

OLYMPIAN ECHOES
BY C. D. LOCOCK



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OLYMPIAN ECHOES

BY

C. D. LOCOCK



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1908

THE
MUSEUM

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TO
E. & A. H. C.

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PREFACE

About one-third of the following pieces have appeared before in various periodicals, the editors of which I have to thank for permission to reprint. But if to these I am grateful, who have thus passively contributed to the length of the volume, what shall I say of those whose friendly criticism has induced me to shorten it, by the omission or curtailment of some of my favourite pieces? The least I can do is to dedicate the book to them.

C. D. L.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF BOSTON
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1856.

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PART I

LUDI

OUR LADY OF THE HAZARD

Robed in raiment of ravening briar,
 (*Swing slow, swing sure,*) on her secret throne,
Crowned with crags and a flinty tiar—
 There in the Hazard she sits alone.
 No mortal eye hath beheld the place,
 But some have dreamed of a ghastly face,
Rayless, pitiless, fashioned in fire—
 A frame of iron, a heart of stone.

Where shall we find her, how shall we greet her,
 (*Slow and sure,*) that our ways may thrive ?
Who shall harry her, who defeat her ?—
 Nay, but no man in the world alive !
 For little, in sooth, will avail with her
 The piteous hands of the golf-player :
Frenzied he prays, but she deemeth sweeter
 The baffled driver, the barren drive.

Night is a vision : his dreams are fire
 (*Swing high, swing free,*)—when the White Ball spins
Springing away to a god's desire,
 Out-speeding the swallow, o'erleaping the whins.

Day brings back the vision of night ;
Crown the tee for a rapturous flight
Rising, towering, higher and higher :—
Then, slowly and surely, the swing begins.

But the dream in the man is the man's undoing,
(*Swing high, swing free,*)— for a wild surmise
Tells of a ball that was winged for ruin,
Ere the shameful sight has assailed his eyes.
Then swift, then sure are the prayers he saith,
And the impious caddy catches his breath
At the words that flicker, the shaft pursuing
The turf that follows the head that flies.

MEREDITHYRAMBICS

*(Being Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth adapted
to the use of Golfers).*

(1) A WOUNDING OF EARTH

Into Hell in two.
How the swung head pivots
Ringing up the loop ;
But the instant swoop,—
 Ah, φῆυ, φῆυ !
Cracks a club, and divots, divots,
Divots all the Earth bestrew.

I was Rooster on the tee,
Lord of form to half the green,
Swollen crest of bubbly surflets,
 Ere of me
 That shot was seen.
[Now must we replace the turflets
For that then so fozzled we.]

(2) THE LINKS OF EASTERHO

I

Come to our enchanted green,
 You who dare.
Nought of perilous it hath,
Not a molehill blocks the path :
Bang the pellet straight and hard,
Under bough and over gorse,
 Fair you fare.
But diverge one single yard,
But a mousestride from the course,
Thousand bogies black the scene,
 Have you by the hair.
Come to our enchanted green,
 You who dare.

II

Here the yellow-breasted whins
Shelter eager minikins,¹

¹ A learned critic calls attention to the following description of the little-known "Minikin," taken from an old Natural History :
"Is believed to be a small, keen-eyed creature, about the size and complexion of an immature vole : Only found on golf links,

Ghosts of great shots gone astray,
Merest Sitters, given away ;
Fouled approaches, mangled puts,
Ruined drives in gaping ruts ;
Glimmering spooks of medals lost,
Gibbering goblins, guard the coast ;
Devious buntlings on the flap
Ominously snipper-snap.
Each has business of its own ;
But if *there* your ball has flown,
 Then beware.
Shudders all the haunted scene,
Whish ! the amorous Bogey-Queen
 Holds you in her lair.
Come to our enchanted green,
 You who dare.

and chiefly frequents inland courses. It may often be heard to snap a twig smartly, or make a sound closely resembling 'Ahem !' just when a player is at the top of his swing or is in the act of putting,—at times with a disconcerting effect. Most golfers will be familiar with these manifestations of the Minikin, though few probably can claim to have seen him—so that in some cases his 'tricks' have been attributed, most unjustly, to the opponent, or to his Caddie." The same critic adds, "I have at present been unable to find any trace of the still rarer 'buntling;' probably it was some kind of winged rabbit."

THE BUNKER OF PAIN

“ Now I want you all to go out and dig—if you will only do it in the right way—that is, with your whole minds. For I am quite sure that no man who will dig persistently, through much tribulation, can ever be entirely bad. ”

RUSKIN “ *On Hazards.* ”

On the grass of the Links, by the edge of the Green,
Men planted a bunker—the Bunker of Teen.
Does it soar to the sky, does it cling to the ground—
It is there that my tee-shot is sure to be found !
Sheer depths of despair, black horrors of night—
They are mine when my bunkerdom cometh in sight.
O Ball of my heart ! with my niblick in hand
I am digging for thee 'mid the stones and the sand !

In my Bunker of Pain, with great rocks overhead,
I dig me a grave for the ball that is sped :
While the caddies in dozens stand guard o'er the place,
Keeping watch on my score as it mounteth apace.
Do *they* dig as *I* dig, when they lie in this hole ?
Do *they* swear as *I* swear—from mine innermost soul ?
O Curse of my Life ! since a quarter-past three
By the graves in the sand I am digging for thee !

OF GOLF

A BACONIAN ESSAY

*This is the only Essay containing
a tri-literal Cipher, and a direct
statement as to the authorship of
'Hamlet.'*

Rowing maketh a churlish man, Football a violent man, Golf a profane man. Wherefore he that hath an habit of Golf had need have a good *Lexicon*, wherewith, as they say, to 'address' the ball. Certainly the four and twenty letters will not suffice. For which cause I hold it not politic for Kings and Princes to occupy themselves much in Golfing, except they be accompanied by their Favourites or some Officer of State, to blaspheme in their stead. For vicarious Language is of a certainty one of the fruits of Friendship : it lacketh not consolation.

For Golf it is expedient to have a good supply of balls. I mind me how, being on a visit to my Lord Cobham—a just man, though somewhat over stout—he would play with none but A1 balls. "But let us have a care," he said, "that we use them B4 dinner ; for of a truth with

my sack in our bellies it is odds we shall C2 of them." ¹
But these be toys.

Certainly to have a good form is the better half of driving : for the occasion of a really fine shot commonly cometh but on festivals. Therefore it doth much add to a man's repute, and is, as Prince Arthur said, like perpetual letters commendatory, to have the St. Andrews swing. Believe not much them that affect to despise form ; for they despise it that despair of it.

There is no 'lie' so bad but it may be bettered. Certainly a good lie is of the essence of the stroke : the ways to obtain it are many, and most of them foul. To 'tee' the ball is the simplest, and yet is not innocent of danger. I myself, when Chancellor, was warned off the Sandwich Links for lack of skill in concealing this. Howsoever, the improvement of the soil behind the ball seems the more natural manner of obtaining a clean lie : for so do we reap benefit from our great Mother the Earth.

I hold it best by all means to take the Honour at the first tee : for otherwise it is odds that you shall not get it at all.

There be three parts of a Golf swing, the Flourish preliminary, the Slow-back, and the Missing the ball. Of which the former would be short for dispatch : an

¹ The tri-literal Cipher, founded on the important letters A B C, which if placed in their right order, are the first three letters of the word BACON.

unseasonable motion is but beating the air, and by wasting the public doth check with business.

Aristotle prettily saith that whereas the good golfer doth not hit the ball often, (for it goeth farther for him), the bad golfer doth not hit it at all. So that goodness here, as elsewhere, seems to lie in the mean, and in so striking that we shall not have to strike again. In driving there can be no excess, but error. Excess in approaching commonly lendeth to Hazards, but in driving there is no excess, save of direction or language.

He that sliceth with the sea to his right giveth hostages to Neptune : howsoever, if he hook to the left he shall slay no fish.

There be some who ever top their balls, as of set purpose : for they argue that the onward rotation of the ball on its axis must needs increase the run of it : it hath, say they, a natural motion strongest in continuance. Such would as well play with an hoop.

It was a high speech of old Thomas Morrice that if an hole be at the distance of a full drive and a putt, it is commonly better not to take the putt first, after the manner of some. For this is right earth.

Address not the ball before striking, but rather in the act. For so shall you suit the action to the word, the word to the action : as the Prince saith in the play which I wrote for Will Shakspeare.

I hold it best to keep at a distance all Hazards, and as it were steer clear of the rocks : for they taint business

and export honour from a man. Howbeit, to speak in a mean, it is not the ball that passeth over the Bunker that doth the hurt, but the ball that settleth in it and sinketh in.

I cannot call the Niblick better than the baggage of virtue : it cannot be spared nor left behind, yet it hindereth the march. Nevertheless to call for your driver in a Sand-bunker is but a bravery of the Stoics. 'Tis better to watch the occasion to tee your ball for a cleek-shot ; for the wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

To spend too much time in Hazards is not good business. I knew a nobleman in the West of England who lay two hours and a quarter in a Stone-quarry. " And faith, " he said, " And I had not lifted I would ha' been there the noo ! "

Of Caddies it is best to choose such as can swim, and likewise help with counsel in emergencies of state. Nevertheless be not over-deferent to your Caddy, lest he presume to equality, and the monarchy be divided. The true composition of a Caddy is to take pride in the exploits of his master, rather than to compare them with his own. Certainly the Caddy who boasteth having achieved in three that which hath just taken you seventeen, is worthy to be clouted.

Concerning ceremonies and the fitting costume, I hold by the red coat : for by inspiring with awe it lendeth to mysteries, and giveth as it were a passport to impunity.

SMIFFKINS' OVER

I am the finest Bowler in the world ;—
Let him that doubts it scan the written page,
The Annual harvesting of Lillywhite :—
For there, among the Bowling Averages
That border on the rounded century,
Mine stands the highest,—none approaches it,
Mine average of nearly ninety-eight.

Yet since the Captain of the village team
For which I play grows envious of my fame,
Being himself a bowler—of a sort—
Too rarely is the skill of this good arm
Shown to a gaping public. Mine, perchance,
Just the occasional ' over ' before lunch,
That tempts the reckless ' skyer ' to Square Leg,
And one more in the Evening, when the light
Fails, and the stumps are hardly visible :—
Such are the opportunities mine Art
Has for its manifestation.—

Ay, but once,
Once only came my chance. It happened that
A plague had fallen on the country-side,
And all the regular bowlers of the team

Were sick of the Influenza. So at length,
When the third hundred showed upon the board,
Our Captain, growing weary of the game,
(As well he might, seeing that half the runs
Came from his bowling), tossed the ball to me,
But mocking, saying, like the churl he was,
“ Take it, and do your worst !—what matters now
A score of runs or so ? ”—I took the Ball.
And as in Summer-time the standing wheat
Trembles and whispers to the sudden wind,
That comes and goes at fitful intervals
And makes a rustling murmur through the field,
Expectant, eager ; brave men held their breath
And hearts beat high with hope, and all the crowd
Rose, when the fiercest smiter of all the side
Faced my deliveries. But he durst not wait
The insidious coilings of the tortuous globe,
But straightway, opening his shoulders, sprang
To meet it. Thrice he drave the unerring sphere,
That knew its own way to the boundary,
For six each time—no less. Then two sped high
Over the far Pavilion, while the crowd
Roared with delight, and all the opposing side
Clamoured for one more ‘ over ’—*just one ball,*
Saying, *Keep on your Smiffkins—he’s the man,—*
Not Richardson, nor another !—

So the tale.

And though no more since that immortal day

I am selected for the first Eleven,
Yet memories of that 'over' even now
Continue verdant. While the game shall last
So long shall live upon the lips of men
"Smiffkins' Over."—

So did I seal my fame,
And am the finest Bowler in the world.

BALLADE OF MODERN CRICKET¹

The burden of Tall Scoring :—who can say
Where it shall end ? For no man setteth store
By Fifties :— nought his labour shall repay
But harvesting of centuries galore.
No rest, no respite !—Never morning wore
To evening but some “ record ” mounted higher :
Till Night comes down and shuts the open door—
This is the end of every man’s desire !

The Burden of Slow Bowling :—not a ray
Of hope on pitches like a polished floor,
At wickets where the new-born babe may stay
Till some kind umpire gives it “ Leg Before : ”
When Spofforth e’en forgets his demon lore,
And Emmett loses half his wonted fire ;
When Mycroft, Crossland, Hill, are tried no more—
This is the end of every man’s desire !

¹ First printed in 1887 before I had seen M^r A. Lang’s adaptation of the same poem of Swinburne’s to the same subject, and in the same metre.

The Burden of Long Fielding :—all the day
To stand and watch the ever-mounting score,
Disheartened, hopeless, striving still to pray
To Zeus, that all the sultry heav'n may pour :
Patiently waiting till the heart be sore
Some symptom of the never-coming " Skyer ; "
Gazing upon the everlasting " Four : "
This is the end of every man's desire !

ENVOY

Princes, and potentates of " Lords, " restore
The days of old ! grant that we may aspire
To play the game our fathers played of yore—
Be this the end of every man's desire !

CRICKET TRAGEDIES

(*Triolets*)

(1) FOR A BATSMAN

Half-volley, I thought,—
 But look at my wicket !
O, to trounce her I sought—
Half-volley, I thought ;
Clean Bowled for an “ ought ! ”
 It's a *rotten* game—Cricket !
Half-volley I thought,
 But *look* at my wicket !

(2) FOR A BOWLER

My very best ball
 Hoicked for six to the boundary !
Clean over the wall—
My very best ball !
Just when hope seemed to call
 “ *Now* those stumps shall be found awry ”
Goes my very best ball,
 Hoicked for six, to the boundary !

HOMER'S HYMN TO A REFEREE

(After Shelley)

Arbiter of a Nation's destinies,¹
Sole giver of defeats and victories,
Great son of Strife and Justice,—first to thee
My new-filled stylo shall devoted be.

Thou art the god who, when the battle-cry
Rings fiercest, like a beacon set on high
Above the surge of the world's raging Sea,
Dost quell the uproar that tumultuously
Bursts from the hydra-headed multitude
Thronging the arena ;—with thy gentle mood
Lulling the tumult, brooding like a dove,
Or like the unremembered eye of love,
Which grows and ceases not, but ever still
Burns unextinguished, inconsumable,—
Till Earth and Sky grow calm, and all between
Is just as though it had not ever been
Otherwise, or aught different at all.
Thou art the god who, when the aetherial ball,²
Urged by swift passes³ towards the destined goal,

¹ I confess I do not understand how a Football match can be regarded as of *national* importance."—SHELLEY'S NOTE.

² I never wrote anything like this."—HOMER'S NOTE.

³ I confess I do not understand this."—SHELLEY'S NOTE.

Rolls on, obedient to the strong controul
Of one insensate, foully-garmented, ¹
Who ploughs his path over the heaps of dead
Along the living grass, whose dewy stems
Flash forth into a thousand starry gems ;—
Thou makest all his sleights of little worth ;
The lightning-footed Terror of the North,
Swifter than thought, but palpably off-side,
Fears thee : no shade of evil may abide
The lightnings of thine awful countenance,
That foe-confounding mirror :—at thy glance,
Even ere thou stay'st him with thy warning call
He pauses, shudders, ceases.—

So may all
Confounded be who sin against the right.—
But if, ere age has overcome me quite,
I, who now chaunt thy praises,—even I,
The blameless author of this minstrelsy,—
Forsaking wingèd words, with wingèd feet
Should tempt again the Olympian strife, and fleet
Following hard upon the flying ball
Across the fields where thou art Lord of all,—
Be thou to me propitious !—So by me
Nor thine nor other songs shall unremembered be. ²

¹ Nor this.—SHELLEY'S NOTE.

² The last 9 lines in the original are now considered spurious. It is evident that a return to the active pursuit of the game could not have been seriously contemplated by the blind Poet.

ANOTHER VERSION

(For the use of Music Halls)

To Fulsea ground one afternoon I came on pleasure bent,
To see the famous Soccer match—a first-class League
[event.
'Twas *Fulsea v. The Arsenal*, and as I reached the ground
My eagerly expectant ears were greeted by this sound:—

“ Kick 'im, 'ack 'im, lick 'im, whack 'im, black 'is
[bloomin' eye ;
Down 'im, gag 'im, skin 'im, scrag 'im—don't 'e look a
[Guy ?
Pinch 'im, punch 'im, squeeze 'im, scrunch 'im,—thinks
['e knows the gime !
Trip 'im, spill 'im, kick 'im, kill 'im”—*Whew* [*Whistle*]—
“ 'Arf Time ! ”

I'm sure I don't know what he'd done to be maltreated
[thus—
To me he seemed a quiet and most gentlemanly cuss ;
Yet after each decision of that 'armless Referee's
They showed him what they thought of him in some
[such words as these :—

“Oh—

Kick 'im, 'ack im, lick im, whack 'im, jump upon 'is
'ead ;

Down 'im, gag 'im, skin 'im, scrag 'im, tike 'im 'ome ter
bed !

Pinch 'im, punch 'im, squeeze 'im, scrunch 'im,—learn
'im 'ow ter ply,

Trip 'im, spill 'im, kick 'im, kill 'im”—*Whew* [*Whistle*]
—“'Ooray !”

A VISION

*My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,—
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.—*

SHELLEY (*from Dante.*)

Methought I seemed to stand as one entranced
Above the universe : the azure night
Was odorous with incense of dim mists,
Curling aloft to where there faintly burned
Six nebulous lamps, each lighting up the path
To a dark chasm. 'Mid their perilous jaws
Three spheres were spinning silently, one red
Like liquid ruby, one a snowy white,
The other seeming like it, but its poles
Were black as night. Long time I gazed on them,
And, as I marvelled, lo, there came two Forms
Like mortal men, arrayed in sable hue,
And at the breath of their approach the lamps
Flared into light. And then began those Fiends,
Armed with long goads, to stab the fairy spheres,
And make them whirl about, tormenting them
With slowly twisting tortures :—no escape
Seemed open but the jaws of those black gulfs.
And when they fell, some spirit-hand unseen
Would lift them forth ; nor might they find relief

In swift destruction, but, with frenzy filled,
Rushed one upon another, till their poles
Crashed,—then fled headlong to the gaping death.
And one stood by, a strange mysterious seer,
Who ever and anon would utter forth
Unmeaning numbers, seeming to direct
Those others, as Pythagoras of old
Gave mystic symbols for the guides of life.
To him I turned and spake with trembling lips :
“ Spirit, if such thou art, expound to me
The meaning of my Vision.” With cold eyes
He pointed motionless to one who held
A sceptre mounted with a golden cross,
Ministering to the needs of that fell pair.
To him I spake, and thus he answered me ;—
“ Thou see’st the mystery of thine own soul.
The White Globe is thy Reason, and the one
With Spots is thy Desire : alternately
They rule with rival sway : the fiery Red
Is Wrath, and serves whichever of the twain
Doth grasp its sceptre of dominion.”

* * * * *

And when I looked again, behold, one came,
And, taking in his hand the Ball of fire,
He joined unto it twice seven sister spheres,
And builded them with skill and loving care
Into a wondrous shape :—like those vast tombs
Which gaze eternal in the glassy stream

Of Egypt's mighty river.—Then one Fiend
Let loose his wrath in one great bursting crash,
On that frail structure : but the Builder stood
Silent apart, as one who heeded not,
Or, heeding, durst not show his soul's great grief.
And, as a tower, struck by a scathing shaft
Launched from the throne of Jove omnipotent,
Falls riven into ruin :—not a stone
Is left to tell the story of its might ;—
So fell the bolt from that unerring hand
Upon those liquid spheres, and scattered them
One from another. Two bright orbs fell down
Into the dark abyss, whence no man now
Might rescue them. And then that other came,
And drove them one by one into the gulfs,
Till none remained, ceasing amidst a sound
As of applauding demons. Then, at length,
Shrieking, I woke ; and even as I woke
I heard a Voice cry, “Gentlemen, Mr. Cook
Has taken the first game by thirteen balls
To two :—I beg to announce an interval
Of twenty minutes for refreshments.” Then
I fled, nor know I if the dream be true.

THE RÚBYMÁLLET OF OMAR KHAYYAM

You know, my Friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house ;
 Divorced old barren Tennis from my Lawn,
And took a brand new Mallet for my Spouse.

Lo, we have entered for a Tournament,
And as we pass to the Pavilion Tent,
 One tells us we are drawn in the First Round
With some Dark Fiend, for our Destruction sent.

And as the Clay lies in the Potter's Hands,
So do we sit and wait on his commands,
 Until it pleases Him to pass the Break,
Leaving a Long Shot, wired, from Distant Lands.

We are no other than a driven row
Of Phantom Spheres that wander to and fro
 Round with the Magic-handled Mallet held
Serenely by the Master of the Show :—

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays,
Wherewith he makes his Hoops in various ways ;
 Hither and thither drives, and cuts, and slays,
And in the Wires, to make an ending lays.

The Ball no notice takes of all *our* blows,
But Here or There, as strikes its Fancy, goes ;
 But He that hits us right across the Field—
He knows about it all—He knows ! He knows !

The Dreadful Wizard strikes ; and having hit,
Moves on : nor all our Learning nor our Wit
 Availeth now to yield us half a point :
We just sit still and make the best of It.

Yon Winning Peg that points the Goal so plain—
How oft hereafter will it mock our pain ;
 How oft hereafter pointing look for us
And this same Demon—and for *one* in vain !

Ah, Friend ! if you and I could but conspire
This Awful Demon in his turn to wire,
 Would not we hammer him to bits—and then
Remould him nearer to the Heart's Desire !

POETS AT CROQUET

(Shelley explains why he played with the wrong ball)

“ And as a metaphor about one star,
Or moonlight visitations of dim mists,
Or dew-globes, or aught dull yet beautiful,
May fold itself round even the simplest verse—
Clothing the words in meanings not their own—
And wrap them in such dim obscurity
As drowns the sense : so from that Yellow Globe,
Which lay enfolden in the glorious light
Of its own brightness, then¹ was radiated
A Shadow, as of Night—an atmosphere
Which wrapt it in such soul-confusing power
That it became his sphere, and his grew mine ;
And both the orbs seemed interpenetrated
And mingled into one divinest shape
Of liquid harmony ; and all my being—
Like one bit by a dipsomaniac
Whose keen fangs burn like points of frozen lead²—
Veil'd in the light of that aërial form

¹ So in the MS., but “ there ” in all editions.

² Mr. F-r-m-n says “ points of frozen lead ” is nonsense, and proposes to read “ *pints of molten lead.* ”

Became congealed and poisoned¹ in its cells,
And Error, and Confusion, and the birth
Of Strife arose, and Discord followed it.”

THE REFEREE :

“ Quite so ! A very lucid explanation.
Now, Mr. Browning, *your* account of the matter ! ”

BROWNING :

“ Ah, there you have me !—just precisely there
Peeps forth, creeps in, steps on, pops up, blurts out
The crux o’ the blooming question : the very pith
Of the issue, job, biz, matter now in hand !

How to begin !—[What price *exordium* ?
Eh, Chinchinchino ?]—Try the Classics first.
Of Man’s first disobedience—Tut, tut !
No actual disobedience in the case ;
Sheer *ignorantia legum*—pardonable,

Mr. R-ss-tt- conjectures “ *prisoned* ” for “ poisoned, ” as being
more suitable to the “ cells. ”

Tho' punishable, mark you !—Try the next.
Arms and the man I sing—otototoi !
Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful—rats !
No balm i' the classics. [Chinchininculo
Has got his *tupto*, middle voice, quite pat,
And starts to-morrow on the Odyssey.]

You like my style ? Prettily chaste, I think,
Yet simple enough too, once you have got the trick of it.
[Must dock a syllable or two at home.]
Ah, now I have it ! here's the proper turn !

Let this old woe step on the stage again.
Once more let shine in beams of brightest verse,
Illumining the darkness and the doubt,
This *quæstio vexata*, this offence
Of playing the wrong ball !—First, what says Law ?¹

* * * *

You follow me ?—Precisely ! Very well,
So far, so good. Now for the application.
This Shelley fellow—possibly you know
A little thing I printed, ages gone,
Called *Memorabilia* ? that's the very man !
[I fancy, too, *Pauline* refers to him :

¹ We reluctantly omit about 200 lines on the subject of Law 19.
—ED.

Will look it up directly I get home.]
Well, as I said before, this Shelley here,
This pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A self-conferred description, you'll believe !—
Admits he played—there's no deniging o' 't—
Pila non propria, with improper ball.
Not merely *alia*, be it observed,
Nor *pila altera*, his other pill,
[You're listening, my little nipperkin ?]
But *aliena pila*—there's the crime !—
Another's pill—to wit, the adversary's !

Now comes consideration : what to do ?
Put case offence was accidental-like,
Malitia non propensa ; take that first ”—

THE REFEREE

“ Quite so ! a very lucid explanation.
Considering the lateness of the hour,
You really leave me no alternative.
There's nothing for it but to scratch you both. ”

(*Exit : The poets are left discussing the point.*)

SONG OF TRIUMPH

FOR A CROQUET PLAYER

(After Christina Rossetti)

My heart is like an aeronaut,
Whose nest is in a parachute :
My heart is like an Eiffel Tower,
Whose walls are crowned with lemon-fruit.
My heart is like a rover-ball,
That roquets all the other three ; *
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my Cup is come to me !

Choose me the most atrocious lawn ;
Plant it with weeds in wild designs ;
Mark it with bat and bowling crease,
And tennis with its hundred lines ;
Dot it about with little champions
From Wimbledon to Shrewsburee ;
My heart's afraid of none of these,
Because my Cup is come to me !

* Simultaneously, we presume ; a very rare occurrence.—ED.

SOCRATES ON CROQUET

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE :

SOCRATES (*who is also the narrator.*)

GLAUCON.

THRASYMACHUS.

I was walking one afternoon on the banks of the Ilissus, just outside the city, engaged in my usual search after some man wiser than myself, in order that I might so falsify the oracle of the Delphian Priestess. For she had once declared me to be the wisest of men, because, whereas other men knew nothing, but thought that they knew something, I alone both knew nothing and knew that I knew it ; in this respect plainly excelling all other men.

And after accosting people of all kinds, such as legislators, guardians of the peace, bargees, and the like, and finding that, so far from knowing more than I did, they merely lost their tempers, thereby showing that they did not even know how to keep the spirited element under control, I suddenly caught sight of Glaucon, who was walking with Thrasymachus in the direction of the fields beyond the river, not very far from Pytné. And as soon as I approached him he called out, " Well met, Socrates, for we are on our way to witness the great Kroché

Games in the fields yonder, and you must certainly come with us ; for the Ten are playing, and it is expected that great things will be done, both by the nine men and especially by the one woman, who they say is the equal of any of them. And if, as you will probably say, you know nothing of Kroché, then here is an excellent chance for you to learn ! ”

“ But tell me, ” I said, “ who are the Ten ? For indeed I have heard of the Eleven of Athens, and the Eleven Lords of the M.C.C., but these Ten are something new to me ; unless, perhaps, they be the Ten gods, or rather, I suppose, the Nine gods and a goddess. ”

“ By no means, ” he said ; “ though indeed some have called them the Tin gods. But, as a matter of fact, they are not even demigods, or even heroes, except among their own people, but just ordinary mortals like you and me, save only for their great skill at the Game, at which in truth they are dæmons. ”

“ And have they knowledge of this Game, ” I said, “ or only opinion ? ”

“ Certainly they must have knowledge, ” he replied ; for how else could they perform at it so wonderfully ? ”

“ In that case, ” I said, “ I will certainly come with you ; for it seems to me that the Delphian Priestess will run a great risk of being proved to be a manifest liar, as soon as I shall have found no less than Ten who have knowledge of something of which, as you know, I know nothing whatever. But come now, O Glaucon and

Thrasymachus, as we are walking thither, will you allow me to ask you a few questions concerning this Game ; so that when we meet the Ten I may not seem to them altogether ignorant and unable to appreciate their marvellous achievements ? ”

“ Certainly, O Socrates, ” replied Thrasymachus ; “ ask as much as you like ; though I know well enough that you will be merely up to your old tricks again—trying to catch us in traps all the while. So, as I had a good dose of you yesterday, when you induced me to admit that a thing must both be and not be at the same time, perhaps you will kindly practise on Glaucon first, and I will see fair play. ”

“ Be it so, ” I said. “ And first of all, tell me, O Glaucon, with what this game you call Kroché is played ; whether with dice, or with a ball, or with cards, or what ? ”

“ With wooden balls, ” he said, “ of different colours, each player having two. ”

“ And do they throw them to one another and catch them, after the manner shown in the painting by Leitonios, late President of the Académé ? ”

“ No ; they drive them along the ground by means of great wooden clubs shaped like hammers. ”

“ And he who drives them furthest, I suppose, wins the game ? ”

“ On the contrary, Socrates ; for the player who has continually to make the longest shots is generally the loser. But the winner is he who is best able to play many easy

strokes in succession, or to 'make breaks' as it is called. "

"Of a truth then, O Glaucon," I said, "these Ten must be great Geometricians, as well as wonderful makers of balls. "

"There you are wrong for once, Socrates; for, to tell the truth, I know nothing as to their being Geometricians or not; but as to their being makers of balls, why, I do not suppose that more than one of them has actually made a ball in his life, or would in the least know how to set about it—even though he be a shareholder in a ball-making Company. "

"Your pardon," I said, "if I have made a mistake. But I think nevertheless that I shall be able to convince you, and perhaps even Thrasymachus, that all the Ten must be not only great Geometricians, but also the most skilful ball-makers. And first of all answer me on this point; do they use the balls merely as balls, or in relation to something?"

"I do not think I quite understand," he said.

"I will try to make myself clearer. The ball, you say, is of a certain material and colour. Now, do they show their skill in relation to the material? For instance, if a player excels with wooden balls, would he not equally excel with balls of another material, but in other respects similar?"

"Undoubtedly," he said.

"And would he not play as well with a Red ball as with a Blue?"

“ Probably. ”

“ And with a Yellow ball as with a Black ? ”

“ I think so. ”

“ Tell me, then, ” I said, “ in relation to what quality of a ball does the player show his skill—since it is in relation neither to the material nor to the colour ? ”

“ Evidently in relation to its roundness. ”

“ So that a player who was given square or triangular balls to play with would not exhibit all his usual skill ? ”

“ Certainly not ; indeed he would probably refuse to play at all unless the balls were perfectly round, and of even weight, as the saying is ; for that indeed is the Law. ”

“ And now, ” I said, “ let us ask the argument to wait a little, while we make shift to look at it from another point of view. You will admit, I suppose, that the best maker of anything is also the best at taking it to pieces. For instance, is not the shoemaker both the best maker of shoes and also the best at taking them to pieces ? ”

“ Undoubtedly. ”

“ Since he will best know their weak points ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ And the shipbuilder, in the same way, is the best at breaking up a ship ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ And the best maker of records, at running and other sports, is also the best breaker of records ? ”

He agreed.

“ Again, the makers of laws will also be the best breakers of them, since they will know their weak points and how best to take advantage of them ? ”

“ It would seem so. ”

“ So that in all cases the best makers and the best breakers would be the same persons ? ”

“ That is evidently so. ”

“ Then see, O Glaucon, to what the argument has led us. Is it not manifest that the best makers of balls must also be those who are best able to break the balls, or make breaks with them, and consequently will be the most skilful players ? ”

Glaucon was on the point of assenting, when Thrasy-machus, who had hitherto most kindly refrained from interrupting us, suddenly broke out into uproarious mirth, and shouted out at the top of his voice, “ My dear Socrates, pray do not make yourself so supremely ridiculous ! Why, at Kroché one does not break the balls at all ; you must be thinking of another game, played on the Board of Green Cloth. ”

Now for several minutes I was quite dumfounded at this outburst, and thrown into the greatest confusion at having been so foolish. And not knowing what to reply, I asked Glaucon to allow me to examine the Short Treatise on the Game, which he always carried in his cloak-pocket ; and after I had perused it attentively, though without much understanding,

“ Evidently, my friend, ” I said, “ I must have fallen into a very ridiculous error. Nevertheless, if you will only be patient, there is perhaps just a slight chance that I may accidentally be right after all. For tell me ; if something be continually taken from a thing, does it not become smaller, and consequently weaker and more fragile ? ”

“ Of course. ”

“ Then, since the Kroché-player is continually taking off from balls, and taking Kroché from them (so that I suppose they are no longer Kroché-balls), and also cutting them, and splitting them in all directions, it is evident that the balls will speedily be broken, which is manifestly the reason why a succession of such strokes is called a break. So that our former argument seems, after all, to hold good, and the players who can make the best breaks, and so win the games, will be the best makers of balls. And they will make them so perfectly round that even their breaks will be all-round, and each ball will thus be split up into two or more perfect balls— which is a feat that even our friend Euclid of Megara has never yet succeeded in accomplishing. And that is why I say that the best players must not only be excellent makers of balls, but also marvellous Geometricians.

“ And so, Glaucon, when we arrive at the field of play, and the Ten come up to us and ask us to marvel at their exhibition, we will say to them that we are quite ready to fall down and worship them, and offer them sacrifices, as to Tin gods, and even to feast them daily

in the Prytaneum at the public expense ; but as to watching them play—frankly, we would rather be excused. For, seeing that they are neither Geometricians nor makers of balls, they cannot be acquainted with even the elements of the game, or have the slightest real knowledge concerning it, but, at the most, only opinion. And further, we will say that, since we know that we know nothing about Kroché, whereas they think that they know something, all the while in reality knowing nothing, we have more wisdom concerning the game than they, and consequently are more worthy of the chief prize. Shall we not tell them all this, Glaucon ? ”

He agreed that we should.

“ And so, ” I continued, “ having hired a chariot, we will drive off with the Cup, after making a libation to the Nine gods and the goddess. And we will inscribe on it, “ *Socrates, the Champion Kroché-player, carried off this Cup from all comers, without playing a stroke ;* ” and having first insured it against theft, we will deposit it in the Temple of Delphi, for all men to see. On the whole, then, since the Cup is of refined silver, shall we not have done a good day’s work ? ”

“ Yes, ” he replied, “ our visit will not have been in vain. ”

“ And yet, ” I said, “ in one thing I am still disappointed—I mean about the oracle of the Priestess. For I really begin to think that she must, by some accident, have spoken the truth, and that Socrates is, after all, the wisest of men. ”

PART II
LUDIBRIA

TRAGEDIES OF THE UNDERWORLD

(I) THE EARTH-WORM'S EVENING HYMN

I rise with old Sol in the morning,
I sink with his setting at night ;
When Aurora her face is adorning
And Earth blushes pink at the sight—
I rise, as I said when beginning :
But O Mother, when daylight has fled
And Night her dim garment is spinning,
Tuck me up in my little brown bed !

All night I lie peacefully sleeping,
Or if peradventure I wake
When stars through their curtains are peeping,
I am lulled with the music they make ;
But when Daylight, already referred to,
'Gins rim the horizon with red,
O, I can't lie below—it's absurd to !—
Take me out of my little brown bed !

[*Enter a Thrush.* ¹

¹ A friendly critic objects :—" Are you right as to the natural history of worms ? I always understood that night was their busy time, and sunrise—more or less—their bed-time, and that it was the

(2) LINES WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG BEETLE

Ere this frail form I strengthen
 With gifts of godlike fare,
Now, while the shadows lengthen,
 Great Mother, hear my prayer !
As wide they grow and wider
 Lo, hear thy Child appeal
To Earth, the All-provider,
 To bless my evening meal.

Come, Sister, come—nay, fear not
 The banquet rich and rare ;
We see it not—we hear not—
 We only know 'tis there :
Though Greymouse dreads to taste it,
 Bolder are we that feel
The pity o't, to waste it—
 This gorgeous evening meal.

[“ *And knew not eating death.*”

“strayed reveller” or worm *working over-time* that fell as a traditional prize to the early bird. To this I would reply that my worm is supposed to be acting contrary to its nature,—in revolt against the authority of its mother the Earth. Hence the Nemesis which overtook it.

(3) LOVE SONG FOR A ~~VEGETABLE~~ BEETROOT

‘Be true!’ What need to say ‘Be true’?—
Thou *knowest* me for thine!
Lowliest of all the garden crew
Here gathered at thy shrine;
Have I not heard those words of bliss—
Thy hope that I shall be
Absorbed, in one devouring kiss,
To form a part of thee?

And so I sing with all my breath
That song for ever new:
‘Be true to me, and even in death
I will be true to you!’

Thine were the hands that rescued me
From out the chilly ground
Where, housed with worms for company,
My days passed slumber-bound.
Ah, joy to feel the erst stagnant blood,
Warmed by thy sacred Fire,
Streaming again in crimson flood
Towards the Heart’s desire!

So till I draw my latest breath,
This song I sing anew—
'Be true to me, and even in death
I will be ~~true~~ to you !'

[*He begins to boil.*

(4) THE AMBITIOUS SEEDLING

I

Tired of sleeping
Underneath the Earth ;
Upwards creeping—
Striving up to birth.

Lo, the sods asunder parting over me :
How it makes me wonder what on earth I'm going to be !

Tell me, Sister,
Tell me true :
Shall I be a Bluebell
Just like you ?

Shall I be a columbine, spreading more and more,
Or a ducky little daisy like the girl next door ?

II

Vain my questions—

Belle curls her lip :

[Indigestion's

Given her the pip.]

Let me ask another—ask him what—O joy,
What if we are brothers—only think if I'm a boy !

Brother-boy, tell me,

Please tell me true :

Shall I be a dog-rose,

Just like you ?

Shall I be a hollyhock, towering more and more,
Or a potty little poppy like the boy next door ?

III

Vain all my luring,

[Poor old Jim !

Too much manuring—

That's what's done for him.]

What shape is that behind me ?—Ah, my Gardener-boy !
Hastening here to find me, to welcome me with joy.

Gardener, my Gardener,
Answer, do :
Shall I be a May-tree,
Shall I be a Yew ?
Let me be an Oak-tree, spreading evermore,
Not a rotten rhododendron like the boy next door !

Recitative.

Speak, Gardener!—*Gard.* Well, I never!—Blowed if it
aint a bloomin Plan-ting, a-trying to rear 'is ugly 'ead
in *my* best border!—Kim hoop!—I tell yer!

Chorale.

Slowly to the funeral pyre
Bear the corpse with streaming eyes :
Let the spirit, purged in fire,
Heavenward now in smoke arise.

THE AWKWARD STYLE

BY JAMES THE GREAT

SCENE.—*One House or the Other.*

TIME.—*Quite Lunch-time.*

The butler was emphatic with the luncheon gong ; but the summons seemed to miss of its effect on the two men who, on the sofa, were preparing, as it seemed, to make an afternoon of it. They had selected the piece after consideration and, in the end, rejection of the other surrounding amenities as, on the whole, the best available for the proposed extension. The air of being newly arrived which, in the elder of the two, seemed sufficiently manifest suggested, to the other, the imperative need of opening the ball. "We may as well smoke," he threw out. Then, on reflection, "They all do it, you know."

Mr. Donlock accepted the cigarette that his companion had taken from a concealed drawer in the secretary. "Oh, you young men—you young men!" His sense of coming back to it all,—of becoming, as the phrase is, after so many years a gay young dog again, was really too delightful. Then, with one of his sudden little jumps, "I suppose *lunch*, now—it wouldn't quite—eh?"

His fellow visitor had a hesitation. "You don't think we ought to—?"

He looked at it. "You mean for the others—?"

"Yes, you know they might,—"

"Be offended if we don't?" He tried to ease him off.

"Might hurry up a bit, don't you think? You see it's really getting on."

Mr. Donlock harked back. "There *are* others then?" Then, as if ashamed of his detachment, "but of course there would be." Sandibank, on this, made, in a pause, a nearer approach to taking visibly his measure. "Well of course there's our host. You don't know him then?"

"No, you see I've only just dropped in." His sense of detachment was really getting too tremendous for anything. "In fact, will you believe me?—I don't, in the least, know where we are!"

"I see, I see." He was prompt with his information. "Well, as long as it isn't the Other House?—But he, old Brooky, he's distinctly bloated, you know; but then of a nonentity—!"

"Of a nonentity?" Mr. Donlock really wanted to know.

"Of a nonentity." Sandibank insisted on the full value of the phrase. "But she, Mrs. Brooky—oh, she's wonderful—we all think so; especially for wives."

This again was a remark of a sweep that there appeared to be nothing in Mr. Donlock's mind to match. "For wives?" he despairingly echoed. "Would he ever be in the know?" "You mean in discussing—?"

“ Yes, and everything. You see she’s so tremendously down on us all. ”

“ Down on you ? ” Mr. Donlock had another sharp surprise.

“ Oh, to a degree !—But then of a charm, a distinction ! Only, on the other hand, so terribly, so awfully young ! ” He fairly dashed at the chance of giving her away. “ You see it’s all the child—little Ganda—she’s nineteen ! ”

Mr. Donlock had at this a small light of confusion. “ You mean her mother says *she’s* only twenty-nine ? And the child ?—little Ganda as you call her ? ” He could keep the ball rolling.

“ Ah, the child ! that is precisely the horrible, the quite too dreadful part of it. You see she’s more than seven ; just, in fact, at the Awkward Age. And she knows—she knows—”

Mr. Donlock’s clear eyes were searching. “ What she shouldn’t ? ” He saw in this too many deep things not to follow them up.

“ Oh, so much too much—so much too much ! It’s too frightful. ” Then, in an access, “ Why she knows *everything* ! ”

Mr. Donlock fairly glowed with the intensity of his pursuit. “ Everything ? ” He was persistent enough now. Then, proceeding to track it further and further, “ You mean *really* everything ? ”

“ How you do put one through !—Yes, everything, and more. In fact she knows—she knows ”—he was in for

it now—"well, precisely what Maisie knew. And the worst of it is she's down now;—she's beginning to 'sit.'"

"Beginning to sit?"—Mr. Donlock received one of his greatest shocks. It sounded so of a grossness.

"Yes, downstairs you know. She just bundles in and gets wonderfully dropped on by Mrs. Brook. Oh, it's terrific! But what will you have? She's 'warranted' you see, as long as Mitchy runs her: mainly perhaps indeed because Mitchy *does* run her."

"Runs her?" His air had become that of having been in search of new side-lights for his obtusity, but he had, nevertheless, always his courage. "I see— I see! you needn't make phrases; I follow you with a sympathy," he came to the scratch with.

Sandibank had another of his pauses. He wanted to let his friend down gently. "Yes, Mitchy runs her tremendously well," he finally came out at. "You see he rather goes in for that sort of thing. Oh, Mitchy's immense for daughters!"

Mr. Donlock looked a little of a loss, but he still, as the phrase is, came up smiling. "I see, I see," he murmured for all answer, with a complete unconsciousness of making for irritation.

Sandibank fixed him, on this, with a deeper attention. Evidently his friend was of a bravery—! Was there ever a man so wonderfully getting into it, so bringing them down in short on every side?

“ Oh, come—don’t rush it you know ! ” Then coming up in another place, “ What *are* you, in thunder, up to ? ” he produced.

Mr. Donlock turned it over. “ Ah, when you talk about thunder—! Then, giving him no chance to take him up on this, he made a quick transition. “ I’m getting as hungry as a cat. ”

He was so far justified as that Sandibank appeared with difficulty further to engage him. “ Take another cigarette ” was all he could throw off. Evidently he too had his jumps.

Mr. Donlock, still on the sofa, meditatively accepted a light. His air of sitting tight was wonderfully in accord with their by this time evident intention of making an afternoon of it.

“ I never, at home, smoke so much, ” he finally brought out. “ These cigarettes, now,—I suppose they come rather high, eh ? ” Then as if overcome by his new sense of dissipation, “ We do go it, you know, don’t we ? ” He was absolutely immense now. “ And I,—I’m fairly in it, at last, am I ? I mean it does show, doesn’t it—the fact that I can talk like this—the tremendous change that has taken place in my style ! ”

“ *In* it ?—I should just think you *are* !—Why you’re grand—you’re beautiful ! ” Sandibank positively glowed with the candour of his admiration. Mr. Donlock still pressed him. “ Wonderful for wives ! ” he quite naturally chucked it at him. “ And we’ll see it through, eh ? ”

he swept him on, with the sense of being at last quite one of them.

Sandibank appeared to look at the idea and then meet it. "See it through? I should rather think we will! Unless indeed—"

Mr. Donlock wonderfully took him up. "You think we might get some lunch at the,—what do you call it?—The Other House?"

Sandibank acquiesced.

II

Half an hour later, in the Hall of the Other House, the butler was becoming positively insistent with the luncheon bell. He arrived with, in the end, for its solitary occupant, a purely personal summons: Luncheon was getting quite hot.

"Getting hot?" Toby turned it over.

"Quite hot, Sir!" the butler maintained the full value of the phrase. Toby Brill had a vacancy. Clearly he was in one of his states. "We shan't be long—we shan't be long," he came out at. Then, with an air of becoming sensible of his detachment, "What is there, on earth, for lunch?" he produced.

The butler mentioned iced cream as on so warm a day the only comestible of which he could, on the spot, embrace the conception. There was, for Tobias Brill,

an air of insincerity in the tone with which he subsequently somewhat austere dropped, "Will you wait for the young lady, Sir?"

Toby looked at it. But, before he could take him up, the young lady herself became visible in the doorway. "Miss Pinstler!" the butler announced her in his most uncompromising manner. Mr. Brill stopped with the sharp surprise of the sight of his visitor. His attitude had become instinctively that of departure, for which nevertheless the blocked doorway held out no immediate prospect. Rose floated in, on this, with the determination, sufficiently visible, of having it out. To her air of being all there was added a sense of the necessity of making this time a sure thing of it in the tone with which she promptly proceeded to demand of her host the privacy of five minutes' conversation.

Toby, on the spot, expressed the liveliest desire to oblige her. But would not Miss Pinstler take some lunch first. The queen-mother had been laid up with the mal'aria, but was expecting to be "down" in a few minutes.

His visitor was only confirmed in her resolution of wasting no time. Evidently the man was of a profundity—! "Oh yes, "Pinstler" is my wonderful—my quite too awful name! but I'm game to change it, you know," she threw out.

There was for Tobias, in this, with a slight uncertainty, an effect of drollery resulting from his inability to

get at her point of view. "You can't change it—you can't change it," he cautiously produced.

Miss Pinstler showed, on this, though not an irritation, a slight flicker of austerity. "Oh won't I though—just try me!" she put to him.

Through his sense of her sense of him gleamed instantaneously the urgent need for alertness. "May I smoke?" he asked. Then, with an effort for disengagement, "How you do go for one!"

She blazed at him. "Go for you, my good man? Oh, Toby, you are *lovely*. Do you really think I'm enamoured of a prize pig?" His sense of the unexpectedness of her new point of view of him fairly overcame his detachment. What now stuck out for him was the desire that she should understand that on such ground as that he was always glad to meet her. "Pigs might charmingly fly," he quite wonderfully sounded.

She caught at it. "To-morrow, then, at the very earliest." He gaped at her. "You do put things through! But why not to-day?"

"Because I have a previous engagement. I marry Paul to-day." She threw up triumphant little hands. "Oh, Toby, you are *wonderful*; there's not one of us can touch you! No wonder we all love you so!"

"Oh, too much—oh, too much!" he cried, as he lighted his cigarette and went off to lunch at the Other House.

III

The butler seemed unusually persistent with the dinner gong, and as we hastened down the broad staircase we learnt, to our surprise, that dinner had been served for some minutes. The Croquet party in the afternoon had seemed almost interminable, and the relief of half an hour's talk in the smoking-room before dinner had been a temptation impossible to resist. "We dine at an easy eight" the Duchess had said as she passed us in the Hall on her way upstairs to dress, and being unwilling to leave our so interesting talk we had no doubt stretched the phrase to its fullest extent. The subject of our conversation had been the *cause célèbre* commencing in the Courts that same afternoon—a most extraordinary case of theft from the household of an exalted Personage. Some sensational evidence was expected at the outset, and we had lingered longer than usual over our cigarettes on the off chance that Blizzard, who was serving on the special jury, would be "down" in time to communicate the news before we went up to dress.

We looked sufficiently contrite as we took our places at the table, and our hostess, for once, decided to let us down gently. "Oh, you men—you men!" was all her reproach. "I positively *had* to have the soup taken away:—if you *will* go up so late, you know!"—

Our luncheon at the Other House had not been a success, and Griffin, at this, had a vacancy. "Your *Chef*

does soup tremendously well," he produced : " it is always, in the evening, of a beauty—! And we hoped that, even if it *was* cleared away, you know,—we hoped that it perhaps would—"

" Would charmingly come up again ? I see—I see." The Duchess had her lights. " But you would never, tonight, have looked at it ; the old fault, you know, in the flavouring :—so much too much ! *So* bad for your morals !" The Duchess' standard was of a height—!

The conversation, with the fish, soon floated back to the immediately previous : could no one tell us any news of the Trial ? It transpired that the Footman, commissioned to call for, at the Station, the Evening papers, had returned, in the end, empty-handed. " He had waited" — so ran his report—" on and off, for hours and hours, but had been unable, somehow, in so many people, to get at them. The crowd was really too tremendous for anything : never was such an *impasse* !" Clearly there was nothing, on the spot, to be done but to wait for Blizzard. He had arranged, we happily remembered, to dress in the train, so that no time would be lost on his arrival.

Presently we were startled by the sharp sound of the doorbell, and Blizzard staggered into the room with a face the colour of his shirt-front. We sprang to our feet : what *was*, in Heaven's name, the matter ?

He gulped down a tumbler of Champagne. " Oh, don't ask me !" he jerked out a sick protest with a sense

of the dominant unspeakable. "It is too ghastly—too revolting! They were sentenced—sentenced to death!"

We gaped at him. "Sentenced to death! What, the Prisoner, for theft?—impossible!"

"Yes, and all the witnesses! You see, it was high treason, and—some old statute that had never been repealed—they all had to be held accessories after the fact.—Oh, the horror—the awful, awful horror of it all!" He shivered again with the agonized intensity of his recollection.

The sacred terror of his obsession began after a time to yield gradually to the fervour of our efforts towards evocation, giving him in the end what one might call his second wind. As soon as he was again afloat sidelights began to illumine for us the so monstrous intelligence; an extraordinary account of a packed jury: of a Judge continually pressing for an immediate verdict: of his intolerably overbearing treatment of the witnesses. One remark, especially, which Blizzard, probing further and further the recesses of his memory, ultimately almost casually let drop had, for the Duchess, a significance almost verging on the explanatory. "The chief witness," he said, "admitted at once that she knew nothing about the case—absolutely nothing whatever. And the Judge, on that, said that was of an importance—!"

"Of an importance—?" we chorussed:—was the man pulling our legs? "But—of an *unimportance*, surely!"

"He really didn't somehow at the time seem in the

least to be able to make up his mind as to *which* of the two he really did mean. ”

Then the Duchess understood. “I see—I see : you needn’t gas so ! And little Alice—?” This heightened again the tension ; we had forgotten that little Alice was to have been there.

“Yes, she was in Court. She was unfortunately all there. Poor child—they wanted to turn her out: they said ”—We had at this an embarrassment. “Said the case was a bit too ‘high’ for her?” Griffin tentatively threw out.

“Said *she* was too high for it !—Oh, miles too high !” Blizzard again had a drop to extravagance. “In fact, in the end, well—she couldn’t sit.”

“Couldn’t sit ?” once more we bewilderingly gasped. Here was a new complication !

“No. She had to lie down flat : there really wasn’t, you know, room for her. You see, she grew—she grew—”

The Duchess remarkably took him up. “You mean like she did when they sent you down the chimney, Mr. Bill-Lizard. And the moral of that is—”

Then we all understood.

THE DAY OF THE TIGER OF TRIPOLI¹

(After G--rg- M-r-d-th.)

I

He that has deemed of my verse
Merely as flint for the brain ;
Who pines for the lore of his nurse,
And the soft pap simple and plain,
Unto him shall this old world tale ²
With a lilt more enchantingly come
Than to shipwrecked skipper a sail
With a cargo of rum.

II

Now the maid footed fair to the South,
Rag tired, and just wasting to ride, ³
For the hot thirst furrowed her mouth ;
So she looked all about and she spied
Between the sand and the sea
The precise thing built to her weight,

¹ The metre goes like this :—Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum, except when it comes easier to vary it.

² “ There was a young lady of Niger ” etc.

³ My friend H-nry J-m-s waves me this elegant transatlantic rose.

Which, this between you and me,
Verged nigh upon twelve stone eight.
And 'ware of the type from the Zoo
She spotted the thing at a glance,
The stripes of marvellous hue,
The eye like a sunborn lance ;
Yet she hailed him in accents light,
As one who took no dread,
Not, Tyger burning bright,
As some so placed would have said,
But, You seem a fair beauty you do,—
And the tongue from the blind mouth darts
As he answered : The same to you,—
As men did in those parts.

III

Then the fair maid fitted the rein
And mounted as best she could,
And Southward they fared, the twain,
Through the dells of Westermain Wood ;
And much of the Joy of Earth
She dreamed as they lumped along,
For her heart was a well of mirth,
And her lips broke forth into song
Which the Master of song had taught—
Of the kinship of all that crawls,

And if we behave as we ought,
How nothing on Earth appals.
Nor aught of the fated feast
As yet did her high heart bode ;
So she tickled the ribs of the beast,
And smiled as she rode.

IV

Now the Master was standing by,
Even he that had schooled her to sing,
And the lid just covered the eye
As he noted the thing.

V

Eve fell and daylight died.
Wan stars peeped out from the blue
On the twain returned from the Ride,
With only the Tiger in view.
Slowly pacing he moans ;
Lead-heeled the limping gait
Of him who had made no bones
Of a trifle of twelve stone eight..
The red lips quivered awhile
Ere mute on Earth he fell,

But the silence about his smile
Said more than tongue could tell :—
The bliss of the unshared food,
The unlooked for grace of meat,
The first real vision of Good,
The fresh young sense of Sweet ;
But slack were the thews of steel,
The lance eyes dulled of flame,
As of one full-gorged of his meal,
And digesting the same.

COXE'S WALLOW

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM

(For Wykehamists only)

O Wykehamists weary and solemn,
 Bowed down with the burden of years,
Will ye grant me the half of a column ?
 Will ye lend me the loan of your ears ?
If I lead ye awhile, will ye follow,
 As the fleet hounds follow the fox,
While I sing that historical Wallow—
 The Wallow of Coxe ?

Sometimes must be made in the crush room
 For " notions " new-ground in the mill :
[I take it the shadow of " Mushroom "
 Abideth in Chambercourt still ?]
But soft ! on the tongue of the poet
 Treads hard the proverbial ox !
Do you latter-day juniors know it—
 The Wallow of Coxe ?

What Daemon of old designed it ?—
 Time may that secret yield ;
But Coxe was the first to find it
 A feasible football-field :
Where he and his comrades together,
 With the black mud glued to their socks,
Might haunt, in the filthiest weather,
 The Wallow of Coxe.

Though Time, that takes all, has bereft us
 Of those rapid days of delight,—
Though nought but grey Shadows be left us,
 Is there help in the healing of night ?
For men liken me now to no chicken,—
 Yet in dreamland the phantom that mocks
Comes back to me, hopeless to kick in
 The Wallow of Coxe.

Years wane with their deeds and desires,—
 And Coxe is in Allahabad ;
Yet dreams of that frolic of flyers
 Even now make the heart of him glad ;
For the lips of his lords have defamed it,
 And the meanest Commoner mocks,
But I know *he* is proud that you've named it
 The Wallow of Coxe.

BALLADE OF DE WET

[“ First catch your hare; then you will be ready for your Kitchenener. ”—*Cookery Book : new edition for use in time of war.*]

There's a hero unknown to romances,
A patrician ignored by Debrett ;
But *we* know him—and, somehow, one fancies
We shall not very quickly forget !
For his name it is Christian De Wet ;
Though his manners leave much to be mended,
Still, it's clear to the youngest cadet,
Till we catch him the war won't be ended.

O'er the southernmost endless expanses
Of that realm where the sun cannot set,
He hops and he skips and he prances—
This man whom we never have met !
Comes news of a captured vedette,
Of a post that “ could not be defended,”
And “ the war won't be over just yet ” :—
Till we catch him the war *won't* be ended.

With our guns and our swords and our lances
 We are dying to settle the debt ;
He mocks at our fruitless advances
 To give him as good as we get ;
 In vain are the snares that we set—
The impossible kopjes ascended ;
 For we haven't got *him* in our net :—
Till we catch him the war won't be ended.

ENVOY

Mars ! manifold hazards beset
(Since Grecian with Grecian contended)
 Thy worshippers : vainly we sweat—
Till we catch him the war won't be ended.

RUSS-IN-URBE
OR
CIGARETTES & POLITICS

Silently, remorselessly, the snow was falling.

From the steppes of a little riverside *Café* two men were watching it as it whirled in a fine powder along the trackless road.

Both were disguised as travellers ; but whereas one of them, known to all men as *ce bon* Vaseline, concealed his features by means of a mask-like smile, Monsieur le Baron de Chaudfroid, *attaché* to a well-known *maison de commerce*, was made up as usual in imitation of the lynx in the Smoking Room of the Diplomatic Club.

“Sixty degrees below zero !” exclaimed the Baron.
“It is a cold night, even for Holy Russia !”

They strained their ears in vain for the sound of passing sleigh-bells. Vaseline was the first to break the silence.

“Allons !” he said, “we must take a Kabak then, *n'est-ce-pas ?* It would be too *bourgeois* to walk on such a night !”

They hailed a passing vodka, and, shaking the snow-flakes from the folds of their ample Samovars, sprang in and gave their directions to the driver.

“The Diplomatic,” said the Baron.

“ But where ? ”

“ The Diplomatic Club, Petersburg Place, Moskow Road. ”

“ Yes, Excellency ! ”

The Baron smiled. The ambition of a life-time was at length realized. His companion also smiled behind his mask-like face : he knew that the Baron would pay the fare. He was somewhat chary of his kopeks, *ce* Vaseline.

In less than half an hour the kabak drew up with a jerk at the steps of the Diplomatic Club. “ *Nous voilà!* ” cried the two men simultaneously, as muffling their faces closely they went round to the side entrance of the *piéd à terre* and tapped gently at the door. The Starosta admitted them cautiously, and hastily closed the door behind them. “ *A la bonne heure!* ” he said ; “ I thought you were never coming ! ” The travellers looked pleased: it had taken weeks to train the man to this.

The Diplomatic Club is well known as the nightly *rendezvous* of all that is most distinguished in the quasi-diplomatic world ; all, *c'est-à-dire*, that is worth knowing among the *élite* of the suburban *beau monde*. Though for the most part a sufficiently unpretentious building, it possesses one feature which distinguishes it from the majority of our other leading Clubs. In the door of the combined Dining, Smoking and Reading-Room which constitutes the Club premises, and at the height of five feet from the ground, the visitor who is fortunate enough to have the *entrée* will notice a small and carefully curt-

ained peep-hole, by means of which any member entering the Club is enabled to ascertain at a glance whether the occupants of the room are those whose society he desires, or has any reason to avoid.

Vaseline slipped cautiously behind the curtain and pressed his face to the glass. Within an inch of his own was the face of a man—a face with gold-rimmed spectacles and broad nose flattened against the other side of the glass. For a few seconds the two men remained as they were, gazing steadily into each other's eyes; then Vaseline quietly withdrew.

“Karl Steinberger is within,” he whispered to his companion. “Remain here with the Starosta, *mon cher* Baron, while I go in and face the moujik.” He entered the room and saw, as he expected, the stout figure of Steinberger, apparently fast asleep on the *fauteuil*, and snoring loudly. Upside down in his hand was a copy of the *London Charivari*, heavily scored, in accordance with the custom of the Club, with the thick block marks of the official Censor. Vaseline went up to the German and tapped him suddenly on the shoulder. The other started violently.

“Aha ! *ce bon* Vaseline !” he cried.

“Aha ! *ce cher* Steinberger !” returned Vaseline.

“Ah ! my dear friend, my very dear friend, so *you* are in town—I mean Petersburg ?”

“Yes !”

“As usual—for your—*health* ?”

“ Yes,—as usual. ”

“ Ah ! ”

Vaseline waited—passivity was one of his strong points. It had served him well before now. He had always an infinite capacity for holding his cards, *ce* Vaseline. After a minute he resumed :

“ But, I am afraid I interrupted your little nap, my good Karl ! a very, very little nap, was it not, *mon ami* ? *D’ailleurs*, you were reading too, I observe ; might one be permitted to enquire—? ”

“ The *Polizei Newski*. ”

“ Yes ? and is there anything in it this evening ? ”

“ Only your portrait. ”

“ Ah ! ”

Once more Vaseline decided to wait. He got up and rang the bell, bowing elaborately as the waitress entered. “ *Madame la Comtesse* ” ! he murmured, with his hand on his heart. It was an established *etiquette* with the members of the *Cercle* to accord her any courtesy-title that might occur to them.

“ Your orders, Excellency ? ”

“ With your permission I dine here this evening. Be so good as to bring me a boiled yemschick, a sjambok, and a few *delicatessen*. ”

The German peered at him from beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles. “ So that is your *little* game, mein lieber ! ” he said to himself. “ Ko-lossa-a-l ! ”

“ And—to drink, Excellency ? ”

“ A droski and tseltzer. *Voila tout!*—Figure to yourself, *Princesse* : I have not dined for a week. *Tant mieux*, I shall—”

Steinberger was standing behind him. “ *Pardon, Fraulein!* ” he said quickly, “ but you have forgotten—my tsigar ?—Excuse me, my good friend, but the *Comtesse* is a little what you call *distracte* this evening, eh ? It is perhaps the Nihilist scare ; but that is a mere *bagatelle*. Of course we know there are no Nihilists in our *cercle*. ”

The suspicion of a smile hovered for a minute beneath Vaseline’s heavy moustache. “ I wonder, *mon ami*, ” he said to himself, “ how much you know ! ” Then, suddenly, aloud : “ The Baron de Chaudfroid is in Petersburg ! ”

Karl Steinberger did not move a muscle : “ de Chaudfroid ?—I seem to have heard the name : and yet—”

“ In connection, possibly, with the Charity League ? ”

“ Ah ! ”

“ Yes. ”

The Baron entered the room. “ Permit me, my good Karl, ” said Vaseline, “ to introduce the Baron de Chaudfroid, one of the most distinguished members of our *corps diplomatique*. ”

“ Pleasure, ” said Steinberger, shaking hands.

“ It is mine, ” answered the Baron.

The German shrugged his shoulders. “ Not at all, ” he said.

“ Do not mention it, ” returned the other, with a deprecating gesture.

Then Steinberger decided to play his card. "Petersburg is *en fête* to-night," he remarked. "In ten minutes, *Monsieur le Baron*, we shall be able to pay our *devoirs* to Prince Pavlo."

He watched, as he said it, for the slightest vestige of a tremor on de Chaudfroid's lynx-like face. But the Baron was unmoved. "I shall be quite desolated," he said, as he walked towards the bell. "It is a thousand pities, but I have a most pressing engagement in Paris to night,—an *affaire du cœur, bien entendu*. Never was so unfortunate a *contretemps*!—Ah, *Princesse*!"

"Ah, *Monsieur le Baron*! So you have come in at last!"

De Chaudfroid hesitated. "Yes, I came in to look out my train."

"And?"

The Baron looked at her. He had not met many women of solid intellect. Evidently she was of an *esprit*!

"And?" repeated the Countess.

"But—to see you, *Mademoiselle*."

Steinberger was standing at his elbow. "Pardon me, my very good friend," he said quietly, "but I cannot permit this. It is *verboten*—you comprehend, *mein lieber*?"

De Chaudfroid was visibly disconcerted. Was Steinberger aroused at last? Steinberger aroused was an unknown quantity to Claud de Chaudfroid. Another instant and he had decided to play his trump card.

“She is my wife,” he said quickly, and watched for the effect.

“*Ach*, but a thousand congratulations, *mein lieber* ! And the good Frau, she will accompany you to Paris?—That little *affaire du cœur*, you know ? ”

The Baron lighted a cigarette, with an exaggerated interest in the match. “But yes ! *Cela va sans dire*. Certainly she accompanies me. *Que voulez-vous* ?—they are always with us, *ces dames*. But you are not smoking, my good Karl ! Try one of these ; you will find them excellent. ”

The German took the proffered case and noted its contents—precisely two cigarettes ; one prominently exposed and projecting from the case, while the other was almost concealed beneath the interior flap. This latter, keeping his eye on de Chaudfroid, he abstracted with a deft movement of the fingers, at the same time pushing back the other into the interior of the case. The Baron lighted the only remaining cigarette, and for a few moments the two smoked in silence.

Then Steinberger spoke. “They seem of an especial flavour, my dear Baron, these cigarettes. Might one enquire the brand ? ”

“Stepanovitch’s best : I have them made especially for me. ”

“And—the price ? ”

“Two roubles a hundred ! ”

“Ah ! ”

Steinberger took another puff. "But surely, *mein lieber*, you are mistaken. You meant, perhaps, two roubles the thousand."

"Of course, I meant two roubles the thousand."

"Ach, ko-lossa-a-l! It is a great price!"

Each kept a watchful eye on the other's half-smoked cigarette. Suddenly de Chaudfroid went hastily to the door. "*Au revoir, mon cher Karl!*" he cried, as he disappeared into the passage. Scarcely was he out of sight when there was heard the sound of a tremendous explosion, followed by a dull, sickening thud, and then—silence.

Steinberger looked at Vaseline. "I much fear," he said, "that our so good friend is what you call 'hoist with his own petar.' The explosive in that cigarette was intended for me. Well—" He stopped suddenly at the sight of a tall figure clad in a long brown samovar reaching to his heels. It was Pavlo, disguised as the Moskow Doctor. "*Mon Prince!*" began Karl, but Pavlo lifted his hand with a solemn gesture. "Hush!" he said; "there has been an accident." He passed again through the doorway, returning in a few moments with all that was left of Claud de Chaudfroid: all, *c'est à dire*, except his moustache, which was burnt almost to a cinder. Hastily procuring some warm water, and drawing from his coat-pocket a case of steel instruments, the Moskow doctor, with almost womanly tenderness, did all that could be done in the circumstances. When he

had finished, the Baron put out his hand to seize the instrument marked 'Wednesday,' but Pavlo laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Too soon, my friend!" he said sternly. "No 'Edged Tools' for the present! Remember, we are only—'The Sowers.'"

TO THE FAIREST LADY MMC—
THIS SONNET :

(*After the manner of the ingenious Mr. W^M SHAKESPEARE.*)

If Truth that bides not for a makeless vision
Bring no renewal of the after-time,
And wasteful slate, false mistress of derision,
Do counterfeit th' indemnities of rime ;
Since all that might confound posterity
Upon the stamp and title of my love
Doth but attaint its own inconstancy
And feature pyramids for age to move :—
Lo, in this spring-time of thy flourished seeming
Here fold I up the tenure of my woes,
Lest *thine* abundance, check'd of his misdeeming
Do still the *salve* that most resembles *those*.
So, if thou understandest, let me be
Single in both, for thy duplicity.

1. makeless] wakeless *Tyler* : weightless (*i.e.* "empty") *Malone*.
3. Wasteful slate *Quarto* : wakeful state *Dowden*. mistress of derision
Q : witness of decision *Wyndham* : mystery of derision *Gildon*. 4.
indemnities of rime *Q* : of crime *Dowden* : eternities of rhyme *Tyrr-*
whitt. 5. might confound posterity] write "confound posterity!"
Wyndham. 10. tenure *Q* : tenour *Malone*. *Wyndham* compares
Lucrece 1310. The phraseology throughout is legal. 11. thine
abundant cheek, *Wyndham*. 12. Do still *Q* : Distil *Warburton*. The

SONNET

The hour is past : Night with her shroud of stars,
 And ways ungarlanded of mortal hand,
 Thronging in silence to the moon's command
 Awaits her secret messenger from Mars.
 Why do I linger ? Lo, the ethereal cars,
 The divine presences that ever stand
 Flame-robed for passage to the Evening Land,
 Gleam through dim ruins of terrestrial bars.

So mused Aconstantrieda. Blind with tears
 The night-wind echoed, radiantly bright :
 Then, raising eyes that strove 'twixt hopes and fears,
 Looked up to where, clean beyond earthly sight,
 'Mid flooding splendours of the gathering light
 Night loomed upon the margin of the spheres.

emendation is tempting, but in such a sonnet none is safe. *salve* underlined in *Q*, possibly to indicate a play upon the word in Shakespeare's manner. There seems no possibility of tracing the allusions in the words "his" and "those." resembles] dissemble *Sewell*. 14. Single in both] Simple in truth *Q*. 14 "for"=on account of *Tyler* ;=in spite of *Malone* ;=in return for *Cambridge*.

POEM OF SENTIMENT
AND REFLECTION

*(Showing how the Child may teach the Man something in
the Art and Practice of Lying.)*

I met a little beggar boy
 Upon the windy moor ;
I spoke to him, for 'tis my joy
 To commune with the poor.

“ Come now, my little man, ” I said,
 “ Answer and tell me true :
Is it your father that is dead,
 Or is your mother too ? ”

“ Father and mother, both are gone,—
 They was my only joy ;
And I am left all, all alone,—
 I am—an Orphan Boy !

“ Mother she was the first to go,—
 She took the hooping-cough ;
And Father caught the croup, and so
 That is what took *him* off.

“ And now I’m sent to look about
For coppers, as you see ;
And if I show my face without,
Dad he do wallop me !

“ And he would teach this little fist
The wisdom of the Thief. ”—
(Strange ! at that moment I first missed
My pocket-handkerchief.)

“ But mother she does all she can
To keep me good and straight,
And I would be an honest man
If it were not too late ! ”—

He paused awhile ;—then, giving way
To uncontrollèd grief,
He wiped his eyes with (strange to say)
My pocket-handkerchief !

Long time I gazed upon the child,—
I loved his blooming cheek ;
And then I spoke in accents mild,
As is my wont to speak :—

“ O dearest, dearest Boy !—my heart
 To pity you would yearn,
Could I believe the hundredth part
 Of what from you I learn ! ”

EVENINGS IN TOWN

[*A series of Short Lectures to Young Men. By the Author of Politics of the Dirt, Seven Candles for Sixpence, Bessemer and Sillies, Lives of Watts and Stephenson, &c.*]

I want in these short Lectures to show you young men how to spend a Happy Evening. It is a vulgar phrase enough, but becomes as it were sanctified by the passage of my lips, so that in future you may use it fearlessly and without reproach from me.

Now, I have come all the way from my beautiful home among the lakes, in order to see whether there is anything new in the Art of London, fitted for your amusement. And being a stranger in this Metropolis of yours, I naturally asked one of your Constables to show me quite the best places of harmless recreation that you have. So I have been this week to all your Music-halls, and seen all the Art that is in them, and now I am going to take you also for a sort of personally conducted tour round these Halls, and show you all the good in them, and also *why* it is good and the only true Art that you have, except the works of myself and Turner.

I

THE GOLDEN TIVOLI

Wait, then, for an entirely fine evening ; rise with the sunset, and go to the Tivoli with a good opera-glass in your pocket. Go straight in and stand twelve paces, carefully measured, from that monstrous picture of a curtain which, with its eleven tasselled excrescences, makes such an ignoble display in front of us. Now very likely you may think that a painting of a Curtain is the most fitting decoration for this Hall, just as Advertisements of Soaps and Cocoas are the only fit ornaments for Railway Stations. But I tell you that this Curtain before us is a Lie from top to bottom ; and for this reason—that it pretends to be a curtain and is not. And first of all I must tell you that every work of Art of any kind or sort whatever is either absolutely good or absolutely bad, no half-way state being at all possible. Farther, I must ask you to believe more than that if you can : this namely, that *all* the works of every artist or workman of any kind are either absolutely good or absolutely bad. For example, every single work of Giotto, or Turner, or myself is absolutely and entirely good, just as every single work of Rembrandt, or Sir E. W-tk-n, or the painter of this Tivoli Curtain is, and always must be, absolutely and entirely bad.

And now perhaps you would like to know the reason *why* this Curtain Scene is bad. Well then, I will tell you: it is simply because I say so, and for no other reason. And surely I, if any one, ought to be able to know and to say what is right in these matters. So now we will go on to our next 'turn' as the people say in these places. ¹

II

THE STARRY PAVILION

I have brought you, on this the last and crowning night of our Tour, to Leicester Square—for us quite the most important place in London as far as Art is concerned; just as in my map of the District Railway the Earls Court Exhibition is clearly the most important place. And though here, at this Pavilion, with its accursed modern windows, it is plain enough that the restorer has been at work, we may yet be thankful that the marvellous ceiling still remains just as Michaelangelo left it. So now I want you all to stand, in a compact body, quite in the middle of the central gangway, regardless of any ill-mannered

¹ Just as we were leaving I saw the Curtain *going up*, so it must have been a real Curtain after all. But it certainly looked like a painting, and in any case it must have been bad to deceive me like this.

jostling from the crowd of vulgar sightseers who may desire to pass, and examine through your opera-glasses for at least six or seven minutes this wonderful blue dome. And first of all, amid much that is mere goldsmith's work, you will not fail to see that the entire vault is divided evenly into fifty-two panels. I think you will find that my numbering is right : I had the scaffolding put up this morning and counted them very carefully at least eight times, the average of my attempts coming, as nearly as possible, to fifty-two—the very number, as a friend tells me, of the weeks in the year ! Farther, you are to observe that in the middle of every panel is painted a golden star, the stars varying in magnitude from the first to the fifth, as you may tell by the numbers of their petals. For instance, to a star of the first magnitude Michael has given sixteen petals, and so on down to the fifth magnitude to which he gives five petals and no more. And here again you are to note that, in spite of all your modern sciences and telescopes, which after all, are merely overgrown opera-glasses, Michael has painted the number of his petals exactly as we find them in the sky outside. It may take you much earnest struggling to believe that entirely, but I tell you that unless you *can* believe you may as well become Railway Directors at once. At the same time do not let it be supposed that I imagine Michael and the other Pavilion workmen to have had these principles in their minds as they built or painted. I believe that they worked entirely from feeling, and

that it is *because* they did so that there is this marvellous scientific accuracy running through their every arrangement.

And now, as I daresay, after all this talking, some of us may be a little

[*Cetera desunt*].

THE POET PROTESTS MILDLY.

[On hearing that the Evenings,
formerly devoted to the study of his
Works by the Lady-Students of King's
College, are now divided between a
Debating Society and a Society for
the Study of General Modern Poetry.]

Regenades, heretics, traitors !
What have ye done to me ?
Worshippers turned to debaters—
Faithful not one to me !
Turncoats (or is it turn-blouses ?),
Tory and Liberal,
Speakers and Leaders of Houses,
Jabber and gibber all.
Worse yet remains—your Society
Most miscellaneous
Adds, for the sake of variety,
Scribblers extraneous ;
Here, where *I* once was a fixture,
Any outsider
Joins your ridiculous mixture,
(Olla podrida !).
Here, in your throng petticoated,
Veriest petty boss
Picks at the fragments devoted
Once to my *Setebos*.

Each his own separate Thursday—
 (Listen to Daniel !)
 Each little cur his own cur's day,
 Pug-dog and spaniel.
 Lo, in the stall of our Pegasus
 Jostles the cob-tail,
 Sniffs at our manger and beggars us—
 Tag-rag and bob-tail.
 Room for the cob and the cob's son,
 Drayhorse and stallion :
 Watson and Potson and Dobson,
 Even Le G*** !
 Welcome the blare of their trumpets,
 Ass-bray and horse-din :
 Room for that rummest of rum pets—
 Laureate A*** !

Gone is (the Editor tells us)
 Vanished the vista,
 Hopes of the gay *Paracelsus*,
 Dreams of *Ferishtah*,
 Dreams of *Sordello*, for lo ! it's
 Evermore sealed to you :
 Even my *Croisickese Poets*
 “ Scarcely appealed to you : ”
Fifine you take as a nightcap—
 Merely to win to rest—

Parleyings, “stiff”, (what’s the right cap ?)

“Lacking in interest !”

So my *Return of the Druses*

Seems to you dry fare ;

Each her own tittle-bit chooses—

Any but my fare.

Stay ! there *is* one who has tested it,

Dined on and sup’t on,

Possibly even digested it—

(Thank you, Miss——!)

THE EDITORS' APPEAL

TO THE READERS OF A CERTAIN MAGAZINE

*When you've finished knitting Night-caps for your country and your Queen,
When you've satisfied the Tambourine that begs,
Will you kindly pay your sixpence to the Colledge Magazine,
To help it to continue on its legs?*

Lo, from the Wine-press once again we send
A Cask of Vintage of the choicest blend.

Would'st thou again behold that living Fruit
In future seasons—prithee *buy* it, Friend!

What is the reason that you do not buy?
Is it the Price that seems to you too high?—

One thing is certain—you may stake your Boots—
Without your Cash the Magazine must die.

And if the annual Cost, the Eighteen pence,
Seems to you all a fortune so immense,

And if you really can't pay One-and-Six—
What can you, in the name of Common Sense?

For if the Magazine *is* One-and-Six,
How can we, strawless, possibly make bricks ?
And if you draw the Line at Eighteen-pence,
Do you expect to get the thing for Nix ?

Why, if the One-and-Six were Six-and-One,
You might perhaps so large an Order shun ;
But when it means three Half-pence once a month,
To cavil at it—oh, it takes the Bun !

Then as, at every Tavern by the way,
With tinkling Tambourine and “ Pay, Pay, Pay,
Do Pay, ” some Nightingale calls to the rows
Of auditors to think of Table Bay :

So do you likewise, blowing the Expense,
And putting off the Garment of Pretence,
Unloose the silken tassel of your purse
And pay your One-and-Six (or Eighteen-pence).

BALLADE OF RED TAPE

The Wykehamist whose soul retains
Dim memories of his boyhood's days
Keeps, somewhere backward of his brains,
The "Pempe-book"—that ancient "haze ;"
That surest of all lawful ways
To gull the simple—safe to score on—
Firm-built upon the classic phrase
Of *πέμπε πρότερον τὸν μῶρον*.¹

And still amid the stress and strains
Of later life it flings its rays ;
The Star of Pempe never wanes,
But shines anew with brighter blaze :
The Whitehall clerk at work betrays—
Lo, where he toils from ten to four on ;
And still the ancient game he plays
Of *πέμπε πρότερον τὸν μῶρον*.

¹ " Send the fool further. " The newcomer at Winchester College would be instructed to apply to A for the imaginary "Pempe-book." A would refer him to B, B to C, and so on, till the hoax was discovered.

What though yon householder complains
Of weeks entangled in the maze
Ringed with Red-tape ? For all his pains
Onward he fares and never stays :
The Income-tax ! the Law's delays !—
All this I set but little store on :
Others may gird—I chant the praise
Of *πέμπε πρότερον τὸν μῶρον*.

ENVOY

Princes, and you who buy my lays,
I pray you keep them near to pore on :
As for those other popinjays—
Why, *πέμπε πρότερον τὸν μῶρον*.

THE CASE OF THE LADY BICYCLIST AND THE POSTAGE STAMP

I have never ceased to marvel at the extraordinary ratiocinative powers of my friend Hemlock Jones ; but nothing to my mind displays his wonderful faculty in a clearer light than the case of the Lady Bicyclist and the Postage stamp.

It was a sultry afternoon at the end of last July, and since town was getting too hot to hold us, I proposed to Hemlock that we should take a brief holiday. He leant back in his chair,—or rather *my* chair, for Jones was kind enough to live entirely at my expense—and crossed his left foot carefully over the right, his favourite attitude when considering any important question. “ Well, ” he replied, after twenty minutes thought, during which I was careful not to interrupt the train of his ideas, “ it might perhaps be as well to get away from these professionals. Why not take a house somewhere opposite Scotland Yard ? They would never dream of looking for us there ! ”

The audacious boldness of the scheme fascinated me ; at the same time I ventured to point out that the buildings in question were not usually let out as furnished apartments for civilians. “ Quite right, he said : “ really, Shotgun, you have more sense than I supposed,—at any rate in these little matters where brains are not needed. ”

I blushed at the compliment, and waited for another suggestion.

“In that case,” said he, “there is really only one place for us.”

“And what is that?” I asked.

“Jesus College, Oxford.”

I stared at him blankly. The marvellous sequence of his ideas had again eluded my grasp.

“You don’t see, of *course*,” he continued. “Just hand me that Oxford Calendar, and Todhunter’s Algebra for Beginners.”

I passed him the books, and he proceeded to cover several pages of foolscap with abstruse algebraical calculations.

“There!” he said at last, “it is simple enough, even for you. You will observe from the Calendar that there are exactly forty-six undergraduates at Jesus named Jones. Applying the Doctrine of Chances, the odds are precisely 45 to 1 that, if the Scotland Yard blockheads trace us to the College, they will arrest the wrong man.”

It was on the tip of my tongue to object that the College would be empty during the Long Vacation, but I dreaded exposing myself to the ridicule which so superficial an objection would inevitably call forth. “When do we start?” I asked.

Hemlock looked at his watch, which, by the way, he always took care should be exactly 36 minutes slow. He spent a few minutes making the necessary calculations

with pencil and paper, and then rose slowly with a yawn. "We start in two and a quarter minutes," he said. "See that our portmanteaus are ready, Shotgun, and that nothing is forgotten at the last moment. We shall just miss the last train at Paddington." As usual Hemlock was right. I have never known him catch the train he tried for. It was part of his system.

I ordered a special, and my friend, according to his invariable custom, travelled under the seat. We reached Jesus College shortly after midnight, and rang up the porter.

"What name, Sir?" said that official.

"Jones!" replied Hemlock, without a moment's hesitation. "No Christian name of course. I have come up to read for the Balliol Scholarship and coach the 'Varsity crew. The Principal has very kindly placed his rooms at my disposal. My valet will have supper with me at once: be careful that the Champagne is well aired."

We had an excellent supper, and shortly afterwards were fast asleep. My friend did not remove his boots, no doubt owing to some intuitive feeling that there would be work for him in the morning.

I rose early on that eventful day, and took the local paper to my friend's room. He glanced carelessly at the Advertisements and handed the paper to me.

"Read that," he said; "it might interest you."

I took the paper and read as follows:—

"MISSING, since yesterday, a YOUNG LADY. Left home

on a Bicycle at 5 P.M. Any Person bringing INFORMATION to Dr. P., "*Chronicle*" Office, Oxford, will be LIBERALLY REWARDED."—

"Why, it must be the daughter of my old friend Pillbox," I exclaimed. "Hemlock, will you find her? Do, there's a good fellow?"

"My dear Shotgun," replied Hemlock, "the case is really a little too simple! In the name of common fairness, do you expect me to waste a whole morning on a little affair that Scotland Yard could manage in a month?"

I saw that it was unreasonable, but suggested that if the girl were not found in less than a month she probably would not be found at all: finally, I begged him for old friendship's sake to undertake the task.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose I shall have to go and have a look at it. On one condition though: my name must not be mentioned. I really cannot have it said that I undertake these elementary cases, even to keep my hand in. Just wire to the "*Times*" for yesterday's weather forecast. We will take the 9-15 somewhere: I find there is always a 9-15 in these provincial places."

I sent the wire, and in half-an-hour handed the "*Times*" telegram to Hemlock, who had just finished breakfast. It ran as follows:—

"MIDLAND COUNTIES light Southerly breezes variable possibly some rain or fog thunder locally."

"Thanks," said Jones, "that is all I want. We will take the 9-15 to Abingdon, and be back in time for lunch."

I was more than ever amazed at the man, but knew better now than to seek for the marvellous connection of his ideas. Even now it seems to me nothing short of miraculous. I only knew that the girl would be found, and that then, and not till then, my friend would give some explanation of his *modus operandi*.

On our way to the Station we called at the Post Office, and Hemlock went to the Stamp Counter.

“A Penny stamp,” he said: “a new one, mind: none of your faked up second-hand forgeries. And by the way, did a young lady happen to buy a stamp here yesterday?” The polite official considered it extremely probable that such a transaction had passed on the previous day, though he could not positively recollect the occurrence owing to absence on leave.

Hemlock reflected a moment.

“I have it!” he exclaimed. “I will have two halfpenny stamps instead of the Penny one. How much will that be altogether?—Shotgun, just settle the bill will you? I really haven’t the money.”

We reached the Station at 9-10 and caught the 9-35 to Abingdon.

My friend produced his private pass, on which were inscribed the words—“Admit Bearer and friend to the 9-15 Train at any Station. By Order.”

This was one of his strange whims. I invariably travelled with him and paid for two tickets, but in order not to hurt his feelings, I always allowed him to use his pass.

On the way down I kept my attention fixed on the landscape, in the hope that Jones, piqued by my apparent lack of interest in our adventure, would begin to take me into his confidence. In this I was not disappointed.

“I see, Shotgun,” he began, “that you are dying to know something about this case; and as usual, I suppose, it will be necessary to begin with the obvious. In the first place, then, I imagine it is fairly clear that the girl has run away from home.”

“You deduce that from the fact that she has not wired?”

“Precisely. It is a pity you are so intelligent, Shotgun:—you might have made your fortune at Scotland Yard. You will agree too, I suppose, that she could not go very far without any money. Evidently she spent her last penny on that postage stamp.”

I nodded an intelligent assent. It was one more instance of those peculiar powers for which my friend was so famous.

“Nobody,” he continued, “buys penny stamps singly, unless money is very scarce. Now I won’t ask you to form any hypothesis as to the girl’s object in buying this stamp; because, from my knowledge of your character, Shotgun, I feel pretty sure you will say she had a letter to post. I will put it therefore in another way:—

(1) The girl was bicycling, as we know.

(2) She purchased a penny stamp.

From these two premisses we may form our algebraical equation as follows:—

Bicycle+Stamp=Puncture.

She bought the Stamp, therefore, with the intention of repairing a possible or expected puncture. You follow me, I suppose?"

Again I murmured assent; the conclusion seemed so obvious when put in that way.

"Now as to why we have taken this Abingdon train. In the first place we must bear in mind that Miss Pillbox is evidently a girl of some resource. Since her object would naturally be to ride as far as possible in a given time, we may credit her, I think, with sufficient intelligence to select a road which would give her the wind at her back. Her first step, accordingly, would be to consult the weather forecast in yesterday's "*Times*," which, you will remember, seemed to have a slight prejudice in favour of Southerly Breezes. Here again we must assume that the girl was clever enough to know that in such matters it is generally safer to go against the "*Times*." Confident therefore of finding a North wind to assist her, she started due South towards Abingdon, where I fancy we shall catch her."

The train drew up at Abingdon Station and, after the usual dispute with the ticket-collector, Hemlock and I at once started along the Oxford Road. As soon as we were clear of the town my friend took from his waistcoat-pocket the powerful magnifying glass which he invariably carries with him, and proceeded to examine with microscopical minuteness the various Dunlop tracks visible on

the surface of the road, neglecting of course those which would be on the right hand of a bicyclist coming from Oxford. At last, after rather more than an hour had been spent in this way, I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by a shout from Jones.

“I have it !” he exclaimed ; “ or rather I *haven't* it ! The case is really beginning to interest me a little. It has some points. ”

Instantly I was on the alert. “ *What* have you, or haven't you ? ” I asked.

“The Missing Thorn !”—and he held up triumphantly a small piece of hedge-clipping from which a single thorn had undoubtedly been severed.

“That thorn,” he remarked quietly, “has punctured the missing bicycle. We shall find the two together ! ”

He sat down by the roadside and produced his note-book and pencil. Ten minutes' calculation proved sufficient for his purpose. “Now listen,” he said. “Statistics show that a punctured cyclist proceeds on the average a distance of 128 yards before discovering his misfortune. After that he dismounts and wheels his bicycle to the nearest visible gate, with a view to examination of the tyre. Now if you, Shotgun, take, as usual, one end of my little twelve-inch measuring tape, and I take the other, it is clear that 384 lengths of it will bring us to the dismounting point. ”

We completed the measurements in less than half an hour, and, after allowing an extra half-inch for shrinkage

of the tape owing to the prolonged drought, Hemlock carefully marked the spot with one of the tiny red flags which he always carries in his cigarette case for emergencies of this kind. And sure enough, not a hundred yards away was a gate in the opposite hedge! Removing our boots we approached it cautiously; but I must confess that notwithstanding all my faith in my friend's methods, I was positively amazed when, peeping over the gate, we discovered, half concealed in a disused shed—the girl and the bicycle.

Even Hemlock seemed just in the least degree elated by his success. "I suppose even you," he said, "will admit that wasn't a bad little bit of deduction! Now we won't spoil the thing by asking the girl any questions or letting her give us any details of her adventure; we'll just take her straight home and let her tell her story there."

Having aroused the girl, who presented a rather bedraggled, not to say disreputable appearance after her night in the shed, we enjoined her to be careful not to say a single word till our arrival at Oxford. "Remember," said Hemlock, in his best professional manner, "anything you say may be used in evidence against you." The girl did not appear to see the joke, but maintained, as I thought, a rather sulky demeanour throughout the return journey.

Two hours later when we rang Dr. Pillbox's back-door bell, the door was opened by Inspector Wilkins of Scotland Yard.

“ Ah, Wilkins ! ” said Hemlock ; “ come to shut the stable door as usual, I suppose ? You Scotland Yard people really are fairly good at that ! ”

“ Well, Mr. Jones, I really must congratulate you on a very smart piece of work ; you have saved me a deal of trouble. I see the bicycle is all right—not even a puncture ; and the girl you must allow *me* to take charge of. We’ve had our eye on her for some time now ; she’s one of a regular gang down here : ” and drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket he slipped them neatly over our captive’s wrists.

“ Why, what on earth are you doing ? ” said Hemlock. “ Surely this is Miss Pillbox ? ”

“ No Sir, ” replied the Inspector, with the least suspicion of a smile ; “ the young lady is safe upstairs. You see she rode over to visit her Aunt at Abingdon yesterday evening, and the wind being dead against her ”—(here I tried in vain to catch Jones’s eye)—“ She took a bit longer than she expected. While she was inside the house her bicycle disappeared, and what with looking about for it, *and* making enquiries of the local Police, she missed the last train back, and had to stay the night with her Aunt. She couldn’t wire, you see, Sir, as these local telegraph offices close pretty sharp at eight ; but Dr. Pilkington was naturally a trifle anxious, and, I understand, put an advertisement in the local paper. Miss Pilkington, however, was safe back by the first train this morning, in fact before the paper came out.—Well, Sir, allow me to con-

gratulate you once more on a very smart capture. It would be a credit to any of us; and if you would allow me to say so, I should be most pleased if at any time you could see your way to joining our staff at Scotl—”

.....

But Hemlock Jones had already fled.

THE DOVER EXPRESS

(AFTER KIPLING)

Comes a message down the line as the clock is striking
[nine,—

(And *that* clock's always right !)

Singing : — “ Over then, come over by the Grand
[Express to Dover—

You shall dine in France to-night. ”

You have heard the clash of the porter's bell,
And the shriek of the engine's pain;

You have heard the cry—stand by—stand by!—
Come down by the old Club Train !

Ha' done with your B and S, dear boys—

We haven't too long to wait,

And it's time to go down by the old train, our own train,
[the fast train ;

Come down, come down by the Club Train—the train
[that is Never late !

There be triple ways to take, of the Motor or the Brake,
Or the way of the Old Road Car ;
But the sweetest way, I guess, is a ride on the Express
Of the grand old S. E. R.

Can you hear the hiss of her valves, dear boys,

And the throb of the bursting plate,
As she strains and swings with the old train, our own
[train, the fast train :
As she lifts and 'scends with the Club Train—the train
[that is Never late ?

Oh, the mutterings inside, when the signal holds us tied,
And we feel there is some mistake !
And the fearful consternation when we stop at every
[Station

To the jar of the grinding brake !

We are sick with the din of the porters' bells,
And the platform's ghastly light ;

In vain the song— 'How long—How long !—
Shall we ever get in to-night ?'

The Lord knows where we shall dine, dear boys,
But one thing's sure as fate—

That we've comè aboard o' the Slow train, the Wrong
[train, the Snail train ;
We're crawling down by the Long train,—the train
[that is Always late !

THE FAMILY INCUBATOR

When I was a tiny boy,
 And you the merest baby,—
Without a thought in the world for aught
 That is or was or may be,—
We used to ride by day inside
 The same perambulator,
And nestle warm from the wintry storm
 In a Family Incubator.

Oh ! innocent Childhoods' joy—
 Shall we remember it later,—
How side by side we slept or cried
 In the Family Incubator ?

Do you still remember how
 Through all that bitter weather
From ten to six like little chicks
 We nestled close together ?
But wasn't it hot when Nurse forgot
 To open the ventilator,
And we nearly died as we lay inside
 That Family Incubator ?

The danger is over now :—
Nothing could suffocate us :
Oh ! little we cared for perils shared
In the hottest of Incubators !

And when I was eight years old,
And you were seven nearly,
'Twas then that I, as time went by,
Began to love you dearly :
And we thought so nice that old device
Of our respective maters,
That still we lay in the old sweet way—
But in separate Incubators !

Oh ! blissful days of old—
Shall we remember them later,
The time that we spent as we slept content,
Each in our Incubator ?

And now that you're past nineteen,
And I am leaving College,
I lighten my heart in the days apart
With the same consoling knowledge ;
For though you're "out" and I'm about
To quit my Alma Mater,
I dream of you the long night through
Asleep in your Incubator.

Oh ! keep that memory green !
Still let it fascinate us
To dream and think of that one sweet link,
Asleep, in our Incubators !

RESPECTFUL ADDRESS

TO A CHIMNEY-SWEEP

(Probably a reminiscence of G. S. C.)

Thy clarion reveillé floats
 Beneath my window ;
My spirit hears those thrilling notes—
 Thy shrill crescendo.
Ah ! let me see him as he waits,
 That faëry figure
Dark with the pigment that creates
 The minstrel-nigger.

Doubtless it lacks—so some might hint—
 The finer shading :
Perchance it *is*—that sooty tint—
 Too all-pervading ?
Yet chemists say the gems that grace
 A crown imperial,
And that dark carbon on thy face
 Are one material.

Thine ignorance of harmony
 There's no disguising ;
The flatness of that upper C
 Was quite surprising :
And yet to me thine artless tones
 Give far more pleasure
Than his who makes of rags and bones
 His earthly treasure.

Sing on : and if I had my choice,
 Upon my honour
Just now I'd liefer hear thy voice
 Than Prima Donna ;
For when those strains I first perceive,
 My angel Orpheus,
For three clear hours I need not leave
 The arms of Morpheus.

LIFE'S LITTLE WANTS

[We learn that the Proprietors of the "Chimes," encouraged by the success of their Book-selling department, have decided to extend their business in other directions. The following Advertisement may be looked for shortly in the leading daily papers.]

THE OLD METHOD

If you go into an ordinary shop and ask for something you want,—let us say, a Razor,—you will probably, and quite rightly, insist on getting more or less what you came for; you will not be put off with a penknife or a mowing machine. What you require is a Razor, pure and simple, and your first business will be to see that the Shopman understands this clearly. Further, you will take care that whatever razor you select is suitable for the purpose for which you intend to use it. You don't want to use it as a toy, or an ornament, or even for sharpening pencils; on the contrary, you want to shave with it. You will expect, therefore, a keenly tempered edge, one that will cut well; and you will get what you want or go elsewhere.

THE "CHIMES" SYSTEM

With *The Chimes* it is different. If you call at the *Chimes* Office and ask to see the Editor, or the Publisher,

or whoever it is that manages the Razor department, you will get, not what you want, but what you don't want. That is the difference between *The Chimes* and an ordinary shop. Ask the Editor of *The Chimes* to show you a razor that will cut, and he will tell you, in all probability, that you are not by any means the first person to make such an application that day: that he has, in fact, already turned away hundreds, if not thousands of such enquirers from the doors of *The Chimes* Office that very morning. But he will not sell you—he will not even show you,—such a razor. And why is this, you will say? The answer is simple: *The Chimes* does not keep that kind of razor. It *might* keep it, but, as a matter of fact, it does not. You may get such a razor; but you will *not* get it from *The Chimes*.

THE NEVER-READY

What, then—still assuming that you require a razor and not an Encyclopedia or a second-hand Novel—will the Editor of *The Chimes* show you? What kind—to use the vulgar expression—does he “keep in stock”? He will tell you candidly that he keeps one kind only—the *Never-Ready*. A curious title, you say? The Editor will gladly explain its significance. The title does not mean that the Razor (so called) is never ready *for any purpose whatever*. That would be a quite inaccurate description of it. For example, it is ready for you to

look at, ready for you to buy, for ready money. What it is *not* ever ready for is *the primary purpose for which other razors are intended*: in plain language, *it will not shave*. And by this we do not mean that it will not shave itself—for no razor would do that—but that it will not shave *you*. And why?—Simply because it is too blunt. It is made blunt for that very reason—so that you shall not be able to shave with it.

ITS DOMINANT CHARACTERISTIC

Very well, then. Now what do you do with a razor so blunt that you cannot shave with it? You will say, perhaps, that you strop it, or have it set, or ground; in fact you do all you can to have the bluntness removed,—to get rid of it.— You cannot do this with the Never-Ready. It is so made that it cannot be set or ground; stropping merely makes it blunter. Bluntness, in fact, is its *essential inherent* quality,—what we may call its dominant note. That is where it differs from every other kind of razor: it has not—it never can have—an “edge.”

“Yes,” you will say, “but that is not what I want. What I want is a razor I *can* shave with.”— The objection sounds reasonable enough, but, as a matter of fact, it is just a little illogical. For did we not say at the outset that the object of *The Chimes* is to supply you, not with what you want, but with what you don't want; or, to be quite accurate, what you *think* you don't want?

ITS PURPOSE

But apart from this, if you reflect a little, you will see that you have a very real, a very pressing need of such a razor. To make this clear to you—and we have no motive whatever for the reverse—we will ask one question:—How long, in the course of a day, do you take over your shaving? We do not mean with a Never-Ready Razor—for with that Razor you would take the entire day and more,—but how long do you take with an ordinary sharp razor? Probably you will say “about ten minutes.” Then for what part of the day are you *not* engaged in shaving? A brief calculation will show that the answer must be “twenty-three hours and fifty minutes.” There is no getting out of this: it is a mathematical truth. And it means that in the course of every day, every week, every year,—in fact during your whole life, you take exactly *one hundred and forty-three* times as long over *not* shaving, as you do over shaving. That is where the Never-Ready Razor comes in. It is the Razor for you,—not for the ten minutes when you are shaving, but for the twenty-three hours and fifty minutes when you are not shaving. It is the Razor for the whole of your life—*except just that ten minutes*. And it needs no stropping, no shaving-brush, no soap.

ITS PRICE

And now you begin to realize that it must be worth one hundred and forty-three—by a curious coincidence almost

exactly one gross—of ordinary razors; and you fear probably that its cost may be somewhat beyond your means.— That is where you are wrong. For a certain limited period, which we cannot at present divulge, *The Chimes* is prepared to sell the Never-Ready Razor *at precisely the cost at which other shops would sell you a common or shaving razor*. It may sound incredible, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. And the explanation is that *The Chimes* has what is called a “monopoly” of these Razors. We need not go into the derivation of the word “monopoly;” you will find all about it in your last edition but one of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, if you were fortunate enough to secure a copy of that work before it was superseded by the later editions. But it means, in one word, that you cannot get the Never-Ready Razor *except through The Chimes*. You could not get it in Sheffield—the home, as it is called, of the Cutlery industry. No Sheffield maker would even have heard of it, for—and here is the great secret—the Never-Ready Razor is not made in England at all. It is manufactured especially for *The Chimes*, and for *The Chimes only*, in the territory of a great Continental Power.

* * *

This is what *The Chimes* does for you : can you afford to reject the offer ? The answer to that question is what *The Chimes* is now waiting for.

ALBUM VERSES

(I) NON VI, SED SAEPE CADENDO

Never again to see you here !—again,
When frosts are sharp, to follow in the train
Of steel-shod damsels to the frozen mead
Vulgarly known in Gotha as the “ Reed. ”—
How often there, ourselves secure from harm,
We’ve watched you, with your heavenward-tilted arm
Like some broad pennon streaming in the breeze
That guides the mariner through unknown seas,¹
Steering the course of your sublime career,—
Uncertain on your feet, yet free from fear
Of the imminent fall.—What if, as some allege,
Your best manœuvres on the outside edge
Were executed mainly on your back ?
What if your every limb is blue and black,
(As we conjecture) ?—Time will show the way :
Nay, Rome itself was not built in a day :
And, as some bard, whose name I can’t recall,
Says somewhere,—“ Nobler far to skate and fall—
—If falls must be, than never skate at all. ”

¹ The friendly critic already alluded to doubts whether even the most experienced mariner steers by his own pennon. I have not said so.

(2) TO DAISY

What song shall we sing for memorial,
 Writ rarely in raptures of red,—
How fashion fit hues for the aureole
 That encircles the roof of her head ?—
But though perished the prime of my days is,
 Let me raise what remains of my voice
In our Marguerite Muriel's praises—
 (*My "Daisy" for choice*).¹

Is it red with the redness of roses ?
 Is its bloom of the peach or the plum ?
Or the splendour that Summer discloses
 When the time of geraniums is come ?
Or, since there is barrier none set
 To bind me from beams beyond reach,
Shall I seek in the radiance of Sunset
 My figure of speech ?²

¹ Disputantibus Pictore cum Poeta de proprio cognomine, quum hæc "Muriel" ille "Daisy" præferret, ita tandem rem componere visum est.

² Quærit satis absurde Asellinus an.....*Helio-trope* etc. etc.

Does it gleam with the glory of poppies
Blown full in the first of the year?
Are its tints as the tints of the coppice
When Autumn the Limner is here?
Does it glare like the signal of danger,
Plain proof to all persons that pass
That she warns the too imminent stranger
To keep off the grass?

Ah, no! 'tis in vain to conceal it:—
The one word that I strove to avoid—
Fate forces me now to reveal it—
Just C...ts, *sans phrase*, unalloyed!
Nay, tear not thy tresses, but *lente*
Festina till all has been told;
For by C...ts I mean of course Twenty
Four Carats of Gold.

FROM THE FRENCH OF AMI CHANTRE

The Ship on which we may not sail
 Fares onward to some happier land,
 By softest breezes gently fanned,
'Neath Summer skies that never fail,—

For regions of the Sunrise bound :
 And like white birds that cling and cry
 Round a ship's path—so mournfully
Hover our dreams its flight around.

We know not where it goes, and yet
 Doubtless for isles of brighter green
 Than ever upon Earth was seen,
And happier shores, its sails are set.

Would *we* upon that Ship embark,
 That voyage take,— 'neath angry skies,
 Through warring seas the vessel hies
To a land of sorrow, a country dark.

Why seek the ills we here bewail ?
 Ah, not for us that blissful flight :
 Alone they go to the land of light,
The Ships on which we may not sail.

FROM THE ITALIAN

LA GRATITUDINE

*Benchè di senso privo
Fin l'arboscello è grato
A quell' amico rivo
Da cui riceve umor ;
Per lui di fronde ornato,
Bella mercè gli rende
Quando dal sol difende
Il suo benefattor.*

There's a little tree I know
And a brook that creeps below
Helps the little tree to grow
 On its banks :
But the leafy branches throw
Pleasant shade in June—and so
To the thirsty stream below
 Render thanks.

HATS AND HAT-WORSHIP

*An Essay written in Commemoration
of the Centenary of the Tall-hat.*

I

HISTORICO-PHILOSOPHIC

Considering the innumerable volumes of printed Trash which have been published on the topic of Clothes of all kinds,—Church-clothes, Long-clothes, Dandy-clothes, Aprons, and the like, woven in the Loom of Time or in all other looms whatsoever,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that nothing considerable or of a fundamental character has hitherto been written on the subject of Hats. All the more strange when one reflects that Hats, of whatever conceivable Fashion or Shape, are common to all sons of Adam on this terraqueous Globe, from Game-preserving dilettante in Long-acre gig to Billius Hodge-Podge in his Bastille; sole exceptions within our ken being Pavement-painters and the Oval Poet. Taking which indubitable Fact into his consideration, it has seemed good to the Present Editor, out of the Chaotic mass of fuliginous imbecility which he calls his Mind, to

evolve or body forth Somewhat, which to some Thirty-five millions of Readers (mostly fools) shall seem to be substantially a Work, or thing of great Worth. Its precise value, on the whole, being in fact *zero* or No-thing; as will speedily become visible *without* aid of Herschel Telescopes or whatever other Optical instruments.

On the origin and genesis of Hats the Editor has not prepared a long discourse. Suffice it to say, that though the Hat was not the first discovered Garment,—the more pressing need being, as would seem, the White Tie,—it was nevertheless perhaps not unlike to be the second. For what more natural than that the earliest Sansculottist, or wearer of Nothing, should cast about him for some means of defending his Precious Head against Sunstrokes and Rains-storms (*Regenstürme*), not to mention (*nicht zu sagen*) Thunder, Lightning, and other so-called Forces-of-Nature ?

On all which and many other similar Adamitic questions a Refined History would rather say nothing. What chiefly concerns our present purpose being the Hat, so to speak, of To-day, in all its manifold Forms and Fashions : Pot-hats, Necklace-cardinals' Hats, Academical Hats, Shovel-hats and what not. Of which latter indeed let it suffice to say here once for all, that of all the wearers of them Seneca was the father.

But what after all, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purpose or upshot of the thing we call a Hat ? Is it in these modern times merely as heretofore

a defence against the Weather ? Or, on the whole, shall we not rather say that, as Speech was given to man to conceal his Thoughts, so the Hat was designed quite marvellously to conceal his *Thought-works* or brains ? Which latter, though not for the most part standing in need of much concealment, do nevertheless without doubt, when existent, have their Seat, or Permanent Residence, in the Upper Story, and must for sake of argument be presumed to dwell therein, even though the flat (*Dumm-kopf*) be visibly *Un-furnished*. As in the case of double-barrelled Game-preservers, and all others whose Profession or Work-in-the-World is to Own Land. Concerning all which we shall here, for obvious reasons, say no more.

Thus nevertheless, after darkest groping, is there at length realised Somewhat ; namely that the Hat, being, as we have seen, the Brain-cover or as it were Outer Shell of the Brain, does actually, uncertain whether from mere Proximity, or in whatever more or less mysterious way, absorb into itself some considerable portion or Concentrated Essence of the Brain : so that not only does the Hat become characteristic of, or *mark* the Man, but in a manner really *makes* the Man,—whereby he becomes recognisable to his fellows, and even Definable solely in terms of his Hat. As for instance when thou askest question of Billius Hodge-Podge in the occidental parts : “ What son of Adam hath *un-lawfully* made away with a certain Four-legged, Midas-eared animal *without* Feathers, to wit a Moke ? In the Devil’s name—Ans-

wer!"—and straightway *gettest* answered—*so*: "The Man in the White Hat!" Truly a very questionable kind of man this, going about his Moke-lifting in a White Hat! Quite a distinguished man, one would think! One would like to know more of him: whether he did any *Work* in the world (Treadmill or otherwise), before Chaotic Night, in person of Samson or Jack Ketch, drew on his distinguished visage the *White Cap*, and so—*ex-tinguished* him for ever!

Not much of the Flunkey here, one would hope! Rather, at bottom, some Inkling (*Dintchen*) of the Hero,—of the Cromwell-Dick-Turpin kind at worst! A man *not* very likely to be troubled with Valets, unless indeed of the Newgate Turnkey sort! And note further that this luminous head-gear of his serves not merely as envelopment for Cranium or Num-skull, but does actually seem to shelter likewise the entire visible corporeal existence of the man: Front-of-brass, breast-works, stern-works and the like, down to his very Two Legs and Timber-toes. In a really marvellous way! Not so strange though if, with the spectacular Teutons, we interpret Hat (*Hut*) as Hut, house, or perhaps even *Hose* (*Hosen*). Strange philological, or rather illogical, speculations! In the midst of which the Man himself has unhappily evaporated, leaving results amounting, on the whole, to *zero*!

For quite other indeed must we consider those "White Hats" of which Sporting Journalists do learnedly dis-

course, what time all the Posterity of Adam, from Game-preserving Dilettante to Billius Hodge-Podge from his Bastille, do assemble with observant eye to witness the Royal game of Stool-ball at *Lords* or *Law-wards*. Wards or Wardens, that is to say, of Cricket-laws, Two-legs-before-wicket-laws, Five-balls-to-the-over-laws, and what not : like to become perforce, through over-much *Laissez-faire*, wards of their *own* Ground ; no longer Ground-game Preservers but veritable Game-ground Preservers,—or prepare for vanishing ! With this Manchester-Sheffield business looming ever more palpably on the rim of the horizon ! Concerning which altogether questionable White Hats the present Writer has been able to learn, after patientest enquiry, as good as nothing whatever. This authentic Fact alone being at length discoverable : namely that the M.C.C., or Council of Twelve Hundred Lords (or Law-wards), do of their bounty award this White Hat as a Crown of honour for successful performance of certain “Hat-tricks” (*Hut-listen.*)

In such enigmatic duskiness and thrice-folded involution, after all enquiries, does the matter yet hang. Nevertheless, by dint of meditation and comparison, light-points that stand fixed and abide scrutiny do here and there disclose themselves. As for instance, that this singular Hat-trick is no mere Cagliostro quackery or Maskelyne-and-Cooke miracle with Omelette or live Bunny, but is in some not very easily discernible way

connected with the ancient Art of Bowling, now alas ! as good as extinct. Might we then guess that for *clean bowling* the enemy the reward was, not inappropriately, a Clean Bowler, or, in plain language, a White Hat ?

To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning Public can have no wish. And now dimly arises the question, Whether the straddling biped called Man, being for the most part definable as a Piece of Wood (*Holzstück*), may not, at bottom, be at least as much *Hat-peg* as Clothes-horse (*Kleidenpferd*) or Scarecrow ? Nay farther, who knows whether the Hat, which, as we proved above, makes the Man, may not in a manner actually *be* the Man, so that he is *what* he is solely in virtue (*vir-tus*, *Man-hood*) of his Hat ? In token whereof are not the members of the Dandiical Body wont to hail one another as "Old Chappie" (*Chapeau*), or even *Cap-tain* ? With which singular, if not altogether questionable suggestion, we must close this already too considerable chapter.

II

INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY

To those who, with the present Ready-Writer, hold this exalted and even worshipful opinion of the inner purport of Hats, some disquisition here on *Hat-guards*

may not seem altogether out of place. Under which category, be it understood, he would include not merely pieces of String, elastic or inelastic, serving as security against loss by Whirlwind and the like : but likewise those other safe-guards against damage by Hail and Rain, of which the one most worth considering here is the Umbrella. Against damage by those other hereditary foes of the Hat, such as doors of Omnibuses and Railway Carriages, or *ascending* showers of Babylonian mud, there has been unhappily no defence at present got discovered.

But quitting all that of which the human soul cannot well speak in terms of civility, some light on the origin of the Umbrella, even if merely fish-oil transparency or bog Will-o'-Wisp, might perhaps from the volumes of Dryasdust, or from whatever more or less arid or humid tomes, be after infinite pains and world-torments at length dimly discernible. This Editor will venture on such a thing.

And truly a very remarkable year was that, well-nigh two centuries ago, when the first Ombrifuge, or Umbrella, was unfurled in London Streets. What a sensation ! Not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable : of which happily the historian (or *Boswell*) is extant. Let us search the pages of our Encyclopédie, *not* that of Diderot (d——d rot) but one writ in our own tongue, wherein he who runs may read : of which Book the net-value, or *Worth (valor)* is, by Cash-computation, precisely Sixpence sterling ; its value to us on the other

hand being quite *infinite* ! Let the Professor of Things-in-general, not to say (*nicht zu sagen*) Life-weariness, tell the tale in his own quaint end-of-the-century style.

“For many centuries the umbrella had been in common use in China and Japan before it was introduced into European countries. About 200 years ago it was introduced into London by Jonas Hanway, a benevolent and eccentric old gentleman. When he first raised his umbrella, on a rainy day, he found it of unexpected use in keeping off a shower of sticks and stones, with which the street-boys pelted him.” Showers quite *other* than of rain ! As without doubt he speedily became aware. A spectacle to gods and men ! *Pelting* which this new Umbrella of his was *not* built to withstand : not being precisely constructed in that manner.

And what of the “eccentric old gentleman” himself, — Jonas Hanway or Hanwell, (for so let us name him for his eccentricity)? How he makes shift to adapt himself to this unexpectedly *solid* environment? Turn tail and furl broly? Demand the Arrestment of Knaves and Dastards!—By no means! (*keinwegs!*) Just elevates the dexter eyebrow of him slightly perhaps: for the rest, plods bravely on his way—*not* wishing himself back in China! Half-conscious perhaps, in his dim inarticulate way, that he too is at length got become a Leader of the Fashions, the Introducer of a really new Thing, a Boon and a Blessing to his Fellow-creatures.

Not much of the Flunkey here either, one might

suppose ! A man probably accustomed to looking after *his own* Hat and Clothes. Truly a very notable old gentleman !—worth living more than two centuries back to see—him and his Umbrella ! (Might we but possess one of those new Patent *Time-conquering* Fortunatus-Hats of ours !) Good old Jonas Hanwell ! Here we must leave thee, and thy antique Ombrifuge ! Of thy Heroism,—for Hero truly thou wert—let Dryasdust and Divine Silence be the record.

Into the question, Whether the Umbrella be, on the whole, a weapon of *of-fence* partly, no less than of *de-fence*, we shall not here so much as glance. Enough for us to say that in the hands of all Daughters-of-Eve, Scarlet-Women, Quarteroons and the like, it is fraught with perils (of the frightfullest sort !) to our observant Eye. For the rest, a sovereign remedy for insane cows and even Highway-Dick-Turpins.

With the ultimate end or Destiny of every Brolly on this terraqueous Globe only the greener mind in these days need concern itself. For, after all, no man happy enough to own a Brolly lacks a friend willing to relieve him of the burden. How thankful should we be then that from such Candid-friend depredations our Hat at least is secure : uncertain whether from reverence to its great Age and well-nigh sacerdotal character, or from some personal considerations of shape, size, or the like. As for instance this, that on a less noble brow our own private Hat is like to become a mere Extinguisher ;

whereby the unlawful wearer is rendered quite remarkable, — conspicuous among his fellow-creatures.

And if even our own Bosom-friend vouchsafes this respect to our Hat, how were it with a mere *Un-Friend* or *Total-stranger*? Imagine, for instance, that chancing to enter our Penetralia or Inward-hall at dead-of-night, we behold dimly through Cimmerian darkness an Entire Stranger, of the questionable species, in possession of even the humblest of our Hats! Think you that we will bid him depart in peace, glad to be quit of him—even at such a price? Very far from that!—Quite the reverse of all that! Awake he *shall* NOT have it, not he wide-awake our wide-awake! For the rest, producing from our interior reservoirs our Bromwicham Family-Revolver, and looking fixedly on the man, we will at first *speak* to him, after the manner of friend Teufelsdröckh; in the simplest language, not to be mistaken.—“*Er gebe es auf, Freund!*—Be so obliging as to give-up that Hat, Friend! — or, on the whole, here are some half-dozen leaden pellets, each cunningly fitted into its proper tube, one or more of which shall otherwise of a certainty *compel* thee to give-up that which thou alone, methinks, of us twain valuest *above* my Hat, to wit—the GHOST!” Hearing which good-advice, if with other than moke’s ears, our burglarious friend cannot be gone too quickly!

In all which who does not discern the quite sacred value which we set on our Hat, as a thing to be defended, if need be, with our very Life-blood? How foolish then

were we to neglect to furnish it with a suitable Wind-guard, lest it become the Sport of furious gales—to our everlasting Wo ! To such abysmal overturns (*Coolboots*) and frightful instantaneous inversions of the centre-of-gravity is human head-gear always liable.

But, quitting generalities, what strange Fact is this, clearly visible to authentic History passing along Fleet Street, one summer afternoon ? It were worth while to inquire, and that promptly. Authentic History, accordingly, looking fixedly at Fleet Street, discerns two things : the one, our best and blackest Tall-hat, whirling along with countless Maurepas-gyratings, with Scylla-and-Charybdis eddyings, through Babylonian mire towards Infinite Space: the other, Hat-less, panting in hot pursuit, amid loud ha-has and *ça-iras* of all St. Antoine turned out to view the sport,—the present unfortunate Editor ! Unluckiest of Editors, what an afternoon!—But, specially, what to do?—Were wise who wist ! For, despite our best endeavour, the Thing-pursued seems actually to be *gaining*-on us, St. Antoine and all Sanculottism blocking our path. Here is a nodus !—

Why we do not call-in the Police ? We do call-in the Police. With results. Chief-Inspector Bailly, shiftiest of all Chief-Inspectors, and Constable Coles, scenting safety, nay, perhaps even *silver*, from afar, do emerge as if from Tartarus ; plainly visible this once to the eye of History, and to all other eyes. Constable Coles has even a suggestion—of the practicallest sort ! Constable

Coles will himself join in the chase ; will, with those silent league-covering Fortunatus-boots of his, if but by mere treading and trampling, effect the capture ! To which all too practical suggestion we, as owners of the quarry, looking at the matter from quite *other* point-of-view, will for the present have nothing whatever to say. Constable Coles, (so we ordain), shall clear the way ; for such purpose were those *crowd*-compelling Boots even the suitablest ! We ourselves will conduct the chase in person. Let Inspector Bailly, active and intelligent, bring up the rear.

In such manner do we, after infinite pantings and perspirings, recapture our prize, amid universal hep-hep-hurrahs for Glorious-victory : which we will forthwith celebrate, in our modest way, by the purchase of a new Patent Hat-guard. Thus, too, did Constable Coles, as we have seen, emerge from Tartarus, dawn on us visibly out of the darkness, and become a person and a Crowd-compeller. Whither he must nevertheless return, not without suitable thank-offering (*Trinkgeld*) from us, and vanishes henceforth from the tissue of our story. A too practical man, with his Fixed-idea (and those Boots of his !). A man of no astucity : and yet withal no mere specious Formula. Rather one who had *swallowed* all Formulas, speciosities, sham-trues, babblements, pufferies, quackeries, Paperkites, Dead-sea-apisms and most other Isms. Happy if he can but *digest* them all ! To which veritable Hercules-labour let us here leave him.

III

SANITY OF HATTERS

Truly a very questionable title for this our concluding chapter, whereby this Life-Work of ours, shall be at length got completed ! Questionablest, indeed, if we reflect that the Hatter has, properly speaking, no sanity at all, but quite the reverse ; being afflicted, even to a proverbial extent, with the veriest *in*-sanity or *mad*-capacity—not to be cured by any Morrison's Pill as yet discoverable. Whence perforce he must at times even quit this terraqueous Globe, wandering like some cat-o'-mountain spirit or huge Copper Portent in the lunar limbo (*Wunderland*), a boon-companion to March-Hares, Dormice, and many more whom the human memory need not charge itself with : uttering, as the spirit moves him, things foolish and not wise. Nay, driven to break his fast (such is the dearth of Grains), on Cochin-China Cups and Saucers : could he indeed contrive to swallow them, and *digest* them ; which last, however, is precisely the doubtful thing, or even the *not* doubtful—our Patent Bromwicham Cast-Iron Digester being not yet invented. But why dwell on this aspect of the matter ? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any man. More profitable, accord-

ingly, were it for us in the long-run to conduct a quite unofficial enquiry (without Bluebooks) into the Causes of this so singular Phenomenon of Hatters'-Madness. Having which fixed-purpose or end-in-view, we, for our part, have in these latter days diligently read and re-read every well or ill-redacted treatise that has been written by all ready-writers on the subject whatsoever : being for the most part very far from legible to runner : —could one but after infinite reading get to understand so much as the merest inkling of their meaning, or indeed whether they have any meaning at all ! Nevertheless, after patientest study, scattered lights, do from time to time sparkle-out ; whereby the idea, or Thing-signified, becomes for the time even intelligible ! As for instance, this remarkable suggestion of Professor Hammond Bacon, a man evidently of much grinding in the John Stuart Logic-mill ; That the Hatter does not, as one would have thought, become insane as the *result* of his profession of Hatter (*Hattitude*), but that he was naturally and of necessity insane *before* becoming a Hatter. Let us hear the world-famous Professor himself, as far as possible without interruption.

“ A Hatter is a maker of Hats.”—(Remarkable Professor !)—“ A Hat is a covering to protect the Head from Rain. Rain is more destructive to Hats than it is to Heads.”—(Evidently the World-renowned does not dye his wig.)—“ Consequently the Hatter is one who seeks to protect the less destructible article by means of the

more destructible.”—(Hence, we imagine, the Deluge.)
—“Therefore (*ergo*) the Hatter is Mad.—*Quod erat demonstrandum.*”

In addition to which (*praeterea*) one might say,—hence the Umbrella. Taking which singular suggestion of the Professor’s into consideration (as far as one can understand it), do we not at length begin, if but faintly, to discern the meaning of that portentous seven-foot-high Lath-and-plaster Hat-on-wheels of the Strand Hatter, whereat the wrath of Friend Sauerteig was of late so strangely excited? For precisely as the Hat, being designed to protect the Head, was found by Jonas Hanwell to be in need itself of some protector, is it not in like manner conceivable that the Umbrella, while defending the Hat, may itself require some gigantic seven-foot Hat for its own defence? Which marvellous erection again, being somewhat weighty to carry, shall it not go better on wheels? And even, perhaps, by steam? Here accordingly a question arises; of the prophetic sort; which cannot now be answered:—namely—Whether, for better protection of these same tallest of Tall-hats, we shall not require some quite preposterous Paul’s-dome Umbrella or Parachute, hanging by vast Gas-bags from the air of heaven? And so on *ad infinitum*, till we strike the Starry Vault with our sublime Heads. Whereupon one begins to wonder, How the streets shall be passable? Which problem the best insight, seeking light from all possible sources, shifting its point of vision whithersoever vision or glimpse

of vision can be had, may employ itself in solving in some tolerably approximate way ! But, apart from all Transcendentalism, let us here say at once that with this enigmatic theory of our Professor, how plausible soever it may seem, we for our part must entirely disagree. For which disagreement we shall not here assign so much as a reason : sufficient for us that we do publicly name the man a mere Pot-walloper or Logheaded Wind-bag,—and order him at his earliest convenience to disappear !

For the rest, it remains but to state our own private view of the matter, which is of the simplest kind : this namely, that every Hat of good Quality is, in some miraculous way, endued with the power of *absorbing brains*, to a certain definable extent : whereby the wearers of many new Hats do actually become visibly Brainless,—plain to behold ! As in the case of our double-barrelled Game-preservers, Most-Eminent Parliament-Leaders, and others who are rightly called *Notables*, or *Not-ables*. (Whereat wise Wigs wag !) What wonder then that the Hatter, being whether from choice or of necessity continually surrounded by a multitude of new Hats, with all their brain-absorbent faculties fresh and nascent, should speedily be reduced to a condition of sheer *mad-capacity* or Madness ? Nay, further, such is the virtue of Victorious-Analysis, do we not begin to discern with tolerable certainty the cause of that hitherto mysterious Lunacy of most Princes, Potentates and others

whose occupation or Work-in-the-World is to be continually wearing crowns? So much can observation altogether unstatistic, looking only at a Hamlet or a Julius Cæsar, ascertain for itself. Nay perchance too even some in our own time; concerning which latter, however, let us by all means forbear speaking treasonably, lest Mother Guillotine become desirous of *our own* Hat-peg, a thing not easily to be replaced!

Thus have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as in such circumstances might be, followed out to the end the History of this Transcendental Inquiry:—happy if we can but find a Reader to follow *Us!* The subject was bewildering, and at times we may have seemed even to lose our way,—so Cimmerian was the bosage and umbrage. And yet withal has there not been realised somewhat, some actual existing quosity of Residual Fact? This namely, that all Work and all Labour is unprofitable, and this Life of ours but the idle shadow of a vision: “We are such Stuff”....

At which point, methinks, we hear one of our Public mutter audibly “*Coq d’Inde,*” which, being interpreted into the Scots tongue signifies *Bubbly-fock!* Whereupon we also, uttering comminatory words after the manner of the Scotch, do thus substantially unburden ourselves:—“Thou stupendous blockhead! unprintable offspring of scoundrels! Thinkest thou that for the sake of a merely infinitesimal fraction of a public such as thou, we would condescend to speak words of mere brute sense,

instead of our divinest Bunkum or Non-sense?—Despicable biped! Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle, or, on the whole, go to the....!

Ha! What is this? What? What?—Ignominious shovings and menacings?—Spurnings *a posteriori* not to be named!—The present editor cannot be gone too quickly!

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