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# SYBILLA

A ROMANCE  
OF THE TOWER

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# SYBILLA



A ROMANTIC OF THE TOWN













THE BRIDGES

Brilliant the ball, as such balls always go:—  
Flirtation—punch—small talk—the gay *galop*.

\* \* \* \*

*Brj.* such the ball; a feast of soul and reason  
That stereotypes on every summer season.

—Pages 34-35





# SYBILLA:

A ROMAUNT OF THE TOWN.

A DEMI-DRAMATIC, HEMI-HYSTERIC, PARTI-PATHETIC,  
SEMI-SATIRIC

NOVEL IN VERSE,

OF

NEW YORK AND WATERING PLACE HYPER-FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY T. C. DELEON,

Author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," "A Fair Blockade-Breaker  
"Jury" "The Rock or the Rye," Etc., Etc



MOBILE, ALA.

THE GOSSIP PRINTING COMPANY.

1891.

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1891.

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A WORD OF PREFACE.

When I first wrote this satire, and read it for a local occasion in my own city, what success it may have met was most largely due to the beauty of the *tableaux*, by which it was illustrated.

These were made by ladies and gentlemen from our society, who never weary of good works; who ever do them graciously.

When the reading resulted in decision for publication of the poem, in book form, the camera

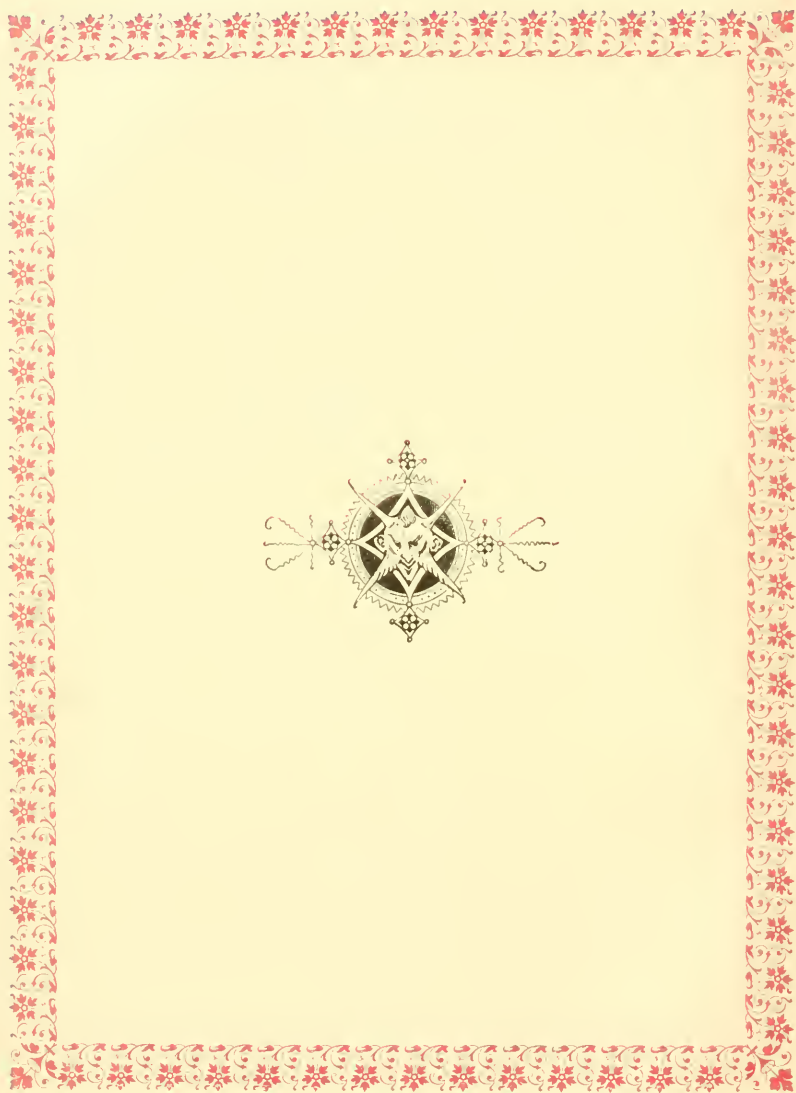
“—Shone o'er fair women and brave men.”

who again came to the author's assistance. And, as result, a series of pictures have been made possible, which—for grace, effectiveness and *reussite*—the most cunning brush could never have created, without the same models.

These, of course, were not attainable, save in the far more perfect manner here reproduced; and it is proper that the readers of this little book should know that they are indebted to these courteous friends, almost in equal degree with

THE AUTHOR.

Mobile, Ala., November 15th, 1891.





TO THE LEADER  
OF THE  
SUMMER COTILLION.

WITH PERFECTED KNOWLEDGE OF ITS EMPTY UNWORTHINESS  
THEREFOR.

THIS EPICENE EPIC OF HYPER-FASHION

IS INSCRIBED.





ODELET DEDICATORY.

Lord of the dance ! whose flying footsteps flow  
So swiftly where—without you—all were slow  
Accept the incense that your German pours :  
Believe its hearts—as well as waists—are yours  
Nor deem that king, who with the god contended,  
His pointed moral for your ears intended.









“Do you know it has cost me full \$10,000—  
To finish you off like old Rougir’s best scholars?  
And you to sit there and inform me you mean  
To marry some dining, or dancing, machine!”

—Pages 1, 14



## SYBILLA: A ROMAUNT.



IDSUMMER is glowing: the curtains are drawn :

The soft-footed servant just coughs once,  
is gone—

As the great Peter Olcum springs up, with a word  
That never 'twixt well-tutored lips should be heard,  
From the richly-carved sofa—whose satin reveals  
The marks of late honors conferred by his heels—  
And turns up the drop-light, a chubby bronze Cupid,  
Who puffs out his cheeks with a leer far from stupid  
And seems to deny that it is his vocation  
To blow all the gas in that grand habitation.

For the rich and the good in the city all knew  
No mansion so grand graced the great Avenue,  
Its front was the brownest the quarries could yield,  
All fretted and carved: while a ponderous shield,  
Hanging over the entrance, caused a salaam  
From each guest to the owner's superb monogram:  
Where, twisted and tangled and wondrous to see,  
A corpulent O was embraced by a P!

SYBILLA:

Passing under that symbol, the splendor increased;  
The richest of laces—the looms of the East;  
Most curious freaks of old Masters in art,  
Which poverty forced foreign princes to mart;  
Mythological, classical curios thronged—  
Poking fun at the modern to whom they belonged.  
Rare tropical plants with rich odors essayed  
To kill just a *soupeon* that almost betrayed  
The neighboring kitchen; while lo! the hall chair,  
Half-hid, half-betrayed the “Town Topics” laid  
there.

How into a case so resplendent was crammed  
What could make one so fervently pray to be d——!  
As the great Peter Oleum, who's up with a bound  
And dashes the letter he holds to the ground,  
As he screams at the menial,—“By blank, sir, don't  
stare!  
But get out and bid Miss Sybilla come here!”

11.

TALL, willowy, *chic*—almost painfully fair—  
Sybilla glides in and dissolves in a chair,  
In just the right light and posture to show  
To the best a *toilette* that is *tout à propos*



A ROMANCE.

In color and fabric. Her languid blue eyes  
Just glance, 'neath long lashes, in pretty surprise ;  
While a shade of amusement sounds in her sigh'd :—  
“ Ah !  
James said that you wanted me, dearest papa ? ”

Her sire stopped short in his walk to and fro :—  
“ I do, Miss ! And, hang it ! I just want to know  
The meaning of all this nonsensical stuff,  
That made you reject such a match as John Ruff ;  
A rising young man, with a million, or more ;  
And sure to class never much less than——”  
“ A bore ? ”

Lisp'd the maiden—“ Why, papa, I've struggled in  
vain  
To think of that dude, without muscle, or brain !  
You've plenty of money ; so surely I can  
Choose, 'stead of a bank-book, to marry—a man ?  
And I think that mamma——”

Peter Olenm stopped short  
And jerk'd out his wrath, 'twixt a roar and a  
snort :—  
“ Your mother shall stuff no fool nonsense like this  
In your head ; and you'd better remember it, Miss !  
Do you know it has cost me full \$10,000—  
To finish you off like old Rongir's best scholars ? ”

SYBILLA:

And you to sit there and inform me you mean  
To marry some dining, or dancing, machine!  
'A man!'—I suppose you'd prefer to stay single  
Until I pick up that young pauper, Tom Jingle?  
Or, perhaps you'd prefer some old, grey-bearded goat,  
With half-ton of brass in his face and his throat,  
Like that singing Italian——"

"No, papa; he's slow;  
But Count Monte-Fiasco *is* noble, you know—  
A Viscount and Prince; and his uncles at home  
Are nephews-in-law to the late Pope of Rome!"

Peter Oleum breathed hard; while the deep wrath  
arose  
On his brow and gleamed down on the tip of his  
nose,  
Till it glowed like best imported Japanese rockets;  
And his hands—*faute de mieux*—sought his own  
breeches pockets!  
"Well, noble, or not—I've enough of this cant:  
Your mother and you leave this week for—Nahant!"

III.

This great Peter Oleum was monarch, in sooth,  
Tho' patched the rough pants, bare the feet of his  
youth;

1 ROMANCE.

King crowned and anointed; his sceptre a pen,  
Dealing ruin, or riches, to all lesser men!  
In days not remote—this was whispered subdued  
By Dame Grundy who never cares, loud, to be rude—  
The mighty P. Oleum had come to the city  
So green he excited both laughter and pity,  
Till a great Money Baron, who sat at the Board,  
Had used him most wisely. Then upward he  
    soared—  
Th' envious asserted, like Jonah's green gourd;  
Had marched on with strides, whose speed much  
    exceeds  
Those magical boots, of which Fairy tale tells:  
And now had been sceptred,—anointed a King,  
Whose nod was as law, all around the charmed Ring!

What matter, dear Grundy, that twenty years gone,  
Young Peter was grubbing his cornfield forlorn:  
Nor dreaming—when wildest the visions had prest  
Around the hard pillow where labor found rest—  
Of one tithe the honors and riches in store  
For the fickle Blind Goddess to lay at his door?  
What matter, indeed, that his honest bread came  
From the sweat of a brow all unlaureled by Fame:  
If his palm were as horny—as shoeless his feet,  
As those of the beggars now spurned in the street?

SYBILLA:

A truce to reviling! The Turk gives you light,  
In his eloquent axiom:—"What is must be right!"  
Had nature not smiled on her son in his needs,  
His garden had yielded him still only weeds;  
Auriferous drops—oleaginous—sweet,  
Had not clung to his pants and made greasy their  
seat:

Two gents of sharp visage and noses acute  
Had not bored through his soil—and his patience,  
to boot—

Till finally, following swift on the rod,  
Out gushed the petroleum—to gold changed each  
clod—

And put in the palm of the wondering farmer  
Such cash as made him no contemptible charmer!

But Peter had brains,—not *dégagé* and witty,  
But the far sterner stuff that obtains in the city;  
Spite rustic coquetries his new luck called down,  
Shut his heart and his pocket and set out for town.  
He stared about Broad street, he stalked about New;  
He heard many things, but forgot very few.  
While stock-jobbing swell and immaculate clerk  
All chaffed the new comer, those brains were at work.  
And a crisis might come; for Peter had heard,  
In his innocent rambles, one talisman word.

A ROMANCE.

A great Money Baron, a Bear of the Street,  
Was soon to be cornered and baited till beat.  
He called on the great man; the great man said  
"Shoo!"  
But talked for ten minutes, when business was  
through.  
They were strangers next day when they met at  
the Board;  
But Peter bought Erie. The corner was floored!  
'Tis needless to trace how, from that very hour,  
He proved the old proverb that "Knowledge is  
power";  
How he bullied the Bulls and was bearish to Bears;  
How he sold corporations, by buying their shares;  
How he plodded by day and schemed sleepless by  
night,  
To grind from the widow her uttermost mite,  
Or crush her male children in pitiless war,  
As he rolled on to wealth in his Juggernaut car!  
For both are well paid-for—hard labor, hard knocks;  
He is eminent now in the circles of stocks;  
His name, as Director, none other outranks,  
Where the Nation has built up unnational banks.  
In fine, he improves on the Midas of old  
And turns, without touching, all substance to gold!

SYBILLA:

IV.

With the first golden dawn of auriferous life,  
Peter Oleum had chosen a ruddy young wife,  
City-bred and accomplished; with various talents—  
The best, that in bank she'd a notable balance.  
Though not of the deepest of azure—they said—  
Rich blood she had surely, full-throbbing and red;  
And the lover thought eloquent answer was given,  
When she prayed to her Father—and mother—in  
Heaven!

But roses will pale in the ruddiest cheeks,  
Mrs. Oleum had proved a sad scold, ere the weeks  
Of the honeymoon waned; and the groom all forlorn  
Learned, as faded the petal, beneath lurked the  
thorn;  
For as weeks rolled to months, at the very least  
trip, he  
Found—no Socrates—he had wedded Xantippe!  
But not to those dainty Four Hundred, or so,  
Whom we called "the World," did this skeleton  
show.  
Their friends got the feasts; but the habit Egyptian  
Don't obtain in brown fronts of that size and de-  
scription.





Survived all the perils of park-crossing talks,  
When nurse met police, in their afternoon walks.

—Page 2.





1 ROMANT.

So Peter grew fond of French brandy—cigars—  
Preferring his bottle to family jars;  
Stayed out late at "business" and joined the Club—  
her

Special aversion: bet high on his rubber;  
While Madame rolled round in her coach and her  
wrath,

Strewing literally cloying-sweet smiles 'bout her  
path;

Spent thousands on jewels and hundreds on frocks,  
'Neath which, like the Spartan, she laced down the  
fox!

And envious observers declared that the loves  
Of Midas and wife shamed the real turtle doves!  
Their union was blessed with one single pledge—  
All babies are angels, their mothers allege—  
But it really did seem that the spirit of strife  
Was laid, for the time, by this new little life;  
And that fountain of Peace, misconception had  
clogged,

Flowed free, till she grew old enough to be—flogged!

But babies will grow—their sweet novelty wane.  
Ma scolded: pa took to his club-life again;  
And—strangely contrary—as tighter she drew  
The zone 'bout her waist, the more fleshy he grew:

*SYBILLA:*

And, as if to provoke her, as faded the rose  
By degrees from her cheek, the more red glowed  
his—nose!  
And, still more to shock her vexed vision appalled,  
He, spite of all tonics—grew rapidly bald!

V.

'Tis specially ours, in these days of Truth,  
To nurture most lovingly feminine youth;  
To endue them with virtues resplendent and rare,  
In their days of short dresses and dark-colored hair.  
O! blessed are we, who avoid all quicksands  
That wreck these frail vessels in less favored lands!  
How proudly point we to those monuments grand—  
As lasting as brass shall their memory stand!—  
And vaunt that calm Reason—Philosophy rules  
The theories sound of our finishing schools!  
What wonder that Virtue there rigidly walks:  
That Science appals not when Henry George talks!  
That meekest of maidens, in blazers and boots,  
Puck-like, span the globe by the sixty-day routes;  
Place over flirtation and fast best young man  
An essay on cooking, or home-life Japan!  
What wonder that women of soul and of mind  
We ever, as fit representatives, find;

A ROMANCE.

That showy inanity, aimless display  
And emptiness, gaudily gilt, stalk away  
From the face of that system, so barren of fools—  
So peerlessly pure!—our finishing schools,  
Who dare call them hot-beds of vicious unrest—  
Forcing-houses, whence Fashion alone is expressed?  
Away with such scoffer! How dare he assert  
That a lesson to sing means a lesson to flirt?  
How dare he complain, when experience chides,  
None are trained up as wives—but only for brides?  
That often the "big game," for which they lay wait,  
Drops into the trap from impureness of bait?  
Away with such slanders! Society's worth  
Will strangle them ever, as soon as their birth!

So, little Sybilla had teethed; had gone through  
All troubles girl children in cities must do;  
Survived all the perils of park-crossing talks,  
When nurse met police, in their afternoon walks:  
Safe rounded the headlands of area stairs  
When Bridget discussed all her mistress' *affaires*  
With open-eyed Mary, who gave, in return,  
Some sweet parlor scandals that made her ears burn!  
She had passed that soft age, when a nurse could  
control  
The rising ambitions that crowded her soul;

SYBILLA:

Had struggled, had kicked and had torn her hair  
In nursery thralldom, until her twelfth year  
Signed a happy release: let her little soul vaunt  
Desires unripe to a *femme gouvernante*.

Four years; and Sybilla had blondined her hair  
And was sent, for last polish, to Madame Rougir:  
And with her a spoon and a fork, napkin ring,  
Ten towels, a Bible: in short, everything  
That body, or soul, of a girl child can need  
For learning to marry, or learning to read—  
At that age which King Solomon leaves us a blank,  
When she's too young for *début*, but too old to spank!

Yet seeds, in such soil, early wither, or shoot  
Into growth far outstripping the dull parent root;  
While it often may hap that the rankest and worst  
Of herital traits grow the fastest—and first!  
And a full-blown bloom of this forcing was seen,  
When the girl returned finished, and turning nine-  
teen!

Her voice was an alto, full-toned and delicious;  
Her method, in *chanson*, a shade meretricious;  
She painted divinely—on china, not cheeks—  
And could draw, in sauce-crayon—one head in three  
weeks;



*A ROMANCE.*

Could talk of philosophy, physics so pat;  
And essayed in oils, now and then—from the flat!  
She doted on Swinburne, all Saltus she knew  
And "Robert Elsmere" had run rapidly through;  
But scissors and needle to her had no point,  
And a spare-rib she never could tell from a joint.  
Yet, in dress and in dancing, in curtsy or faint—  
She'd the grace of a Naiad—the soul of a saint!

VI.

WHERE the glad waters roll, with ceaseless beat  
And mellow murmur, to her pearly feet,  
Rises fair Nahant—rock-embrasured—green—  
And o'er their gleesome babble smiles serene.  
When the last gorgeous tints of fading day  
Clothe in one glow the bosom of her bay—  
Amid their shifting sheen, she lies at rest,  
A modest emerald on their heaving breast!  
In ages gone—ere yet the woodman's stroke  
Had echoed there—from 'neath the giant oak  
On yonder point, the gaudy birch canoe  
Shot from the sands and clave the waters through;  
While the young savage, with his kingly mien,  
Lured the white fish from 'neath the waters green.  
  
And where yon cliff so deeply throws its shade,  
Sported in glee some dusky Indian maid:

SYBILLA:

Flashed her round limbs along the glancing wave,  
Decked but with gems the loving billows gave!  
And, when reflections from the purpling West  
Shimmered the sea like dying dolphin's breast,  
As at her feet he laid the finny spoil—  
One smile rewarding all his sunny toil—  
May not yon pine have caught their murmured  
vows  
And nodded soft approval with his boughs?

This dell embosoms many a circled grave  
Where sleep unheeding, squaw, pappoose and brave,  
Quiet in rest beneath that modern turf,—  
Lulled by the song of immemorial surf!

On that bold crest—for ages standing guard,  
A hoary sentinel, above the sward—  
As the young moon, fleecy-clad, upon her way  
Moved silver-shod across the mirrored bay,  
Often the aged hunter may have lain  
To join the chase, in reverie, again!

In later days bled young T. Totum there,  
To chase and "catch *his* wild goat by the hair!"  
Now doth he twirl his cane, 'neath noonday sun;  
And—in the German—"doth he leap and run"!

A ROMANCE.

Philosopher in most things, great or small—  
Not knowing "Locksley," still loves Ocean Hall!  
No tough beau-errant is this arrant swell;  
If Nahant bores, The Beach will do as well;  
And when the maidens tire of his prattle,  
Moves where the dismal dowagers do battle!  
A youth unfit for treason, or sedition;  
In fact, a pocket English edition—  
Such as The Hub gets up in imitation  
Of that sure-footed and side-whiskered nation.  
Yet, now all shorn of its charm of yore,  
Most modern youth vote fair Nahant a bore:  
And seek those sands, where added palpitation  
Rewards, when belles strive to "outstrip creation!"

VII.

A FULL moon now steals up beyond the sea,  
To wash a world in silvered purity,  
As Jingle writes his candle brief away,  
In "correspondence" for his weekly pay:  
Tells tales of romance, gossip and toilette—  
Of scandal just a shade the raciest yet—  
Prys into secrets of each belle's past life,  
Or hints the ruin of some worthy wife;  
Will praise the sea, or patronize the air;  
For discount, even puff the hotel fare!

SYBILLA :

No trifle e'er too small to swell the list  
Of such progressive modern Journalist—  
All to be scanned, with eager nod and grin,  
When next morn Fashion takes the paper in!  
For Jingle—poet, beau, and lover, too—  
Writes fashion letters for the "Daily View":  
Finding them pay far better, in these times,  
Than noblest epic, or most caustic rhymes.  
Why linger here, if bills be prompt and high?  
The very simplest, yet most ancient—why:  
Tom Jingle loves Sybilla, rich as fair,  
Who braves the boredom of Nahant this year:  
And that Italian, with the hyphened name,  
Cut Narragansett, just because she came!  
Tom half suspected that this Count's great rank  
Was self-created: and he knows the bank  
Holds his high name a deal below that rate,  
The "Swell Set" values his unreal estate!

His letter done, Tom paced the narrow den  
To which sea-inns condemn innated men;  
Scanned the camp-bed, the towel small and brown—  
The pitcher cracked—wished he were back in  
town—

When sudden, on the salty-fresh night air  
Sybilla's voice was wafted, sweet and clear.



And Tom—raging impotent—chilled by surprise—  
Heard the foreigner's lips drop the word—"Com-  
promise!"

-Page 13.



Photo by G. H. S.





*A ROMANCE.*

Of "Woman's Hand and Heart" the echoes reach  
Tom's own in cadence from the distant beach;  
But all the notes in discord on him twang,  
For with the lady Count Fiasco sang:  
And Tom well knew, what singing teachers tell—  
The voice may "give," before it "takes the swell"!

VIII.

THE "Smart Set" now has so gregarious grown,  
That Browne can't bathe sweet Mrs. Smith alone.  
Does he affect her? Then before the start he  
Must make his peace, by making up a party!  
As for a dog-cart thro' the woods till late,  
This modern mania has quite sealed its fate.  
Safety in numbers is the rule to-day  
That holds all plans for pleasure under sway,  
Till Fashion's fad at Noah e'en must fling  
For taking "two of each created thing,"  
Instead of asking parties to embark  
And yacht to Ararat upon his Ark!  
In fact, so high does party-spirit run,  
That if there is any courting to be done—  
Best keep it dark; for, surely as detected,  
A "party" for the same will be selected!  
So, if statistics in the future show  
That, yearly, larger spinsters' numbers grow—

SYBILLA:

Mark! the increase commences from the date,  
When cruel custom killed the *tête-à-tête!*

Foiled by this fad, Tom Jingle won no word  
With fair Sybilla, save 'mid Fashion's herd;  
Yet, noted oft with her—howe'er it chanced—  
The little Count in converse deep had pranced  
Through bosky wood-ways, once to him well known;  
Or strolled by moonlight, always quite alone!  
Till, said the gossips, surely there must be  
Between that couple, *un fait accompli*.  
In heart Tom raged; and swore his only task  
Should be that swarthy rival to unmask;  
Read Sunday papers, where bold barbers played  
The beau to belles, in social masquerade;  
Went oft to town on hasty little trips,  
Met keen-nosed men and treated free to "nips;"  
Wrote letters, till they threatened writer's cramps,  
And spent a fortune small in postage stamps!

IX.

BRILLIANT the ball, as such balls always go:—  
Flirtation—punch—small talk—the gay galop;  
Tough old campaigners; beaux and belles unripe;  
All varying versions of the social type—  
Stout matrons, plumed and flashing diamonds great;

A ROMANCE.

Sweet married belles,—always a trifle late;  
Glib groups of crow-clad youth, with naught to  
show

In one a difference from his brother beau:  
And *blasé* men, quite knowing as to points  
Of woman flesh—with dimples in its joints:  
A general stuffy, perfumed atmosphere  
That battles e'en the vigorous sea air.  
White shoulders gleam and palpitating bust  
Leans on strange vest, with strangely gen'rous  
trust:

Pure eyes look love to eyes a shade bloodshot.  
Nor wonder if it be the wine, or———what?

Mark well yon virgin—wise, or foolish she?—  
Who trims her lamp so near to nudity:  
Whose rounded curves seem striving still to teach  
A plainer lesson than the bathing beach:  
A costume fitting well for Fashion's—birth.  
Yet loud proclaiming figure set by—Worth!  
Could she have seen it, what a jealous sigh had  
Escaped the breast of every envious Dryad;  
While, shocked until near ready for a faint,  
The Indian maid had blushed, in spite of paint!  
Might not the Graces let their mantles rest  
On such fair shoulders that could bear them best?

SYBILLA:

Near her a youth of figure uniform—  
Hard handicapped by Guardsman's uniform—  
Who never won amid the battle's flash  
The right to wear a terrible moustache!  
Still, happy thought! Where wit is out of joint,  
By wearing it he'd give each phrase a point!  
Reversed Achilles, hit in softest part,  
He'd ape the *mode* with all his little heart;  
Embrace the ball—Minervas all, *cum Marte*,  
And fall in love, at once, with all the party!  
For boots invited—rather than for brain—  
Tho' slow, he haps to catch the fastest train!

A sculptor might be well content to gaze  
On that tall girl beneath the lamplight's blaze.  
Don't blame her, if too well she seems to know  
What every hour her mirror tells is so:  
For vanity, 'mong all the faults so human,  
We best excuse, when in a—pretty—woman,  
Her *forte* is style; and one great point is this—  
She's queened it in our great metropolis;  
Nor has she toured in Europe quite in vain,  
Whom Paris named *la belle Américaine*;  
And then, she startled London, some years since,  
By equal notice from the press and—Prince!  
But one point greater may perchance attract

A ROMANCE.

Young flies, who long have "sugar" sorely lacked:—  
For, while the maid herself is slimly sweet,  
Her father's wondrous "solid" on the street,  
Ask of these youth, enduring of all toil—  
Who'd bore themselves, in hope of "striking oil"—  
Whom debt, nor doubt, nor danger e'er appals,  
When seeking "tips" on social "puts and calls,"  
Still, placid she, with no mamma to warn her  
They seek for plums, like hungry little Horner!

In strongest contrast, from the point of taste,  
A young-old spinster in a baby waist!  
Sad 'twere, alas! uncanonized should go  
Meek saint as she, 'mid sinners here below:  
Who'd lead her converts 'neath the aisle-like trees  
And strive to bring them, peccant, to their knees:  
To strip from back of every bold, bad flirt  
His garb of guile that clings like Nessus' shirt!  
Foremost of all who love their fellow men,  
The clerkly Angel for her nibs fresh pen!

Yonder a maiden—fresh from the Annex—  
A dizzy group with problems seems to vex:  
Alludes to science and the Azure Mystery,  
Or lightly skips from Sophocles to history;  
Quotes Huxley's lore and touches on astronomy,

SYBILLA:

Or placid prates political economy,  
Short haired, with glasses and a wondrous store  
Of half-forgotten and eccentric lore,  
She drops quotations like that fabled maid,  
Who spluttered toads with every word she said,  
Ah, me! Who takes such virgin to his breast,  
Must, like the wicked, hope to have no rest!

*Brief*, such the ball: a feast of soul and reason  
That stereotypes on every summer season.

X.

SYBILLA strolls up slowly from the beach,  
With cheek whose bloom has robbed some early peach;  
While the meek violet, that half-hidden lies,  
Might catch new color from her candid eyes.  
Her pretty profile, Phidian in its lines,  
No seam of trouble in its curves confines.  
She walks a queen: she smiles a simple maid—  
The lilies of the field not so arrayed.  
All women toil, in this drear world below;  
And how she spins, the German dancers know.  
Is she a flirt? Perhaps an easy guess  
Might make her more, but surely nothing less;  
Merry, yet placid; compound sweetly quaint—  
A tender Tom-boy, grafted on a Saint!

A ROMANCE.

Fine are the threads in such a varied skein  
Which, tangled once, shall ne'er be loosed again.  
Jingle, beware! For deft indeed should be  
The hand that ties the knot for such as she!

More killing now the pace begins to grow:  
"Demnition moist" the ruddy dancers glow;  
Till girls, attacked with German on the brain,  
Declare they do not care to dance again.  
Till in the cramped spare space there is begun  
A desiccated sort of *Cotillon*:  
While great T. Totum—wondrous artist he,  
Who's led the German from his infancy!—  
Believes 'tis swell to seem a shade *blasé*.  
And vows he really doesn't think 'twill pay:  
When all well know you could not for a million  
Buy out his chance to lead that same cotillion.  
Still they entreat: at last he condescends.  
And to the dance his crowning presence lends.  
Chairs quick arranged, the great man rank bestows  
By placing couples as his favor goes:  
And indicates, by nod of lordly grace,  
Sybilla and the Count have second place.

That dingy noble, rather in the dumps,  
Seems somewhat doubtful whether hearts *are* trumps.



SYBILLA:

His brow is black: and sinister the smile  
Forced by his lips, with lowering eyes the while:  
And all—who know the Count is deeply smitten—  
Begin to wonder if he's had the mitten.  
Still, near Sybilla, puffing in her service—  
Constant he whirls as were he born a Dervise:  
And—earning pleasure as the ploughman bread—  
Now mops his brow and now his classic head.  
Five feet, at least, this noble stands erect:  
His brow with snows of fifty winters flecked—  
Yet strives with her the giddiest glide to do  
And, more by mind than matter, pulls her through!

XI.

God of the weed! whose countless altars glow,  
From morn till midnight, in these realms below,  
Let thy blest presence on thy slave descend  
And to his musings rainbow tintings lend!  
Grant, oh! great Spirit of Virginia's weed!  
Thy vot'ry signs that he who runs may read:  
Lend him such lines, as ne'er before he wrote  
And, when he draws on Song—endorse his note!  
For, as thy clouds of incense slowly rise,  
One rosy vision, o'er another flies:  
All vainly clasped, as was that cloud of yore,  
When Ixion voted rapid loves—a bore!





While Jingle—with never a cloud on his brow—  
Stops short of the step, with an “*au revoir*”  
bow,  
And leaves his rich rival for dinner!



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A ROMANCE

Thus mused Tom Jingle, as in slippers hose  
He blew the smoke-wreaths thro' his classic nose  
And dreamed of bliss, alas! too fleeting far:  
And mourned how brief his twenty-cent cigar!  
Sudden he hurled its stump the window through:  
Seemed quite awake, although 'twas long past two;  
His facile pencil seized, with feverish haste,  
And on the pad these tender couplets traced:—

Beauties there were at the ball, to-night;  
Beauties with powder, patch and paint;  
Dark eyes swam in their liquid light—  
Blue eyes plead, like the pictured Saint;

And the giddy notes of the gay *galop*  
Floated, then fled, thro' the perfumed air.  
Seldom, I ween, on this earth below,  
Mortals are blest with a scene so fair!

And I stood by, in half-dreaming trance,  
Striving to read from the Future's book:  
Sad, when she passed me with transient glance—  
Thrilling with love at each lengthened look;

Till my soul took wings from its prison clay  
And floated in Fancy's realms above:  
While the hand of Hope swept the notes away  
That Doubt had dashed in the beams of Love!

SYBILLA:

And here I sit, as the hours grow small,  
Alone with my fancies, but all is well;  
Certainty whispers, among them all—  
Mine alone is *la belle des belles!*

Then the young poet did the absurdest of things:  
Jumped out of his chair, cut three high pigeon-wings;  
Rushed to the cracked mirror and lovingly gazed  
At his face, on which triumphant happiness blazed;  
Then sat down quiescent and drew diagrams  
Of wedding cards, garnished with huge monograms,  
Where dyspeptic, consumptive, or bloated to see,  
The S was e'er closely embraced by a T.

XII.

THE German had ended. The Count and the maid  
Had to a dark end of the portico strayed,  
Where Tom had—perhaps there directed by Fate—  
Tipped a chair back, to mope, tho' the hour was late;  
And strange things he heard, tho' he nothing could  
see

Like his much-abused namesake of Old Coventry.  
The girl was low pleading—he plainly heard,  
Tho' he shut up both ears, as he later averred—  
For return of some letters she'd thoughtlessly sent;  
But the Count more on business than mercy was bent.

A ROMANT.

He swore in those letters she'd promised to wed—  
In phrase all too tenderly careless, he said—  
And if they were shown great scandal would grow:  
He had the whip-hand;—that she might as well know.  
And Tom—raging impotent—chilled by surprise—  
Heard the foreigner's lips drop the word—"Compromise!"

Insulted, indignant, but helpless to act,  
Sybilla defended her name, thus attacked;  
Then, once more low pleaded—as wronged woman  
can—

That he'd not play the scoundrel, but try and be—  
man!

He argued, persuaded; but swore to the last  
That her time for refusal was certainly past:  
But, as she now acted, he vowed that he'd rather  
Sell her notes and his silence, for cash, to her father!

Changed quickly the maiden from pleading and  
prayer.

In place, a wronged woman—a Vengeance—stood  
there;

And towering high o'er the creature so small,  
Defied, lashed, despised and then dared him do all  
He had threatened. And in her soft voice was a ring  
That hinted e'en butterflies, baffled, might sting!

SYBILLA:

Then, queenlike, she left him; with gesture that said  
All 'twixt them, in future, was utterly dead.

The Count stood transfixed. On his pocket-nerve  
jarred  
That, with all his finesse, he had played the wrong  
card;  
But he growled, with an oath, that old Peter should  
bleed  
From each golden vein; or the public should read!

But, roughly upon his blue musing there breaks  
A grasp on his collar; his knee sudden shakes,  
As Jingle jumps out from the gloom, and demands  
Those letters at once shall be placed in his hands!  
But rage and rejection th' Italian now nerved,  
And from his straight purpose he would not be  
swerved;—

The letters were his; in this country was law,  
To help e'en the rascal whose case shows no flaw;  
Her father should pony up, liberally pay—  
Or he'd publish her letters, the very next day!  
Till Tom—with a twitch in his biceps severe  
To break all the bones of the cad, then and there—  
Controlled his impulse and slow-whispered each  
word;—



A ROMANT.

"I have cables from Milan; perhaps *you* have heard  
That Count Monte-Fiasco *has* sailed for this shore.  
As Special Envoy; and for one matter more—  
Concerning those diamonds his valet——"

A yell.

Like Dante conceived for the tortured in hell,  
Broke out on the curdling ear of the night,  
As quick flashed the gleam of a dagger-blade bright,  
Sent straight at Tom's heart! But the college athlete  
Called on his old training the gesture to meet:—  
To prove that time given lawn-tennis—foot-ball—  
Was not wholly wasted, perhaps, after all.  
Quick-dodging, he pinioned his foe in a trice;  
His left clutched the throat; his right hand like a  
vice,  
Gripped the wrist of the other with clamp so severe  
That the knife dropped unused, as he danced in the  
air.  
"Quick! give me those letters!" Tom growled; and  
his grasp  
Grew closer, until his poor foe, with a gasp,  
Reached into his bosom and sullenly drew  
Out neat little letters, tight-ribboned in blue!  
"Are these all?" Jingle asked with another rough  
shake;

SYBILLA:

While the writhing Italian, *sans* breath, could but  
make

The sign of the Cross in assent. Then Tom said:  
"You cur! 'Twere but just did I break your vile  
head

And kick——"

Then he paused. He was standing alone,  
With a coat in his hand.

Count Fiasco was gone!

XIII.

THE Church of St. Plutus is crowded and jammed:  
Stout matrons, male sinners and *débutantes* crammed,  
In a *paté* high fashioned and holy.

And the president Priest has just mounted his  
perch—

With an effort, because he's so very High Church.

And his figure's a shade roly-poly!

The deep diapason so richly rolls out  
From the organ, it leaves one a trifle in doubt

If a psalm, or a *scena*'s intended,  
Until the Soprano—with voice full of tears—  
Sings a theme slightly changed from Sir A.'s "Gon-  
doliers"

And a prayer is began as 'tis ended.

A ROMANCE.

There's a shimmer of silk and a sougling of sighs,  
As the Reverend Doctor now presses his eyes  
    With a ruffle of superfine cambric;  
While an atmosphere highbred and holy and sweet  
Floats up from the sinners who kneel at his feet,  
    But fail when essaying the same trick.

One couple sits stiff in the statelyest pew,  
With rich velvet cushions of cardinal hue,  
    And massive prayer books, all *ornés*;  
For old Peter Oleum, though master of stocks,  
Of water-front stores and the brownest stone blocks,  
    Still thinks that religion might—pay!

And Madame is eyeing that lady in scarlet—  
Not Original Sin in *that* color they snarl at,  
    But very much later edition;  
And—wondering whence in the world came that  
    bonnet  
With all the piled pink passamenterie on it—  
    Puts up a brief-murmured petition.

As fair young Sybilla,—the pride of that pew  
And the whole congregation assembled there, too—  
    Sweeps up the broad aisle with a rustle;

SYBILLA:

And shows a costume, fresh imported from Worth,  
That strangles all hope of her rivals at birth—  
    With close-clinging folds and no bustle!

Then eyes, male and female, all turn from the  
    Priest  
On suggested round curves of her figure to feast,  
    While elbow seeks elbow most knowing;  
For the Season's begun and the "Swell Set" all  
    knows  
That she's to be Mrs. John Ruff, ere its close—  
    And none else has a ghost of a showing!

But, when those good Christians—all purified,  
    clean—  
Stream out from the edifice, making one sheen  
    Of satin and sable and feather,  
The gossips, wise nodding and whispering, see  
Her pauper old beau of last season and she  
    Walk the Avenue calmly together!

But young Mr. Ruff, with his amble and grin,  
Walks solemnly home with her mother—goes in  
    As meek as a Saint, if a sinner;  
While Jingle—with never a cloud on his brow—  
Stops short of the step, with an "au revoir" bow,  
    And leaves his rich rival for dinner!



"Excuse enough!"—cried she—"if I were still  
single;  
But let this suffice—I'm Mrs. Tom Jingle!"

—Page 53.



From the Photo. Co. 1874





A ROMANCE.

XIV.

THERE is thunder and wrath in the air; and the eye  
In the head of that house sullen lightnings lets fly;  
While the silver and glass and the servants, dismissed  
From the board, tremble now as he brings down his  
list.

Poor Madame is dissolved in a cyclone of sighs;  
Sybilla has risen, with war in her eyes;  
While, 'mid all the storm, that impassive John Ruff  
Stands soft, fluffly, seal-like—a regular muff!

What storm has caused weather so rosy to cloud,  
Mid smashing of glass—and proprieties—loud?  
The dinner was perfect, from Blue Points to fruit;  
The service delightful; the champagne was *Brut*;  
Madeira and Tokay and other rare wine—  
Unlike the host's feeling—seemed specially fine;  
While *café à la Turque*, with rock syrup and grounds,  
Had won a swift bow-string, where that fad abounds.  
Sybilla had risen, at sign from mamma  
To leave the two men to post-prandial cigar,  
And smiling John Ruff had just ambled before  
The ladies, to open the carved rosewood door,  
When the head of that house—with a sentiment very

SYBILLA:

Unlike his rough way, when unsmoothed by old  
Sherry—  
Bade the ladies remain: and plumped full in the  
matter  
That had caused the church gossips, at noon, so  
much chatter;  
Said 'twas proper as plain, that Sybilla had learned  
The worth of his wishes since she had returned  
From Nahant, after finding the Count was a sham  
And penny-a-liners were not worth a——!  
And so, as there intervined obstacles none,  
He'd pledge their betrothal and welcome—a son!  
But the girl quick broke in:—

“Why, papa! Don't you see  
How your words shock propriety—mamma—and me?  
And as for Mr. Ruff, tho' an excellent—*friend*,  
I told him last June, all else 'twixt us must end.  
Indeed, I respect him and like—but O! dear!  
Not one other word on this subject I'll hear!”

Then—his wine all turned acid, in social ferment—  
Old Peter's nose glowed 'neath his bushy brows bent;  
And the family tempest, so often rehearsed,  
In violence greater than ever outburst:—  
He had toiled and had labored, like slave most abject,  
To buy her high station—the great world's respect!

A ROMANT.

Spent thousands on thousands to finish her fine  
And fit as society's leader to shine,  
The lover in question—slow stroking his chin,  
Stood vacuous, wordless, with meaningless grin:  
While the tears of the mother, the fast-rising ire  
In Sybilla's eyes added fuel to fire.  
Peter pounded the table; with coarse oath he swore  
That the girl should obey, or be turned from his door!  
She quietly answered:

“This subject must cease,  
’Tis silly—insulting. I’ll go, if you please!”  
But Peter strode quick ’fore the girl; seized her wrist  
In no gentle grasp, as he furious hissed:—  
“I will be obeyed! Why, you minx, there’s no use  
To dare and defy me! No sort of excuse  
For such cursed disobe——”

But she, in defence  
Freed her hand: thrust it quick in her bosom; and  
thence

Drew out a soiled paper and held ’fore the eyes  
That now from her father’s head bulged in surprise.  
“Excuse enough!”—cried she—“if I were still sin-  
gle;

But let this suffice—I’m Mrs. Tom Jingle!”

With cheeks royal purple, with breath like a snore,  
Peter Oleum once staggered—fell prone to the floor.

SYBILLA:

Quick they loosened his collar, piled ice on his head,  
Poured raw brandy in him; then bore him to bed.  
Where highest priced Doctor and costliest drug  
For days, with the D——, for his soul, had a tug.  
And, by day and by night, sleepless, gentle of hand,  
Sybilla sat by,—bathed his brow—softly fanned;  
Smoothed his ever hot pillow—gave potion and pill;  
Bitter blaming the while that inherited will  
Which—roused by injustice and tyrannous taunt  
To rebellion—had brought on this *coup foudroyant*;  
While her mother benoamed, wept—fainted. And  
then

The hardened old sinner grew better again;  
Till one day, to the Doctor's—unmuttered—surprise,  
Very weak, but quite sanely, he opened his eyes.  
But no sooner upon the fair, bowed head they fell,  
Than they glowed with a light less of health than of  
hell:

And the feeble voice hissed:—

“Go! For never again  
Will I look on your face. Go! for pleading is vain!”  
The kneeling girl shuddered; half-sobbed:—“O, for-  
give!”

Dear papa, and we'll worship you long as we live!”  
“Forgive?” he gasped—“should I the're three never  
can:—

A ROMANCE.

The baker, the butcher and grocery man!  
You shall starve; and if Jingle's face ever appears  
At this door, the servant shall kick him down stairs!  
So, take yourself off!—Come and follow my hearse  
And think, 'stead of millions, I left you—my curse!"

XV.

LULLABY!—Lullaby!

Rest, baby—sleep!

*Lullaby!*

Mother-love watches thy slumber so deep!  
Nothing seems bitter when baby is bye—

Rest, precious babe!

*Lulla-by!—Lull-a-by!*

Rest, mamma's babe!

Sleep, darling, sleep!

*Lullaby!*

Papa is coming with kisses so sweet,  
Love's guardian angels all sorrows defy—

Rest, precious babe—

*Lull-a-by!—Lull-a-by!*

Rest, papa's boy,

Sleep, gently sleep!

*Lullaby!*

SYBILLA:

For the Pure Shepherd is tending His sheep  
Soothed by His holy hand—watched by His eye—  
Sleep, precious babe—  
*Lull-a-by!—Lull-a-by!*

Thus did the young mother, while baby soft slept,  
Sing low, while her heart and her voice only wept:  
The wan face betraying such struggles as dry  
After long, bitter failure, all tears from the eye:—  
Such as leave the soul arid; the brain as a bank  
On which commonplace drafts are dishonored and  
blank,  
Pale, thinner, ill-dressed; with her slim, dainty  
hands  
Showing marks of grim Poverty's ceaseless de-  
mands—  
Where pricked by Necessity's needle keen point,  
Or seared by that oil-stove, so much out of joint;  
On which—now loud humming with cheery home  
sound,  
That mocked bare discomfort that showed all  
around—  
One cracked teapot stood—Nessus-gift that will  
cling  
To respectable poverty, just the last thing!  
And, while the soft snowflakes in dizziest whirl

A ROMANCE.

Danced down—shut the light from her window—the  
girl

Plied eagerly earnest, her brush on the plate,  
Last essay of Hope to propitiate Fate!  
For Sybilla'd as vainly as eagerly tried  
To use, as poor wife, those things taught the bride ;  
Had painted great piles of good china, quite well  
Enough for friend's gift, but too badly to sell,  
Where cold, flint-faced critics but ask Art's device  
One pertinent question :—“ Will't bring a good  
price ? ”

Days and weeks ; and her doylies, her china, sach-  
ets—

Brought never one dollar, though oftentimes praise ;  
And—when she'd braved snow and had pocketed  
pride,

To answer advertisement for the East Side,—  
Her alto, so praised where rich amateurs bore us,  
Was promptly condemned, as unfit for the chorus !

And week by week, Tom Jingle struggled on—  
Wrote romance, essay—poems by the ton ;  
Snubbed first by bosses, then by lesser men,  
Who once were proud to praise his pungent pen :  
For leadlike load his flippant style depressed,  
And syllabub—not beans—the world pays best !



SYBILLA:

E'en his high post as Fashion's "Roundabout"  
Went, when his threadbare evening-suit gave out.

Oft in the long year, since that fatesome day  
When Peter drove his wilful child away,  
His prancing bays had halted round the block;  
And her weak mother—in black veil and frock—  
Had trod with loathing 'mid the crowding poor,  
And timid, sought that child's forbidden door:  
Bringing her tears, her woes and sympathy—  
Some hoarded dollars—surreptitious tea.  
For Peter's orders—cruel-fixed as Fate—  
Were that her name, within that mansion great  
Should ne'er be whispered; nor would he relent,  
That dime, or dinner—should she starve—be sent!  
So the weak wife, in trembling did evade  
Those laws Herodian, by her tyrant made;  
Yet wept to watch that petted daughter slave,  
And shud'ring thought how low a pauper's grave!

But, to the lonely mother first had come  
The summons in her gilded, broken home  
To leave the Best Society down here  
And enter into it, we'll hope, up There!  
Yet, how'er high in human language rated,  
One's worth may drop, perchance, when he's trans-  
lated!





The jaw drops—'Tis over!—The hand, even then,  
Relentless in death, fiercely gripping the pen!

—Page 68.





A ROMANUNT.

And now the battle, waged so brave and well,  
Seemed lost indeed. Her painting would not sell ;  
While publishers—polite and free of old—  
Grew to Tom's efforts, critical and cold :  
He got cold shoulder rare, yet seldom cash  
And lived on promises, instead of hash !

XVI.

THE creaking old stair gives a dolorous sound ;  
Sybilla springs up from her paints, with a bound ;  
And ere Tom's dull step to the landing can reach,  
The baby wakes up, with a shrill, eerie screech,  
Recalling those dark Southern woods in their gloom,  
Where the Horned Owl laughs loud at humanity's  
doom !

And when Tom does enter—with bundles galore,  
Which he tosses contemptuously down on the floor—  
She knows that no dainties their wrappers contain,  
But only " Rejected Addresses " again.  
And, as he bends over wife, baby—small bliss  
Warms her from his somewhat perfunctory kiss,  
For, however sad, it is no less a truth,  
That Poverty's grip chills the ardor of youth :  
And what was most glowing with fervor and fire,  
Cools rapidly, when both the soul and brain tire !

SYBILLA:

Tom wearily drops in the rickety chair—  
Too tired to hope, yet too dulled to despair:  
And says, in a voice 'twixt a laugh and a moan:—  
“ I guess I had better leave writing alone,  
Whatever I try, its rejection is sure—  
There lie my last stories :—they vote me a bore!  
And when I called, dear, for the loaf and the ham,  
The grocer said, ‘No.’—and prefixed it with—  
‘ Damn!’”

And you, little girl, to a shadow are worn;  
Your dress is all tattered and both shoes are torn,  
By Jove! as I came back I made up my mind—  
I'll accept that brute's offer, I last week declined,  
To drive on the horse-cars! Four dollars a week  
Is better than promises, if not so *chic!*  
No; don't say one word, wife, for when I once make  
Up my mind, there is nothing my purpose can  
shake!”

The wife, at the window, no tremor betrayed,  
Tho' two hot little tears from her eyelids had strayed,  
Meand'ring along to the tip of her nose—  
While a great lump, hard-throbbing, into her throat  
rose ;  
But cheerily answered, pretending a cough  
That swallowed the one, as the others brushed off:—

A ROMANCE.

"I've a place as nurse-governess open, you know:  
But, Tom dear, how *could* I farm baby and go?  
But no more of business to-night, Sir; so see,  
I'll give you a steaming-hot, strong cup of tea!  
There's nothing to eat, dear: the sugar's all gone:  
And—Stop! you rash fellow: that milk's for your  
son!

Never mind, in the morning I'm promised two eggs,  
By the cook from the Smythe's; and some nice dev-  
illed legs!

And, perhaps, I *may* manage to get some small change,  
For *this* plate I've done, from the Woman's Exchange!"

And she bustled about, with cracked teapot and cup,  
As though, with Duke Humphrey, 'twere filling to sup:  
While Tom, warmed by tea, with a small, dismal  
titter,

Remarked that their lot, like their beverage, was bit-  
ter.

Then sudden:

"Oh! Billa, I happened to meet  
Your old nurse, Mammy Jane, up on 69th street.  
I'm awfully dull, for I really forgot—  
You'll forgive me, my dear little wife, will you not?  
She said that your father's again very ill—  
Another bad stroke, that is likely to—kill!"

SYBILLA:

The girl clinched her hands; drew a deep breath, or  
two;

While her colorless face a shade whiter grew,

As she cried, in hoarse whisper:—

“O, Tom! I *can't* bear

To think of him dying—unloved—alone—there!

I know he's been harsh; but I owe him the life

That I gave all to you, when you made me a wife:

So—if he be dying—Oh! husband, you know

*My* place is beside him.—Mind baby;—I'll go!”

And pale, grave, determined—transfigured by Love,

Spite of patched, faded gown and tattered old glove,

Dingy bonnet—but haloed by crown of fair hair,

Sybilla, the girl of the old days, stood there!

XVII.

SUE was gone: through the gloom and the fast fall-  
ing sleet,

That clung, like Misfortune, about her slim feet,

But the rush of her pulses, in memories old,

Killed all thought of distance, the wet and the cold:

Until, drenched and panting, Sybilla once more

Passed under the monogram over that door,

Where—frosted with icicles, dreary to see—

The corpulent O was still clasped by the P!



A ROMANCE.

Within, all was quiet and still as the grave.  
Her wet, torn slippers, no echo back gave  
From that soft, tufted carpet of Japanese loom,  
As she breathless ascended and peered in his room.  
And there lay the man who had given her life :  
There Doctor and servant,—no daughter—no wife!  
He seemed to be conscious : Sybilla could hear  
Brief word of complaint : anon he would swear  
At tardy attendant, or querulous seek  
To know if he'd get back to business that week ?  
Deep pity—fresh-gushing affection possessed,  
At sound of his voice, all the wronged daughter's  
    breast.

Cast off with her wrap, her last shred of pride,  
She moved softly in and knelt down by his side :  
And clasping the vein-knotted hand in her two,  
Bowed on it her fair head, in reverence true.

The sick man slow turned his eye, heavy and bleak,  
To rest on that damp mass of fair-shining hair :  
Then, strong nerved by passion, half-raised in his bed  
And spoke loud and clear :

    " Ho! you thought I was dead?  
You ingrate! you viper! And so you would dare  
To mock and defy me, when stretched on my bier!  
Disgraced and disowned! Shame to family—sex!

SYBILLA:

You'd come a dead father to taunt and to vex!  
That father's resentment I'll teach you to know—"  
He snatched his hand free; and a quick, heavy blow  
Dealt straight at the face, raised in pitying prayer  
To his own. But starvation and grief and despair  
Were swifter than hate. Prone, backward she fell  
Dead-fainting; while hues of the nethermost hell  
Spread over the purpling brow, lips and cheek  
Of the father, now gaspingly trying to speak.  
"Quick!" muttered he hoarsely—"Quick, Doctor—  
you hear?  
In breast-pocket—my coat—a paper—yes! there—  
Quick! Damn you!—move faster—pen—ink—I will  
sign!  
She shall—not one penny!—No daughter of mine!"

Then the old clerk, close by, his fell hatred knew—  
That paper the will Peter yesterday drew,  
Which devised to his broker, and sole heir, John  
Ruff—  
Young Cresus, who'd already more than enough—  
Half-a-million in bonds. Ev'ry cent of the rest,  
In bitterest irony of his bequest,  
To build up, in style of most modern perfection,  
A glittering, tall and imposing erection;  
His monument grand—*et a re perennius*,

A ROMANUNT.

And home for such women as want, dire, strenuous—  
In this land of Christians and underpaid work—  
Oft drives to far worse than harem of the Turk!  
That fortune colossal—drops coined from each heart,  
Not excepting his own—thus Peter made part  
Of his whole rule of life. But mention was none  
Of starving young daughter, or baby grandson.  
“*For unto ev'ryone that hath shall be given,*”  
Was part of the word for which he had striven:  
And deep on his hard heart was graven to-day—  
“*But from him that hath not, shall be taken away!*”

So writing this devise, with hatred-born oath,  
The father had muttered:—“Yes! Let them starve,  
both!”

And, conning this new one o'er, eagerly still,  
Had tossed in the fire his one other will.  
That cut off Sybilla, but left to his wife  
The income of five solid millions, for life.  
But, just as the old clerk had turned to call in  
A witness to signature—outside a din  
Rose wild, as though Satan might demons unchain  
To seize his male-children of greed and of gain:—  
“The Barings were ruined!”—“The banks of the  
world,  
Topped down by the Samson, to atoms were hurled!”

SYBILLA: A ROMANCE.

And old Peter—crushing the will in his pocket—  
Shot straight to the Board, like a financial rocket.  
And there, 'mid the strain, rush and wild hubbub-  
boo,  
Was stretched on the floor by his second bad *coup!*

XVIII.

AND now, with the fury of lost souls possessed,  
He gasped, clutched his throat; while his laboring  
breast  
Heaved hard and convulsive, and over his face  
Each vein, full and swol'n, left dark purple trace.  
In vain soothed the Doctor—in vain prayed the men—  
The patient's one answer:

“ Quick—damn you!—the pen!”

It came: it was clutched in a hot, eager grasp;  
The P was half formed: then a dull, rattling gasp;  
The arm stiffened out, as the testament fell!  
Then dull-glazing eyes of the last struggle tell—  
The jaw drops—“Tis over!—The hand, even then,  
Relentless in death, fiercely gripping the pen!

But those lurid intentions,—with such hell is paved—  
Remain unfulfilled: and Sybilla is saved!

To Mrs. M. D. WICKERSHAM  
Of Mobile Ala

# LULLABY, CRADLE SONG

WORDS BY

T. C. DE LEON.

MUSIC BY

J. NO. S. HOLMES.



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# LULLABY.

Words by T. C. DE LEON.

Music by JNO. S. HOLMES.

*Andante.*

Soft and expressive.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes in a 3/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*ritard*

The second system continues the piano introduction. It features a *ritard* (ritardando) marking over the final measures, where the tempo gradually slows down.

*p*  
Lul - la - by Rest ba by sleep,

The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are "Lul - la - by Rest ba by sleep," with a long rest for the word "Rest" and a dotted line under "ba by" indicating a melisma.

*p*

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic, providing a steady harmonic support for the vocal line.

Mother love watch-es thy slum-ber so deep,

The second system of the vocal line contains the lyrics "Mother love watch-es thy slum-ber so deep," with a long rest for the word "Mother" and a dotted line under "slum-ber" indicating a melisma.

The piano accompaniment for the fourth system concludes the piece, maintaining the piano (*p*) dynamic and the 3/4 time signature.



*crescendo.*  
Nothing seems wrong when ba by dear is nigh.

Rest pre cious babe, Lul-la by, Lul la . by.

*soft.*  
Lul-la . by, Lul-la . by, Lul la . by.



Lul-la by Sleep, dar-ling sleep

*soff.*

This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Lul-la by Sleep, dar-ling sleep'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *soff.* (soffice).

Pa-pa-is com-ing with kiss-es so sweet,

*dolce.*

This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Pa-pa-is com-ing with kiss-es so sweet,'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *dolce.* (dolce).

litar-di-um An-gels may sor-row de-fy,

*crescendo.*

This system contains the third two lines of the musical score. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'litar-di-um An-gels may sor-row de-fy,'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *crescendo.* (crescendo).

Rest pre-cious babe, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by.

This system contains the final two lines of the musical score. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Rest pre-cious babe, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by.'

*ritard.*  
Lul - la - by, Lul la by, Lul - la - by.  
*soff.* *ritard.*

*p* *cresc.*  
Lul - la - by Sleep, gent - ly sleep,  
*p* *p*

For the pure Shep-herd is tend-ing His sheep,  
*p* *p*

*crescendo.*

Sooth'd by His Ho ly hand, watch'd by His eye,

Sleep pre cious babe, Lul la hy, Lul la hy,

*ritard*

Lul la hy, Lul la by, Lul la by

*allritardando* *soft*

*ritard.* *very soft*



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