the same !

3. .

'Tis a gleam from some angel-built sphere,
 The dowry our Maker hath given
 To prove, while we're sojourning here,
 That we still have a portion of Heaven.
 It knows not the leav'n of despond ;
 It fears not the clouds that impend,
 But sees the bright vista beyond,
 And vanquishes Fate in the end.

4.

Let Wealth be your mistress alone—
 Let Glory allure you awhile—
 Yet Love shall still claim you his own,
 You shall turn from all else for his smile.
 You shall taste all the pleasures that fall
 From the bounty of Heaven above,
 And confess you would barter them all
 For one moment of exquisite Love !

Now look to the right, and you see a great crowd,
 With a man in the centre who's bawling aloud
 Some speech, or some verses, or songs, which appear
 To please the rude folks who're collected to hear.
 The language, you'll notice, is not over choice,
 Nor sung in a very melodious voice ;
 And therefore, good reader, I strongly advise
 That we move 't other way. Up yon narrow street
 lies

The Cathedral:—I fancy we'd better go there,
 Because we're in Spain, and of course you're aware,
 Whenever a "rumpus" takes place in that land,
 For fun or for fighting, the Church bears a hand,
 To help in the "serimmage:" and mightily grand
 Are the shows she gets up, though 'twould puzzle to
 say

Where the deuce she can raise all the money to
 pay'

For such costly affairs: but the utmost that *I* know
 About it, is simply—she *does* get the "rhino."

And now I remember—I very much doubt
 If I've told what these holiday scenes are about.
 It's simply his Catholic Highness of Spain,
 Who had buried one wife, has just married again;
 And so all his people go mad for a day,
 And rejoice at the deed in an orthodox way.

We stand within the sacred pile—
 The long broad nave, the narrow aisle,
 E'en to the very altar's stone,
 Scarcely one spot untrodden own.
 Yet solemn silence reigns around,
 Save when the silver bell's light sound
 Proclaims the Host:—then bows each knee
 Before the symbol'd Majesty
 Of Christ Incarnate: each one there
 Mutters his penitence and pray'r;

While, pealing forth, the organ's note
 Seems through the vaulted roof to float,
 Rearing aloft its solemn tone,
 To bear its praise to God's high throne.

The hymns are sung, the mass is said ;
 The crowd of worshippers has fled.
 Deserted e'en by monk and priest,
 The lofty temple's aisles are bare :
 The gorgeous altar in the east—
 No suppliant form is kneeling there !

The motley crowd that whilome trod,
 With silent step, the house of God,
 Now dance the gay-deck'd streets along,
 Or shouting join the ribald song.

And such is man ! thus vain his mind,
 And fickle, as the veering wind :
 Now Pleasure, and now Heav'n his text—
 This hour a Saint—a satyr next !

In a dark little street is " hullah-ba-loo,"
 And shouting, and yelling, a precious " to-do ;"
 What hustling and rushing,
 And running and crushing,
 And pulling and tearing,
 And laughing and swearing !
 What masses of people all crowding to see
 The fun or the fight, or whate'er it may be

While each asks the other as fast as they run,
 “Holloa—what’s the row there? *do* tell us the fun:
 What the deuce are they doing? *do you* know, or *you*?
 Are they baiting a badger, or shaving a Jew?”

In that dark little street is the dark little stall
 Where our poor little cobbler’s at work with his awl—
 At work when the rest of the city’s at play—
 At work on this glorious festival day!
 The crowd are astounded—they can’t make it out—
 So they yell to the cobbler, and holloa, and shout;
 And they bid him come forth and partake of the revel,
 And pitch all his leather and tools to the devil.

“That’s just *it*!” cried Pedrillo, as soon as he heard
 The multitude utter that last naughty word.
 “Just *it*, my old beeswax? just *what*, my old Turk?”
 “Why—it’s just for his worship, I mean, I’m at work.”
 “His worship—what worship? hang me if I know
 What you mean.” “Why—his worship that lives
down below.”

And here poor Pedrillo turned awfully white,
 And even his nose grew quite pale with affright.
 “He’s mad,” cried the mob—“pull him out of his
 hole.”
 “Oh, mercy! not yet—I’ve not finished the sole!”

In spite of his cries poor Pedrillo is seized,
 And dragg’d from his hole, and most ruthlessly
 squeezed,

And carried in triumph, still grasping a shoe
Half-finished—not fit for a Christian or Jew ;
But a queer-looking thing, made I scarcely know
how,

And exactly the shape of the hoof of a cow !

Away they all run

In the height of their fun,

And bear off their prize

Amid laughter and cries,

And huzzahs for the cobbler, who, first of his trade,
A shoe for his evil-named Majesty made.

In the midst of their running they suddenly stop,
And cease from hurrahing ; and quietly drop
The load that they carry ; then hasten away—
And before the poor cobbler could manage to say
One word to his captors, they'd left him alone,
With his comical shoe, sitting squat on a stone.

But, absorbed in one notion, he falls to his work,
(Still seated, of course, as before—*à la* Turk,)
And marks not the place where he's left in the lurch—
Alas ! 'tis the porch of Saint Anthony's church !

With stately step and solemn mien
A black-rob'd priest is shortly seen
Emerging from the door that lies
Behind Pedrillo ; and his eyes
Rest on the cobbler in surprise !

The latter stitches as before,
Unconscious of his visitor,
And heeding not the open'd door ;
The priest stands still in dumb amaze
At the strange sight that meets his gaze—
The cobbler with his absent air,
And the queer shoe he's making there.

At length his holy indignation
At such an act of profanation,
Burst forth in words—"Holloa! you hound,
How dare you work on holy ground!"

Pedrillo slowly raised his head,
Not heeding what the priest had said,
But slightly startled by the sound:
And then he turn'd himself half round,
And saw, with supernatural fear,
A black-rob'd figure standing near.
In short, he thought the priest must be
His most Satanic Majesty!

And so he cried—"What *shall* I do?
I've not quite done your worship's shoe;
I'm hard at work, sir—this is it—
Perhaps you'll try how it will fit
Your worship's hoof—that is—I mean—
Your worship's foot—I'd never seen
One like it till your worship came—
So, if I've fail'd, you mustn't blame!"

Thus saying, he held out the cloven-hoof'd boot,
And gravely laid hold of his reverence's foot.

Then—oh for the pen of old Homer to trace
The passion that darken'd the holy man's face!
His eyes were half-red, and his cheeks were half-black,
And he rush'd at the cobbler and caught him a whack
With his toe on the nethermost point of his back,
That sent him a summerset, tumbling and sprawling,
Into the street, and with agony bawling.

And before he could rise,

Or had finish'd his cries,

Before the whole truth could have enter'd his mind,
Before he could rub where he smarted behind—
He was seiz'd on the spot, and with smart expedition,
Clapp'd into the jail of the fell Inquisition!

Fair Spain, sweet Spain, the brightest gem
In all Europa's diadem!

Land of the sun, the flow'r, the vine—

Land of a race once half-divine:

Land of fair scenes, and fairer ladies,

Whose forms, from Pyrenees to Cadiz,

May match with all the world can boast,

From Ind to Russia's ice-bound coast!

Land of romance—the rich, deep store

Of poet's lay and monkish lore!

Birth-place of men whose ev'ry name,

Writ in the muster-roll of Fame,

To ev'ry age, 'neath ev'ry zone,
Attest their glory and thine own!

How art thou favour'd, glorious land!
What gifts thou hast at Nature's hand—
Climate and soil, and hills and vales,
And flowing streams—all that avails
To charm the eye or glad the heart,
Or sense of gratitude impart
To God above, whose hand benign
Hath bless'd thee thus—all, all are thine!

And yet, what art thou?—lost, debased—
Thine annals past in glory traced—
Thy present but a wretched blank,
Or viler stain! Where shalt thou rank
Among the nations of the earth? Ay—thou,
Once crown'd with honour—sunken now—
Below the meanest state enslaved
Where once thy flag victorious waved!

And why is this? what spell hath wrought
A change so fatal to thy name?
What sad reverse, with ruin fraught,
Hath swept away thine ancient fame?

Alas! within thy bosom cherish'd,
The deadly canker-worm hath grown,
And day by day thy weal hath perish'd
'Neath its corroding sting alone.

Yes! History's impartial page,
Thy glory and thy fall that tells,
Shall point to ev'ry future age—
“The land is cursed where Priestcraft dwells.”

In a dark, dismal dungeon, where never a ray
Of sunlight has ever been tempted to stray ;
Where the walls are all damp and all mildew'd, and
where
An uncommonly scanty supply of fresh air
Is deem'd quite enough to supply the vitality
Of any imprison'd remains of mortality ;
Where a heap of foul straw is to serve as a bed,
While the rats, by the dozen, run over your head,
And tickle your visage with tail and with claw,
Or vary the pleasure by taking a gnaw
At your toes, when they're hungry ; where lizards and
toads
Crawl out from the chinks of the pavement by loads—
In this highly delectable tenement, all
That remains of Pedrillo lies chain'd to the wall.

Poor fellow ! a visage so hollow and wan,
Scarce ever belonged to the form of a man.
His eyeballs so glazed, and his eyelids so blue,
And his skin of a greenish and yellowish hue ;
His hands were so bouy, so long, and so thin,
So grizzled the beard that hung down from his
chin ;

So wasted his limbs, and his round little nose
So completely deprived of its *couleur de rose*—
That no eye could have ever detected at all,
The poor little cobbler who lived in the stall,
Except that one hand, to its “cunning” yet true,
Still grasp’d the remains of an odd-looking shoe.

Pedrillo’d been tried for the wicked pretence
Of mistaking a priest for Old Nick—an offence
Pronounced, with veracity, quite “diabolical”
By the holy Inquisitors—meek Apostolical
Lambs, who’ve been famed, in all countries and ages,
As patterns of Christians and virtuous sages.
The verdict was “Guilty,” of course—’twouldn’t
“pay”
To let a man off when they’d bagg’d him—to say
That they’d made a mistake: and besides, just of late
They’d been scarce of offenders in Church or in State,
And wanted a Jew or a heretic sadly—
And so poor Pedrillo was pounced upon gladly.

A little discussion between them took place
Regarding the punishment due to his case.
Some voted for roasting—some hinted at flaying—
Which others declared to be trifling and playing.
The President wouldn’t agree to the roasting,
And seized the occasion for modestly boasting
How mild and how gentle *his* sentiments were.
The fact is, his house stood just facing the square

Where the stake was erected when sinners were burnt,
 And from many a past sad example he'd learnt
 That the smell of a roast was so highly unpleasant—
 He'd the strongest objection to try one at present.

And so, in the end, they decided on "mercy"—
 Or, rather, what *I* should call just *vice versâ*—
 That is—"out of care for his poor sinful soul,"
 They left him to die, like a rat, in a hole.

And thus our poor Pedrillo lay,
 Wasting his wretched life away :
 Dying by inches—dying slowly—
 Condemn'd by wretches self-styled "holy."

O God! and can thy lightnings spare
 The impious creatures who profane
 The sacred livery they wear,
 And take Thy holy name in vain,
 To sanctify a deed of blood,
 And name that deed "Religion's good?"

How vain the question! look, weak man,
 Beyond thy frail life's little span—
 See Retribution's work begun—
 God's name avenged—and Justice done!

In a dark little street is a dark little stall,
 And a plump little cobbler at work with his awl.

Who is it? Pedrillo? by Jove it's the same!
 How on earth did he get there? What influence came
 To set him at liberty? See him at work,
 Sitting just as before on his board *à la Turk!*
 And he's stitching with vigour, he's making a boot—
 Not a cloven hoof'd thing, but one fit for a foot.
 And how happy he looks! and how plump and how red!
 How punchy his body, how shiny his head!
 And he sticks to his trade like an honest Castilian—
 Making highlows and mending the soles of the million.

Now touching his freedom:—it chanced one fine day
 That some two dozen Jews were all sentenced to pay
 A very large sum for some very bad deed,
 Regarding some matter of conscience and creed;
 And finding the prison was rather too small
 (In addition to those it contain'd) for them all,
 A "weeding" took place—and 'mongst others, Pedrillo
 To a Hebrew in trouble relinquish'd his pillow.

And such—without varnish, invention, or mystery—
 Is the true, undeniable record and history
 Of the "little old cobbler who liv'd in a stall
 Which served him for kitchen and parlour and all."

Moral.

There's a saying so stale that it's grown to an epigram—
 Of course you all know it well—" *Ne sutor crepidam
 Ultra:*" And some sleepy folks may opine
 That such is the moral of *this* tale of mine.

They're mistaken: such "morals" belong to the past—
They won't do for these days—we're a great deal too
fast

For such slow-coach old maxims. What! "stick to
our last?"

Nail the doctor to physic, the lawyer to law,
The parson to preaching!—a pretty fine saw
For this age of progression!—when ev'ry man's head
Is so full of the things he has heard, seen, and read—
It's not easy to say where our knowledge *can* stop
When our brain is as full as a pawnbroker's shop.

No, no—I've got something much better—much
truer—

Much more to the purpose—and certainly newer
To tell you. It's this:—if you ever give way
To an evil-born thought—if you let your mind stray
In a naughty direction, don't think me uncivil
If I say that *you're* making a boot for the devil.
And that very same boot—when your virtue's clean
gone—

You'll see him some day when he's "trying it on."

THE LAST MAN (IN TOWN).

A London Day of September.

MR. Valentine Delamere Reginald Rose
 Sat flicking a pen and surveying his toes,
 And twirling his whiskers and rubbing his nose,
 Intently engaged in his own cogitations,
 And minding *his* business instead of the nation's.

Not that much of the latter then happened to press,
 For though we were what people call "in a mess,"
 With a war and a plague on our hands, both together,
 And no consolation, but "fine harvest weather;"
 Yet Government wheels are so carefully greased,
 And Government burdens so skilfully eased,
 That plague, famine, war, ev'ry known national ill,
 Would scarce ever quicken a Treasury quill,
 Or prevent any Treasury clerk sitting still.
 And so Mr. Rose sat and thought at his ease,
 And his thoughts ran in some such gyrations as these:

“ Confoundedly slow :
 Not a soul that I know
 Remaining in London : wherever I go
 Streets empty and dusty,
 Hot, dirty, and fusty,
 Shopboys on horseback, and dowagers musty
 In ‘flys,’—at whose sight Lady B. would have
 fainted—
 As old as themselves, and not half so well painted ;
 Not a man of my set—not a creature to talk to ;
 Not a Club that’s not turned out of windows to
 walk to ;
 In short, nothing to do—neither business nor fun—
 And no one to see—for I’ve only seen one
 To talk to this week past, and *he* was a ‘dun.’
 What the deuce to be doing is more than I *can* tell—
 ’Pon my soul I shall soon want apartments at Hanwell.

“ How I envy my friends,
 And the fortune that sends
 Ev’ry one of them off (whether business or leisure)
 To shoot Russians for duty, or grouse for their pleasure.
 I wonder if one of them all can remember
 To have lived in this great empty town in September !
 “ There’s little Jack Waller away with the fleet,
 Performing, no doubt, ev’ry valorous feat,
 And regarding a fight as a capital treat.
 There’s big Harry Raffles, the great grenadier,
 At Sebastopol, p’r’aps—how I wish he were here !—

And Crawley, and Stanhope, and Jenkins, and Snooks,
 With Frenchmen, and Turks, and those Bashi-Bazouks,
 Enjoying themselves at the prospect of fighting—
 There's something in slaughter so *very* exciting.

“ And then there's Phil Townley away on his tour—
 And Bob Philofusil, away at his moor—
 And Charley Tarpaulin, away in his yacht—
 And Jones at his manor—the birds that he's shot
 Would cover more acres of ground than he's got—
 And Legge at the 'Leger' and Doncaster 'Stakes'—
 And Smythe at Killarney, enjoying the lakes.
 All—all at their pleasure: immersed in delight all—
 And I, only *I*, stuck at home here at Whitehall!”

Thus saying, or thinking, our friend Mr. Rose
 Desists from surveying his well-varnished toes,
 And his pen on the table indignantly throws.
 Then seizing his hat, and arranging with care
 His waistcoat, his necktie, his gloves, and his hair,
 At the moment the clock of the office strikes four,
 Mr. Rose sallies out through the Treasury door.

And certainly Whitehall
Did look what you might call
 A desert of stone, brick, and dust,
 Bereft of its throng
 Of folks that belong
 To what Jonathan calls “upper crust.”

I've lived in the wilderness—sailed on the ocean—
 I've travelled through deserts alone,
 But certainly never formed half such a notion
 Of true desolation, I own,
 As the West-End of London displays in this *same*
 season,
 Which I'll call—*faute de meilleure expression*—the
 “Game season.”

So poor Mr. Rose
 All gloomily goes,
 Meeting no one at all in the streets that he knows ;
 With the occupied air
 And the petrified stare
 Of a man whose head's empty, or crammed full of
 care.

Till, fixing his eyes,
 He sees, in surprise,
 Some letters of quite Brobdignagian size,
 Announcing, to all who might happen to see 'em,
 The fact of there being a “Turkish Museum”
 At Knightsbridge—a genuine new Exhibition,
 Then open to all—two-and-sixpence admission.

“A Turkish Museum,” he mutters. “Egad!
 I dare say it's good: the idea is n't bad—
 I've nothing to do—well, suppose I go there.
 Hi! Hansom! (that horse is a good one, I'll swear)

Drive to Knightsbridge—the Turkish Museum—d’ye know where?”

“Lord love you, sir! Know it! Vy, *all* the nobs go there.”

The horse *was* a good one, and rattled away
At a pace that filled weak-minded folks with dismay,
Till, in less than ten minutes, they came to a stop
At a door which the Cabby pronounced “the right
shop;”

When, paying just double the fare for the pace,
Which Cabby received with his usual grace,
Mr. Valentine Rose from the Hansom alighted,
Walked in, and prepared to be duly delighted—
And these were the wonders that gentleman sighted:—

In a gaily-decked hall
Are grouped, next the wall,
Some hundreds of figures you scarcely can call
Mere dummies of wax,
Horse-hair, stuffing, and flax,
From fair-haired Circassians to great ugly blacks;
For, so life-like they stand,
That, till closely they’re scann’d,
You’d vow they’re not made by a modeller’s hand.
If they’d only just walk—
I say nothing of *talk*—
Because Turks dislike that almost equal to pork—

They'd defy all detection
From *any* inspection,
And attain—what they come very near to—perfection.
As it is, with their dresses,
Their beards, and their tresses,
Their look of reality so much impresses,
That you scarcely feel calm,
Or repress a slight qualm,
That you've kept on your shoes and not made a
salaam
To these grave and magnificent men of Islam.

A bath!—not a hip, or
A shower, or a slipper,
Or a plunge, or a *douche*, or a five-foot-six dipper;
Or any of those
That ev'ry one knows
Are the finest and best
That we men of the West
Ever tried, or our country has ever possessed:
But a place where they sweat you,
And steam you, and wet you,
And dry you, and rub you,
And peel you, and scrub you,
And lay you full-length on your back on the stones,
Stretch your muscles, and crack all your joints and
your bones—
At least this is just what we *fancy* they're doing,
Though it's nothing at all but a little shampooing—

While travellers tell
 How remarkably well
 You feel when it's done,
 Which I've faith in, for one,
 Though I doubt, *while it lasts*, if you think it such fun.
 All this you behold, as you pass through the door
 Of a bath-house complete, from the tiles to the floor.

A barber's shop next it, with barber at work,
 Lathering gravely a grave-looking Turk,
 As he lies at full length on a sofa or bed,
 And presents to be shaved, not his chin but his head ;

For a Mussulman's care

Is to keep his head bare,

And to sport on his face his superfluous hair.

While a juvenile shaver

Presents the rich savour

Of a cup of good coffee, whose true Mocha flavour
 Is just what it should of such genuine liquor be,
 Unimproved *à la* Soyer, with mixture of chicory.

As it's now quite the fashion,

Nay, almost a passion,

To like everything Turkish, I fear that it's rash on

My part to point out

That I *do* feel a doubt

If the style of their table

Be one that is able

To induce imitation

'Mongst such of our nation

As don't find their limbs very supple or plastic,
Or whose training has not been precisely gymnastic ;
For the Mussulman's table is little and round,
And stands rather less than a foot from the ground,
 While the company squat
 In a manner that's not
Considered so graceful with us, though it's found
Exactly adapted to cobblers at work,
And tailors—who sit, as we know, *à la* Turk.

And the manner of eating is scarcely refined
To people who all through their life-time have dined
With plates, knives, and forks, and amongst whom
 there lingers
A little objection to dipping their fingers
In dishes of all sorts, from fish to a stew,
As Turks in the highest society do—
If the “dinner-scene” here (as we doubt not) be true.

 Then those fierce-looking fellows,
 Who all accounts tell us,
Were of Sultans and Viziers so awfully jealous,
 With their turbans tremendous,
 (Against which defend us
'Mongst the Ottoman fashions the Turks are to send
 us!)

 And their spears and their sabres
 For sticking their neighbours—
Which was one of these gentlemen's principal labours;

And their dresses so splendid,
 They must have expended
 More gold on their persons than ever yet *men* did:
 Those fellows, I mean, who endeavoured so hard
 To rival the Roman Prætorian Guard,
 And *were* like them in all but the name (and what's
 worse,
 Their name* is so hard it won't fit into verse!)
 Who did just what they pleased—and their pleasure
 was pow'r—
 And who might have gone on their ill ways to this hour
 Had the late Sultan Mahmoud not made such short
 work of them,
 By ruthlessly slaughtering ev'ry man Turk of them.

Then passing still onward, we bashfully clamber
 Up two or three steps to a real “lady's chamber,”
 Getting (Shade of the Prophet!) right into the harem—
 The name to a Giaour is sufficient to scare him—
 Our necks of the bowstring incurring no risk
 While we coolly examine some fair Odalisque,
 Or dainty Sultana—such sweet little Houris—
 (With a guard, by the way, who an ugly old Moor is)
 Reclining on couches and sipping their coffee,
 And sucking their sweetmeats—not hardbake or toffy,
 But nice almond-flavour'd and rose-scented stuff
 (They'll sell you for twopence or threepence enough

* The Janissaries.

In this very Museum to last for a week,
Unless you've a dreadfully sugary "beak"):
And really while smoking their amber-tipped hookahs,
And languidly glancing around them, they look as
Enchanting as anything can Oriental,
Whose beauties gain nothing at all from the *mental*.

Then we look at the shops which the Mussulmen use—
In one a veiled lady is trying on shoes,
And, hiding her face, doesn't care if she shows
A well-rounded ankle as well as her toes.

Further on there's a baker who's nailed by his ear
To his door-post for selling short weight—and if here
Were followed such summary justice, I fear
Some bakers we know of would look rather queer,
And bread would n't seem so confoundedly dear.

Then comes a great treat—
In the midst of the street
A carriage just such as you're certain to meet
In Stamboul ev'ry day,
Like a wagon or dray,
Drawn by oxen in somewhat a primitive way:
But gilded outside,
With, walking beside,
A nasty black fellow by way of a guide,
And bearing within
A girl that might win
An anchorite over to nature and sin,

With a *yashmak*, or veil, so delightfully thin
It seems made of a web that a fairy might spin.

For the law of the Prophet,
Though no one dares scoff it,
Has certainly had all the edge taken off it;
As the ladies don't fail
To adhere to the veil,

But take very good care that it doesn't avail
Any charm to conceal,
But to make you just feel
How fair must be all that it *doesn't* reveal.

And people do hint,
What I scarcely dare print—
That these ladies' hearts are not as hard as a flint:
While sometimes one tries
The effect of her eyes
In a way that would West-End young ladies
surprise!

But this really implies
A practice that lies
At command of so few that it almost defies
Our plain common sense—
And so (*sans* offence)
We'll consider this character all a pretence,
And firmly maintain,
As a thing that's quite plain,
That all rivals in *this* art *our* ladies disdain—
They've beat all the world, and will do it again.

Then leaving the ladies—with many a sigh—
 We turn to an odd-looking group that's hard by,
 Bulgarian peasants that ply for odd jobs,
 With broad shoulders, strong arms, and with little flat
 nobs,
 (They're scarcely like heads) shaved as smooth as a
 table,
 With complexions half-way between yellow and
 sable—
 Who do grooming and gardening, harvesting, digging,
 And are never addicted to lying or "prigging;"
 And who carry such weights as would certainly crack
 Any semi-fed Englishman's civilized back.

Then soldiers and sailors, scribes, beggars, musicians,
 Muezzins, dervishes, cooks—and, in short, all conditions
 Of life even up to the mighty Sultan,
 Who sits on his throne in what's called full Divan—
 (Which doesn't, *en passant*, resemble at all
 Mr. Ries's, just opposite Exeter Hall)—
 With all of his splendid, and mighty, and great,
 Grand Viziers, and other officials of state
 Grouped around him—presenting a gorgeous *coup d'œil*
 That my unpractised pen would undoubtedly fail
 To describe with due power, and so won't attempt,
 Lest critical noses should curl with contempt,
 As their owners reflected how very much better
 Their *own* Muse would do it—if only they'd let her.

* * * * *

And now Mr. Valentine Reginald Rose
Pulls his watch from his pocket, and stares as it shows
How quickly the stream of old Time sometimes flows.
“ Past six, I declare! more than two hours here
I couldn't believe it—it makes it appear
That ev'n in September, with all said and done, one
Finds something still left to amuse one in London!”

With which moral reflection he passes the portal,
Feels himself once again a mere London-made mortal
Calls a cab, and—regretting there's no one to share it—
Drives home, *solitaire*, to his cutlet and claret.

THE BARON OF HOHENSTEIN.

A New Legend of the Rhine.

ALL hail to the Rhine, to the glorious Rhine,
 That flows through the land of romance and of wine!
 All hail to the stream, on whose beautiful shore,
 The city, the convent, the ruin all hoar,
 The vineyard, the corn-field, the flower-deck'd plain,
 Still crowd on the vision again and again,
 As its waves rolling on to the ocean still flee,
 Like the river of Time to Eternity's sea!

All hail to the stream on whose bosom now float,
 Each summer and autumn, in many a boat,
 Belgravia, the City, Tyburnia, May Fair,
 Whitechapel, and Bloomsbury, wandering there,
 With passports, and "Murrays," and plans of the routes,
 And grammars, and circular letters from Coutts.

All hail to the river, whose name is a sound
 That hath woke, that *shall* wake, 'mid the people around,

Great thoughts and high hopes for the day that shall
see

Its shores as one nation—the Fatherland free!
When the patriot songs in which Körner appeal'd
To Saxons the sword of their country to wield,
And strike at the victor who proffer'd them chains,
Once more shall resound, and their soul-stirring
strains

Shall be *then* the “Te Deum” of Freedom’s new
birth—

The death-note of Tyranny banish’d from earth!

Well, it’s all very fine

To say “Hail to the Rhine!”

(And I own I’ve a very keen taste for its wine.)

But what’s that to do with this legend of mine?

Let me see—now I have it. On one of its banks

Is a small slice of country, which now-a-day ranks

As a highly respectable duchy in size,

Though I very much doubt if its landmarks comprise

The extent of a good English county. It lies

On the *right* bank—its name is Nassau—p’r’aps you’ve
seen

The Nassau Balloon, which once took Mr. Green

An aerial trip over ocean and land,

(To sail through the air, and to feel you command

The regions of space, seems uncommonly grand!)

And when he resolved “terra firma” to touch, he

Found himself safe in this same little duchy.

In Nassau is Schwalbach, a neat little town,
 In the depths of a sweet pretty valley stuck down,
 With a capital inn where you dine for a florin
 On excellent cookery, native and foreign.
 And then ev'ry night there's a *soirée*, or ball,
 Where you polk, waltz, or *causez*, for nothing at all;
 With the fullest permission to play at roulette,
 And lose all your cash in "the very best set"—
Entre nous, the worst scamps that you've probably
 met.

In Hohenstein Castle, on top of a hill
 Near this Schwalbach—the ruins are standing there
 still—

Dwelt Baron Von Günther, renown'd for his might,
 And his wealth, and his lands, and his love of a fight.

This last was a passion

Extremely in fashion

In those days of old

When—at least we're so told—

To defend your own head, or to tilt at your neighbour's,
 Was the daily routine of a gentleman's labours.

Had he lived in *these* days,

He'd have alter'd his ways,

And let off his passions, perchance, in orations
 'Mid that crowd of oddfellows, the "broadbrims" of
 nations—

The Bellicose-Peace-preaching gentry—as *them* I call
 Who thunder so fiercely in anti-polemical

Speeches, to prove—I presume *by example*—
 The mildness and beauty of peace : (for a sample
 Take Cobden and Bright.)—Mighty Mars ! if we're
 still

To have war in *some* shape as Humanity's ill,
 Shall it be but mere “Vox et præterea nil ?”

Alas ! alas ! I'm much afraid
 This Baron led a wicked life ;
 For surely 'tis an evil trade
 To deal in nothing but in strife.
 To sit at home, and only plan
 Within your wine-excited brain
 How you can “burke” your fellow-man,
 And make his blood your selfish gain !

Yet, I'm sorry to say,
 The Baron each day
 Sat scratching his head, in a petulant way,
 And seem'd to be wrapt in as deep meditation
 As a dramatist planning “a new situation ;”
 While for all of his thoughts he had only this text—
 “Let me see now, which chap shall I pitch into next ?”

Within the grim old castle walls
 One ray of blessed sunlight falls.
 Within those walls, whose stones might tell
 Of scenes more dark, of deeds more fell

Than ought save demon thoughts could plan,
Though wrought by hand of sinful man—
Within those walls, as gems are said
To lie within a reptile's head,
Dwells one so rich in ev'ry grace
Of mind and heart, and form and face,
That rarely hath all bounteous Heaven
Such matchless gifts to mortal given—
So fair a brow, so bright an eye,
Such moulded limbs that well might vie
With aught of sculptur'd symmetry.

And who shall tell how pure each thought
Within that heaving bosom wrought?
Ah sure, if peace and joy can e'er
Be virtue's *right*, thou hast thy share—
Poor flutt'ring heart that throbbs't within
God's temple yet unstain'd by sin!
But no,—alas! Say thou, whose breast
Is fill'd with Love, canst *thou* taste rest?
Hath calm within thy bosom dwelt
Since first Love made his presence felt?

Not so. Thy heart may beat with joy,
Thy thoughts bear less of gloom's alloy,
Thy hopes, thy aspirations, all
With rapture's tinge thy sense enthral;
Thou mayst drink deep of keen delight,
Thy days, thy life, the world seem bright
To thine entranced, enchanted sight:

Thou mayst taste more than Pleasure's hand
 Can lavish forth at Wealth's command
 Thou mayst e'en deem that thou art blest
 With ev'ry earthly joy thy guest :
 But thy heart's chamber still must own
 One vacant seat, if one alone ;
 And till thy warmer raptures cease,
 One guest shall still be absent—Peace!

In Hohenstein Castle sits fair Geraldine,
 The loveliest maiden in Christendom seen :

And she's sighing, half gladly,
 And smiling, half sadly ;
 Half thinking, half dreaming—
 Her eyelids now gleaming
 With rapture,—now seeming
 Half moisten'd with tears—
 As a sunbeam appears,

One moment all brightness—then wrapt in the shroud
 Of mist-woven darkness from summer-built cloud.
 At her feet lies a maiden who touches the strings
 Of a lute, and anon to her mistress thus sings :

1.

The words of love are spoken,
 The maiden hangs her head,
 And mantling o'er her pale cheek,
 The tell-tale blushes spread.

What joy is in her bosom,
And breathes in ev'ry sigh ;
What rapture, vainly smother'd,
Is sparkling in her eye—
While, whisp'ring low and trembling,
Close clinging to his side,
The maiden breathes her promise
To be the warrior's bride !

2.

The knight is in his armour,
His steed is at the door,
And ringing from the trumpet
Loud peals the note of war.
Beside her lord, all silent,
With eyes that tell of tears,
And smile that struggles faintly,
A noble dame appears.
“Cheer up, cheer up! my fair one,”
The knight hath fondly cried,
“No tears must stain thine eyelids,
Thou art a warrior's bride !”

3.

The castle halls are silent,
The warrior is gone
To battle with the foeman—
The lady mourns alone.

Before the holy image
 Within her lonely bower,
 In pray'r, and, aye, in weeping
 She counts each weary hour.
 "E'en now," she thinks, "the fatal lance
 May pierce my lov'd one's side—
 O God! it is a fearful thing
 To be a warrior's bride!"

4.

The day is past—he comes not
 To greet his bride again:
 Night dons her cloak of sable—
 She watches still in vain.
 She seeks the field of battle,
 And calls his name around,
 And ere the light of morning
 Once more her lord is found.
 In death's embrace he's sleeping,
 And, clay-cold by his side,
 Her head upon his bosom,
 Sleeps now—the warrior's bride!



Count Adolphus of Griefenstein—Jove! what a name
 For a hero!—to Geraldine's heart had lain claim:
 And he had it, and kept it, and valued it too—
 (Which last fact is *tout autre chose, entre nous.*)

He was what ladies call "such an elegant creature"—
That is, handsome in figure, and perfect in feature,
Well-dress'd, easy-manner'd, smooth-tongued, and all
that—

A bit of a rake, and as poor as a rat!

From the last fact you'll guess

What a deuce of a mess

There was likely to be

When the Baron Von G.

Should happen to see

The state of affairs, and to which happy quarter
Master Cupid had carried the heart of his daughter.

Oh, tell us, papas,

And avow it, mammas,

Who have daughters to marry and sons too to settle—

In your wakings, your dreams,

Your plottings, your schemes,

Are nothalf of your thoughts about "plenty of metal?"

Does one of you care

The price of a hair

About talents and morals, and virtue and beauty?

Do you value true love

At the price of a glove,

Or prate of one feeling but "filial duty?"

Do you think of a heart

Except as a part

Of the bargain you fancy is easily bought

With money and rent-rolls and pleasures? In short,

In your criminal catalogue is there a sin
So awful, so deadly as—shortness of “tin?”

So the Baron Von Günther he stamped and he swore—
No baron, I hope, ever cursed so before—
When he heard that the elegant count, as we’ve seen,
Had gain’d the young heart of the fair Geraldine.

As he raved and he ranted, the servants assembled
At diuner stopp’d eating and drinking, and trembled.
The cook said “My eye!” and the scullions said
“Crikey!”

And the butler observed, “If he e’er heard the like, he
Just wish’d he might choke”—while each groom and
each flunkey

Turn pallid, and felt most unpleasantly “funky.”
In fact—to say all that the force of words *can* say—
He was like Mr. Bland in an extravaganza.

Then he called for his armour, his sword, and his spear,
His horse, his retainers, from far and from near;
And he swore that he’d cut young Adolphus’s throat,
And he’d pitch him to rot in his own castle moat;
He’d smash down his walls, he’d smash windows and
glasses,

He’d smash his relations—the penniless asses—
He’d smash all his servants, he’d smash his old
“mammy,”

He’d smash all his friends, he’d smash *ev’ry one*—
damme!

Father Anselm was a friar all shorn,
 With a rusty old cassock all tatter'd and torn,
 A smooth-sounding voice, and a rubicund face—
 As e'er over Rhenish and ven'son said grace.
 Of course it was dirty—I speak of his “phiz”—
 A thorough-bred, fusty old monk's always is:
 It's part of his vows to the Church of the Pope
 To cut his connection with water and soap.

Father Anselm was the ghostly confessor,
 And ever had been,
 Of the fair Geraldine.

Though he'd nothing to do but to shrive her and bless
 her.

For she hadn't a sin
 Of all that were in

The list that was writ in the book that he gave her,
 Intended, he said, to instruct her and save her
 From sins that could never have enter'd her head
 Unless the same “Guide to Confession” she'd read.

The father was not a bad fellow—at least
 He was n't so bad for a monk or a priest:—
 He'd a kind of affection too—something between
 Admiration and pity—for poor Geraldine.
 He hated her father; he knew him a brute
 (Who didn't send much to the convent, to boot).
 He liked the young Count, and he'd no great objec-
 tion
 To help him to marriage, provided detection

Were out of the question : because he well knew
 If the Baron should find out that *he* had to do
 With the matter, he'd hang him as soon as a peasant,
 And blow the whole convent to — somewhere
 unpleasant.

Father Anselm was taking a stroll—
 Walking, no doubt, for the good of his soul—
 Thinking of masses and thinking of sermons
 (Terrible fellows to *think* are those Germans);
 Thinking of martyrs, and saints, and their hist'ries ;
 Thinking of convents, confessions, and myst'ries ;
 Thinking of all that he'd done, good and evil—
 Striking the balance 'twixt him and the devil :
 Thinking—the saint here gave way to the sinner—
 Thinking of what he should have for his dinner.

It's all very fine,
 But a friar must dine—

He's a stomach to fill, sir, like yours or like mine.

And to talk about "Mammon,"

To say he should cram on

Dry bread and dried herbs and cold water's all gammon!

And I freely confess

That *I* don't think the less

Of the friar, nor vote him a bit of a glutton,

If he did feel inclined

To discuss in his mind

The relative virtues of beef and of mutton.

Count Adolphus of Griefenstein knows that the priest
 Walks just at this time in his garden—at least
 He has heard so—and, therefore, determines to meet
 him

And ask for his blessing, and pray and entreat him
 To hit on some plan,
 Or devise how he can

Get safe to fair Geraldine's bower, and carry her
 Off from her wicked "Pa's" castle and marry her.

So, ere the good priest had quite settled each question
 Touching his duties, his sins, and digestion—
 Just at that end of the garden which lay
 Hidden from prying eyes—right in his way
 The Count stood;—he'd hit off the time to a nicety—
 Adolphus cried "Hail!" and the priest, "Benedicite!"

Why weeps the lady Geraldine?
 Why in her anxious glance is seen
 The east of gloom that should not throw
 Its cloud upon so fair a brow?
 Why rests the lute, untouch'd, unstrung,
 To whose sweet notes whilome were sung
 Full many a lay and ballad choice
 By Geraldine's soft, plaintive voice.

Why kneels fair Geraldine in pray'r—
 With heaving breast, dishevell'd hair,

Not praying silently to Heav'n
 For sins (how slight!) to be forgiv'n;
 But calling on the Virgin's name
 In voice whose sobbing tones proclaim,
 More clear than words, the inward smart
 That rends, that rankles in her heart?

Alas! she prays that *he* may live:—
 That Heav'n in pity will not give
 Her lover to the wicked hands
 Of those who serve her sire's commands;
 That saints above—that God will save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave!

Surely, if ever pray'r avail,
 If ear to mortal plaint be given—
 Such pray'r as this can scarcely fail
 Before the throne of pitying Heaven!

Suddenly Geraldine springs to her feet;
 There's a step at the door, and she rushes to meet—
 Good Father Anselm, dressed in cassock of hair
 And a hood that's drawn over his face with great care,
 In fact, all in perfect pontifical dress,
 But somehow, it seems, with remarkably less
 Of steady, grave style in his manner of "going,"
 Than friars and priests are accustom'd to showing.
 And as soon as he enters, he shouts "Geraldine!"
 And—oh! really I wish that I'd left out this scene—

The lady gives one little shriek—not a cry
Of pain or afright, such as you, sir, or I
Might give while a dentist was drawing our grinder,—
But something much milder, much softer, much kinder,
Much more like a cry of delight than alarms—
And throws herself into his clerical arms !

And now let us turn somewhere else : let us see
The deeds of our choleric Baron Von G.
He rides to the castle of Griefenstein straight,
And won't for his whole troop of followers wait,
But he gallops away till he reaches the gate.
Then he shouts to the warder, " Throw open the portal,
Or I'll batter it in and smash ev'rything mortal ! "

The warder looks up, takes a rub at his eyes,
He never before felt such sudden surprise—
And he cries, " Who are *you*, sir ? You'd better be
civil,
Or you and your threats, too, may go to the devil.
As for knocking the gate in, it's rather too tough ;
If you try on that game you may chance get enough
Of smashing yourself, my old boy ; and look here—
I don't think *this* looks like respect or like fear."

Thus saying, the coarse-minded warder arose,
And placing his thumb to the tip of his nose,
Extended his fingers, completing outright
The expressive dumb-show yeleft " taking a sight."

How the Baron did storm ! how he dash'd at the gate
 At the risk that he'd smash his own steel-cover'd pate.
 How he roared to his men to commence the attack,
 To charge, and to cut, and to hew, and to hack,
 Till a mighty big stone was flung down on his back ;
 'Twas hurled by three men who defended the walls,
 And with such unexpected an impetus falls,
 That the Baron Von G. is knock'd head over heels,
 And a very bad pain in the back, too, he feels.

And as he lay sprawling
 And fruitlessly bawling,

“ Charge again there, you numskulls, we'll lick 'em
 well yet,”

It strikes him it wasn't quite prudent to get
 So deep in this mess till he'd got his full forces
 Of retainers and weapons, and engines and horses.

At length he gets up, and still bursting with ire,
 Determines awhile for fresh aid to retire :

An order that gives most complete satisfaction
 To the men on both sides who've been called into
 action.

And as he turns round
 To retire from the ground,

The coarse-minded warder cries, “ Good bye, old cock—
 I'm afraid that you got an unpleasantish knock ;
 But a nice cooling diet—no Rhenish or ven'son—
 Will soon make it heal, if you rub in gum-benz'n.”

The Baron returns to his castle again,
Choking with anger, and groaning with pain.
He takes off his armour and solemnly swears,
“He won’t go to bed, and he won’t go upstairs;”
And, as he thus says, with such fierceness he glares,
That to hint that he *ought*, not the leech even dares.

Sudden a thought seems to strike him. He springs
To his feet, and the marble-paved corridor rings
With the sounds of his footsteps:—to Geraldine’s
bower

Why hastens her father? What thunder-clouds lower
O’er Geraldine’s fate? Would he strike in her youth
Such goodness, such beauty, such virtue, such truth?

Her door is thrown open—she’s there, nor *alone*,
But, pale and unmoved as an image of stone,
She stands; and she clings to the form of a priest—
So proclaim him his clerical vestments at least—
But no! there’s more pride in that attitude lies
Than a priest may well show—to the Baron’s fierce
eyes,

In spite of the cassock in which he is dress’d,
Count Adolphus of Griefenstein’s self stands confess’d!

You may fancy whatever you please of the rage
Which followed, I really can’t sully my page
In painting it. Still it was very soon over;
For, making a rush at poor Geraldine’s lover,

The Baron stopp'd suddenly, fell on the floor,
And never stirr'd arms, legs, or body, once more.
Death's arrow for once in the right mark had hit—
He was dead as a nail—he'd gone off in a fit!

They call'd for assistance; they sent for the leech—
But all was too late; he could only just preach
About blood to the head, apoplexy, and all
The symptoms that laymen "a sudden death" call.
As for both of the lovers, I fear that my diction
Would fail to convince of their "heartfelt affliction :"
And so I'll forego any long explanations
Regarding the state of their inmost sensations.
I suppose that in duty they tried to feel griev'd—
But I'm told that they also felt vastly reliev'd!

Slowly from out of the castle gate
Moves a long and funeral train
In all the mockery of state—
E'en in his shroud is Man still vain!

And he that lies in yonder shell,
O'er which the velvet pall is flung—
The crowd that follows knew him well,
The land with his foul deeds hath rung.

And where is he that mourns him now
In all that woe-apparel'd crowd?
Within whose breast, upon whose brow,
Is heav'd the sigh, or hangs the cloud?

Is there man whose lips can name
One act of good, of kindness done?
One deed to chequer his dark' fame
With ray of light?—alas, *not one!*

Yet do they bear him to the tomb,
In pomp, and pride, and pageantry—
The sinner waiting God's just doom!—
Say, is not this arch-mockery?

Think'st thou, vain man, the nodding plume,
The sable pall, the gorgeous hearse,
Can add distinction to the tomb,
Purchase one sigh—avert one curse?

Ah, no!—be sure the heart-wept tear,
By sorrowing virtue truly shed,
Shall throw more lustre on the bier,
Shall give more honour to the dead—
Than all the wretched pomp of woe
That wealth-born vanity can show!

Moral.

To clerical gents, of the Romish persuasion,
Who've lately, I fear, given too much occasion
To evil-tongued folks to make sneering remarks
Regarding the duties of reverend clerks,
I would just say a word.—If you happen to catch
A wealthy young girl—try and find her “a match.”

Or leave her, at least, to find one for herself,
 Who'll love her for something more precious than pelf;
 And don't shut her up in some nasty old hole
 Of a convent, and call it "the good of her soul."
 If you do as I say, I've the firmest conviction
 You'll get something more than *the Pope's* benediction.
 While throughout all the land that we live in, at least—
 Though it is n't instinctively fond of a priest—
 You'll gain more respect and more praise (I for *one*
 aver)
 Than by sacking her money and making a nun of her!

To choleric fathers who're fond of good wine
 (Rather stronger, perchance, than what comes from
 the Rhine)

Let me hint, there's a great deal of danger in swearing,
 And cursing, and raving, and storming, and tearing—
 Not to mention the sin—it's extremely unpleasant
 To all who unluckily chance to be present,
 When an elderly gentleman, apt to behave so,
 May chance to *explode*—and go off to the grave so.

My task is completed—my ink is run dry—
 Yet my pen seems to linger—I scarcely know why.
 Can it be that there's something still left me to tell?
 Or is it the dread of that sad word "Farewell"
 That throws o'er my spirit its magical spell?
 I know not, good reader: well, well then, we part—
 The pleasure is yours—mine alone be the smart!

Stay a moment—I have it—I knew I'd left out
The chief thing I wanted to lecture about ;
It's too late for *that*—I must give it up now—
But still I must write, ere I make you my bow,
One truth, beyond all, which my verses proclaim—
That "smashing" is always a dangerous game!

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MR. TIGGS.

A Cockney Legend.

IN the month of November—
 I can't well remember
 The date of the year, but believe it to be
 The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three—
 Mr. Timothy Tiggs,
 In the neatest of gigs,
 (Mr. Tiggs, by the way,
 Always call'd it a "shay,")
 Was making his way,

At a pace not much faster than that of a dray,
 Over Wimbledon Common, one very dark night ;
 Not a sound in the air, not a creature in sight—
 Just the place and the season to make you feel fright.
 But Tiggs was a man who was proud of his "pluck,"
 And scorn'd to feel fear, or be "down on his luck."
 Mr. Tiggs was a man with a very large head ;
 And his jolly round face was remarkably red :

On his cheeks you might term it the *couleur de rose* ;
 But it verged on the blue at the tip of his nose.
 His figure was not what the artists call fine—
 It wasn't a form in the classical line ;
 In fact, that most perfect of statues, Apollo,
 Where he (Tiggs) bulged out is a trifle more
 hollow.

But who cares for the *case*,
 With the heart in its place ?

Tiggs loved a good dinner ; he loved *eau de vie* ;
 He loved his own "shay," and he loved Mrs. T. ;
 Was ready to help a poor devil in need,
 And hated your misers and skin flints ; indeed,
 (I hope the expression my readers won't shock,)
 His intimates term'd him "a jolly old cock."

And now Mr. Tiggs,
 In his neatest of gigs,
 As he juggled along
 Tried to whistle a song ;
 Then play'd with the whip—
 Gave the mare a slight clip
 Just below the "off" hip ;
 Rubb'd his nose with his glove ;
 Gave the cushion a shove ;

Took a jerk at the reins, hit the mare on the
 crupper ;
 And cried, "D—n it, I'll have something hot for my
 supper !"

Now, of all the bad habits that mortals will follow
There's one, in my judgment, beats all of them
hollow ;

And that's cursing and swearing.

There's really no bearing

A man who can't utter the commonest phrases
Without adding, "Demme!" "By Jove!" or "Like
blazes!"—

The star of the tavern, the stable, or attic,
Who fancies he's clever because he's emphatic.

But this by the way—

All I now have to say

Is, that if you *must* rap out an oath, for a lark,
Don't swear when you're driving alone in the
dark.

No sooner had Tiggs let that naughty word slip,
And touch'd up the mare with a cut of his whip,
Than she stumbled and plunged ; tried her footing to
keep ;
Slipp'd again, and then tumbled down "all of a
heap."

Tiggs was shot from his seat,

But not on to his feet ;

For "head over tip" he was pitching right out,
When he caught the mare's tail, which was whisking
about,

And, grasping it tightly, he held himself there,
His head hanging down, and his heels in the air,

While the splash-board afforded support in the middle.

'Twas an odd sort of fix ;

But, in spite of his kicks,

How to make his escape seem'd a terrible riddle ;

And the mare, who kept jerking about on the ground,

Caused Tiggs to ejaculate many a sound—

Not a cry, or a groan, but half-grunt and half-choke,

Like what is produced,

If you're ever induced

To give a stout gentleman's ribs a smart poke.

In this awkward dilemma five minutes, or fewer,

Had pass'd, and poor Tiggs had got bluer and bluer—

In fact, it was really becoming no fun—

When two men, with a lantern, came up at a run ;

And as they drew near

They thought it look'd queer

For a man to appear

Attempting such very uncommon gymnastic

Positions, or doing so strange a "*pose plastique*."

"Hollo ! here's a lark ! Here, old shaver, I say,

Do you always, when travelling, ride that 'ere way ?"

Tiggs gave a faint grunt, and cried, "Save me, oh !

pray !"

"In course we will. Now, then, Jim, lend us your fiats,

And let's shove the old gemman on to his pins.

Now, give a good pull—now, another like that.

My eye ! he's a weighty un—ain't he just fat ?"

With a tug, and a push, and a trifle of pain,
 Poor Tiggs is set once on his footing again ;
 And the state that he felt in I almost might term a
 Sensation of joy,
 Without any alloy,
 As he got back his breath, and he felt *terra firma* ;
 And then his first care
 Was to look to the mare ;
 But she sprang up all right, without grazing a hair.
 And next all his gratitude seem'd to awaken,
 As he dived in his breeches
 Pocket for his riches,
 To pay the good men who'd been "saving his
 bacon."
 The men gave the wink ; and said one, with a grin,
 " Oh, do n't take the trouble to count out the tin.
 We'd rather have *all*. Hand us over the bag.
 We couldn't take less, 'pon my soul—not a mag.
 And open that drivin'-box, too—and make haste—
 'Cos I don't want to smash it—I can't a-bear
 waste."

Oh, ill-fated day !
 Just conceive the dismay,
 And the cry of despair
 That burst in the air,
 As poor Timothy Tiggs
 Exclaim'd, " Dash my wigs !

You *don't* mean to say, you're a couple of prigs!"

“Not a bit of it. Tip us the key and the *pus*.*
 It’s a providence (ain’t it?) you fell in with us.
 We cleans a chap out, p’r’aps; but then we shows
 mercy;
 While some on ’em always does just wisey-wersey.”

Poor Timothy sigh’d.

’Twas in vain that he tried

To soften the hearts of the men by his side.

They emptied the box, took the cash that was in it;
 Purse, snuffbox, and watch—all were gone in a minute.
 They unharness’d the mare, sent her off with a switch
 Of the whip, and then shoved the gig into a ditch.

“Now, old gemman, good night;

And don’t bear us no spite.

Remember you *was* in a precious queer plight;
 And ’t was me and my pal here that set you all right.”
 And thus having spoken, Jim vanish’d from sight.

* * * * *

Now, a common is all very well in its way—
 When the sun’s shining bright, on a fine summer’s
 day;
 And donkeys are grazing, and children at play;
 Or, perhaps, when you’re taking a drive in a “shay;”
 But to walk there alone, on a cold winter’s night—
 No moon and no stars out, to show you a light;
 Not a sound in the air, not a creature in sight;

* *Query*: Pursc?—PRINTER’S DEVIL.

And to think of your supper that's ready in town,
 And the nice bit of beef that's already done brown!
 And your wife, who keeps saying, "How late!" and
 "Dear me!"

Or, "I wonder wherever on earth he can be!"
 If you don't think this *really* a case of distress,
 Just try, sir, yourself how you like such a mess.
 For my part, I cannot conceive, I confess,
 A more fearful position, ashore or afloat,
 Next to finding yourself in a "halfpenny boat."

Tiggs turn'd to the right, and he turn'd to the left,
 Like an innocent babe of its mother bereft;
 So completely surprise had his senses o'ermaster'd:
 Or, as *he* said, "he felt himself so flabbergaster'd."
 Then he shuffled along at the best of his speed,
 Which wasn't the swiftest of paces, indeed.
 As to which was the *right* way he hadn't the least
 Conception in life—north or south, west or east.

What's that? It's a light!

Oh! glorious sight!

What pen shall describe the delight that he feels?
 It's a couple of lamps. There's the rattle of wheels!
 "It's a shay. No, it ain't. It's a coach—it's the
 mail.

By Jingo, it is! Won't I give her a hail!

What a deuce of a pace!

It's a regular race.

They're getting quite near—
 They're coming—they're here."
 And Tiggs bellow'd out, "Stop!"
 Not a bit of it—pop
 Went a pistol, and whiz

Went a bullet an inch or two off from his phiz;
 And crack went the whip, and away went "the greys,"
 And Tiggs was left gaping in fear and amaze!

"What on earth can it mean? Why, that guard must
 be mad!

He very near hit me—oh, dear! if he *had!*"
 The thought was too tender—he dried up the tear;
 And rage fill'd the heart that had yielded to fear.

"To shoot at me—Tiggs! How the deuce could he
 dare?

I'll pull up that rascal before the Lord Mayor."
 Stop a bit, Mr. Tiggs—recollect you're not there;
 And, as Mrs. Glasse says, you must first "*catch your*
hare."

And must he again, then, (oh, horrible plight!)
 Keep shuffling along in this very dark night—
 Not a sound in the air, not a creature in sight?

No! hark to that sound like the screech-owl's cry,
 Or the dying shriek that's borne on high
 From some tortured wretch in his agony!
 On his startled ear
 Strikes that sound of fear;
 And nearer it comes, and still more near.

What grasps he now? 'Tis the gallows tree!
 And he raises his eyes aloft to see—
 (While the sight makes the blood trickle cold in his
 veins)—
 A gentleman's body there, hanging in chains!

Away and away—
 Now catch him who may—
 As he dashes along over ditches and stones,
 At the risk of his neck, at the risk of his bones.
 On, onward he goes,
 And he puffs and he blows;
 And he catches his foot, and he's down on his nose;
 But he's up in a moment, and running as fast,
 Till he comes to a wall—and that stops him, at last.
 And is it a wall? Yes, the wall of an inn;
 And he knocks at the door, and he's quickly let in
 (Tumbling over a bucket, and grazing his shin);
 While he cries, in a way that the landlord thinks odd,
 "Quick, quick! bolt the door! He can't catch me,
 thank God!"

In a few minutes more, when he gets back his breath,
 And feels quite assured that he *has* escaped death,
 He gives his new landlord the list of his woes—
 Robbers, mail-coach, and gallows, and fall on his nose;
 While the landlord, who hears the whole string of
 mishaps,
 Declares him "the very unluckiest of chaps."

The minutes flew by ; and with draughts of strong beer,
 His strength to recruit and his spirits to cheer,
 Tiggs began to consider it not so unpleasant
 To sup at an alehouse, as he did at present ;
 Till at length, as the beer seem'd to mount to his head,
 The landlord just mildly suggested "a bed."
 Now, of all the delights of terrestrial birth
 (And there's many a pleasant thing still upon earth ;
 For I really do vote it a piece of insanity
 To turn up your nose, and cry, "*All things are*
vanity!")

When you come off a journey the greatest of treats
 Is a nice feather bed, and a pair of clean sheets ;
 And Tiggs thought the same as he gazed at the bed
 In the nice little room where the landlord had led
 His guest ; and, dismissing his grief for a time,
 He smiled, rubb'd his hands, and observed, "*This is*
prime!"

* * * * *

Though I love to relate each event with precision,
 I find I'm compell'd here to make an elision.
 Assign any reason your fancy may please,
 And imagine my hero alone, *en chemise*,
 Just tying his handkerchief over his head
 By way of a nightcap, and stepping in bed.

Rat-tat-tat-tap!

At the street-door's a rap,

And voices are calling, "Now, then, old chap!"

The landlord goes down, and lets in a large party ;
And one of them cries out, " How *are* you, my hearty ? "

But stop—look here !

What is there to fear ?

Why is it ~~that~~ Tiggs looks so uncommonly queer ?

What's that strange look of horror, that glance of
affright ?

What makes his knees knock, and his hair stand
upright ?

It's that voice !—it's the voice of that terrible Jim !

And heedless of grammar, Tiggs mutter'd, " It's *him* ! "

Away fly the fumes of the beer from his head ;

Away go all thoughts of enjoying his bed.

Oh ! what shall he do ? And, oh ! where shall he go ?

He can't stay where he is ; and he dare n't go below ;

Or that Jim and his horrid companions will bag him ;

And when they've once caught him, they'll certainly
scrag him !

How he quakes, and he shakes ! And he lists to each
sound ;

But " Jolly companions," and " Pass the jug round,"

Are all that he hears. He's a little less flurried ;

And the thumps of his heart are less loud, and less
hurried ;

Till he ventures to hope, 'midst the noise and the din,

That the landlord won't tell who's upstairs in the inn.

But hark! There's a pause. Are they silent? Oh,
no;

But they're talking in whispers so earnest and low,
That it's clear that there's something uncommon
"the go."

It's some grave consultation—it must be about
Himself, the poor victim—there can't be a doubt.
He opens the door, and he takes a peep out.

It's no use to stand quaking and shaking with fear;
It's no use to stay there—not a word can he hear;
So he plucks up some spirit, and down stairs he
goes,

Gently treading each step with the tips of his toes.
How they creak'd as he went! Well, no matter;
they're past;

And he's got to the door of the parlour at last.
He peeps through the keyhole, and there sees the
grim,

Dark, big-whisker'd face of that terrible Jim;
And he hears all they say; and they're talking of him!

Says one, "That's all true;

But, between me and you,

This here is a job I should *not* like to do.

I *ain't* one of them coves as'll try to shirk workin'—
I'll take a chap's purse; but I can't a-bear burkin'."

But Jim, who display'd

A knife with a blade

As long as e'er Rogers or Underwood made,

Said, "I tell ye, look here, it ain't no use a-preachin', I know this here cove 'll be goin' and peachin'.

Here's the right sort of thing—*here's* the razor to shave him;

A good dose of this—'t ain't the doctor 'll save him.

It'll send the fat codger to Old Nick, or furdur—"

Tiggs rush'd from the keyhole, and bellow'd out
"Murder!"

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Wake up, dearest Timothy. Gracious! dear me!"

Cried a lady in bed, and *en bonnet de nuit*,

While shaking her husband—our friend, Mr. T.

"What's the matter, dear Timothy? What *can* it be?"

"Oh! murder!" cried Tiggs again. "Mur— Eh? Hollo!"

What!—in bed—and with *you*? What a *very* rum go!"

"Indeed, Mr. T.,

You *are* in bed with me,"

Cried the lady, displaying a touch of *esprit*.

"And I'd much like to know, Sir—I should, 'pou my life—

Who *else* should be here but your own lawful wife?"

"Why, that murderous Jim, with his horrid big knife!"

"That who?" cried the lady. "It's all a mistake,"

Answer'd Tiggs. "Don't you see that I wasn't awake?"

I dreamt I was doom'd, like a lamb, to the slaughter ;
And that, I suppose, made me sing out for quarter."

The lady was soften'd. " Well, Timothy, dear,
I dare say," she said, " it was only the beer ;
Or you drank too much brandy ; or p'r'aps 't was the
pipe."

" Now, none of that nonsense," cried Tiggs. "'T was
the tripe :

" It always lies heavy, I told you before ;
But if I don't eat it, you tease and you bore.
Now, I'm bless'd if I ever *will* touch a bit more."

Mrs. T. gave a shrug,

Mr. T. gave a tug

At his nightcap, and both settled down in a snore.

Then up full soon

Rose the silver moon ;

And her light, through the casement streaming fair,

Shed a gentle ray,

Till the break of day,

On that couple of Tiggses dreaming there !

Æt'ral.

If you're fond of good liquor that makes the heart
merry,

And something more "stiff" than port, claret, or
sherry,

Never drink *cau-de-vie*—it's the fiend, when it's *in* a
man ;

But try Irish whiskey—the “LL” of Kinnahan.

Now, supper's a thing on which to advise

Is a delicate point ; still, I think it's more wise

Not to eat one at all, if you find that it lies

Like a weight on your chest, and you dream of those
fogies

Whom poets name “spirits,” and children call “bogies.”

But should you e'er chance to be “keeping it up,”

And your friends for the night are determined to sup,

And won't let you off without doing the same,

Just take something light—I should recommend
game—

A slice of cold pheasant, a woodcock, or snipe ;

But, ah ; think of Tiggs, and *don't sup upon tripe !*

THE BARBER OF AVIGNON:

A Legend of Vaucluse.

IN the days that we live in, these dull, prosy days,
 When we're chary alike of our cash and our praise,
 'Twould puzzle to say
 In what round-about way
 Certain epithets came to be tack'd to each nation,
 Intended to be the correct designation
 Of its character, moral, political, physical—
 Unless we pronounce them in some cases "quizzical."

Take England—dear England—good, sensible, solid,
 Extremely upright, but a trifle too stolid,
 Where a joke is at all times suspected of treason,
 And the idol we bow to is nothing but Reason—
 Where a smile's half a sneer, and a laugh's not 'polite,
 And a pun is a thing to regard with affright—
 Say, is it not very ridiculous—very—
 To christen dear, heavy, old Albion, "Merry?"

And then take our neighbour, mercurial France—
 The land of pun, epigram, satire, and dance—
 Which the title *we* claim would more properly grace,
 And see what a false one it has in its place!
 I have been through the land, from Boulogne to
 Marseilles,
 I have seen all its rivers, hills, forests, and vales,
 And, barring some sweet little spot, here and there,
 Like a rose in a desert—I'm ready to swear,
 From Dan to Beersheba all's ugly and bare;
 Yet this is the land that we christen "La Belle,"
 Though *why*, a whole college of wits couldn't tell,
 Unless they fell back on the stale *inuendo*,
 Of "lucus (see Lexicon) à non lucendo."

But France *has* its beauties: the plains of Vaucluse
 Have spots that a poet or painter might choose
 For his pen or his pencil—of course you're aware,
 That the fountain of Laura and Petrarch is there—
 (I saw it, and sigh'd as I thought of the pair.)
 I had left the cold skies of our much beloved isle,
 To gaze upon Italy's warm ones awhile,
 And I'd chosen my route by the way of Marseille—
 As far down as Lyons I did it by rail,
 And thence on to Chalons-sur-Saone by mail—
Malle poste, as they call it—half waggon, half chaise—
 Within which I once spent five nights and four days
 In the coldest of winters, cramp'd, famish'd, and froze,
 Twice chased by the wolves and once buried in snows,

And at last was dragg'd out in a state of nonentity,
 So stiff and so blue
 That I hardly well knew
 If I ought to believe in my very identity.

Arriving however at Chalons-sur-Saone,
 I stepp'd on a steamer and slipp'd down the Rhone,
 At a deuce of a pace, though my "vessel of vapour"
 Was so nasty and close I was glad to escape her,
 And form'd, as I did so, the strongest opinion
 Of the excellent change 'tis to land at Avignon.

All the world knows the name
 Of Avignon—its fame
 As the place where the rival Popes set up their claim,
 Holding Rome at defiance,
 And placing reliance
 On other than merely a Holy Alliance.

Well, ling'ring awhile in the famous old city,
 Which *really* deserves to be mention'd as pretty,
 I pick'd up by chance—*how*, I needn't here state—
 The legend my muse is about to relate,
 And whatever the manner in which *you* receive it,
Parole d'honneur, myself, I devoutly believe it ;
 Though you'd doubtless admire it and think of it better
 If you'd read it, as I, in Provençal black letter.

In ancient days of warriors brave
 And pious monks and scholars grave,

When lords were really men of might
 And did their will for wrong or right,
 While peasants spent a life of toil
 Like other cattle of the soil,
 There lived—a thing that's very rare
 To find alive now *any* where—
 An honest man! a barber known
 To lord and peasant: one who'd grown
 To reputation such as few
 Can ever know, or ever knew;
 And yet without a single word
 From any single mortal heard
 In question of his well-earn'd fame.
 His heart was spotless as his name,
 His hands were pure as snow, or rather,
 As clean as was his matchless lather.

The name of this barber was Pierre le Faiseur,
 An euphonious name for a knight of the razor;
 But as Pierre is merely the Gallic for Peter,
 We'll call him by *that* name—the French may be
 sweeter;
 But my muse when, in nautical language, she "cracks
 on
 All sail" might discover it rather a tax on
 Her powers to make it fit in with her Saxon.

An industrious fellow was Peter, too:
 He stuck to his business as few men do.

Early and late in his smart little shop
Was Peter with basin, and razor, and strop,
Rasping away at each well-bristled chin,
Guiding the steel o'er the tender skin,
But never by accident slipping it *in* ;
And many both high and low were those
Whom Peter took day after day by the nose.
And he shaved, and talk'd, and joked, and
 laugh'd,
And was quizz'd, and teased, and jeer'd, and
 chaff'd,
Till people declared it was monstrous queer
 he
Never appear'd to be dull or weary ;
For, soaping, lathering, shaving, strapping,
Nobody ever caught Peter napping.

Knightly men and gay gallants—
Men of the noblest names in France,
Men of great wealth and high renown,
Bishops and priests of the shaven crown,
Merchants and traders, and doctors of law,
Doctors of physic—the world never saw
 Such a conglomeration
 Of men of each station
 Then known in the nation,
That submitted their chins for the harvest there
 growing,
To be reap'd by this master of hairy-crop-mowing.

We've been recently told
 By one, Herr Berthold,*
 That a man, when he comes to be fifty years old,
 In case he begin
 To scrape at his chin
 At twenty, when beards are but downy and thin,
 Will have cut in that space
 Of time off his face
 Eighteen feet and nine inches of hair from each place!

So that, Peter, who every day in the year
 Had some thirty, at least, of such places to shear,
 Must have shaved in his lifetime, (the reckoning's fair,)
 Full two hundred yards of men's chin-growing hair.

'Twas in the month of dark December
 (The year precise I don't remember)
 That Peter sat one gloomy morn
 Looking, for Peter, quite forlorn,
 With no one waiting to be shorn.
 Of all his patrons not a soul
 Had come that day—'twas very droll.

So Peter strop'p'd, and Peter ground
 His razors one by one all round,
 And put such edges on the steel
 As were miraculous to feel;

* *Vide* a recent number of Müller's "Archives für Anat: und Physiologie."

And then he ground and stropp'd once more,
 And made them duller than before ;
 And then again he made them keen
 Enough to shave a hedgehog clean.

Nine o'clock, ten, and eleven went by,
 Nobody came, and he couldn't tell why ;
 None of his customers, rich or poor,
 Knock'd on that morn at the barber's door.

So Peter got nervous, now shuffled his feet,
 Now folded his arms and leant back in his seat,
 Now jump'd on his legs and look'd into the street,
 Now stood by the brazier—he hadn't a grate—
 Now stalk'd up and down at a deuce of a rate,

Now muttered *mon Dieu !*

Now swore *ventre bleu !*

“ Why, *au nom du Diable*, have I nothing to do ?
 Have the people gone mad ? *C'est effrayant n'est-ce pas, eh ?*

St. Denis ! Will *nobody* come to be *rasé ?* ”

At length there's a customer—such a queer guy !
 With such a black beard, and with such a black eye !
 And with such a long nose,
 And such short, stumpy toes,
 And such odd-looking legs in his flame-colour'd hose !

And he stalk'd along and he seized a chair,
 And he took his seat with a lofty air,

And, touching his bearded chin the while,
He said, in a most commanding style—
Of which every action seem'd to savour—
“Come here and rasp off this, old shaver!”
Then Peter made him his lowest bow,
And trembled, he knew not why or how;
And he took a napkin clean and white,
And tuck'd it round his neck all right,
And he stirr'd the lather, which froth'd away
Like a pot of beer or a *eréme soufflée*.

And then Peter lather'd away “with a will,”
Determined to show his professional skill
To the stranger, who struck him as certainly *some*
one,
Though his eye was so black and his nose such a
rum one.

And then, with a barber-like sweep of the hand,
As one who possesses a perfect command
Of his weapon, he takes his first slice at the
spread
Of dingy black stubble awaiting his blade.

But conceive his surprise!

Can he trust to his eyes?

The dingy black stubble his razor defies!
Not a hair of it falls—it stands stiff as a block,
And the edge of his razor receives such a shock
As if he'd been hacking away at a rock!

Peter trembled and stared,
 Look'd horribly scared,
 Tried to "make out" the stranger as much as he
 dared;
 But 'twas useless to try
 For the stranger's black eye
 A perfect unconsciousness seemed to imply,
 As he said, in a voice which was husky and gruff:
 "What the deuce are you waiting for—eh, you old
 muff?"

Peter took a fresh razor, and gave it a turn
 On the strop, heel to point—it's not easy to learn
 How to do it with skill—then he spread with great care
 A fresh stock of froth on the dingy black hair,
 And once more (though he owns he was "rayther afeard")
 Took a skilful and elegant sweep at the beard.

"The Devil!" he cries in a horrible fright,
 As again the same puzzle appears to his sight.
 The beard is still there,
 All unchanged—not a hair
 Has been cut—'twas enough *any* barber to scare!

"The Devil!" in fear and amazement he cries—
 The stranger looks up in disgusted surprise—
 "The Devil!" shouts Peter; the stranger cries
 "*Mort-bleu* :
 Hold your tongue, or I'll make you, you stupid old
 bore, you.

Is the fellow gone cracked with his horrible clatter?
Or what in Beelzebub's name is the matter?"

"My razor!" cries Peter, "your beard it won't cut—
It's of marble, of adamant, iron—" "Tut—tut,"
Says the stranger; "there, stop your nonsensical jaw—
Your razor's a bad one—as dull as a saw.
My beard is as soft as the down on the wing
Of an insect. Here, hand me that rusty old thing,
I'll soon make it cut;" and he seized on the blade,
And having its edge most artistic'ly laid
On the palm of his hand, drew it sharply—one—two—
And then handed it back, saying, "*There*, that'll do."

Peter took back the blade, held it close to the light,
'Twas matchless in edge and 'twas wondrously bright,
But how it was done he did nothing but wonder and
Puzzle—'twas something he *could n't* quite understand.
However, he stirr'd up the lather and smear'd
Once more the whole crop of the dingy black beard,
And then, taking a barber-like sweep as before,
His hands were both suddenly cover'd with gore!
He had cut off the head, and it roll'd on the floor!!
Peter stagger'd back terror-struck, crying, "Oh lor!!!"

The news through the city was quickly spread
How Peter had cut off the stranger's head,
And how his hands with blood were red,
And how the stranger was really dead;

Which latter event seem'd probably true,
 Since ev'ry one own'd that nobody knew
 A man to survive that operation—
Videlicet, capital amputation.

And the story, first told with grave precision,
 Gain'd every moment some fresh addition,
 Till Peter at length was pronounced a thief,
 A brigand, a monster beyond belief—
 A fellow who'd murder'd a dozen before,
 Robb'd widows and orphans and priests by the
 score—
 Cribb'd the plate of the Church that the faithful
 had brought her,
 Stripp'd corpses in coffins, and "boned" holy water!

Amidst the hubbub it so befel
 That the rumour reach'd a friar's cell.
 'Twas Father Anthony's cell it reach'd—
 As worthy a friar as ever preach'd ;
 But he didn't preach as most men do,
 For he put his preaching in practice too,
 In which he resembled mighty few.
 And Father Anthouy's head was bare
 On the top of the crown, for a friar's hair
 Is never allow'd to grow up there ;
 And of all the friars in Avignon,
 Or in all Vacluse, there was n't one
 Whose little bald patch more brightly shone.

For Father Anthony daily went
To Peter's shop, or for Peter sent,
And wherever the glimpse of a hair was seen,
The barber soap'd it and shaved it clean ;
And so from shaving his holy crown
There wasn't a layman in all the town
So dearly loved as this man of lather
Was loved by this excellent ghostly father.

When Father Anthony heard the noise—
The shouts of men, the squeaks of boys,
The cries of women—an awful yelling,
Of popular indignation telling,
The Father Anthony rubb'd his nose,
And up from his books he slowly rose,
And went to the window and said, " How now ?
I greatly marvel what's the row."

So Father Anthony closed his book,
And opened his door and straightway took
 His way to the street,
 In hopes to meet
With some one who'd give him a proper notion
Of the meaning of all this strange commotion.

When Father Anthony's form appeared,
The people bowed, and the people cheered ;
For great was the saintly Father's fame,
And highly respected his holy name.

And soon doth the holy Father hear
 Of Peter's deed of blood and fear,
 And he draws his hand across his forehead,
 And cries, "Oh dear! how very horrid."

And then, again, with a sudden thought,
 Some bright idea his mind had caught—
 He cries, "Ha, ha! I smell a rat, ho!
 Perhaps, Master Nick, *you've* started *that* go—
 We'll very soon give you tit-for-tat, though."

So off he starts—make way, make way,
 For the holy Father, good people, pray.
 'Tis Father Anthony seeks the place
 Where the murder's done, and he walks apace,
 Though he's fat in body, and scant of wind,
 And round before, and round behind,
 With rubicant cheeks, and a couple of chins,
 And remarkably stumpy and short in the pins;
 Now the state of his mind is no longer quiescent,
 He cares not a rap, though he *be* deliquescent.*

At length he reaches the barber's dwelling,
 Round which the motley crowd is swelling;
 And he enters the door, and the first thing he
 sees

Is Peter in fetters, and down on his knees—
 Protesting his innocence, vowing, declaring,
 By every saint in the calendar swearing,

* "Dusty and deliquescent."—*Peter Plymley's Letters*.

“That it wasn’t *he* did it—’twas done instan-
taneous,
The head tumbled off of itself, quite spon-
taneous.”

And there by his side stands Policeman K,
Who tells him “he’d better not talk in that way;
If he *has* any ‘pluck,’ he’d advise him to
show it,
And as for that ‘gammon,’ he’d better just
stow it.”

And there lies the body with no head upon it,
And the priest, as he sees it—his eyes couldn’t
shun it—

Cries “Peter! oh, Peter, you *have* been and
done it!”

Then up rose Peter, and told his tale—.

The truth to the letter—nor did he fail

To confess how in passion, amazement, and fright,

He had call’d on Old Nick, which he knew wasn’t
right;

How his razors were turn’d by the dingy black crop;
How the dead man had used his own hand for a strop;
How the edge with two rubs had grown suddenly
keen—

Such an edge as no barber had ever yet seen—

(For in those remote times, if the reader will seek, he
Will find that they hadn’t the “magic” of Mechi)—

How the head tumbled off of itself, and the rest of it—
In fact, in a few words, he made a clean breast of it.

Nearly every one,
When Peter had done,
Shook his head in disgust at the yarn he had spun,
And talked of a "tale of a cock and a bull,"
And hoped his reward would be speedy and full.
But the Father Anthony slowly said,
As he laid his finger on Peter's head,
"This man hath spoken truth, good folks ;
This murder is only Satan's hoax !"

Now all look queer,
With surprise and fear,
At the thought of the Evil One being so near ;
For every one knows
Father Anthony's nose
Can smell out the Devil wherever he goes ;
And Policeman K, so brave just now,
Feels shaky and dizzy—he don't know how.

Father Anthony took
From his pocket a book,
A neat little volume of clerical look,
And a phial cork'd tight,
Which appear'd to the sight
To be filled with Geneva, or something as
white ;

But 'twas plain holy water, in all its bright
purity,
Which the priest always carried for ghostly
security.

He open'd his book, the cork he drew,
He read some Latin, and quickly threw
The phial's contents on the corpse of the dead,
Where the neck had been sever'd away from
the head.

With a "phiz," and a "hiss," and a sulphurous
smell,
And a howl like the cry of a demon from hell,
Up jumped the head, up jumped the trunk,
And joined together, and faced the monk—
And the multitude thought they "must have
sunk."

And the Evil One laughed, "Ho! ho! ho! ho!"
But the Father Anthony raised his toe,
And let fly whack
At the end of his back,
That the Devil was kick'd to the deuce in a crack.

But strange to relate, as he twisted about,
His long fork'd tail popp'd suddenly out
From the tip of his spine, and the sharp point
prick'd

Father Anthony's toe at the moment he kick'd ;
 And the Father, thenceforward, the chronicle says,
 Was lame of one leg for the rest of his days !

Moral.

He that reads with his eyes, and don't read with his
 mind,
 Sees the story, but can't see the moral behind,
 May be said to be painfully, mentally blind.
 To suppose that a writer like me—of my gravity—
 Would string verse on verse for mere metrical suavity,
 A story alone—in real purpose a cavity—
 Is t' accuse me of something like downright depravity.

My muse is most moral : she mayn't be straight-laced,
 She considers such costume a sign of bad taste,
 And that Virtue in whalebone is Virtue misplaced ;
 But she *does* teach a lesson whene'er she discourses—
 Of the stories she tells you the genuine source is
 Her wish to instruct in the purest morality,
 Sever Virtue from Vice, and from Falsehood, Reality.

Now turn to her legend : the first thing she teaches,
 As plainly as any dull parson that preaches—
 Though she does it, of course, in her own easy fashion—
 Is never to use naughty words in a passion.
 The warning is good : if you choose to defy it,
 Take care of your elbow—the devil is by it.

Her story a lesson still graver lurks under—

Oh, would she could tell it in accents of thunder!

Dame Justice—that isn't your name, though you crib
it—

Don't be in such haste with your hangman and gibbet:

You point to the blood by the criminal spilt,

But are you quite satisfied, *sure*, of his guilt?

Did you never, good madam, since hanging began,

Find out your mistake—that you'd hang'd the wrong
man?

Who *then* was the victim?—the murderer, who?

Won't the cap of the latter precisely fit *you*?

When the guiltless are sacrificed thus to your fury,

Ought you not, in all fairness, to hang judge and jury?

Oh, Dame! your excuses are feeble and hollow,

Cease, henceforth, your bloodthirsty courses to follow—

Wash the stains from your hands, and pin *this* to your
tail—

Death's blow is unerring—man's judgment is frail!

THE GOLD-SEEKER.

A Latter-day Legend.

HURRAH and hurrah! for the golden age!
 Fling aside the old heathen philosopher's page—
 Never heed what *he* tells you—there isn't a grain
 Of genuine truth in his "golden reign."

For the age of gold

Was not of old;

As the dreaming bard-chronicler's lay hath told,

But 'tis this one—aye,

Deny it who may—

The true Age of Gold is the present day.

Let them talk as they will of the good reign of Saturn,
 When the world was an Eden, and man was a pattern
 Of probity, temperance, virtue, and purity,
 Living with lions in friendly security;
 Feeding on acorns, and drinking from rivers—
 Never spoiling digestion, nor damaging livers,

Which so often give proof to us latter-day sinners
 How much earthly evil arises from dinners ;
 And demonstrate how sin may be said to lie buried, or
 Lurk 'neath the crust of a *Paté de Perigord*.

Let them praise such sweet times
 In the softest of rhymes ;
 In eloquence glowing,
 In poetry flowing

As smooth as the pellucid streams that they sing of ;
 Yet now-a-days man as become such a thing of
 Mere matter-of-fact, that one touch of reality
 Possesses more charms than the whole ideality
 Of all the bright thoughts and poetical visions
 From Homer to Tennyson's latest editions ;
 And one solid gold guinea in value surpasses
 Heliconian " draughts " and the " gems " of Parnassus.

Yes, talk as we may of the charms of romance,
 Art, poetry, painting, they haven't a chance
 'Gainst the metal that holds the wide world in its
 thrall—

Before which kings, priests, and philosophers, all
 The greatest, the highest, the lowliest fall,
 And—in spite of some sneers at the vileness of dross—
 Still make it, as Chinamen term it, their joss.*

* Little deities, hideously ugly, made in porcelain, and worshipped by the Chinese.

Mr. Peter Macan
Was a good little man,
With a nice little wife, and an income still less,
While three little brats,
All as hungry as rats,
Soon contrived to make Mr. Macan in a mess.

Peter lived in the city, and work'd like a horse,
For the pay of a pauper, or something still worse ;
As all the live day-long, and half through the night,
He scarce ever ceased for a moment to write,
But copied law papers, briefs, parchments, and wills,
Deeds, abstracts of title, and Chancery bills ;
Pursuing the not very pleasant vocation or
Business of drudge to a wealthy law-stationer.

Driving on the long day through,
Driving through the night-time too ;
Up and down for ever, still
Scraping, scratching, goes his quill.
Cramp'd and formal, quaint but clear,
Words on words in lines appear—
Dry, dull, prozy words, as stiff
And obsolete themselves as if
They had no object but to show
Short, stumpy letters in a row—
Or, if some meanings lurk'd behind them,
To puzzle all the world to find them.

But drive as he might, his perpetual pen,
The patientest, meekest, and mildest of men,

Poor Peter discover'd that five people's meat
 Wasn't easily earn'd at a penny per sheet.
 In fine—though the thing is so vulgar, I feel
 Quite repugnant to hint it to readers genteel;
 But it's really a fact that I can't well conceal—
 The poor little Macans ev'ry moment got thinner
 For want of that trifling diurnal, a dinner—
 At least such a dinner as most of us have in us,
 And without which the sleekest is apt to grow ravenous

In vain did Peter toil and toil—
 The domestic saucepan *wouldn't* boil
 For all the fruits of Peter's quill
 The domestic saucepan couldn't fill.
 So Peter groan'd, and Peter sigh'd,
 And Peter's wife look'd sad and cried,
 And Peter's children almost died:
 And Peter almost wish'd they might;
 For Peter thought (and he was right)
 'Twere better they should die, and be
 With Peace and Love eternally,
 Than live and waste in slow starvation,
 Outcasts of men 'mid God's creation.

Worn and wretched, sighing wearily,
 Peter in his garret slept,
 When over his slumb'ring senses drearily,
 Dreamily, dully, a vision crept.

He stood in a vast and open plain,
In the broad full glare of day,
But the sun in his eyes gave Peter pain,
And he turn'd his head away ;
For Peter had seldom seen the sun,
Except as a Cockney might,
And his eyes were weak, and sought to shun,
Like evil deeds, the light.
But still as he bent them to the ground,
The brightness seem'd no less,
For wherever he turned, and glanc'd around
Was glittering loveliness.
'Twas not the trees with flowers and fruit,
Blooming where nature hung them ;
'Twas not the river that seem'd to shoot
Like a silver thread among them ;
'Twas neither the azure sky, the glare,
Nor the foliage around him,
That made poor Peter gape and stare,
And help'd to quite confound him.

What he saw was a great deal more rare than all these—

Than rivers and flowers, and sunshine and trees ;
'Twas a wonderful sight—just the kind of a sight
The heart of old Cræsus himself to delight ;
For wherever he look'd, 'stead of gravel and mould,
Were large golden stones, and the dust was of
gold !

Peter wriggled and turn'd,
And his honest heart yearn'd
To find out the means how the right might be earn'd
To pick up a few
Of the stones that thus grew,
And cover'd the country as thickly as dew.
For, though poor as a rat,
Peter wasn't a "flat,"
Nor a thief—for he wasn't *yet* starved into that—
And though scared beyond measure
'Twixt wonder and pleasure
He guess'd that *some* mortal must own all this
treasure.

"Ha! ha!" said a voice in Peter's ear,
"And what's Master Peter doing here?
Prime stuff all this, eh? What do you think?
No dirty Mosaic—just hear the chink!
Much better fun to pick *this* up like dust,
Than work like a horse, and then earn but a crust.
Why, it's gold, man! it's gold!—he who can't get
enough
In these days, Mr. Peter, he *must* be a muff.
And *you*, who're now working away till you're yellow
As even this dust, why, you dull-witted fellow,
Don't you pitch pens and paper and ink to the deuce,
And pick up this stuff for your own proper use?
It's much better sport for a man of your age
Than copying briefs at a penny a page.

By my soul! I'd as soon be a rat in a sewer,
 As the lean-looking, weasen-faced mortal that *you* are!"
 And again the voice chuckled "ha! ha!" and "ho! ho!"
 And Peter felt all in the pleasantest glow,
 And determin'd, though sadly in want of a sack,
 To carry away all that he could on his back.

So he reach'd out his hand, and he seiz'd on a lump,
 And, trying to lift it, a terrible thump
 Sent his dreams to the winds, nearly shatter'd his head,
 And convinc'd him he'd tumbled clean out of his bed;
 While his wife in alarm at the noise gave a shriek,
 And the little Macans chorussed in with a squeak;
 And the people on each of the stories below
 Rush'd up in their night-clothes, and wanted to know
 "What on earth was the row?" "Gracious goodness!"
 and "mercy!"
 "Was he thumping his wife? Or she him *vice versa*?"

As soon as all the row was ended,
 And Peter's broken head was mended,
 Peter proceeded to relate
 What brought him to that awkward state.
 And when at length he gravely told
 About the yellow heaps of gold,
 His wife, in feminine surprise,
 With sudden interruption cries—
 "Lor' bless me, Peter—lor' now—rally!
 And *did* you dream about 'Australy?'

Why so did *I*—and little Joe there,
I shouldn't wonder if we go there!"

Then Peter most stoutly protested and swore
 That he'd never once thought of "Australy" before ;
 Indeed he much doubted if ever he'd heard of it,
 Or at least if he had, he'd forgot ev'ry word of it,
 For Peter was always so closely confin'd
 To his desk, that although he had some sort of mind,
 Or some substitute for one, it never was fed,
 And so it's a fact, that he never had read
 Of Australian gold, and the wonderful tales,
 Brought month after month, by Australian mails ;
 Till the great El Dorado, that Raleigh once dreamt of,
 Appears a mere trifle, beneath the contempt of
 The men who ship gold by the hogshead or puncheon,
 And make their "cool thousand" 'twixt breakfast
 and luncheon.

* * * * *

The sky is clear, the breeze is light,
 And 'tis, forsooth, a glorious sight,
 To see the proud ship on her way
 Tossing aside the silvery spray—
 Spreading her white wings far and wide,
 And seeming noiselessly to glide
 Over the tiny waves which rear
 Their glitt'ring crests, and sparkle near,
 Like living things of light and love,
 Reflecting God and Heav'n above.

The winds are fierce, and dark the night,
And oh! it is a fearful sight
To see the proud ship reeling on,
Her sails close-reef'd, one spar too gone,
Heaving and rolling, vainly toiling,
The angry surges round her boiling—
Dashing with fury 'gainst her bows,
And smiting her with giant blows,
As though their prowess would have broke
Her mighty beams and ribs of oak.
She staggers—but still sound and brave
She meets the wind, and breasts the wave;
Though these may foam, and that may roar,
She floats as gallant as before,
Till, all the tempest's fury spent,
The contest's o'er—fresh sails are bent,
And answering the helm again,
She speeds her course across the main.

What a very nice place is an emigrant vessel
To those who like comfort, and love, too, to mess well!
Such a charming collection of sounds, scents, and
sights,
Loves, jealousies, rivalries, hatreds, and fights,
And all other amusements and daily delights
Of some three hundred people all toss'd in a heap
With fowls, ducks and geese, pigs, and oxen and sheep
Only fancy the chatt'ring, the "rowing," the shrieking,
The laughter, the cackling, the bleating, the squeaking,

The babies, the women, the stewards, cooks, and sailors,
And the landsmen of all sorts, from farmers to tailors.

Mon Dieu! I'd as soon be the poet of Moses,
Deck the Minories out as a garden of roses;
Write Holloway's puffs—almost swallow his pills,
And declare that they cure all sublunary ills;
Vow that Nicoll cuts coats like Curlewis, or better,
Empty sewers in July, or work for a "sweater"—
In short do whatever the soul most abhors,
As sail in an emigrant ship from our shores.

And yet it may be but a matter of taste—
For when Peter and Peter's wife found themselves
 plac'd

In a little square cabin, with plenty of food,
They voted the whole affair pleasant and good.
They'd a clean bed to lie on, though not over
 spacious—

But to note such a trifle, would scarcely be gracious;
Or if ever they chanc'd to revert to such topics,
It was only when stifled by heat in the tropics.
And then the three little Macans, too, had beds,
One under their parents, two over their heads—
And if apt to be sea-sick, it wasn't much matter,
As they'd plenty of prog, and they daily got fatter.

A storm wasn't pleasant—the heaving of ocean
Produced in their stomachs a similar motion;

Besides being shocking, and scaring their wits,
 As they fancied the vessel was coming to bits ;
 But still when the tempest undoubtedly *was* over
 Peter look'd like a hero, and felt a philosopher,
 Declaring he knew it was nothing at all—
 Though he shook in his shoes at the name of a squall.

* * * * *

'Twas a blazing hot day, as the sunlight stream'd
 down

On mountain and valley, and country and town,
 And baked up the earth, and so scorch'd vegetation,
 You might, by a slight stretch of imagination,
 Have fancied the trees, like the soil that they grew in,
 Had chang'd to the metal of wealth and of ruin ;
 For in truth 'twas Australia, the great golden land,
 That spread forth its mighty expanse on each hand,
 And gladden'd the hearts and the eyes of each man
 On the deck with our friend, Mr. Peter Macan.
 As their good vessel bore them—they own'd they'd
 been *well* borne—
 To the Bay of Port Phillip, and anchored off Melbourne.

And now Mr. Peter Macan and his wife
 Lead a useful and happy and prosperous life.
 The three little Macans, too, have plenty to eat,
 And no longer consider a dinner a treat,
 As they've one ev'ry day,
 And their parents both say

The consumption of mutton would really be frightful—
 Except for its cheapness—which makes it delightful.
 For Peter now brings home the money so fast,
 The luck appears almost too pleasant to last ;
 Yet it *will*, for he's steady and sober, and sticks
 To his work like a man, or as *he* says, "like bricks"—
 For now that friend Peter thus picks up the money,
 He's getting facetious, and fancies he's "funny."

But I've one thing to mention
 By way of prevention
 Of error—I give you the facts as I find them—
 He *didn't*, I'm told,
 Go and search for the gold
 At the "diggings"—*but stay'd for what fools left
 behind them.*

Moral.

Our lay hath a moral—you doubtless can smell* it,
 Dear reader—but give me permission to tell it :
 And then, when you've read it, we really won't quarrel
 If you *do* say, "Why just so! of *course* that's the
 moral."
 Are you sick of the world? are you poor? are you
 trying
 To live, with a painful sensation of dying
 For want of success? slowly wasting by inches
 In poverty's grip—the fell demon that pinches

* Emunctæ naris.—HORACE.

Our souls from our bodies? Does gloomy Despair,
With dull, bloodshot eyes, on your destiny glare?
Snap your fingers at all of them—bid them defiance—
On courage and zeal place unbounded reliance,
And accept the advice that our lay would disseminate—
To pack your portmanteau, and Emigrate, Emigrate!

THE HEIRESS OF RHUDDLAN.

A Legend of Wales.

SIR PONTYPOOL DRAGONHEAD sat on his chair,
 With a most unmistakable sulk in his air;
 His lips were compressed, and his eyebrows were knit,
 His hair was uncomb'd, and his beard wasn't fit
 To be worn by a Christian—much less by a knight—
 While his clothes hung about in a terrible plight:
 And he stared at the fire just as if the great logs
 That crackled and blazed on the hearth's brazen dogs
 Could have lent him their aid—or at least some relief,
 From the demon that troubled him—anger or grief.

Then he'd suddenly turn, and his great oaken seat
 Would creak with his weight, and he'd stamp with his
 feet,
 And he'd scratch his rough head, and he'd rub his
 large nose,
 And he'd deal his own legs such soniferous blows

As Tom Cribb might have envied for regular
“teasers,”

Well planted, “one-two,” on his enemies’ “sneezers.”

In short, as you gazed on Sir Pontypool’s visage
(Which wasn’t so very bad-looking for *his* age,
For Time had just pepper’d his head with some
sprinkles,

And scratch’d here and there a few crow’s-feet or
wrinkles,)

You could swear that in action, in word, or in thought,
he

Had suffer’d, had done, or had plann’d something
naughty ;

But what it might be you could never be certain,

Unless you’d the power to lift up the curtain

Which beneficent Nature had hung o’er the portal

That leads to that Hades—the heart of a mortal.

Sir Pontypool Dragonhead’s page stood by—

A meek-looking youth with a mild-looking eye—

So neat and so trim in his blue velvet suit,

Embroider’d with gold, and his ringlets to boot,

And his very white collar of Brussels point lace

Arranged with the utmost perfection of grace,

Displaying a throat and a neck soft as down,

Where no nasty rough beard had, of course, ever
grown,

That he look’d like Adonis or Cupid array’d—

Or a model in wax for the hair-dressing trade.

Sir Pontypool turns his head at last,
And his fierce, dark eye on the page is cast ;
And he looks a look of blood and thunder,
And the page's thin legs are shaking under
Their pretty don't-name-'ems (whose spacious
dimensions
Might accommodate legs of much greater pre-
tensions.)

“How now, Sir Page!” Sir Pontypool cries,
As he knits his brows and rolls his eyes ;
“How now, Sir Page!” and his voice's tone
Sounds like the blast of a big trombone.

The meek-looking page is down on one knee,
But never a word respondeth he,
And he hands up a great, long, awkward letter
(A flunkey in these days would turn out a better,)
That looks like a beggar's appeal, or the State's
For your small contributions to taxes and rates!

Sir Pontypool snatches the letter in haste,
And tears off the small silken threads that are placed
In lieu of red wax ; and he growls as he reads,
And his eye gets more bloodshot, and little round
beads
Of moisture burst out on his cheeks and his brow,
And one moment his hand grasps his dagger, and now
He springs from his seat, and he hurls back the chair,
And shivers the oak like a reed in the air,

And he shouts—while the roof and the panels around,
 Of the age-blacken'd hall with the echoes resound—
 “Ho! turn out the men-at-arms—saddle my horse,
 Black Demon—out, out the whole garrison's force!
 Bring my armour—my battle-axe—quick, dullard
 page!—
 Hell and fury! who dares to brave Dragonhead's
 rage?”

Then oh what a din
 Without and within,
 Like a revel of fiends in the regions of sin!
 The horses are neighing,
 The trumpets are braying,
 The soldiers are swearing, the women are praying;
 Swords, bucklers, and spears,
 Shouts, curses, and tears,
 Wherever a man or a woman appears.
 The pikemen, the bowmen,
 The heralds (like showmen,)
 All arming in haste to be down on the foemen.
 The squires of the knight,
 In their harness all right,
 And eager to warm up their blood in a fight;
 And the lord of them all,
 Black, gloomy, and tall,
 With an eye to command and a glance to appal!

Then down fell the drawbridge, up rose the portecullis,
 (One raised and one lower'd by strong iron pulleys,)

And away in a torrent pell-mell they all went,
Like a pack of starved jaekals or wolves on the scent.

And all this fuss and all this rage
About that letter which the page
Had just deliver'd ? which declined,
For certain reasons well defined,
To let a fair young lady wed
The doughty knight, Sir Dragonhead :
Because, although a hero's daughter,
She hadn't got a taste for slaughter ;
And look'd upon a warrior's name
And on a cut-throat's much the same—
Creatures to shun, and curse, and loath,
Arcades ambo, villains both.

Slowly, deeply booms the bell,
Proclaiming sunset's hour,
As the orb's last rays of glory fall
On Rhuddlan's* lordly tower.

Oh, for a painter's hand to trace
The brightness of that scene !
Could aught on earth its beauty match—
The distant poles between ?

* Rhuddlan Castle is one of the most celebrated in Wales. It is a magnificent old ruin still. The village is a poor little place, though Edward I., six hundred years ago, held a parliament here, by which Wales was erected into a principality, and Edward's eldest son declared its first Prince. A portion of the building in which it met is still standing.

The grey old castle, old e'en then,
Like some gigantic rock
That stands unscath'd through many an age,
And scorns the tempest's shock.

The deep, swift stream that rolls below—
The Clwyd, whose lovely vale
Hath form'd the theme of many a song,
And many a minstrel's tale.

Mountain on mountain-top still piled,
Rearing their heads on high,
Like those the Titans in their pride
Upheaved to scale the sky.

The mighty oaks, the stately firs,
Clothing the hill and dale—
The ocean, on whose distant wave
Flutters the snowy sail.

The yellow corn—a sea of gold—
'Neath its own riches bending:
The em'rald meads—the flocks and herds
Their slow steps homeward wending;

And over all, Heav'n's varied tints,
Whose splendour none may tell,
Proclaiming to the world beneath
The God of Day's farewell

In such a scene, at such an hour,
The Lady Hilda quits her bower,
And passing from the castle walls,
She seeks a distant spot, where falls
The long-drawn shadow of a grove—
Such as Diana's self might love.

Yet well I woen 'tis not to gaze
Upon the sun's declining blaze ;
'Tis not to watch the cold, chaste moon,
Whose pale light shall supplant it soon ;
'Tis not to listen to the note
Of nightingale, whose echoes float
So sweetly through the evening air,
That Hilda's steps have wander'd there.
For scarcely hath the forest glade
Conceal'd her in its welcome shade,
Than Lady Hilda's matchless charms
Are clasp'd within her lover's arms.

And who *is* the lover ? What valorous knight,
What youth of high breeding, of fame, and of
might,
What mortal so bless'd has discover'd the road
That leads to that spotless and sacred abode,
The fair Hilda's heart ? Oh, Venus ! oh, Cupid !
Can a fellow like *that*—a poor, dandified stupid,
As soft and as puny in person as mind ;
Who couldn't another such "spooney" well find

If he sought through the world—can a milksop, a
noodle,
A block for a barber to friz like a poodle—
Can *he* gain such a heart in a valorous age?
For, by Jove, it's the meek-looking, slender-legg'd
page!

“Fly, fly, dearest Hilda!” he cries in alarm,
As trembling and weeping she clings to his arm;
“Fly! fly! for Sir Dragonhead comes to attack,
To murder, to plunder, to ravish, to sack!
With all his fierce soldiers in battle array—
Oh, goodness, dear Hilda, *do* hasten away!”
And the page's thin legs, as he urges her, shiver,
And the tones of the page's voice stammer and quiver,
And the cheeks of the page's wan visage grow paler—
He hasn't the “pluck” of a mouse or a tailor!

And poor little Hilda is shaking with dread,
And scarce knows if she stands on her heels or her
head;
For, though born amid warfare, and bred amid strife,
She's a terrible horror of losing her life,
And still more of losing her “heart's only joy”—
That white-liver'd, meek-looking, spindle-shank'd
boy!

But hark to the clatter of horses' feet,
And the sound of the infantry's regular beat!

And hark to the echo of trumpet and drum !
The knight and his bloodthirsty followers come.

And look through the wood, too!—how helmet and
blade,
And buckler and spear seem to flash through the shade,
As they catch for a moment some lingering ray
Of the fast setting sun ; how the banner's display
Of azure and gold, as it flaunts in the breeze,
Contrasts with the hue of the sombre-clothed trees !

One moment, Hilda turns her gaze
In fear—in horror—in amaze—
Then catches at her lover's arm,
As if no earthly power could harm
While clinging there : but, ah ! great God—
She shrieks and sinks upon the sod—
No arm is there—she stands alone—
The craven-hearted page is gone !

Yes—bolted, by Jove ! the young, pitiful monkey,
Was off like a shot, as outrageously “ funky,”
As though Satan himself and Inferno's whole bevy
Of goblins and imps were pursuing full chevy !

The moonlight rests on Rhuddlan's tower,
The curfew tolls the evening hour ;
Upon the stately castle's walls
Dully the sentry's footstep falls ;

And all within is blank despair ;
For Lady Hilda comes not there,
And none may tell of Hilda's fate—
And Hilda's sire is desolate !

Sir Pontypool sits in his chair as before,
But he's gloomy and sulky and restless no more ;
Not a touch of ill-temper remains in his air,
But a something decidedly *tout au contraire*.
For he smirks and he smiles, and he rubs his rough
chin,
(Though he's rasp'd off his beard with a trifle of skin,)
And complacently gives quite a dandified twirl
To his hair, as he fancies he's settling a curl.

And he chuckles and grins,
And playfully spins
His dagger—alternately nursing his shins ;
And he mutters, " By Jove !
I'm a fortunate cove,
Without any trouble to pounce on my dove ! "

Then he calls to his page, and he shouts for some
wine,
And he muddles his brains,
As the goblet he drains,
Crying, " Here's to this little caged damsel of
mine ! "

And the meek-looking page,
Though he feels in a rage,
Does nothing to show it but stammer and shiver ;
And his look is still meek,
And his voice is still weak,
And his face is as white as his shirt or his liver.

And poor little Hilda sits weeping alone
In a nasty, cold, damp-looking chamber of stone—
Though 'tis really the best that the place can afford
her,
And they've made some attempts, by Sir Dragon-
head's order,
To give it as cheerful a look as they can ;
But on *such* points the unguided notions of man
Are at best rather crude—and it's pretty well
certain
They couldn't succeed without even a curtain
Or morsel of tapestry, neither of which things
Were known in the castle,—their master would pitch
things
Like those to old Nick as effeminate lumber
Unfitted his warlike abode to encumber :
For he lived like a soldier, work'd hard, and slept
harder—
Though his cellar was decent, and so was his larder.

And poor little Hilda keeps crying and saying,
“ Oh ! what *shall* I do ? I declare if my praying

And begging would get me away from this hole,
 And that horrid old man, I would pray from my soul.
 Oh, where can dear Edgar be? Why did he fly,
 And leave me alone in the forest—oh, my!*

I *suppose* he's quite safe—and it's here that he lives—
 Yes here!—that's the only reflection that gives
 The least comfort at all. But—oh, dear! what a
 place

For poor Edgar to dwell in!—his beauty and grace
 In this nasty old castle! I hope and I trust he
 Won't suffer from damp, for I'm *sure* it smells musty."

She stops: there's a sound of a step at her door,
 And then there's a hurried "tap-tap"—and before
 She can cry out "Who's there?" or "Come in!" it
 is done,

And Sir Pontypool Dragonhead stalks in alone!

The knight made a bow,
 The best he knew how—

Though his spine was as straight as a pikestaff or
 poker,

And his neck was as stiff
 As a block's, or as if

He were Brummel himself in a double-starch'd
 "choker."

* A very feminine exclamation, but a classical one nevertheless. It is a corruption (oh, that anything feminine should be corrupt!) of "Oh, mihi," or "Oh, mî!" as the vulgar and profane, "My eye and Betty Martin!" is a corruption from the hymn, "Mihi beate Martine!"

The lady look'd up, and the lady look'd down,
A pout on her lips, on her forehead a frown,
Unmistakably showing the hero that seldom
Had visit of his been less pleasing or welcome.

It made him feel awkward—he scarcely knew why—
That slight little girl, with that scorn in her eye :
It seem'd to upset him—to freeze and unnerve him—
Not a grain of his dare-devil valour would serve him ;
But the hero, who'd charge a whole troop undismay'd,
Stood cow'd by the glance of a baby-faced maid !

But it didn't last long—he soon managed to find
His courage, his coolness, his presence of mind ;
And he said, half-jocosely, “ Good day, damosel,
I hope you're not pining away in your cell—
Poor captive ! well-well, though we *are* very cruel,
We sha'n't, by my honour, fair lady, use *you* ill.”

“ Then let me go free, sir,” the lady replies,
“ Or your smiles and your protests are nothing but
lies.
Yes, *lies*, sir ! I said it, you nasty, bad wretch you !
You're destined for Satan—I wish he'd just fetch
you.”

“ Indeed, pretty Hilda, you judge me unfairly :
As yet you've scarce seen me, you know me but
barely.”

“I’ve seen you too much, sir; I know you by fame—
I hate and detest you—the sound of your name
Makes me shudder and cringe, I—” “Nay, stay, lady,
stay—

Have mercy—don’t crush me *sans* pity, I pray.
Besides, it’s not politic;—think, lady, think,
How soon may the sweet matrimonial link
Unite us for ever! and then, when we’re wed,
You’ll not like to recal the sad things you have
said.”

“I wed you!—you’re mad, sir,—Wed *you!* why, I’d
rather

Be tortured to death. Do you think that my father
Would ever allow it?” “Your father! ha, ha!
'Pon my soul, ma’am, I don’t mean to *ask* your papa;
You are mine, my fair damsel—by capture you’re
mine—

Talk of father’s consents—it’s amazingly fine
In a captive!—Without there!—bring goblets and
wine.

I’ll pledge you, my brave little mistress—by Jove,
You’ve a spirit within you a soldier *must* love.”

As he finish’d his sentence the mild-looking page

Walk’d in with a tray,
And a flask of tokay,

As grave as a mute on the opera stage.

Then, oh! what a scream! what a cry of delight,
 Of love and of rapture burst forth at the sight,
 From the lips of the lady, as, bounding with joy,
 She springs forth and falls on the neck of the boy.

And then—yes, oh, *then!*

Had I only the pen

Of Homer, to tell how the fiercest of men

Stood by wonder o'ermaster'd,

Like a fellow pitch-plaster'd,*

Confounded, struck all of a heap, flabbergaster'd!

“Oh, Edgar! dear Edgar, oh, bear me away!”

(As if Edgar *could* bear anything but a tray,)

Cried Hilda, despairing: “I'm thine, Edgar, thine!”

(Here Edgar got funky and upset the wine,)

“Oh shield and protect me from yonder vile wretch!”

(Thinks Edgar, “I'm safe for the hands of Jack Ketch,
 And oh, what a neck for a halter to stretch!”)

And while Hilda still sobb'd in way quite hysteric,

“Oh,

Edgar! my loved one!” he wish'd her at Jericho.

“So, so!” at length Sir Dragonhead cries,

“Embracing my page, and before my eyes!

Very pretty, my lady; we'll very soon settle

This little affair: for a girl of *your* mettle

* A rival of the “garotte,” coming again into fashion—Burking *redivivus*.

To wed such a pitiful rascal as this
Would be highly improper, my fierce little miss.
Ho! warder, below there! just send up a guard—
One man will be plenty—get ready a yard
Of rope, with a noose to it, fix'd in the wall,
And let this young gentleman quietly fall
As far as 'twill let him, made fast to his throat,
And dangle to frighten the rats in the moat!"

'Tis done in a minute! the terrified fellow
Has scarcely a moment to shriek and to bellow,
Ere the rope and himself are alike "in a fix,"
And over the ramparts suspended he kicks!

Poor fellow! poor fellow!—well, reader, don't
weep,
We'll give you a sort of a privileged peep
Behind the stage curtain of tragedy green,
That ought to be dropp'd on this terrible scene.

The warder was not a bad fellow in grain,
And didn't quite wish the poor page to be slain,
So he'd taken good care that the terrible noose
Should be tied in a knot so agreeably loose
That the victim was sure to escape with a pitch
Of some twenty feet headlong, right into the ditch,
Where he kick'd, and he flounder'd, but got out at
length,
And bolted with all the remains of his strength.

Of course Lady Hilda had fainted away,
And for many a long hour insensible lay ;
But dreaming of pages in blue and gold suits,
Some hung by the hair, and some hung by the boots ;
Some fair and some dark, and some short and some
tall,
Some handsome, some ugly, some "so-so," but all,
For some crime, some omission, or p'r'aps some
pretence,
Unpleasantly placed in a "state of suspense."

And each poor wretch of the ghastly band,
Pointed to her with his bony hand,
And opened a cold and fishy eye,
And said with a most unearthly sigh—
"Here we hang for endless ages,
Torn from life—unhappy pages!"

But the dream is over, the lady wakes,
And a half-scared glance at her chamber takes,
And close to her pillow she finds a scroll,
Convey'd on the sly by the warder, good soul!
To ease her alarms touching Edgar's demise ;
And ne'er did she read with more blessed surprise,
And never were words more devotedly kiss'd,
Though they *were* in a very remarkable fist.

"He ain't been hung. With a bit of a duck he
Got out of the moat, and he's cut his lucky."

Many revolving years have fled
Over the Lady Hilda's head;
Many a year since Hilda wed
The doughty knight Sir Dragonhead;
Many a laughing child is seen
Sporting or tottering between
The hero and his stately dame,
Who (if we trust to common fame)
Now rules her lord in such a way
That all the folks around them say,
So great a shrew was never known
So meek a hen-peck'd spouse to own!

And 'tis said that when once she'd establish'd her
sway

In this very decided and feminine way,
She ask'd, as the first boon her husband must give
her, he

Should change most completely the family livery,
Putting dark green and silver instead, as of old,
Of those suits of cerulean purple and gold.

Touching Edgar, the page, we have only one word,
Ere we close our historic romance, to record.
He got safe into England—p'raps thinner and
paler—
And became a most highly respectable tailor!

Moral.

If in search of a wife
 As a partner for life,
 With a hatred of "rows" and a horror of strife,
 'Twixt ladies who're "blues"
 And ladies who're shrews,
 It's sometimes a difficult matter to choose.
 But of one thing be sure,
 For an ill without cure,
 There's nothing so bad, nor so apt to allure,
 As sentimentality,
 Feigned "ideality,"
 Nothing but humbug in sober reality.
 For, the sentiment flown,
 It's a fact that's well known,
 The lady has *always* a will of her own;
 And your heart should you barter
 For *hers*, you're a martyr,
 And you'll find out the meaning of "catching a
 Tartar."
 And now, for farewell,
 We've a moral to tell
 That lurks in our legend, like truth in a well;
 'Tis to warn you beware
 How you ever despair,
 No matter what aspect your destiny wear.
 Though the shape it assume
 Be of danger and gloom,
 Relief may be near, though you *don't* see it "loom."

At the very last gasp,
When grim death seem'd to clasp
The poor page, he contrived to escape from its grasp ;
For there's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,
And it's very strong poison that kills with one sip.

THE BALL-ROOM CONQUEST.

A Legend of May Fair.

 FYTTE THE FIRST.

"MY dearest Jane, do, pray, take care
 How Monsieur Tissot does your hair.
 And are you sure Madame Lameau
 Has made your dress quite *comme il faut*?
 It seems to set well; still, I think,
 It's *rather* of too warm a pink;
 It was, you know, your own selection.
 Those satin shoes, now, are perfection—
 The gloves are Houbigant's, of course—
 Though really no one makes them worse.
 Those pearls become you. Stay, my dear—
 The slightest tinge more 'bloom' just here.
 Dear girl! she'll quite eclipse all others—
 Don't dance, *ma chère*, with younger brothers."

'Twas thus Lady Modish conversed with her daughter,
Who, it must be confess'd, look'd well-fitted to
slaughter

The hearts of all who might chance to fall
'Neath the glance of her eye on that evening's ball.
For the Lady Jane was tall and fair,
With dark blue eyes, and with chestnut hair ;
And a charming mouth, with a ruby lip,
As if form'd the quintessence of nectar to sip.
Her teeth within were two pearly rows ;
On her cheek was the delicate tint of the rose ;
And I really can't venture to write of her nose—
It was better than Grecian, and *toute autre chose*.
And then for her figure—how graceful and tall !
From the head to the shoulder how perfect the fall !
And that well-rounded arm, and that delicate hand ;
And that waist, that would take such a very small band.
And what mortal would venture his praise to refuse
To those sweet little feet, in those dear little shoes ?
Oh ! yes, in her figure, in style, and in feature,
She was, beyond doubt, a most exquisite creature !

The carriage is ready ; they're off to the ball—
A few minutes more, and they stand in the hall.
A few seconds more, and the ball-room's light
Shines on the form of the *belle* of the night.

And soon around
Is heard the sound

Of the whispers of men, who all agree
 She's as lovely a creature,
 In form and in feature,
 As a man in a ball-room might wish to see.

 While the ladies think
 " That really that pink
 Is so very *prononcé*—it's almost a pity ;
 For if she were dress'd well, she *might* be thought
 pretty.

 But as for her waist—
 It's perhaps their bad taste—
 But—they pity the servant by whom she was laced."

To Jullien's music she's off in a whirl,
 With a prince, or a duke, or a marquis, or earl ;
 All the men of good fortune succeed one by one,
 From a prince of the blood to a peer's eldest son ;
 But though she's surrounded by dozens of others,
 She thinks of mamma, and she "cuts" younger
 brothers.

 And oft, as she dances,
 She stealthily glances
 To where her mamma is reclining in state ;
 And her look seems to say,
 " You see I obey—

All the men that I dance with are men of weight."

There's a pause in the music—it strikes up again—
 A quadrille. Who's the partner of the fair Lady
 Jane ?

What an elegant man! and how handsome his face!
In his air and his manner what ease and what
grace!

What splendid moustachios adorning his lip!
And below, on the chin, what a neat little "tip!"
What glossy black curls! what a nose! what an
eye!

How winning that smile! and how gentle that sigh,
As he whispers soft words to the fair Lady Jane,
Who blushes and listens, and blushes again.

Oh! yes, it's quite clear

What he says in her ear

Is not meant for the multitude round them to hear.

With the pow'r of the eyes

He so skilfully tries

To express the sweet things which their language
implies.

Now, I've often stood still,

Just outside a quadrille,

To observe all the people who stood up to dance,

Till I've pick'd out some two,

And have kept them in view,

And I've watched ev'ry feature, and caught ev'ry
glance.

And then, in the modest, downcast eye,

In the trembling lip, and the half-breathed sigh,

I've read some tale of hallow'd love,

Known but to them and heaven above.

Yes, known to them, but never named—
 A love that might not be proclaim'd
 While Poverty had set her ban
 To crush the fondest hopes of man—
 A love whose flame by faith was fed,
 When even hope itself was dead ;
 And the flame of that love shall never die—
 'Tis a gleam from the Spirit of Love on high !

But hold, Mrs. Muse!—how you're getting astray !
 It really won't do to romance in this way.
 Where's the fair Lady Jane ? Where's her mother ?
 And where
 Is that elegant man with the glossy black hair ?
 Oh ! there, in the corner, they're chatting, all three—
 Lady Jane's introducing her handsome *parti*
 To mamma, who's half-pleased, but more anxious to
 know
 The *fortune* as well as the *name* of the "beau."

Mammas are suspicious—moustachios and curls
 Are all very well to inveigle young girls ;
 But with them (the mammas) I can safely declare
 That they seldom think more of a man for his hair.
 For beauty, grace, talent, they care not a jot—
 Your merits are weigh'd by the riches you've got ;
 So if you're desirous *their* favour to buy, no
 Means are so sure as a good stock of "rhino."

And who doubts their wisdom? Dear reader, not I;
On mammas and their judgments I firmly rely;
And confess that the biped most truly alarming
Is that penniless monster young ladies call "charming."

At length Lady Modish's fears are at rest—
She has learnt all the news, and that news is the best;
For this elegant man (so the lady is told)
Is one Colonel De Lacy, a warrior bold,
Renown'd for his valour and famed for his gold—
Who has fought in the East for some warlike pacha
Of some country unspellable, ending in "ah;"
Who has floated on wealth, like a boat on a river;
Gain'd honour and fame, and *not* damaged his liver.
So, when next he approached her, her ladyship smiled
To see how devoted he seem'd to her child;
And resolved in her mind (for opinions are supple)
That "they'd certainly make a most elegant couple."

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Alas, for the numberless trials of life!
The trials of parent, of husband, and wife;
The trials of children, the trials of friend;
The trials of tradesmen and bills without end;
The trials of love, and the trials of hate;
The trials of patience, the trials of State;
In short, that this life is a terrible trial
Is a truth that has seldom yet met with denial;

But it's equally true that the greatest of all
 Our trials—the one the most sure to appal
 A sensitive mind—is the first morning call
 On the beauty you danced with last night at the ball.

Watch that bashful young man, how he stops on each
 stair

To pull up his neckcloth or settle his hair ;
 See his bow as he enters—how vainly he tries
 To fancy he's *not* blushing up to his eyes !
 How quickly he glides to the first vacant seat—
 Now plays with his hat, and now shuffles his feet ;
 Clears his throat, takes a gulp, makes a novel remark
 On the “ beautiful day for a drive in the Park ; ”
 “ Hopes the ladies are well, and have not taken cold ; ”
 Then fancies he's really becoming *too* bold
 In talking so much—ends his speech in a stutter,
 And forgets the good things he *intended* to utter.

Don't fancy, dear reader, our colonel would act
 Like the noodle I've mention'd—he'd far too much
 tact.

As for bashfulness, pooh ! he had scarcely, p'r'aps,
 heard

That in Johnson or Walker there is such a word ;
 Or fancied, at most, 'twas some vulgar disease,
 Infecting society's lowest degrees.

It's just four o'clock ;
 At the street-door's a knock ;

And there stands a cab
 (Green, pick'd out with drab,)

With a mare of bright chestnut, whose coat is a sight ;
 A diminutive tiger, just four feet in height,
 The tops of whose boots are resplendently white ;
 And the owner, within it, whose elegant air
 Proclaims him a star in the realms of May Fair.

And soon in the drawing-room, lolling at ease,
 He chats on each subject best fitted to please—
 With such tact and discretion adapting each phrase
 To the story he tells or the hint he conveys.
 And then how he flatter'd ! “ He flatter'd ! Oh dear ! ”

Some young lady cries,
 As she throws up her eyes.

“ What very bad taste ! La !—I'm sure, when I hear
 A compliment paid me, I always detest
 The man who has paid it—he's vulgar, at best.”
 Nay, pardon, dear lady ; permit me to say
 You *love* it, when done in a delicate way—
 Not the flattery of *words* which bestows its coarse
 praises,

But the flattery of *manner*, which quietly raises
 Yourself in your own estimation. In fact,
 You need but some study, attention, and tact
 To make people vow you're the “ frankest of men ;
 And so utterly free from all flattery,” when,
 With a glance of approval, a bow, or a smile,
 You've egregiously flatter'd themselves all the while.

But the door is thrown open—the serving-man’s lips
 Announce the euphonious name, “ Mr. Phipps ! ”
 ’Twas terribly *mal-à-propos* ; but before
 The colonel had time to declare it a “ bore,”
 He had enter’d the room, with that kind of an air
 That show’d him no casual visitor there,
 Which he certainly wasn’t, but *tout au contraire*.

’Twas an odd little man. Though his head was quite
 bald,
 Its contour and form were what might have been
 call’d
 Extremely intelligent. As for his eyes,
 They were rather, indeed, of diminutive size ;
 And he couldn’t have claim’d to be christen’d “ *Boöpis*,”
 Which Homeric expression, translated by Pope, is
 The “ ox-eyed ” (a phrase which has nothing that’s
 common in’t,)
 Bestow’d on Minerva, whose eyes were so prominent.
 His nose, whose deep colour gave rise to some scandal,
 Was shaped, as his scoffers said, “ *à la pump-handle*.”
 He was said to be clever ;
 But then he could never
 (Do whatever he might
 To try to look bright)
 Contrive to discover the point of a jest
 Till, from staleness and time, it had lost all its zest.
 He was good, but not handsome nor witty : in fine,
 To sum up his virtues and faults in a line,

His mind had a cast of the deepest profundity,
While his waist had a trifle too much of rotundity.

But then for his gold—

He had wealth untold!

It was said that his money would fill more sacks
Than all the Queen's horses could bear on their backs!
But, at least (although that account couldn't be
true,)

He was rich as King Cræsus, or Rothschild the Jew.

So by match-making "mas,"

And by needy papas,

Who couldn't or wouldn't give portions on marriage,

He was deem'd "a great catch,"

And "an excellent match"

For young ladies in search of a spouse and a carriage.

'Mongst the rest, Lady Modish had made up her mind
That she couldn't do better than struggle to bind
At once to a gilt matrimonial chain

The plump Mr. P. and the fair Lady Jane:

So she coax'd, and she wheedled, and flatter'd the man,
As none but a thorough-bred match-maker can:

Made him fancy "dear Jane" was in love with himself,
And, of course, that she cared not a *sou* for his
"pelf"—

Till Phipps look'd in the glass—thought the lady was
right;

Frizz'd his hair like a mop, tied his waistcoat more
tight;

Got his coats from Nugee, and wore jewels and scent ;
 In fact, he so changed, that wherever he went
 It was whisper'd that some one had "brought down
 old P.;"
 And all wonder'd whoever on earth it could be.

Imagine, then, reader, how very unpleasant
 He should happen to call
 The day after the ball,
 When this flirting, gay Colonel de Lacy was present !

Phipps guess'd at a glance that the colonel was doing
 Precisely what he had come there to do—wooing ;
 So the bow that he gave him most plainly express'd
 The fear and distrust,
 The hate and disgust,
 Which struggled at once in his amorous breast.

The colonel's return was polite and punctilious,
 While the curl of his lip was alone supercilious.
 Lady Modish could scarcely feel quite at her ease ;
 But in manner *empresé* she strove so to please,
 And remove from the mind of each rival the notion
 That the other one *yet* had declared his devotion ;
 For she couldn't decide
 As yet to which side
 She should furnish her aid in procuring the bride.
 It is true that the colonel was quite *comme il faut* ;
 But then she reflected she couldn't yet know

If he *really* possess'd all that gossip had told ;
While Phipps, all the world knew, was rolling in gold.

So she seiz'd on the latter—her “ dear Mr. Phipps ”—
With the sweetest of smiles on her well-carmin'd lips ;
Talk'd of all sorts of persons, and all sorts of news ;
Court gossip and scandal, the latest reviews ;
The ball of last night, and her heartfelt regret
That he (Phipps) hadn't been 'mongst the guests that
she met.

Then, seeing that Phipps was determined to stare
At the colonel, she said, with a negligent air,
“ A charming young man that. We met him last
night.

He has come from the East—from the land of delight.
He's a colonel, you know, of some corps—not the
Queen's,

But——” Phipps finish'd the sentence—“ The Light
Horse Marines.”

The lady's surprise

Is express'd in her eyes,

As she says, “ My dear sir, do you really believe
That the colonel would venture to try to deceive ? ”

“ Yes, ma'am,” answer'd Phipps, in a voice at whose
sound

Lady Jane and the colonel turn'd suddenly round.

“ It isn't a question at all of *belief* ;

I tell you I *know* that that fellow's a thief—

A runaway convict, for forgery. Yes,
'Pon my soul, ma'am, you *are* in a pretty nice mess."

What a *tableau vivant*! what a *posé plastique*!
Lady M.'s in hysterics—oh dear! what a shriek!
Lady Jane's on the floor, and she's fainted away.
The colonel quite shakes in his boots with dismay;
While Phipps looks around like a lion at bay.
Then he tugs at the bell, and the servants rush in
To see what on earth is the cause of the din,
And glance in amaze at both mother and daughter,
While Phipps coolly orders "Police and cold water!"

The colonel's a cur—what a look of despair!
Why, had he but half as much courage as hair,
He might knock down old Phipps, he might dash
through the door,
Jump into his cab, and be clear off, before
His rival could pick himself up from the floor;
But he shakes and he trembles for five minutes more,
Till he's safe in the hands of these terrible "Peelers"
So dreaded by Chartists, and cursed by Repealers.

* * * * *

A month has pass'd, and now again
Bright beams the eye of Lady Jane;
Her well-train'd heart has cast aside
All foolish thoughts of love and pride.

She soon endeavours—not in vain—
To satisfy her former swain
That he, and he alone, can move
Her tender heart to thoughts of love.
She cuts all men that have the air
Of being *à la militaire!*
She shudders at the very least
Allusion to the “horrid East!”
She shuns moustachios, curls, and tips,
And lives—the bride of Mr. Phipps!

'Tis midnight—o'er the surging wave,
The seaman's cradle and his grave,
A proud ship rides upon her way,
Dashing aside the silvery spray,
Which glitters with phosphoric light
So pure, so fanciful, so bright—
It seems a scene of fairy birth,
And all too beautiful for earth!

Yet glance *within* that gallant bark,
And view her wretched freight. And, hark!
That hideous sound—yes, there again—
The clanking of the felon's chain!
There gaze upon the destiny
Of human crime and misery.
See yonder wretch that crouches there,
With haggard cheek and matted hair,
The felon's dress, the fetter'd limb—
When last thine eye was fix'd on him

He flutter'd 'midst the great and gay,
 The "lion" of his little day.
 He lived upon the wealth of crime—
 He suffers till the end of time.
 No power shall *here* remove his ban—
 God may be merciful, not man!

Moral.

To Mammās I would first give a little advice:—
 Take care how you seek by your arts to entice
 More suitors than one at a time to your daughter,
 Lest you lose all at once, and get into hot water.
 Be content when you've book'd one with money and
 station,
 And don't be alarm'd at a slight "corporation."

Mr. Phippses, look sharp! and when love is the tune,
 Pop the question at once: or some grisly dragoon
 Will bear off the belle from your eyes pretty soon,
 And your friends will all giggle, and call you a
 "spoon."

Young ladies, beware of moustachios and tips,
 And the soft words that glide from those well-cover'd
 lips;
 Beware of belligerent youths from afar,
 Who've been fighting the fights of some unknown
 pacha;
 And remember that even a wedding-trip may
 Be rather unpleasant—to Botany Bay!

THE MAIDEN OF RADSTOCK VALE :

A Legend of Inconstancy.

A CHARMING young damsel was Eleanor Dale,
 The poor, simple maiden who dwelt in the vale
 Which the Castle of Radstock, perched up on a
 mound,
 Looked over and guarded for miles and miles round.

For Nelly had beauty : she'd laughing blue eyes—
 Dark, deep-coloured blue, and of extra large size,
 And glossy brown hair which, in natural tresses,
 As it fell on her neck, seemed to give it caresses.

(This sentiment isn't my own—it is due
 To some poet deceased—I don't recollect who
 He is, but I tender my plain I. O. U.

For whatever the sentiment's worth.) A small nose,
 A small mouth, and her teeth in two regular rows,
 And so white that their purity rivalled the snows

Of Mont Blanc (which by *this* time all London has gone to,)
And you'd swear that she *must* have used Rowland's Odonto.

Her elegant figure, her delicate hand,
Her sweet little foot—all such praises command,
That if I don't stop I shall fill all my space
With rapturous odes to her beauty and grace;
Besides the sad risk lest such over precision
Make some people come to another decision,
And doubt whether Eleanor Dale was so fair
As the author proclaims and the chronicles swear.
So I'll leave these rough outlines—they should have
 been fainter—
To be filled up by Fancy—infallible painter!

And a kind, little heart, too, did Nelly possess:
There wasn't a neighbour in want or distress
That hadn't good cause pretty Nelly to bless.
Yet Nelly was poor—poor as any poor neighbour
For whom Nelly's delicate fingers would labour:
But then she had sympathy—poverty's gift
To the poor—and whenever the heart wants a lift,
'Tis sympathy gives it, while pity and bread
(Meagre anodynes both to the heart that has bled)
Are all that the wealthy can offer instead.

Lovers by dozens came courting sweet Nell—
Handsome young lovers, and old ones as well;

Lovers with riches, and titles, and lands,
And lovers who lived by the toil of their hands ;
Nobles and warriors—men of high grade ;
Peasants and labourers—men of the spade ;
Lovers who pedigrees old as their land had,
And lovers who hadn't an acre or grand-dad.

Yet none could prevail
On the fair Nelly Dale
To lend a kind ear to their amorous tale ;
What arts they might try,
She was deaf to each sigh,
And provokingly smiled when they swore they
should die.

Till at length one by one
The old bevy begun
To consider this courting of Nelly no fun,
And, like schoolboys disgrac'd,
They retreated in haste,
Declaring the girl had a "shocking bad taste."

A decision most easy of all of digestion,
Which I recommend gentlemen popping the ques-
tion
By all means to come to, instead of repining,
In case of the lady their offer declining.
But, nevertheless, Nelly Dale wasn't fated
To live an old maid and perish unmated,

For Cupid had really in pickle a dart
Safe to pierce through and through Nelly's tough
little heart.

On moonlight nights would Nelly roam
Through Radstock Vale, far off from home,
Though whence this taste for nightly strolls
Puzzled her honest neighbours' souls.
The truth is (though it wasn't known),
That Nelly didn't walk *alone*.
It chanced, on these same moonlight nights,
In which we know Love so delights,
A certain gallant youth would glide
At one fixed spot to Nelly's side ;
And then they—yes, and then ; well, well,
I don't see why I'm bound to tell
Of all they said, or did, or thought,
Or felt—in fact I think I ought
To hold my tongue in such a case,
And let my readers, at this place,
Supply from their imaginations
The scenes of evening assignations,
Where lovers talk in wild ecstasies,
Defying sense—and the rheumatics.

And Edgar De Vere was a gay, gallant youth,
High-born, and well-bred, and accomplished ; in truth,
In birth, in position, in bearing, in form,
Just fitted to win, or to carry by storm

(For the fellow by nature was form'd energetical)
The heart of a maiden whose tastes were poetical.

But Edgar de Vere had a haughty old sire,
Who'd have almost been thrown into fits by his ire,
Had he thought that his son from his station could
fall

To marry a maiden with no blood at all—
For, of course, the red liquid that peasant veins hold
Is no more real blood than electrotype's gold.

And this Baron de Vere,
So proud and austere,
Inspired in his son a due measure of fear
That, with instant severity,
In case of demerit he
Should certainly find himself cast off—*deshérité*.

And so the love prospects of Edgar and Nelly,
Wer' n't as smooth as a lake, or as clear as a jelly ;
In fact, though the present
Was mightily pleasant,
To the masculine noble and feminine peasant,
Who, bound in Love's chains,
Forgot all their pains,
And the different order of blood in their veins ;
Yet the future looked queer,
And I very much fear,
They'd no notion at all of the course they should steer.

Radstock Castle's a glorious pile,
For the home of a warrior meet,
And rich and fertile the lands that smile
In beauty at its feet.

Massive and high its ramparts rise,
And grim and grey its keep,
And night and day its banner flies,
And never its sentries sleep.

Deep and broad the waters flow
Around its rock-built walls,
The Saints befriend the luckless foe
That into their vortex falls !

And a mighty hero is Radstock's lord,
Sir Philip of Radstock hight,
No legends or minstrels' lays record
A haughtier, braver knight.

He hath fought in distant Paynim land
For the Church and the Holy Cross,
He hath slain more foes with his own right hand
Than all the foemen's loss.

His name is spoken with fear and awe,
And a touch of admiration,
For a braver scoundrel the world ne'er saw
In the knight of a Christian nation.

For myself—though it sounds to some ears like profanity,

To plead against heroes the cause of humanity—
I must say I think when he fought with the Paynim,
'Twas a very great pity the Turks hadn't slain him,
Together with most of his fellow-invaders—
Those highly poetical cut-throats—Crusaders.

Sir Philip of Radstock, *chevalier sans peur*,
But not *sans reproche*, unless chronicles err,
Was a big, burly fellow, with muscles and sinews,
Well fitted to carry the weapons then *in use* ;
A beard like a goat's, but much rougher and thicker,
A nose that told stories of hogsheads of liquor ;
An eye like a fish's, a mouth whose dimensions
Would serve a hyena of modest pretensions.
A hand—no, it wasn't a hand, but a fist—
A great, coarse, red thing, that you couldn't resist
A regret, as you saw it, it hadn't been made
For some worthy pursuing the rat-catching trade.
In short, in *our* days such a ponderous large man
As would make a good blacksmith or capital bargeman.
Yet such was the matter, and such was the mould,
Of those wonderful fellows, the barons of old—
The frame of a giant, the strength of an ox,
A skull that could carry no end of hard knocks,
And a skin of such thickness you almost might term
it a
Hide, and the heroes themselves “*pachydermata*.”

Sir Philip of Radstock rode one day
By the spot where the cottage of Nelly lay ;
And the day that Sir Philip of Radstock rode
His look was as black as the steed he bestrode,
For he'd heard that day that the Baron de Vere
Had spoke of his deeds with a saucy sneer
To one of the barons living near,
And this highly unpleasant piece of news
Had given Sir Philip a "fit of the blues."
He had chafed and sworn in a knightly fashion,
And roared and cursed in an awful passion ;
He had vowed that he'd have the baron's life,
He'd hang his son, and he'd slay his wife ;
He'd pillage his lands, and his castle wall
Before his invincible arm should fall ;
He'd seize his treasure, he'd burn his stacks,
He'd fell his timbers with hostile axe ;
He'd wipe clean out of the rolls of fame
All trace of his enemy's hated name.
In short, the baron's annihilation
Was Sir Philip's mild determination,
For there's nothing on earth so like insanity
As the impotent anger of wounded vanity.

Beside Sir Philip rode a squire,
A little alarmed at his master's ire,
For no one felt his neck quite safe
Whenever he saw Sir Philip chafe.

(And in those same happy, good old times,
When killing was out of the list of crimes,
A knight in a passion would forfeit no credit if
He hang'd up a henchman by way of a sedative.)
And behind Sir Philip, not far away,
His body-guard followed in close array—
A set of decidedly ill-looking rogues
In bonnets of steel and in steel-plated brogues,
Of each vice in creation a perfect miscellany,
Ready for every conceivable felony.

In moody silence rode the knight,
With seldom a glance to the left or right;
But whenever he turned his ugly face
It seemed that a "gloom pervaded space"—
As Byron says in that naughty "Vision"
Describing Beelzebub's apparition.

At length his leaden, fishy eyes
Assume a look of real surprise,
For close to where Nelly's cottage lies,
Fair Nelly herself Sir Philip spies.

"Holloa!" quoth he,
"What's that I see?
By the Holy Mass,
As fair a lass

As ever hath crossed my sight ;
Stay, stay—draw near—
You've nothing to fear,
Pretty maid, from a Red-cross knight."

And yet, as he said it, poor Nell felt suspicious,
For his eye leered so vilely, his mouth look'd so vicious,
And so bad was his name,
That no maid of good fame,
Would have willingly been for a single hour
Consigned to Sir Philip of Radstock's power.

"What's your name, little beauty?—there, don't look
so pale.
What's your name?" Nelly answered, "It's Eleanor
Dale."

Here one of the steel-capp'd rogues drew near,
And whisper'd some words in the squire's ear;
Whereat the latter exclaimed, "So, so!
Then *won't* this turn out a pretty go?"

And then he drew up to Sir Philip's side,
And whisper'd to *him*, and Sir Philip cried,
"The mistress of Edgar de Vere, d'ye say?
Then by all the saints, oppose who may,
She's mine from this moment—for good or for evil,
I'll hold her 'gainst all the De Veres—or the
Devil."

So deaf to entreaties, and blind to her tears,
Not caring a rap for her maidenly fears,
The wicked knight seized her, and off with a
bound,
Gallop'd the black charger over the ground
With the knight and his victim, and long ere sun
His race with old Saturn that evening had done,
As safe as a Chubb's or a Bramah's prize padlock,
Was Eleanor Dale in the Castle of Radstock.

The night is cold—pile up your logs
Across the hearthstone's brazen dogs ;
Close well the casement and the door,
And spread fresh rushes on the floor.
Fill up the flagon with good wine,
The choicest of the Rhenish vine.
Draw to the fire the ample board
With ev'ry luxury well stor'd,
And place you cozy sofa near
Within the reach of such good cheer.

'Tis done ; and on the seat recline
Two forms, and each one's arms entwine
The other's neck—and each one's eyes
Gaze on the other's *sans* disguise,
And, gazing, tell so deep a tale
Of passion as poor words would fail

To paint—and p'r'aps it's quite as well
That eyes alone such tales should tell.

It's really too shocking! I almost begin
To wish from my soul that we hadn't peep'd in.
To think after all the sweet vows she has sworn,
By all saints and saintesses that ever were born,
No other to love, no allegiance to own
Save only to Edgar—dear Edgar alone—
That the sad little minx all her oaths hath for-
gotten,
And proved all her sweet protestations as rotten
As touchwood—her moon-witnessed vows all as
vain,
As worthless as five-per-cent. coupons of Spain.
And now that the great ugly brute by her side
Claims lawfully Eleanor Dale as his bride.
So young and so loving, so false and so frail,
So true and so perjured was Eleanor Dale!

Oh, Cupid! if all the sad tales that are told
Of all other divinities dwelling of old
On the far-famed Olympus, were all of them true,
One tythe of the mischief committed by *you*,
In spite of the world's most absurd partiality
In blinding its eyes to your sad immorality,
Would outweigh them all in essential rascality.

A pilgrim waits
At the castle gates,
And knocks and asks admission ;
And the pilgrim's gown
Of dingy brown
Is in shocking bad condition.

And it's easily seen
That it's not quite clean ;
But holy men thus *can* dress—
For it isn't thought
That the saintly ought
To patronise a laundress.

And his shovel hat,
So broad and flat,
Might make the sinful smile ;
But, on such a head,
There was no one said,
“ What a horrid ugly tile ! ”

And in his hand
He bears a wand—
A Palmer's staff of white—
And his sandal shoes,
With mud and use,
Are terribly out of plight.

Altogether the Pilgrim looked dirty and seedy ;
But as virtue and holiness often are needy,

No doubt the good man and his garments both savoured
Of sanctity's odour—a compound high flavoured,
Preferred by the holy to attar of roses,
But sometimes unpleasant to sensitive noses.

The warder throws open a friendly portal
To this sanctified tramp; and the queer-looking mortal,
As he crosses the threshold, bows low, in an attitude
Meant for a compound of meekness and gratitude.

And then, along corridor, passages, hall,
Huge banquetting chambers and closets small,
Up stairs of stone, through galleries wide,
With doors and loopholes on either side,
They lead the Palmer with all due haste,
Till they come to a little chamber placed
In the eastern tower, up flights of stairs,
(In a modern mansion at least “three pairs,”)
Whence issued sounds that might betide
A set of jolly dogs inside,
With “material comforts” well supplied.

SONG.

I.

A health to the Church, boys, drink!
Each bumper goblet drain, boys,
Let never a drop remain, boys,
Should the wine ne'er flow again, boys,
'Tis *now* to the Church we'll drink.

II.

A health to the Church, boys, drink!
 To infidel dogs confusion,
 To them and their dull delusion,
 Hatred and persecution—
 'Tis *thus* to the Church we drink.

III.

A health to the Church, boys, drink!
 To our Sovereign liege the Pope, boys,
 Our refuge, stay, and hope, boys;
 This Rhenish juice we'll tope, boys—
 To *him* and the Church we drink.

IV.

A health to the Church, boys, drink!
 To each cardinal, bishop, prior,
 Each abbot, priest, and friar,
 May none in our hearts rank higher—
 To *them* and the Church we drink!

Such and much more was the rude-sounding song
 (Very noisy, of course, and excessively long,
 Like all Bacchanalian ditties in general,
 Sung by a chorus of tipplers, who then were all
 Seated and feasting around the rich board
 Of Sir Philip of Radstock, their suzerain lord,
 And beside whom, exposed without wimple or veil,
 Sat his beautiful lady, false Eleanor Dale.

“ A holy Palmer ! ” Sir Philip cried ;
“ Sit here, good friend, on my right-hand side.
Good sooth, a knight of the cross should know
Due honour to such as thee to show.”
With lowly bow the pilgrim bent,
And straight to the Lord of Radstock went.

“ Whence came you last, good Palmer, here ? ”
“ I came from the halls of the Lord de Vere,
Deserted now, indeed.” “ Deserted ? ”
Cried the knight, and his loud tone disconcerted
The Palmer, who first, half-frightened, stared,
And then in a modest voice declared,
That “ the Baron de Vere and his son had gone,
With the whole of their castle’s garrison,
To attack, according to knightly laws,
Some troublesome foe,” though he added a clause
That he “ wasn’t aware of the special cause.”

Up sprung Sir Philip. “ To horse ! to horse !
Ev’ry man Jack of the garrison’s force !
To Horse ! ” he shouted, “ away ! away !
And, before the fall of another day,
The banner of Radstock’s knight shall wave
On his foeman’s walls, or the silent grave
The corpse of Radstock’s knight shall have.”

No sooner Philip’s voice is heard
Than all arise, and, at the word,

Gaudy doublet, silken hose,
Velvet slippers, tawdry bows,
Plumed hats aside they dash,
The helmet and the sabre's clash,
The coat of mail, the heavy shield,
To these the festive garments yield ;
While through each corridor and hall,
With brazen notes the trumpet-call
Rings out the summons! all around
The warlike preparations sound,
And loud they shout their battle cry
For Radstock's knight and victory!

The warriors all from the castle are gone ;
The Pilgrim and Eleanor Dale are alone.

The Pilgrim casts aside his gown,
And plucks from off his wrinkled crown
A long grey wig—and in place appear
The flowing curls of the young De Vere!

And Eleanor utters an awful shriek ;
But ere the terrified dame can speak,
With a giant's grasp he seized her throat,
And stifled the rising sharp, shrill note—
And away to the turret top he sped,
And he shouted, " Behold thy bridal bed—
Below where the stagnant waters float—
The cold, deep, silent, dismal moat!"

One piercing shriek—one stifled cry,
Of struggling, death-wrung agony ;
A hissing sound—a sudden dash—
The waters part with heavy splash—
And the soul of the faithless one is gone
To plead before th' Eternal Throne !

The sentinel stops as he passes by,
And mutters, “ I fancied I heard a cry—
Who goes there ? ”—there's no reply.
So he turns again to his beaten ground,
And silence and darkness reign around !

That same afternoon (as the chronicles say)
Sir Philip with all of his followers lay,
From the Castle of Radstock some twelve miles away,
Resting awhile in their fancied security,
Concealed in the depths of a forest's obscurity.

That same afternoon, as they passed a ravine,
Or a gorge, or a passage two mountains between,
On a sudden behind them a trumpet-blast sounded,
And judge how Sir Philip stood, dumb and confounded,
To find himself closely hemm'd in and surrounded.

Few words would tell the bloody tale
Of what ensued ; though words would fail

To paint a massacre as fell
As e'er was plann'd by fiend of Hell.

That night the pallid moonlight shone
On warrior slain and steed o'erthrown ;
The knight and all his glittering train—
Not one beheld the light again !

Ten peaceful years had passed away
Since Radstock saw that bloody fray,
And men had almost ceased to tell
How the last Knight of Radstock fell.

Ten years had passed : the cold and gloom
Of dark December days had come,
And Autumn skies were seen no more—
Sad proofs that Autumn's reign was o'er.

Within an abbey, old and grey,
A dying Benedictine lay ;
And by his deathbed, watching there,
A holy brother knelt in prayer.

Scarce five-and-thirty suns had sped
Over the dying friar's head ;
His hair was still of raven black,
His eye was full, and had no lack

Of manly fire ; but still the lines
 Of care and grief, those well-known signs
 That all may read, had left their trace
 In many a furrow on his face.

Dark was the tale of guilt and fear
 He whispered in the listening ear
 Of him who knelt to bless and shrive,
 While yet the body was alive.

It told a deed of vengeance done—
 The murder of a faithless one.
 It told an act of treachery,
 Which hurried to eternity
 Four hundred living stalwart men,
 All butchered in one fatal glen.

“ ’Tis true that *she* was false as Hell,
 And *he* had earn’d his doom right well ;
 But, Holy Father, even so,
 ’Twas God’s, not mine, to strike the blow.”

He kissed the cross, he bow’d the head—
 Edgar de Vere, the friar, was dead !

Moral.

I have done ; but there’s one thing I wish to lay
 stress on—
 ’Tis taught in my tale—’t is a fine moral lesson.

Each man in his memory carries a book,
Whose accounts not a Chairman of Railways can
“cook;”

Where each sin, each omission, each outbreak of rage,
The book-keeper, Conscience, notes down in a page.
Keep your eye on this book—keep the items all square,
Lest, on adding them up, the result make you stare.

Should you lie on your bed

When your course is nigh sped,

And *then* reckon the balance-sheet up in your head,
'T would be rather unpleasant, as Death hauled
alongside,

To find that the balance was all the *wrong* side!

THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

A Fragmentary Turko-Russian Legend.

THE Sultan sits in his grand divan,
 As only a tailor or Mussulman can,
 With his legs across, his knees asunder,
 And his feet out of sight tuck'd neatly under.

The Sultan sits in a tight surtout,
 Button'd up to his throat, and of plain dark blue ;
 With a scarf of the finest cashmere, tied
 Round his waist, and the ends flowing loose at his
 side ;
 And trousers of crimson, embroidered with lace,
 And remarkable chiefly for plenty of space ;
 While jauntily stuck on his Majesty's head
 Is a little fez cap, of the brightest of red.

His beard is black, and black his eyes,
 And both are of rather extra size ;



The Czar and the Sultan.—Page 288.

His cheeks are hollow, as if the past
Of his Majesty's life had been too "fast :"
And, though in his years he is still a young fellow,
His skin is decidedly wrinkled and yellow.

The Sultan sits and smokes away,—
Not a meerschaum pipe, nor a pipe of clay,
Nor a pipe with a bowl of painted china,
Like those which in London so frequently line a
Tobacconist's windows, attracting young gents
(And old ones, at times, on some flimsy pretence,)
By pictures of damsels, in costumes the oddest,
And scantiest too—rather classic than modest.

What the Sultan smoked had a silver bowl
Of a bell-like shape, and into a hole
At the top of the bell, as it stood on the ground,
Was fitted a flexible tube, which wound
In many a coil, ere its amber tip
Rested at length on the Sultan's lip ;
And through this tube, from its grossness freed,
Came the scented smoke of the fragrant weed.

In silence smokes the Sultan there,
With a changeless face, and the outward air
Of a man without a thought or care.

It's certainly true
That the Sultan knew

His affairs have begun to look terribly blue ;

That his people, his throne,
 His crown—let alone
 The head that is in it—may soon be o'erthrown ;
 And he owns in his heart that the dolefullest " phiz "
 he e'er
 Saw in his lifetime is that of his Vizier.

But the Sultan quietly smokes his hookah—
He isn't the man at such moments to look a
 Shade more excited than usual, deeming
 Excitement by no means a monarch beseeing.
 He wouldn't move either a limb or a feature,
 Or even an eyebrow, for any born creature ;
 Nay—we even believe that his muscles would twitch not
 With the devil to pay, and without any pitch hot !

The Vizier enters the grand divan—
 A dried-up, yellow-faced, ancient man ;
 And he makes a formal deep salaam,
 And tries to look quite unmoved and calm ;
 But the Vizier's heart in his breast is thumping,
 As hard as a pavior the granite bumping
 While mending the roadways, which somehow in
 London
Will get out of order as soon as there's *one* done.

And when the Vizier has done his bow,
 The Sultan says, with an unchanged brow,
 As he puffs a cloud, " Well—what's the row ? "
 " Sublimest of rulers ! " the Vizier begins,

“Great monarch of monarchs! may all of my sins
 Be for ever unpardoned by Allah, if I,
 Your sublimity’s slave, tell your highness a lie!
 The Russians——” “I thought so!” the Sultan
 says,

As he strokes his beard, and shifts his fez,
 “Whenever I see any minister come
 With a face such as yours is—so long and so
 glum—

I know that I’m booked for a long dissertation
 About that infernal, detestable nation.

I tell you I’m heartily sick of the matter—

The Russians and you, with your dull prosy chatter.

If I’m monarch of monarchs (as all sultans *are*,)

Why the deuce don’t you bring me the head of the
 Czar?

The title’s a sham—it’s all rubbish, ridiculous,

Nothing more than a plaything—a feather to tickle
 us—

Unless it will give us the head of this Nicholas.”

Thus the Sultan ends;

The Vizier bends,

And, whiffing his hookah, the Sultan sends

From his lips and his nose such a volume of smoke

As any one else than a sultan would choke.

And, in fact, as it goes

Up the Vizier’s nose,

A twist of the Vizier’s countenance shows—

Were it not that the act might his highness dis-
please—

'Twould be a relief to the Vizier to sneeze.

But he eases it off

With a little short cough,

And, his heart ev'ry moment more loud in its knock-
ings,

Wishes any one else than himself in his stockings.

“Great Monarch,” he says, “your Sublimity knows
That this Nicholas lives among mountains and snows,
Surrounded each side by an army of bears,
With wolves for their sentinels—posted in pairs—
And a squadron of eagles, perched up in the skies,
To watch over all with their long-sighted eyes.”

With a long-drawn puff,

And a voice as gruff

As the music of Jullien's big trombone,

The Sultan remarks—

“Come, none of your larks!

Mr. Vizier, you'd better leave joking alone.”

Then down on his knees the Vizier falls,
And loudly on Allah and Mahomet calls,
To attest what he says, while the Sultan, indignant,
Asks, “What in the name of the deuce the old prig
meant?”

Can't he tell out his story?

He is such a bore,—he

Goes swearing and praying, instead of first stating
His facts, while he knows that his master's kept
waiting."

Then up jumps the Vizier,
His head feeling dizzier,
But firmly resolving to blurt out the truth;
And he says, in a tone
'Twixt a sigh and a groan,
"Great Monarch, the Russians have crossed the
Pruth!!"

The Sultan takes a tremendous whiff,
In the style that the vulgar call "drawing it stiff,"
And watching the smoky clouds gracefully wave,
Observes, with decision—"The devil they have!"

The minister waits for another word,
But no more from the Sultan's lips is heard;
With a nod to the Vizier—a hint he can spare him—
The Sultan walks quietly off to his harem.

* * * *

Czar Nicholas sits in his large arm-chair,
With his eyes on the floor in a steady stare,
In his great cuirass of polished steel,
And his long jack-boots, with spurs at the heel.
And he scratches his ear, and bites his nails,
And from under his seat he pulls his tails,

(The tails of his coat are the tails we allude to ;
We beg to explain, lest we seem to be rude to
His Majesty, seeing that one of his name
To a *personal* caudal appendage lays claim ;)
And he twists and he turns, and looks up and looks
down,
Like a man, or a czar, in a study called "brown ;"
And he jumps from his chair, and he paces the floor,
And again he sinks down in his chair as before ;
And at last takes a pull at the bell, in a fashion
That shows a slight touch of imperial passion.

A page or a groom
Slips into the room,
And trembles, remarking his Majesty's gloom ;
While a voice, that to hear
Is t'obey and to fear,
Says, briefly and gruffly—"Send Nesselrode here."

Over the stones,
At the risk of his bones,
At a gallop speeds Nesselrode's carriage along ;
To the palace he goes,
And the minister knows
Czar Nicholas isn't the man to wait long.

Nesselrode enters the Emperor's hall,
Nesselrode's eyes on the Emperor fall,

And Nesselrode says to himself—"I wonder
 What's coming—it certainly looks like thunder,
 And yet I can't think that we've made a blunder."

"How are you, Count Nesselrode? take a seat,"
 Says the Czar, with a smile that he means to be sweet;
 But, coming from him,
 There is something half grim,
 In the twist of his mouth—an expression between a
 Cat with a mouse, and a grinning hyena.

 Nesselrode's bow
 Is exceedingly low,
 Intended his loyal obedience to show;
 And as soon as he's seated, without delay
 The Czar says out what he has to say—
 "Touching the Turks and this grand commotion,
 I think, Count N., that I've got a new notion."

Nesselrode thinks, *if he has* 'tis strange—
 The thing's so "used up," that the glimpse of a change
 In any one's views, on a subject so flat,
 Must be rare as plain truth—or a Turk in a hat.
 "It's remarkably clear that our actions all tally
 With what we've professed—there's been no shilly-
 shally;
 They've been straight to the point—what we've said
 we'll have done,
 Of that there *can't* be the least doubt—and there's
 none."

Nesselrode bows a complete assent,
Comprehending at once what his Majesty meant—
That, having proclaimed they should pillage their
neighbours,
They'd commenced in good earnest their Christian-like
labours.

“ Well, that being settled, suppose we proclaim
To all people the justice and truth of our claim—
Send round to the several courts of each nation
A defying and bullying grand proclamation.
We won't *call* it that, by-the-bye—p'r'aps we'd better
Bestow on't the name of a 'circular letter.' ”

Nesselrode doesn't know what to think—
He has very high notions of printer's ink
When rightly employed, with due care and due tact,
In telling a lie, or suppressing a fact.
But bullying nations is dangerous ground—
A policy Nesselrode scarcely thinks sound.

So Nesselrode mildly suggests a doubt,
As to how might the end of the thing turn out ;
“ Would his Majesty please to explain more fully
In *what* way, and *whom*, he proposed to bully ? ”

“ All Europe, of course ! all the world—ev'ry soul—
North, south, east, and west—from the Line to each
Pole—

I'll frighten them all into fits; the mere shaking
Of Russia's big fist will set all of them quaking.
John Bull, with his blustering airs, the old rogue, he
Fears Russia as much as a child fears a bogy;
While his neighbour, the newly-fledged Emperor—
 drat him,
Between you and me, I *should* like to get at him—
He'll have plenty of trouble in keeping the crown on
 him,
Without running chances of bringing *me* down on him,
There's Austria—bah! the poor, crazy old thing—
It's only a puppet, and *I* pull the string.
There's Prussia—you know that in Europe there's *no*
 land
More deep in my debt, in the matter of Poland.
What are there besides?—little states, eight or nine
 of them,
The imperial guard of our palace might dine on them.
I say, *bully them all*, ev'ry single man-Jack of them,
Take an Emperor's word you'll alarm the whole pack
 of them."

So saying, the Czar hits the table a crack,
And, crossing his legs and reclining straight back
In his great easy chair, gives a sort of a sinister
Glance and a grin at his petrified minister.

Count Nesselrode's "posed"—he's completely con-
founded—

By the wonderful plan that the Czar has propounded.

Insulting all Europe he doesn't think wrong,
But suggests that it's "coming it *rather* too strong."

"Not a bit—not a bit—

It's strong—that's just *it*:

In the face of all Europe I venture to spit.

Of course I shall shock it—

The remonstrance, I mock it—

The offence, as they'll find, they must manage to
pocket.

So take up your quill,

Write away, sir, until

You've taught all the nations a bit of my will;

And don't be too nice,

Put in plenty of spice—

Why the deuce should the cat be afraid of the mice?"

So Nesselrode, grasping a goose-quill, writes

On a foolscap sheet what the Czar indites;

And the "circular letter" comes out—an affair

That makes all Europe gape and stare.

Austria chuckles,

And rubs her knuckles,

With joy at the fun,

And wishes, for one,

She'd only the pluck to let off such a gun.

Prussia gets hot,

And cries "*Mein Gott!*"

France in amaze,
Ventre bleus and *sacrés*,
 And vows to set Moscow again in a blaze ;
 While phlegmatic John Bull,
 Taking first a long pull
 At a pot of his stout,
 Wonders what it's about :
 If it's only a brag, or
 An impudent swagger,
 He'll laugh at the thing ; for John Bull daily learns
 The folly of meddling in others' concerns.
 But, seeing at last it's a question of " tin " to him,
 Says, " Be hang'd to his insolence, *won't* I walk into
 him ! "

*

*

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*

Czar Nicholas sits in his chair again,
 In his great cuirass ; but it's certainly plain
 Czar Nicholas isn't in quite such glee
 As his Majesty whilome was wont to be.
 He's gnawing his thumb,
 He's looking half glum,
 And for several minutes sits perfectly dumb ;
 While Nesselrode, there
 In the opposite chair,
 Twirls his fingers with quite an abstracted air.

And, in short, you may guess,
 From their look of distress,
 They consider themselves in a bit of a mess.

There's somewhere a twist,
 Some stroke has been missed,
 Some movement has tripped,
 Some scheme has been nipped

In the bud, and the clever concoctors are hipped.
 The Czar and his man look as "sold" and as silly
 As the man at the Oaks who has backed the wrong
 filly.

Czar Nicholas "hems," and clears his throat,
 And mutters some words about "drawing a note."
 Nesselrode rouses, and pricks up his ears,
 By no means quite sure if he rightly hears.
 "But is't in his Majesty's contemplation
 To concoct any further and fresh proclamation?"

"Proclamation be—never mind what—it's not *that*
 I'm thinking about: I'm not quite such a flat
 As to let you go trying your hand at a second,
 The harm of your *first*, sir, 's not easily reckon'd."

Nesselrode scarcely restrains a cry,
 Which sounds remarkably like "Oh, my!"
 As he thinks, with a pang and a heart-drawn sigh,
 Of imperial gratitude, laying the blame
 On *his* shoulders—well knowing he couldn't disclaim
 The "circular letter," as bearing his name.

"Look here!" says the Czar, "let us see how we
 stand;
 We're deserted and threatened on every hand.

There are England and France, swearing firmest alliance

To back up the Porte, and set *us* at defiance ;

There's Austria, too, even ventures to double,
(Catch me ever again helping *him* out of trouble ;)

There's Prussia, at present not certainly moving,
But backing the others by calmly approving.

All Europe against us—half Asia to follow—

Such odds even Russia herself can scarce swallow.

But Austria doesn't like fighting—I know it—

He hasn't the pluck, but he don't like to show it ;

In fact, he's just now in so downright a seedy state,

He's of all men in Europe the fellow to mediate.

I know him—in spite of his valorous look—

To quarrel with *me* won't at all suit his book ;—

He shall set things to rights—he shall serve me, sir,
yet ;

Hang the fellow ! I'm sure he's enough in my debt.

Let us draw an 'accommodation note,'

And, as soon as the paper is set afloat,

Austria shall back it—all Europe lay claim to it

As their's—and the Sultan will soon put his name
to it.

Let Austria and me, sir, just manage the work,

It's odd if between us we *don't* 'sell' the Turk."

* * * * *

The Sultan sits in his Grand Divan,

As the Sultan sat when our tale began,

And he smokes as before, that you hardly can see a
Yard through the clouds of his Latakia.

And his Vizier is there, and he bows and scrapes,
And hands up a paper bound round with tapes,
And inscribed "To the Sultan, with Austria's respects."
And the Sultan reads through it—looks half per-
plex'd—

And then pitches it from him, and growls "What
next!

Sign *that!* put my name to that note! a nice chap
Is Austria, indeed, to have laid such a trap.

A pretty bright flame through all Turkey 'twould
kindle,

If I signed such a thing—it's a regular swindle;
A case of 'note-stealing' which Austria's conniving at;
And they think I'm so blind—I can see what they're
driving at:

They'll find their mistake—I'll do only what's right;
And I *won't* be bamboozled—so *that* cock won't fight."

Thus saying, he tosses the paper, and kicks it
Across to his Vizier, who quietly picks it
From off the divan, wond'ring what's in the wind, he
Ne'er saw in his life greater signs of a "shindy."

* * * * *

Again the Czar Nicholas sits in his chair,
And, under his breath, he's heard to swear

About “‘blessed’ young Turks, and their wonderful
 keenness ;
 And Austrian humbug, ingratitude, meanness ;
 And French animosity, *parvenu* crowned heads ;
 And English monarcho-republican ‘roundheads ;’
 And Prussian neutrality ;
 And the wretched fatality,
 That nobody meets him with real cordiality,
 While ev’ry one talks about ‘ Russian rascality.’ ”

Nesselrode comes in a deuce of a fright,
 His teeth on a chatter, his face all white,
 And he stutters and chokes at the news he tells—
 “ The fleets have entered the Dardanelles !! ”

Nicholas starts, and his great big chest
 By the great cuirass feels quite opprest,
 While his knees and his legs half shaky feel,
 In his long jack-boots with the spurs at the heel.
 Till at length he asks, with a ray of hope,
 “ Count Nesselrode, how are we off for—soap ? ”

No lips ever uttered a deeper sigh,
 No tear ever glistened in sadder eye,
 No heart in a breast ever louder thump’d,
 Than Count N.’s, as he answers, “ Completely
 stump’d ! ”

“By Jove!” says the Czar, “then we *are* in the wrong
box—

No friends out of doors, and no tin in the strong box !”

* * * * *

The journals of Austria, England, and France,
Proclaim to the world that there’s scarcely a chance
Of a war with the Czar ;
He’s too moderate far

In his views and his wishes for any such measures ;
Preserving the peace is his greatest of pleasures.

He’s been misunderstood ;
He’s really too good

To think of oppressing a nation that’s weak ;
With “unbounded resources,”
And “terrible forces,”

What Europe thinks justice is *all* he would seek:

Nay, it’s even been hinted,
And more than once printed,
That, rather than fight,
He’ll relinquish his right,

And retreat at the moment the Turks come in sight ;
Not at all from the lack
Of “pluck” to attack,

And crush all their armies, or drive them all back ;
Not from fear of an onslaught from every quarter,
But from meekness and mildness and hatred of
slaughter !

But 'tis pity those fellows,
 The Turks, are so jealous
 At the least interference for simple humanity ;
 For, of course, the Czar's cause
 Deserves our applause,
 As his object is plain—to *protect Christianity* !
 In short, though our pen is not given to flatter,
 We confess that the more we look into the matter,
 The less can we guide
 Our mind to decide
 Which most is deserving of admiration—
 Czar Nicholas's courage—or moderation !

Moral.

To the nations of Europe I preach ;
 Let them list to the lesson I teach,
 'Twill do them good service to learn it !
 Of such lessons, though simple indeed,
 I fear they stand greatly in need,
 So woe to the nations that spurn it :—

Don't "bully" in haste,
 It's not only bad taste,
 But you'll get yourselves into a hobble ;
 And if ending in *Vox*,
 Without coming to knocks,
 It's as bad as an old woman's squabble.

And then, bear in mind,
It's not easy to find
All the money that war will require ;
For, arrange as you may,
There'll be *something* to pay,
If the thing ends in smoke or in fire.

So if, as you're told,
Ev'ry settlement's gold,
Why it's clearly according to Cocker,
That no one can settle
Accounts in that metal
Who hasn't a shot in the locker.

KALAFAT AND SINOPE.

A Legend of Saint (or Old) Nicholas.

MINISTERS meet
 In Downing Street,
 With something to do—an unusual treat ;
 For budgets and bills,
 About money and mills,
 And sewers, and cabs, and mere ev'ry-day ills,
 Are dull and dry work,
 That they'd much rather shirk ;
 But there's fun in the "row" 'twixt the Russ and the
 Turk.

So on this one occasion,
Sans excuse or evasion,
 Ev'ry minister goes,
 And they sit and they prose
 For two or three hours, though there's nobody knows

What is said, or what done,
 Whose view is *the one*—
 Though it's hinted that each has a view of his own,
 To which, it appears,
 He most firmly adheres,
 And at each of his colleagues' contemptuously
 sneers ;
 So that really some common-sense people opine
 That the Czar on his Turkey may manage to dine,
 Ere the Downing Street gentlemen come into action,
 Or settle their views to their own satisfaction.

And they're rubbing their eyes
 In doubt and surprise,
 At seeing no hint
 In the world of print,
 As to what is John Bull's determination.
 What is he about
 That he don't speak out ?
 Is he "struck of a heap" with consternation
 At the thought of a war
 On a sudden—before
 He's had time to see
 What the cost will be ?
 Or have Nicholas's prowess, and Nesselrode's bluster,
 Destroyed all the pluck John Bull can muster ?
 Can the Lion of Britain be sunk so low ?
 Can the Lion of Britain real terror know ?

Or is it, they ask—when the thing has well puzzled
'em—

Some nervous old Scotchman has caught him and
muzzled him ?

* * * * *

Gortschakoff, Prince, is a wonderful general,
Sagacious, invincible : Gortschakoff's men are all
Marvellous fellows, experienced veterans ;
Europe, Asia, America, couldn't show better ones.

In the city of Bucharest,
As Gortschakoff took a rest,
Smoking the pipe of inglorious peace ;
Waiting his orders
From over the borders,
And feeding on stolen Wallachian geese—
Up comes a message
Appearing to presage
Work for the geese-stealing Prince Gortschakoff—
The Sultan's request,
Politely exprest,
That he'll pack his portmanteau and take himself off ;
With the gentlest of hints
That if he, the Prince,
Don't quickly comply, and pass over the barrier,
He may chance form a notion
Of the quickening motion
Produced by an impetus dealt him *en arrière*.

Invincible Gortschakoff stares with amazement,
Wonders whatever that last little phrase meant,
(For the geese-stealing Prince, for his valour so
dreaded,

In the matter of brains is a trifle thick-headed,)
And shortly replies,—“Where he is he shall stick,
Till commanded to move by his master (old Nick),
Who’s a saint, and a trump, and a regular brick;
That he don’t want to fight; that he’d much rather
not;

He’s fond of his ease, and the quarters he’s got;
But if they *will* force him to fight, why it’s probable,
He and his men will be found for the job able.”

And so saying, the sinner

Went on with his dinner,

Devouring his goose—and full little he look’d
Like a man whose *own* goose was soon doom’d to be
“cook’d.”

A neat little fellow,
Grey-bearded and yellow,
Of an age neither tender, nor old, but just mellow,
Sits smoking a meerschaum,
While, loitering near, some
Grim-visaged men look more martial than cheersome.
And the neat little man,
As his eye seems to scan
All the country around, as some eagle-eyes can—

Just removing the tip
 Of the pipe from his lip,
 And resting his hand with the stem on his hip—
 Cries out, "There he is!
 That Arab—that's his—
 And that shocking bad turban, that coat, and that
 phiz!
 It's Selim, the herald, come back from the camp
 Of that Russ—only let me cross swords with that
 scamp—
 Go and meet him, you sluggards," he cries, with a
 stamp
 Of his foot on the ground! and away like a shot,
 Tumbling over each other, bowl off the whole lot
 Of the grim-visaged men, while their yellow-faced
 chief again
 Sticks his pipe in his mouth, and in smoke finds relief
 again.

Selim, the herald, all seedy and dusty,
 (A thorough-bred Turk is at best rather fusty,)
 Approaches the chieftain demurely and slowly,
 Salaaming, and scraping, and bending down lowly;
 While the chieftain himself, with a wave of his pipe-
 stem,
 (As Selim wets gravely his lips and then wipes them,)
 Says, "Go on, old boy, don't salaam for an hour,
 But out with the truth; what's the news from the
 Giaour?"

“Allah, il Allah!” cries Selim, who’s pious ;
“The Russians, great general, dare to defy us :
This Gortschakoff hasn’t the slightest respect
For your prowess or name—he was not even check’d
From bad language—the thing that I always have
hated worst—
For he said, ‘As for moving, he’d see you *inflated*
first.’”

“Will he?” cries neat little Omar Pasha,
The yellow-faced general—“Will he? ha! ha!
We’ll try what his courage is made of—this Mus-
covite—
Taste the kernel within, for I’ll soon break the husk
of it ;
I’ll be at him as quick as an arrow, and quicker too,
And we’ll see if he’ll move, when we’ve dealt him a
kick or two.”

Trumpets are braying,
War-steeds are neighing,
Warriors are praying,
 Still waging the battle.
Cymbals are crashing,
Cannon are flashing,
Sabres are clashing,
 ’Gainst men and their cattle.

Banners are flying,
 Heroes are lying,
 The dead and the dying,
 The lord and the peasant:
 While angels are weeping,
 And carnage is sweeping
 The plain, in blood steeping
 The Cross and the Crescent.

And charging, retreating,
 The harsh drums loud beating,
 While souls are still fleeting—
 Their earthly course run—
 'Mid wailing and moaning,
 Grim warriors groaning,
 Death's agony owning—
 The victory's won!

Little Omar Pasha has "walked into" Prince Gorts-
 chakoff,
 That valorous prince whom his master had thought as of
 Prowess enough to bring Turkey to terms,
 Or to gobble her up, as a duck gobbles worms.
 Little Omar Pasha has walked into him, whipp'd him,
 At one blow of his wonderful *prestige* has stripped him,
 And forced him to tramp
 Back again to his camp,
 As fast as he came thence—or p'rhaps rather faster—
 To mourn for his fate, and write home to his master!

* * * * * *

In St. Petersburg city Czar Nicholas sits,
 In one of his sullenest, sulkiest fits,
 Awaiting despatches from Gortschakoff's army,
 And, spite of his efforts to think himself calm, he
 Displays by the twitch of his mouth and moustache,
 And at times by his eyes with their ill-omen'd flash,
 That the state of his mind is *not* perfectly easy,
 But his temper unsteady, inclined to be breezy.
 In short, were he not the most excellent prince
 That ever has governed a nation since—since
 Nero fiddled at Rome—one would almost have guessed
 That his “bosom's lord” wasn't at ease in his breast ;
 That conscience—a bore, that puts most out of
 patience—
 Was slightly disturbing the Czar's meditations :
 But a prince so humane and so perfect, 'twere nonsense
 To suppose that *he'd* ever be troubled by conscience.

Dashing and splashing, and flying and tearing,
 Rattling and jolting, and shouting and swearing,
Ventres à terre, at the wildest of paces,
 As fast as a run at the Newmarket races ;
 Cutting round corners, and shaving the posts,
 Upsetting apple-stalls, scattering hosts
 Of flying pedestrians, at every crossing,
 Mud in the air like a whirligig tossing ;
 Spinning through broad streets, and dashing down
 narrow,
 Straight to the mark, and swift as an arrow,

Away to the palace—then, pulling up short—
 With a shout from the men, from the horses a snort ;
 Bang fly the gates open, freed from their latches ;
 An Imperial courier arrives with despatches ;
 Rushes into his Majesty's presence, who snatches
 The letter, and reads it—one glance, and he catches
 The purport of all of it—stamps on the floor,
 Utters a sound—half a cry, half a roar—
 Dashes out of the room—I *can't* tell any more,
 But I'm sadly afraid that his Majesty *swore* !!

Nesselrode comes,
 Biting his thumbs,
 In a fit of the blues
 At hearing the news—
 Finds his Majesty chafing, and stamping, and raving,
 And praying and vowing,
 And cursing and rowing—
 In short, in a very sad manner behaving :
 And when Nesselrode asks what his master proposes,
 Czar Nicholas grins like a tiger, and shows his
 Great teeth, as he mildly suggests preparations
 To hang Gortschakoff first, and then all his relations.

Nesselrode waits till his master's more cool—
 Nesselrode knows that his master's no fool—
 Nesselrode draws up a splendid narration
 Of a victory gained by the arms of his nation—
 How ten thousand Russians had dared to attack
 Just fourfold the number of Turks ; driven back

The Infidels headlong, pursued them and thrashed
 them,
 Slew, routed, took prisoners, utterly smashed them!

Next day the Imperial Russian Gazette
 Contained the account, and such favour it met
 That the people were almost sent mad with excitement ;
 And to such an extent their excessive delight went,
 They prayed to each saint, and imbibed so much liquor
 That heads grew more dizzy, and voices got thicker,
 As they shouted all night—there was scarcely a hush
 once—

“ For Nicholas Czar, and the God of the Russians ! ”

* * * * *

'Twas in Sinope's Bay,
 The Turkish vessels lay,
 Some few and very small ones :
 Upon the shore a fort,
 Of a mean and wretched sort,
 With things you'd scarcely *call* guns,

Stood looking very seedy,
 Its crumbling walls all weedy,
 With a garrison of twenty ;
 While, in the ships, the sailors
 Were squatting down like tailors,
 To enjoy their *far 'niente* ;

And no one thought of keeping
 A watch, save that of sleeping,
 Or of smoking, at their work there—
 Not the ghost of a suspicion
 Of their perilous condition,
 Cross'd the brain of any Turk there!

On that very same day,
 Just outside the Bay,
 Is a fleet of some big line-of-battle ships cruizing,
 With men and with metal
 Sufficient to settle
 Some six-fold the number of Turks, that are losing
 Their time and their chances in smoking and boozing.

And these ships, though they keep
 Afar off, get a peep
 At the poor little vessels at anchor within,
 And the Capitan Russ
 Makes a deuce of a fuss,
 About what they shall do when they only begin.

But being a man whose whole valour's discretion
 (An example, no doubt, to the naval profession,
 Determines to send for fresh forces—fresh aid—
 Don't fancy a moment the Russian's afraid—
 But he's such a benevolent Christian, he wishes
 To blow to the skies, or to sink to the fishes
 Ev'ry Turk, ev'ry ship, ev'ry gun, ev'ry spar,
 For the cause of the Cross, and the fame of the Czar!

Fresh ships are sent for, and they come ;
 And now for action ! Not a drum
 Is beat, and not a whistle's sound
 Is heard 'mongst all the ships around.
 But, waiting for a fog to hide them,
 And for the fairest breeze to guide them,
 Like burglars robbing men that sleep,
 The mighty Russian heroes creep
 Inside the still Sinope's Bay,
 And pounce upon their helpless prey,
 To sink, and seize, and burn, and slay.

Who shall tell of what followed ? The rivers of blood
 That poured from the murder'd, and crimson'd the
 flood ?

Who shall tell of the heroes that, dying, ne'er quailed,
 Whose hearts never sunk, and whose lips never paled,
 Though death yawned around them—unvanquish'd,
 though crush'd,
 Scorning life with disgrace, as to torture they rush'd,
 With a glory that only such deeds can secure—
 A fame that shall last while the earth shall endure.

“ Sunk—blown up—smash'd—burnt—
 Drowned—shot—fate not learnt—”

Just such and so much are the only returns
 Of the Turks and their ships, that the world ever
 learns.

A very few words ! a mere scratch of the pen
 In place of those ships and those hundreds of men !

Yet *read them*, and say, could a livelier picture be,
Of this bloodthirsty, fiendish, and Jerry-Sneak victory ?

* * * * *

“Ho, ho !” and “ha, ha !

Hurrah and huzzah !”

Shouts Nicholas Czar,

As he reads of the glorious Sinope affair,

With the most unimistakeably satisfied air :

And in Nesselrode’s ribs gives a humorous poke,

Crying, “Nessy, my boy, that’s what *I* call a joke !

Only fancy those Turks blowing up in a blaze,

Arms, bodies, and legs flying different ways !

Only fancy the sinking, and burning, and flaying,

Those poor devils shouting, and drowning, and
praying—

The smell of the roasting—the hiss of the water—

The crash of the frigates—the blood and the slaughter—

(Those Turks never *ask*, and we never *give* quarter)—

Only fancy the scene—only see how we nailed them—

Imagine them thinking how Mahomet failed them !

Altogether confess it’s not easy to match

This delightful, consoling, amusing despatch.

I feel in such joy—what a dinner I’ll make !

Why, I swear that with laughing I’ve made myself
ache.

As for yielding an inch now—we’ll hurl our defiance

At *all* the Great Powers, with all their alliance.

While *they* prate about Peace, and await our compliance,
 It's on powder and shot that *we'll* place our reliance.
 I won't stand their nonsense—I know my own game :
 If they stood in my shoes they'd all play it the same—
 Save that stupid John Bull, who, of all nations, plays
 his worst ;
 As for stirring for him—No—I'll see him at blazes
 first !”

* * * * * *

In Downing Street once more, in goodly conclave,
 The Ministers meet, looking frightened and grave ;
 And they prose and debate, and they gape and they
 stare,
 And talk of Sinope—“a shocking affair”—
 And “they really don't know what to do, they declare.

So what steps the Cabinet
 (As there's no one to blab in it)
 Determines to take it's not easy to guess ;
 Though, to judge from results, we should say rather
 less
 Than nothing at all is the course they decide on,
 As the one they've so long and so earnestly tried on—
 With the little relief of a personal squabble
 To aid them in getting us out of a hobble.

But John Bull doesn't sleep—
 For cries loud and deep

Attest that the honest old fellow's awake,
 And pretty resolved a good rumpus to make
 If the men of red-tape don't arouse and don't cease
 From their sleepy-toned, parrot-like, prattle of
 "Peace"—

Don't prepare, and don't put such a rod into pickle, as
 Shall astonish the tail of that horrid old Nicholas.

And there's Jean Crapaud, too, is up in his might—
Mille bombes and *tonnerres*! won't the little man fight!
 All Europe's awake—and the torch is alight
 Which shall kindle a flame that shall blaze to such
 height
 As the world never saw—and, alas, for the night
 That shall follow that blaze and its withering blight!

But hark! all around
 The trumpet-calls sound—
 Away to the battle, and God for the right!

floral.

John Bull, since you're in for a war
 Don't prate about "Peace" any more—
 The word has become such a bore,
 Even Quakers are getting quite sick of it.
 Gird your sword on your loins like a hero,
 Go and fight with the Great Russian Nero;
 Half his courage will sink down to zero
 When once he finds *you* in the thick of it.

Don't waste any time about writing
Proposals for treaties--be biting
Instead, John, of barking--be fighting
Instead of mere threats and protestings.
Men and money, and ships in divisions;
Arms, powder and shot, and provisions--
In all such unpleasant collisions
You'll find, John, that these are the *best* things.

It isn't a matter of pleasure--
Each moment you waste in mere leisure
Will cost you a cartload of treasure,
And you know that you're partial to Mammon.
Above all, bear in mind, John, when dealing
With adepts at cheating and stealing,
The truth that each day is revealing--
Diplomacy's nothing but GAMMON!

“THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.”

A Lay of “*The Times*.”

It's nine in the morning, the breakfast is spread—
 Marmalade, coffee, eggs, butter, and bread ;
 While we lounge at the table and relish the fare,
 In dressing-gown, slippers, and large easy chair.
 Wife looking dapper,
 In neat morning wrapper,
 Pouring out coffee, and smiling, and chatting ;
 Tradesmen all calling
 For orders and bawling
 Their trades down the area ; postmen rat-tat-ing—
 Letters by dozens—
 Bores, duns, country cousins—
 And, at length, a loud clap,
 One dull, heavy rap
 At the door, while a sharp, little, undersized chap
 Cries “Paper !” a word
 That's no sooner heard

Than breakfast and tradesmen and letters give way,
 To this mighty absorbing event of the day.
 The paper's before us—we've no time to lose—
 Don't speak there—don't stir—for we're "*reading
 the news.*"

First, there's "the War"—
 Two or three more
 Victories gained by ourselves—half a score
 Of electric *on dits*,
 Which ev'ry one sees
 Are dished up, regardless of truth, just to please ;
 But which each one peruses,
 Who seeks what the news is,
 And many a "stag" to his benefit uses.
 "Cronstadt just taken!"
 "St. Petersburg shaken!"
 "The Emperor Nicholas scarce saved his bacon."
 "Sweaborg attacked!"
 "Sebastopol sacked!"
 "Ten thousand Russians to Erebus packed!"

Next, "Correspondence"—the true exposition
 Of telegraph fibs in a former edition:
 Cronstadt *not* taken—but only a sight of it:
 St. Petersburg shaken—of course by the fright of it:
 The Emperor safe—but reported as ill,
 Of a head, tooth, or finger-ache (which one you will),
 Though monstrously active and obstinate still.

Sweaborg attacked—by a tempest again,
 And Sepastopol soaked (but not sacked) by the rain!
 Ten thousand Russians packed off—under orders,
 To keep a look out on the Austrian borders.

“Disturbance in Spain!”
 Revolution again—
 About the ninetcenth in her Majesty’s reign—
 Rebels all glorious,
 Shouting victorious,
 “Down with the Ministers—death to Sartorious!”
 Queen on the Prado—
 Displaying bravado—
 Daring the shots of each wild desparado ;
 Soldiers parading,
 Mob barricading,
 Generals doubting *which* side to be aiding.
 Treason and treachery, bloodshed, duplicity—
Voilà Madrid and Castilian felicity!

“Last night’s debate”—
 House sitting late,
 Discussing important affairs of the state.
 Motions and bills
 To cure all sorts of ills—
 Political, quack, constitutional pills.

Tremendous orations—
 Long dissertations—
 Attacks and defences, and recriminations.

Lord A., a monotonous whine about "Peace,"
 While war's on the *tapis* from Greenland to Greece ;
 With a hint at affection, regret, and so forth,
 For a certain old Gentleman up in the north ;
 (Whose name, by the way, is in ev'ry one's mouth,
 As a certain old gentleman's *very far south*.)

Lord D., with a Rupert-like impetuosity,
 Burying foes neath a 'mound of verbosity.
 The young Duke of A., very sharp for his age,
 Even anxious an *unequal* contest to wage
 To show off the pluck which, though all Campbell's
 have, he

May get the worst when he fights with a "Navy."

Lord L., old in years, but with intellect clear
 As Osler's glass fountain, who speaks like a seer,
 Denouncing all humbugs, and ev'ry one winces
 Who hears him—kings, emperors, premiers, princes.

Lord B., the eccentric, who *ev'ry* way goes,
 Right and left, up and down—and yet follows his
 nose !

Lord C., late from Erin, whom no one e'er catches
 Attempting the brilliant—who gives you whole batches
 When you want something *new*, of the latest despatches,
 And Lords F., G., and H., and I. K., and the rest,
 Highly respectable lords at the best,

But who'd scarce gain a seat in a senate on earth
 Except through that glorious *Sesame*—birth!

“The Lower House” also—important discussions
 On all things—Exchequer Bills, Colleges, Russians,
 Jews, Ireland, Australia, Canada, Churches,
 The Army, the Fleet, rights of Neutrals and Searches,
 Lord John leading on with his wonted audacity,
 Mr. D. coming after—the pink of pugnacity :
 Mr. G., very dignified, rather sedate,
 (Has only just taken to figures of late,
 Since he left off his little-boy-sums on a slate ;)
 An Oxford first-class man—but still, by the way,
 At Roman Historicals scarcely *au fait*.
 Then slipp'ry Sir James, man-of-all-work before
 To all parties who'd have him, and now “Man-of-War.”
 Colonel S. with a volley of wordy abuse,
 Resembling what ladies in Billingsgate use,
 Against Ministers, Factories, Free-trade, and Jews.
 Mr. L., the redoubtable chief and the hope
 Of the noisy brass-band of his highness the Pope ;
 Who, though Saxon, more true Irish mischief has
 done
 Than ten Irish gentlemen rolled into one.
 Lord P., ever lively and clever, and telling ;
 Mr. B., man of drab, of the factory smelling ;
 Mr. C., mau of cotton, who *was* man of weight once—
 With some half dozen more parliamentary “*great*
 guns.”

And "hon. mems." by the score, asking all sorts of questions,

Disturbing poor under-officials' digestions :

Then small-fry small battles attempting to wage,

And then "a few bills are pushed forward a stage."

And so end the proceedings—we're glad the end *is* come,

Of facetiously-named "Representative Wisdom!"

"Leading articles" follow,

Beating all hollow

The best of the speeches ;

Though the object of each is

One side to attack

And the other to back :

Not exactly to fight

For the wrong or the right,

But to turn and to twist,

Let in light or a mist ;

A weak point to shirk

And a strong one to work ;

To laugh, or to reason,

In just the right season ;

When winning, Dame Justice's name to invoke :

When losing, adroitly back out with a joke :

And, in short, so to argue, to quiz, or to bully,

As to make people swear—and believe it, too, fully—

That the Editor's head has a great deal more *vous* in it
 Than, with six hundred numskulls, has either great
 house in it.

Next we solemnly turn to the “Law Report,”
 And gravely enjoy the dismal sport
 Of an ancient suit in the Chancery Court:
 Something between the administrator
 To a long ago defunct testator,
 Of several trusts the unwise creator ;
 And people who, being the legatees,
 Naïvely expect, in times like these,
 To get their money whene'er they please.

But lawyers having framed the will,
 Have the strongest affection for it still,
 And will certainly stick to the document till
 The estate, in money, lands, and chattels,
 Has melted away in legal battles
 To such an excessive degree of tenuity
 That no one gets legacy, land, or annuity ;
 Though the suit is neither won nor lost,
 And attorneys alone know what it cost !

Then an action-at-law in the Common Pleas.
 A naughty young woman attempting to squeeze
 A thousand or two from a naughty young chap,
 After cleaning him out of his very last rap.

And his lordship, the judge, to the jury remarking,
 "See, gentlemen, see what comes of larking!

Your wives and mine
 Can't blaze and shine

In jewels, and satins, and laees so fine,
 As this full-blown rose
 Of a plaintiff shows

She wears every day, and wherever she goes.

For, what with the war,
 And the extra score

We've to pay for that purpose, and two or three
 more,

Money's getting so scarce *we're* obliged to hoard
 it,

But the Plaintiff! there's nothing but she can
 afford it."

And the jurymen, butt'ning their pockets up tight,
 Confessing his lordship's decidedly right:

The thing's a clear swindle! and so there's an
 end on't:

"Verdict at once, and *nem. con.*, for Defendant."

"Police:"—You may ransack in vain ev'ry column
 For pictures more serious, or comic, or solemn;
 More earnest, more startling, more sad than one
 reads

In that same daily record of vice and its deeds.

Matrimonial strife :—

Beating a wife

To an inch of her life ;

Swearing he'd kick her

To “ somewhere ” or “ stick ” her—

Pris'ner decidedly far gone in liquor.

Horrible wretch !

Fit for Jack Ketch !

Sent off to Bridewell six months at a stretch.

Two little boys

Making a noise,

Crying as if they had been robb'd of their toys :

Each known as a “ big,

Barefaced, little prig,”

For “ beaks ” and for “ Peelers ” not caring a fig :

Each caught in the fact

And to prison each pack'd,

To be finished off under the Juvenile Act.

Case of privation :—

Frightful relation

Of sickness and slow-coming death by starvation.

Hunger and care,

Foul dwellings, foul air,

Nakedness, wasting disease, and despair !

Gentleman found

In a gutter half-drowned,

Drunk and incapable, snoring there sound :—

Dined with a friend,
 Champagne without end,
 Exceedingly sorry, and promise to mend.
 Dreadful disgrace
 For a man in his place,
 Five shillings to pay—and the public to face!

And next "Money Market" engages our eye:
 Funds steady, and Consols remarkably high,
 "Bulls" very busy, and "Bears" very shy.
 Ninety-three and five-eighths, ninety-three and three
 quarters.
 Close at the last with no end of supporters.

Foreign Stocks not so buoyant at yesterday's prices,
 But "Russians" not bad, notwithstanding the crisis.
 Spanish Actives decidedly passive just now
 (Stocks having the greatest dislike to a *row*.)
 And Spanish Deferred, too—deferred will remain,
 Till somebody puts a distress into Spain.
 Brazilian, and Belgian, and Prussian, and Dutch,
 Go on pretty smoothly, not varying much,
 Though they're not the most safe of investments to
 touch.

Messrs. Flykite and Co. have their payments suspended,
 And the news of this stoppage will hardly be mended

By the fact, that while paper's such very scarce stuff,
Of *their* paper there's said to be more than enough.

Railways are flat, and all Mines have so sunk,
That holders begin to exhibit some “funk.”
Canals, too, are heavy; while New Crystal Palaces
Have lately been christened the “New Crystal Fal-
lacies.”

Next we turn to odd corners for little tit-bits
About accidents, suicides, murders, good “hits”
At Theatres, or Operas, New Exhibitions,
Dioramas, Great Globes, or North Sea Expeditions.

And then “Letters to Editor”:—long S. G. O.'s
In the largest of type, whereby Editor shows
His respect for the writer, who's ready to dish up
A hospital, workhouse, a fast, or a bishop.

Letters from folks who've been fleec'd, or made late,
or
Swindled by railways or inns—signed “Viator.”
Letters denying that Mr. John Smith
(Whose name's so uncommon he *must* be a “myth”)
Who figured in yesterday's paper—see “Bow Street”—
Is related at all to *him*, John Smith of O —— Street.
Letters on meteors—the price of provisions—
On being shut out from the last night's divisions—

On seamen, post-office, police, epidemics,
 Lord-mayors, 'busses, highways, cabs, sewers, polemics.

"Advertisements:"—first of all, births, deaths, and
 marriages,

Then Ships; "Lost or Stolen;" and then horses and
 carriages.

Then "Wants" by the hundred:—a cottage, a cook,

A partner with capital ready to book,

A traveller, a second-hand something, a place,

And (mysterious want!) a "Turnover at Case:"

With dozens of others that nobody reads,

Save he who has got what the other one needs.

Then apartments, and houses, and matchless academies,

Where ev'rything known, from Creation and Adam, is

Taught to perfection, and all things beside

Of the finest, from morals to mutton, supplied

At the lowest of terms. Then the *Serials* are seen,

From the "Quarterly" upwards to "Sharpe's
 Magazine."

Then books—the new novels, new travels, new histories,

And a host of reprints

Of *all* fictions since

Scott's "Waverley" downwards to Eugène Sue's

"Mysteries."

Then all things together from shawls to a tooth,

Pianos and coals, and the true "Bloom of Youth;"

Oat-crushers and razors, brass bedsteads and hair-dye,
 Steel-pens and sixteen-shilling trousers to swear by.
 Then Servants' "Want-places" from nurses to pages,
 Characters spotless and very low wages.
 And, lastly, come auction advertisements, telling
 How truly the auctioneers prosper by "selling."



And now ring the bell: bring our coat and our shoes,
 Our hat and our cane—we've *done* "reading the news."
 Good reader (and patient) imagine our attitude,
 Hand on heart and head bowing—expressing our
 gratitude
 To *you*, as we wish you "Farewell and beatitude!"

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