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Puck on Pegasus:



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PUCK ON PEGASUS.



Phok. on Pegasus

Wesley, 1841, No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

PUCK ON PEGASUS:

BY

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL,

Author of "Crescent? and other Lyrics," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH, TENNIEL, DOYLE, SIR NOEL PATON,

PHIZ, PORTCH, AND M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

FIFTH EDITION,

COMPLETELY REVISED AND ENLARGED.

London :

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

1868.

Ⓜ Am

CB

173

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.
BREAD STREET HILL.

The humble Memorial of the Undersigned,

PEGASUS,

Sheweth—

(1) That your Memorialist, on making his fifth appearance in public (this time as a four-year-old), desires to avail himself of his prescriptive privilege as one of the “talking animals” to say a few words on his own account.

(2) Memorialist would humbly represent that he is much afraid lest the fine ladies and gentlemen in the Grand Stand, or, still worse, those busy, earnest men down there, who are always making and unmaking books, should leave him out of the betting as an “old

The humble Memorial, &c.

stager," or perhaps refuse to put any more money upon him, because they think they have seen his best performances already.

(3) Against such unkind treatment Memorialist would respectfully protest. His (Memorialist's) master thinks (and Memorialist humbly thinks so too) that it's better to stick to one horse, and do all you know to make a winner of him, than to be constantly starting a lot of fresh animals, which may perhaps turn out to be mere weeds after all, or likely enough break down in their first race.

Memorialist also alleges (what, poor beast, is true enough, goodness knows!) that when he entered for the Trial Stakes he was but a foal—a mere schoolboy of a horse, as it were,—and that, although he hopes he has not altogether discredited the kind judgment of those who supported him on that occasion, he has since undergone an uncommonly sharp course of training, which, whilst getting rid of some superfluous lumber, has put on him

The humble Memorial, &c.

instead, he fancies, more of the real going stuff. In fact, in his own opinion at least, he has been gradually getting into form ever since his first race, and is now a different-looking quadruped altogether.

(4) On his original appearance Memorialist is conscious that his paces were thought by some to be occasionally rather too frolicsome—not to say skittish. His trainer has, however, carefully studied to remedy this little peculiarity, and has added to the establishment some couple of dozen new “bits” of various degrees of solidity and severity for Memorialist’s especial benefit; whilst that the licking department generally has not been neglected may be gathered from the fact that he has to acknowledge the receipt of about the same number of extra “cuts” in coaching for this very race.

(5) Under all these circumstances, Memorialist humbly hopes that on this, his perhaps final appearance on the same course, he may not be dismissed without a few

The humble Memorial, &c.

encouraging pats *en passant* from his old backers, or at least a fair critical judgment of his capabilities in his new form.

(6) In any case he means winning this time, and no mistake!—the Blue Riband or Westminster Abbey,—and your Memorialist will ever pray.

THE MEWS, MOUNT HELICON.

November, 1867.

*To the most Worshipful, the Three Estates of the Realm
(and the Fourth especially).*

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* * * * *

“Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?”

Midsummer Night's Dream.



PUCK ON PEGASUS.



The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

(Some time before 1860.)



HERE'S a living thread
that goes winding,
winding,
Tortuous rather, but easy
of finding,
Creep and crawl
By paling and wall—
Very much like a dust-dry
snake—

From Hyde Park Corner
right out to Mortlake ;

Puck on Pegasus.

Crawl and creep,
By level and steep,
From Hammersmith Bridge back again to Eastcheap,—
And all up the road from Putney to Town
What the deuce has made the trees look so brown ?
From earliest light
And well over night
That dusty coil has been weaving its trace,
Horse and man,
Wagon and van,
Jog-trotting along since the day began—
Rollicking, rumbling, and rolling apace,
With their heads all one way like a shoal of dace ;
And beauty and grace,
And the Mayor without mace,
The brilliant and base,
Silk satins and lace,
And the evil in case,
Seem within an ace of a general embrace,
In spirit, at least, as they join in the chase,

The Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race.

As if the whole place
Had set its whole face
To see the Oxford and Cambridge Race.

* * *

Over Putney Bridge
There's a curious ridge—
A swarm of something—it can't be midge?—
And look, on this side,
Where the arches are wide,
Lie two lines of blue just breasting the tide :
Side by side
Like shadows they glide,
With a background of everything wooden or steel
That's driven by oar, sail, paddle, or wheel,
Striving and tearing,
And puffing and swearing,
With the live black swarm that their decks are bearing,
And an everlasting struggle and reel—
Whilst over the water the merry bells peal.

Puck on Pegasus.

Has any one seen some grand, fleet horse,
At the starting-post of an Epsom course,
With nostril spread and chest expanding,
But like a graven image standing,
Waiting a touch to start into life,
And spurn the earth in the flying strife?
Whilst around, with restless eddying pace,
Frolic the froth and foam of the race?—
So stood those two boats, the light and dark blues,
With craft of a hundred shapes and hues
That lined the Surrey side.
And so, as when smit by wind and wheel
Darts thro' the cleft spray the driven keel,
They darted up the tide.
With a single bound, like a single man,—
Full seldom hath the brave river
Together seen ride
Such crews of pride;
The long boats leap as they breast the tide,
And the stout oars bend and quiver.

The Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race.

“ Cambridge! Cambridge!”—“ Now, Oxford, now!”—

 Betwixt the crews
 There isn't a pin to choose—
Not so much as the turn of a feather—
 The Cambridge eight
 Have muscle and weight,
 But the short, sharp dash
Of the dark blue falls like a single flash,
 So wholly they pull together.

 And they pull with a will!
 Row, Cambridge, row,
They're going two lengths to your one, you know—
 The Oxford have got the start,—
 Out and in—in, out—
Flash, feather—feather, flash—
Without a jerk or an effort or splash,
 It's a wonderful stroke, no doubt.
A wonderful stroke! but a *leetle* too fast?

Puck on Pegasus.

Forty-four to the minute at least ;
For five or six years it's been all your own way,
But you've got your work cut out to-day,
Give 'em the Cambridge swing, I say,
The grand old stroke, with its sweep and sway,
And send her along! never mind the spray—
It's a mercy the pace can't last
They never can live, tho' the Bridge is in sight . . .
Ha, now she lifts! row, row!

But in spite
Of the killing pace, and the stroke of might,
In spite of bone and muscle and height,
Foot by foot
And flight by flight
On flies the dark blue like a gleam of blue light,
And the river froths like yeast.

“Oxford, Oxford! she wins, she wins” ——
Well, you've won 'the toss,'
You see,



To face p. 6.

The Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race.

Whilst the Cantabs must fetch

Their boats thro' a stretch

That's as lumpy and cross

As can be ;

And the men are too big, and the boat's too light,

But look ! by the bridge, a haven in sight—

A smooth long reach that's polished and bright—

And Cambridge may win if she can ;—

And the squall's gone down and the froth is past,

And you'll find it's the pace that kills at last—

You must pull—do you understand ?—

So—put your backs into it—now or never—

Jam home your feet whilst the clenched oars quiver,

For over the gold of the gleaming river

They're passing you, hand over hand :

And a thousand cheers

Ring in their ears—

The muscles stand out on their arms like cords,

Brows knit and teeth close set,—

And bone and weight are beginning to tell,

Puck on Pegasus.

And the swingeing stroke that the Cam knows well

Will lick you yet.

Cambridge! Cambridge! again—bravo—

Splendidly pulled—now, Trinity, now—

Now let the oars sweep—

Now, whilst the shouts rise,

And the stretched boat flies,

And twenty thousand eyes and hearts

Leap!

Stick to it, boys, for the bonny light blue,

See how she lifts her bow—

And its fluttering silk dasht with the spray

Steals forward now:

Cambridge for ever!

What ails the crew?—

What ails the strong arms, unused to wax dull?—

And the light boat trails like a wounded gull * * * ?

* * *

The Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race.

Swamped! swamped, by Heaven ;
Beat, in the mid fight,
With the prize in sight,
As they were gaining fast,
Row, Cambridge, row !
Swamped, while the great crowd roared—
Wash over wash it poured,
Inch by inch—
Does a man flinch ?
Row, Cambridge, row !—
Stick to it to the last—
Over the brown waves' crest
Only the oarsmen's breast,
Yet, Cambridge, row !
One noble stroke, pulled all together—
One more! . . . and a long flash in the dark river,
And the dark blue shoots past.

How we got to the Brighton Review.



H! Brighton's the place
For a beautiful face,
And a figure that daintily made
is ;
And as far as I know
There's none other can show,

At the right time of year—say November or so—
Such lots of bewitching young ladies.

Such blows on the Down !
Such lounges thro' Town !
Such a crush at Parade and Pavilion !

How we got to the Brighton Review.

Such beaches below
(Where people don't go),
Such bathing! Such dressing,—past Madame Tussaud!—
No wonder it catches the million!

For bustle and breeze
And a sniff of salt seas,
Oh, Brighton's the place! not a doubt of it;—
But instead of post-chaise
Or padded *coupés*,
If you had to get there *à l'excursionnaise*—
I think you'd be glad to keep out of it!
With their slap dash, crack crash,
And here and there a glorious smash
And a hundred killed and wounded,—
It's little our jolly Directors care
For a passenger's neck if he pays his fare,
“Away you go at a florin a pair,
The signal whistle has sounded!”

* * *

Puck on Pegasus.

OFF at last !
An hour past
The time, and carriages tight-full ;
Why this should be
We don't quite see,
But of course it's all a part of the spree,
And it's really most delightful !
Crush, pack—
Brighton and back—
All the way for a shilling,—
What 'prentice cit
But doesn't admit,
Tho' ten in a row *is* an awkwardish fit,
At the price it's exceedingly filling ?

(Chorus of Passengers.)

Crash, crack,
Brighton and back,
All the way for a shilling,—

How we got to the Brighton Review.

Tho' the speed be slow,
We're likely to go
A long journey before we get back d' you know,
The pace is so wonderfully "killing"!

Ho! "slow" d' you find?
Then off, like the wind—
With a jerk that to any unprejudiced mind
Feels strongly as if it had come from *behind*—
Away like mad we clatter;
Bang—slap,—bang—rap,—
"Can't somebody manage to see what has hap—?"
There goes Jones's head!—no, it's only his cap—
Jones, my boy, who's your hatter?

Slow it is, is it? jump jolt
Slithering wheel and starting bolt,
Racketing, reeling, and rocking,—
Now we're going it!—jolt jump,
Whack thwack, thump bump,—

Puck on Pegasus.

It's a mercy we're all stuck fast in a lump,
The permanent way is shocking !

Away we rattle—we race—we fly . . .

Mrs. Jones is certain she's "going to die,"
(We've our own ideas on that point, you and I,
Some 'smoking' abaft the funnel!)

Screech scream—groan grunt—
Express behind, and Luggage in front,—
If we have good luck, we *may* manage to shunt
Before we get into the tunnel !

(Chorus of Passengers.)

Jump, jolt,
Engines that bolt,
Brighton and back for a shilling —
Jolt jump—but we've children and wives,
Thump bump—who value our lives,
And you won't catch one here again who survives
The patent process of killing ;



To face p. 15.

How we got to the Brighton Review.

(Chorus of Directors.)

With our slap dash, crack crash,
And here and there a glorious smash,
And a hundred killed and wounded!—
It's little we jolly Directors care
For a passenger's limbs if he pays his fare,
So away you go at a florin the pair:
The signal whistle has sounded!



Ivy de Millefleurs.

A RIGMAROLE.



NCE on a time,
When pigs were swime,
(I must have the *m* or else
it won't rhyme,)
And hogs they went without
"noses,"
In the violet air
Of some sunny parterre
(Immaterial where, but on this side of there)
Bloomed Ivy the fair
De Millefleurs Saint Omer,

Ivy de Millefleurs.

In an island of lilies and roses.—
 'Twould have made you stare
 To examine her hair—
It was all grown of red and white posies.

 Young hyacinth locks !
 For each lover she docks
A tress like a garland of flowers,
 All wreathed in a braid
 By some witchery's aid
That's warranted never to fade
 (So the maid
 Says) whilst sun follows shade,
 And the sprayed
Rain comes down on her head thro' the bowers—
 I'm afraid
She must want a great number of showers !

For her *lovers*, I mean,—
For herself, sweet sixteen,

Puck on Pegasus.

Countess June, Duchess Summer, perennial May-queen,
The skies all seemed taken with dropsies;
And morn, noon, and e'en
They kept her so green
No velveteen ever was seen, or moreen,
Or betwixt and between,
In colour or sheen,
Like the satin-soft leaves in her short crinoline
As she glittered about thro' the copses :
I ween
You'd have been
In despair if you'd seen
Those small feet at the mercy of wopses !
(Not to lean
On a hand the reverse of Miss Topsy's.)

But tho' exquisite paws
Palpitations may cause
When they're white as the lilies of Youzzum,
And fairy-like feet

Ivy de Millefleurs.

Are remarkably neat,
They won't *act*, *comme vous dites*,
For a pulse that don't beat—
I repeat,
Nymphs tho' sweet
Can't be reckoned complete
When they've not got a heart in their bosom.

But never mind, Ivy!
The peerless in bloom,
Sleeping bewitchingness, dreaming perfume,
In your own little isle of delight, love,
If your heart is but small
You've got beauty for all,
And who says you're not in the right, love?
Tears never made a heart live, love;
Smiles you have showers to give, love;
And the wreaths of your spells
Are all Immortelles,
For they've nothing that time cares to blight, love.

Puck on Pegasus.

So bloom away, Ivy,
And Ivy shall bloom,
Glimmering sweetnesses, shedding perfume,
In her own fairy isle of delight, love.
If she'd no heart at all,
I would still be her thrall,
And swear I was perfectly right, love,—
Wouldn't you,
Sweetheart, too?
No?
Then there's . . . for a rosy goodnight, love!





The Toad at the Great Exhibition.



H, who is this stranger so black,
This Toad in the very small
hole,
That ages since grew in the crack
Of the tree that's now grown
into coal?

It's clear he was famous of yore,
His blood is the sangré azul ;
His quarters are vert piqué noir,
And his arms hoppant à la Grenouille !

Puck on Pegasus.

Then what awe must each bosom o'erspread
As we gaze on that petrified bark ;
On the bust of this quaint figure-head
That has yachted with Noah in the ark :

When we think that these somnolent eyes
With morning primæval awoke,—
That this solo (though sweet for its size)
Preluded Lab'rinthodon's croak !

Come Mammoth and Mastodon back,
Iguanodon, Saurian grim—
You may rattle your bones till they crack,
But you can't hold a candle to him :

Trap, oölite, granite, and gneiss—
Here's a stratum will give you a hint ;
Azoics, you're shelved in a trice,
Sand, lias, stalactite, and flint :

The Toad at the Great Exhibition.

Hence, Ammonites ! yield to your fate—
You are gravelled for many a year ;—
Quartz, silica, porph'ry, and slate,
Walk your chalks ! you've no chance with what's here.

For there's nothing in bone or in shell
So ancient the savans can show,
As the 'restes' of this black little swell—
As the case of poor JOHNNY CRAPAUD !



Song of In-the-Water.



HEN the summer night
descended,
Sleepy, on the White-
witch water,
Came a lithe and lovely
maiden,

Gazing on the silent water—
Gazing on the gleaming river—
With her azure eyes and tender,—
On the river glancing forward,
Till the am'rous wave sprang upward,

Song of In-the-Water.

Upward from his reedy hollow,
With the lily in his bosom,
With his crown of water-lilies—
Curling ev'ry dimpled ripple
As he sprang into the starlight,
As he clasped her charmed reflection
Glowing to his crystal bosom—
As he whispered, "Fairest, fairest,
"Rest upon this crystal bosom!"

And she straightway did according :—

Down into the water stept she,
Down into the wavering river,
Like a red deer in the sunset—
Like a ripe leaf in the autumn :
From her lips, as rose-buds snow-filled,
Came a soft and dreamy murmur,
Softer than the breath of summer,
Softer than the murm'ring river,
Than the cooing of Cushawa,—

Puck on Pegasus.

Sighs that melted as the snows melt,
Silently and sweetly melted ;
Sounds that mingled with the crisping
Foam upon the billow resting :
Yet she spoke not, only murmured.

From the forest shade primeval,
Piggey-Wiggey looked out at her ;
He, the very Youthful Porker—
He, the Everlasting Grunter—
Gazed upon her there, and wondered !
With his nose out, Rokey-pokey—
And his tail up, Curley-wurley—
Wondered what on earth the joke was,
Wondered what the girl was up to—
What the deuce her little game was—
Why she didn't squeak and grunt more !

And she floated down the river,
Like a water-proof Ophelia—
FOR HER CRINOLINE SUSTAINED HER.



SMITH. P.

To face p. 26.

The Du Chaillu Controversy.

(After the "Snapping Turtle.")



HAVE you read B. P. Du
Chaillu ?
Chaillu of the Big
Baboon ?
He who slew the
fierce Gorilla
In the Mountains
of the Moon ?

All day long that injured person
Rested on the boughs his chin ;

Puck on Pegasus.

Strangling spifficated niggers
Just to keep his biceps in.

Nightly several score of lions
Yielded up their worthless lives ;
And there was a cry in Mickbos,
For the King had lost his wives.

Wrathful was the sable monarch
At their unexpected hops ;
For the brute had cooked the gruel
Of the Nymphs who cooked the chops !

* * *

Thro' this land of death and danger,
Mandrake-swamp and stagnant fen,—
Where the spiders look like asses,
(And the asses grow like men)—

The Du Chaillu Controversy.

Where the Shniego-Bmouvé sitteth
Hairless underneath his hat,
And a white man is a dainty
Irresistible if fat,—

Where the alligator gambols—
Whale-like—in the black lagoon ;—
Went unscathed B. P. Du Chaillu,
Chaillu of the Big Baboon !

Found the Bmouvé-Shniego sitting,
Lengthwise, in the stagnant brake,
Saw the spiders—saw the asses—
(When he gazed into the lake)—

Twigged the Crocodile stupendous,
Winking with ferocious eye,—
Caught the Cannibals—the feasters
On cold missionary pie ;—

Puck on Pegasus.

Shot, and bagged, the fierce Gorilla,
To the music of the drum,—
Heard, fifteen miles off, his roaring,
Mellowed to a gentle—hum !

* * *

What, you doubt me ! gen'rous public,
Hear me swear it's no take in—
Owen says the throat's a larynx,
And look here's the beggar's skin !



(ANOTHER VERSION.)

John Murray's Ship Gorilla.

(To the Tune of "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.")



OW listen, all you 'possums,
And you angeliferous blossoms,
'Bout the cruizin' of a clipping craft
I'll tell yer, O ;
The stars and stripes she bore
Floatin' gaily at the fore,
And her name it was John Murray's
ship Gorilla, O !

The Skipper was Du Chally,
(Twigg the likeness to Sir Ralleigh !)

Puck on Pegasus.

To extinguish Bruce and Duncan just the feller, O ;

Sez he, " My lads, set sail !

" Give her bunting to the gale—

" Who'll dare tread upon the tail of my Gorilla, O !

" Our decks what loafer climbs ?

" Here's a spankin' ' puff' by Times

" Comin' curlin' down her topmast like a willer, O ;

" The Trade monsoon's arisen !

" Shake a reef out of the mizen—

" And success to tight John Murray's ship Gorilla, O !"

But whilst they was imbibin',

And a chaff'rin' and a givin',

And Du Chally was a chucklin' like to beller, O ;

Came something hard and black,

With an ark'ard kind of 'thwack,'

Just amidships of John Murray's ship Gorilla, O !

John Murray's Ship Gorilla.

When right in front appearin'
With redoubted GRAV a steerin'
Rushed the 'Tizer and the Blazer mad to sell her, O ;
"Luff Ho!" their captain cried,
"Give the Yankee a broadside,
"Here's a settler for John Murray's ship Gorilla, O."

Then each man stood to his gun,
And they blazed away like fun
Whilst Du Chally tugged and twisted at the tiller, O ;
Like Armstrong's ninety-eights
They pounded in his 'plates,'
And the figure-head of J.M. S. Gorilla, O !

Down came his flag a mucker
And they fancied he had struck her,
And the skrimmagin' and pepperin' grew shriller, O ;
But Du Chally cried "Avast!
"Nail her colours to the mast,
"Lads, you hav'n't seen the last of the Gorilla, O !"

Puck on Pegasus.

So scarcely had he spoke,
When a loomin' thro' the smoke,
All a flashin' and a bangin' 'nough to kill yer, O ;
Comes Murchison and Owen,
With a jolly squad in towin',
Bearin' down to help John Murray's ship Gorilla, O !

Smart "liners" in variety
As hail'd t' the R'yal Society,
All a ridin' so majestic on the biller, O ;
Aloft the signal ran
"The R.S. 'spects every man
"Will show fight for stout John Murray's ship Gorilla, O!"

Fire flashed from Owen's eyes, sir,
As he gave the martial "Tizer
A hot shot twixt wind and water, like to fill her, O ;
And Sir Rod'rick com'd and chaff'd
As he raked her fore and aft,
Side by side with brave John Murray's ship Gorilla, O !

John Murray's Ship Gorilla.

It would take a week to tell you
How they went at it pellmello,
And the Blazer and the "Tizer got a spiller, O ;
How gallant Captain Gray
From a roar, changed to a bray,
And tried the long-bow on John Murray's ship Gorilla, O.

So I'll leave it an hiatus
For S. Hubert, his afflatus,
And with Owen a curvetting fit to thrill yer, O,—
Chally tootin' of his horn—
Gray still sticking to his stern—
Drop the curtain on John Murray's ship Gorilla, O.



The Fight for the Championship.

[AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT GLADIATOR TO HIS GREAT GRANDMOTHER.]

I.



ARGE Heenan of Benicia,
By ninety-nine gods he swore,
That the bright Belt of England
Should grace her sons no
more.

By ninety-nine he swore it,
And named the "fisting"
day.—

"East and west and south and north,"
Said Richard Mayne, "ride forth, ride forth,
"And summon mine array."

II.

"Ride forth by heathy Hampshire,
"Of 'chalk-stream-studded' dells,

The Fight for the Championship.

“And wake the beaks of Eversley
“Where gallant Kingsley dwells;
“Spur fast thro’ Berkshire spinneys,
“The broad Hog’s Back bestride,
“And if the White Horse is scoured
“Mount up amain and ride:
“Spur, spur, I say, thro’ England
“As the Giaour once spurred thro’ Greece,
“Tho’ Sayers were six he cuts his sticks,
“And Dickon keeps the peace.”

III.

Fast, fast, thro’ town and hamlet
The smart Detectives flew—
East and west and south and north
They watched the long day thro’,
West and north—east and south
The word went flashing by,
“Look out for Sayers and Heenan.
“Policemen—mind your eye!”

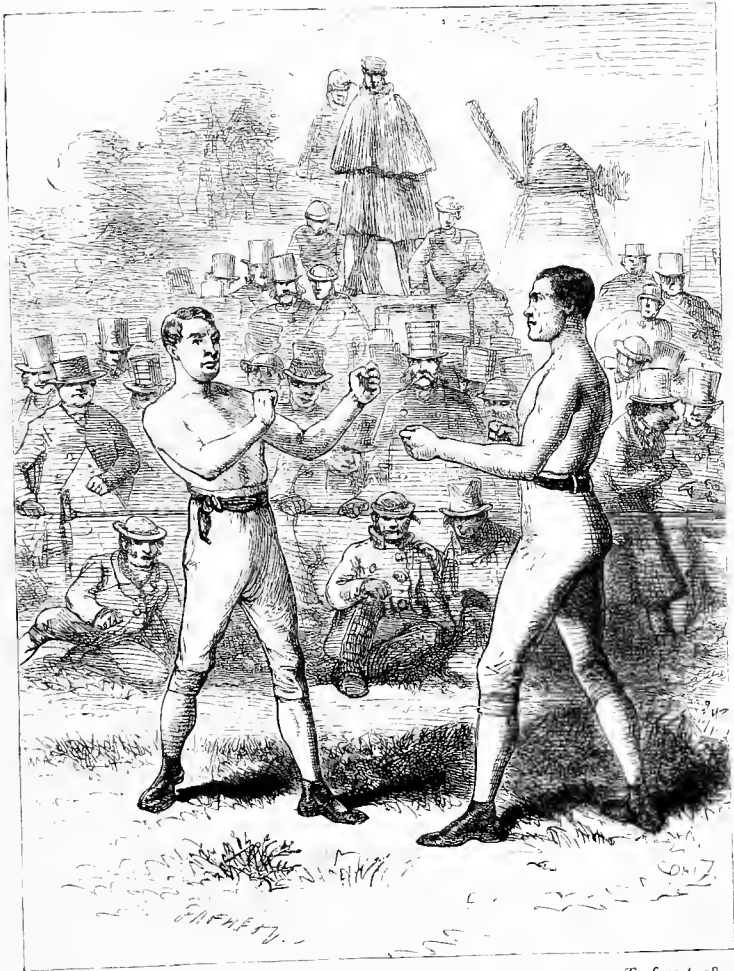
Puck on Pegasus.

iv.

Sir Richard's bold moss-troopers
Looked out uncommon keen,
From park and plain and prairie,
From heath and upland green ;
From Essex fens and fallows,
From Hampshire—dale and down—
From Sussex' hundred leagues of sand,
To Shropshire's fat and flowery land,
And Cheshire's wild and wasted strand,
And Yorkshire's heather brown ;—
And so, of course, the fight came off
A dozen miles from Town.

v.

Then first stepped out big Heenan,
Unmatched for breadth and length ;
And in his chest it might be guessed,
He had unpleasant strength.



The Fight for the Championship.

And to him went the Sayers
That looked both small and thin,
But well each practised eye could read
The "lion and the bull-dog" breed,
And from each fearless stander-by
Rang out that genuine British cry,
"Go in, my boy,—*and win!*"

VI.

And he went in—and smote him
Through mouth-piece and through cheek ;
And Heenan smote him back again
Into the ensuing week :
Full seven days thence he smote him,
With one prodigious crack,
And th' undaunted Champion straight
Discerned that he was five feet eight,
When flat upon his back :—
Whilst a great shout of laughter
Rose from the Yankee pack.

Puck on Pegasus.

VII.

As from the flash the bullet,
Out sprang the Champion then,
And dealt the huge Benician
A vast thump on the chin ;
And thrice and four times sternly
Drove in the shatt'ring blow ;
And thrice and four times wavered
The herculean foe ;
And his great arms swung wildly,
Like ship-masts, to and fro.

VIII.

And now no sound of laughter
Was heard from either side,
Whilst feint, and draw, and rally,
The cautious Bruisers tried ;
And long they spæred and countered,
Till Heenan sped a thrust
So fierce and quick, it swept away

The Fight for the Championship.

Th' opposing guard like sapling spray,—
And for the second time that day
The Champion bit the dust.

IX.

Short time lay English Sayers
Upon the earth at length,
Short time his Yankee foeman
Might triumph in his strength;
Sheer from the ground he smote him
And his soul went with the blow—
Such blow no other hand could dash—
Such blow no other arm could smash—
The giant tottered low;
And for a space they sponged his face,
And thought the eye would go.

X.

Time's up!—Again they battle;
Again the strokes fly free;

Puck on Pegasus.

But Sayers' right arm—that arm of pride—
Now dangles pow'rless by his side,
Plain for all eyes to see ;
And thro' that long and desperate shock—
Two mortal hours on the clock—
By sheer indomitable pluck
With his *left hand* fought he !

XI.

With his left hand he fought him,
Though he was sore in pain,—
Full twenty times hurled backward,
Still pressing on again !
With his left hand he fought him,
Till each could fight no more ;
Till Sayers could scarcely strike a blow,
Till Heenan could not see his foe—
Such fighting England never knew
Upon her soil before !

The Fight for the Championship.

XII.

They gave him of the standard
Gold coinage of the realm,
As much as one stout guardsman
 Could carry in his helm ;
They made him an ovation
 On the Exchange hard by,—
And they may slap their pockets
 In witness if I lie.

XIII.

And every soul in England
 Was glad, both high and low,
And books were voted snobbish,
 And "gloves" were all the go ;
And each man told the story,
 Whilst ladies' hearts would melt,
How Sayers, the British Champion,
 Did battle for the Belt.

Puck on Pegasus.

XIV.

And still, when Yankees swagger
Th' almighty "stars and stripes,"
And put eternal bunkum
Into their neighbours' pipes—
With joke and gibe and banter
Long shall the tale be told,
How stout Tom Sayers kept the Belt
And Yankee Doodle sold!



The Petition.



H! pause awhile, kind gentleman,
Nor turn thy face away ;
There is a boon that I must ask,
A prayer that I would pray.

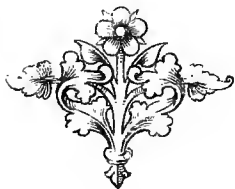
Thou hast a gentle wife at home ?
A son—perchance like me—
And children fair with golden hair
To cling around thy knee ?

Then by their love I pray thee,
And by their merry tone ;
By home, and all its tender joys,
Which I have never known,—

Puck on Pegasus.

By all the smiles that hail thee now ;
By every former sigh ;
By every pang that thou hast felt
When lone, perchance, as I,—

By youth and all its blossoms bright,
By manhood's ripened fruits,
By Faith and Hope and Charity—
Yer'll let me clean yer boots !





How the Daughters come down at Dunoon.

(By R—b—t S—th—y.)

*“There standyth on the one side of Dunoon, a hill or moleock of passyng
steepnesse, and right slipperie withal; whereupon, in gaye times,
y^e youths and y^e maidens of that towne do exceedingly
disport themselves and take their pleasaunce;
runnyng both uppe and downe with great
glee and jeyousnesse, to the much
endangerment of their fair
nekkes.”*

KIRKE'S *Memoirs*.



How
OW do the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon?

Puck on Pegasus.

Daintily :
Gingerly :
Tenderly ;
Fairily ;
Glidingly,
Slidingly,
Slippingly
Trippingly
Skippingly
Clippingly !—

Dashing and flying,
And clashing and shying,
And starting and bolting,
And darting and jolting,
And rushing and crushing,
And leaping and creeping,



How the Daughters come down at Dunoon.

Feathers a-flying all—bonnets untying all—
Crinolines rapping and flapping and slapping all,
Balmorals dancing and glancing entrancing all,—

Feats of activity—
Nymphs on declivity—
Sweethearts in ecstasies—
Mothers in vextasies—

Lady-loves whisking and frisking and clinging on
True-lovers puffing and blowing and springing on,
Flushing and blushing and wriggling and giggling on,
Teazing and pleasing and wheezing and squeezing on,
Everlastingly falling and bawling and sprawling on,
Flurrying and worrying and hurrying and skurrying on,
Tottering and staggering and lumbering and slithering on,
Any fine afternoon,
About July or June—
That's just how the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon !

'The Poet Close.'

(Mr. "Barney Maguire's" Account.)



CH! botheration! what a p^rerturbation
And exasperation in the Press arose,
At the first mintion of the Queen's
intintion

To confer a pinsion on the POET
CLOSE!

There was the *True-blucs-man* and
the *Farthin-newsman*

All in the confushan fightin cheek by jowl;
And the Whigs and Tories forgett'n their furies
In their indignation and giniral howl!

' *The Poet Close.*'

First the *Tittle-tattle* and the *Penny-rattle*

Led off the battle with a puny squake,
Whilst the *Big-tin-kettle* and the 'heavy metal'

His hash for to settle took the liberty to spake;—
"Shure 'twas most ongracious, not to say owdacious,
"And enough to bring the wather to their eyes,
"To take the loaves and fishes from the chilthren's
dishes,
"And bestow the Royal Bounty in such wise!

"If so be that noble Er-rls and infarior chur-rls
"Has parties they don't love and daresen't bate,
"Let them squaze their purses to choke off the curses
"And not foist their verses on the Public State!
"Twas a worse than jobbery, and a right down robbery,
"For to give the ruffian fifty pounds a year,
"Becase the swate nobilities were dhreading his civilities,
"And ould Lord Lonsdale in a state of bodily fear.

"Themselves despiting, there was Carlisle writing,
"And Brougham inditing of saft-sardering notes,

Puck on Pegasus.

“And Viscount Palmerston a-chuckling at the harm he’s
done,

“And dipping his fingers in the county votes.—

“’Twould be a wrong entirely, to be repinted direly,

“If the scribbling blackguard on ‘the List’ was placed,

“And should the Legislature support the crature

“Then for sartin shure the counthry was disgraced!”

So the papers thundered, and the pape wondered

Whose nose had blundered into this hornet’s nist ;

And the QUEEN, Heav’n bless her! the Roy’l Redhresser,

Struck Close’s name out of the Civil List.

Och! then, what a rowing and a rubadub-dow-ing

And universal crowing filled the air,

With a gin’ral hissing,—but Lord Pam was missing,

And makin for the house-top by the garret stair!



Advertisement.



OST, stolen, or strayed!—Goodness only knows which—

A confoundedly ugly terrier bitch.

Coat short, fore-legs long, colour muddyish black.

(Item—bites freely :) no hair on the back :—

Whoso brings the above to Old-Lady Place East,

WILL BE REWARDED!! (by getting rid of the beast).



Our Sweet Recruiting Sergeants. "

*"Down before his feet she knelt,
Her locks of gold fell o'er her."*

EDWARD AND PHILIPPA.



COME look from the window with me,
Charley love,
They are marching this way thro' the
gloom ;
With clatter of steel,
And echoing peal,
And a ringing reverb'rating hum
As they come ;
To the tuck of the Volunteer drum.
'Tis the tuck of the Volunteer drum—
Our own Volunteers, Charley mine,—
See, now their arms glance !
"Front form !—left—advance !" . . .
As the long column wheels into line
It's divine
To watch how their bayonets shine.

Puck on Pegasus.

Their voices come faint thro' the shade,
I'm afraid
That's good night to our Rifle Brigade!





To face p. 56.

Sonnet.

By H. C. PENNELL,

To HIMSELF.

(Substituted for that to Mr. Tupper in former editions.)



H Puck, O Pennell! didst thou write a
song

To Martin Tupper, love of many a
maid,

Wherein thou pourest vials hot and
strong,

And saidst some things more sweet to leave unsaid,—
And did that wronged, but calm and jubilant swan,

Stung with just wrath, thy vanities reprove,

Yet with fair speech and less in hate than love

Puck on Pegasus.

Acting his own philosophy, heart-strong?—
Then for thy sins, O Pennell, shalt thou sit,
And with expiant agonies give birth
To the worst Sonnet ever sung on earth,
And it shall stand for that which thou hast writ :
So shall thy breast of conscience-prick have ease,
And injured Tupper poetize in peace !



Plucked for roasting.

Ah, Who?



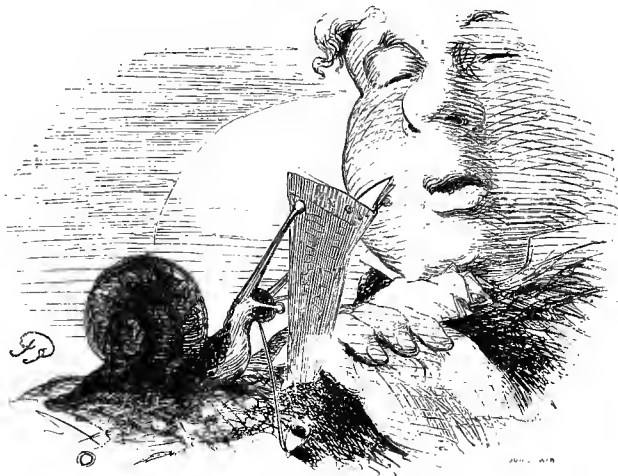
HO comes so damp by grass and
grave
At ghastly twilight hour,
And bubbles forth his pois'nous
breath
On ev'ry shudd'ring flow'r?

Who dogs the houseless wanderer
Upon the wintry wold ;
And kisses—with his frothy lips—
The clammy brow and cold?

Who, hideous, trails a slimy form,
Betwixt the moonlight pale,
And the pale, fearful, sleeping face?—

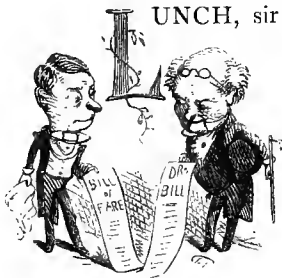
Puck on Pegasus.

Our little friend—the Snail.



"Daily Trials."

BY A DYSPEPTIC.



UNCH, sir? yes-ser, pickled salmon

Cutlets Kidneys Greens

and"—"Gammon!

Have you got no wholesome
meat, sir?

Flesh or fowl that one can
eat, sir?"

"Eat, sir? yes-ser, on the dresser

Pork, sir"—"Pork, sir, I detest, sir"—

"Lobsters?" "Are to me unblest, sir"—

"Duck and Peas?" "I can't digest, sir"—

"Puff, sir?" "Stuff, sir!" "Fish, sir?" "Pish, sir!"

"Sausage?" "Sooner eat the dish, sir—

Hath the Puppy charms for Briton?

Can the soul rejoice in Kitten?"

Puck on Pegasus.

“Shrimps, sir? prawns, sir? crawfish? winkle?

Scallops ready in a twinkle?

Wilks and cockles, crabs to follow!”

“Heav’ns, *nothing* I can swallow!”

“WAITAR!!”

“Yes-sar.”

“Bread for twenty—

I shall starve in midst of plenty!”



School "Feeds."



Y, there they sit! a merry rout
As village green can show
That were such woful little wights
A summer hour ago.

Such woful weary little wights!
And very hungry too—
And now they look like sausages
All smiling in a row.

Puck on Pegasus.

For they have fed on dainty fare
This blessed August day,
And ate—as only people eat
When *other* people pay !

A pyramid of roasted ox
Has vanished like a shot ;
Plum puddings, brobdignag, have gone
The second time, to pot ;

Deluded fowls have come to grief,
With persecuted geese ;
And ducks (it is a wicked world !)
Departed life in peas.

My Lord and Lady Bountiful
Have done the civil thing,—
The lady patrons of the turf
Have waited in the Ring ;

School "Feeds."

The Grand Comptroller of the cake
Can hardly hold the knife;
The milk-and-water Ganymede
Is weary of her life;

Yet still the conflict rages round!
But now there comes a lull—
The edge of youthful appetite
Is waxing somewhat dull—
And fat Fenetta bobs, and says
"No, thank ye, mum,—I'm 'ful'!"

~ * *

Alone amid the festive throng
One tiny brow is sad!
One cherub face is wet with grief—
What ails yon little lad?

Puck on Pegasus.

Why still with scarifying sleeve
That tearful visage rub?
Ah! much I fear, my gentle boy,
You don't enjoy your grub!

You're altogether off your feed,
Your laughing looks have fled,—
Perhaps some little faithful friend
Has punched your little head?

You miss some well remembered face
The merry rout among?
The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
The neck to which you clung?
A brother's voice? a sister's smile?
Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue?

School "Feeds."

Here, on a sympathetic breast,
Your tale of suff'ring pour.

Come, darling! tell me all——

“ Boo-hoo ;—

“ I can't eat any more !”



Derby Day.



H! who will over the Downs
with me?

Over Epsom Downs, and away—
The Sun has got a tear in his
eye,

And the morning mists are light
and high;—

We shall have a splendid day.

* * *

And splendid it is, by all that's hot!—

Derby Day.

A regular blaze on the hill ;
And the turf rebounds from the light-shod heel
And the tapering spokes of the delicate wheel
With a springy-velvety sort of a feel
That fairly invites "a spill."
Splendid, I say, but we musn't stop,
The folks are beginning to run :
Is yonder a cloud that covers the course ?
No, it's fifty thousand—man and horse—
Come out and see the fun.

* * *

So—just in time for the trial spin ;
The jocks are cantering out,—
We shall have the leaders round in a crack,
And a hundred voices are shouting "back,"
But nobody stirs a foot !
There isn't a soul a soul will budge
So much as an inch from his place,
Tho' the hue of the Master's scarlet coat

Puck on Pegasus.

Is a joke compared to his face.
“To the ropes! to the ropes!”—
Now stick to your hold,—
A breezy flutter of crimson and gold,
And the crowd are swept aside,—
You can see (the brim of my hat in your eyes?
Oh, nonsense—) the caps as they fall and rise
Like a swarm of variegated flies
Coming glittering up the ride ;
“To the ropes, for your life! . . . Here they come
there they go—”
The exquisite graceful things!
In the very sport of their strength and pride :
Ha! that's the Favourite—look at his stride,
It suggests the idea of wings :
And the glossy neck is arched and firm
In spite of the flying pace ;
The jockey sticks to his back like glue,
And his hand is quick and his eye is true,
And whatever skill and pluck can do

Derby Day.

They will do to get the race.
The colt with the bright broad chest,
Will run to win to day—
There's fame and fortune in every bound
And a hundred and fifty thousand pound
Staked on the gallant Bay!

* * *

“ They're off ! ” .

And away at the very first start,
“ Hats down ! hats down in front ! ”
“ Down there, you sir in the wide-awake ! ”—
The tightened barriers quiver and shake
But they bravely bear the brunt.

A hush, like death, is over the crowd—
D'you hear that distant cry ? . . .
Then hark how it gathers, far and near,
One rolling, ringing, rattling cheer
As the race goes dashing by,

Puck on Pegasus.

And away with the hats and caps in the air,
And the horses seem to fly! . . .

Forward! forward! at railway speed,
There's one that has fairly taken the lead
In a style that can scarce miscarry;
Over and on, like a flash of light,
And now his colours are coming in sight,
Favourite! Favourite!—scarlet and white—

He'll win, by the Lord Harry!!

If he can but clear the Corner, I say,

The Derby is lost and won—

It's a fearful shave, but he'll do the trick,

Now! Now!—well-ridden—he's passing it quick.—

He's round! . . .

No, he isn't; he's broken his neck,

And the jockey his collar bone .

And the whirlwind race is over his head,

Without stopping to ask if he's living or dead,—

Was there ever such rudeness known?



To face p. 73.

Derby Day.

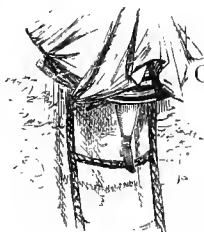
He fell like a trump in the foremost place—
He died with the rushing wind on his face—
At the wildest bound of his glorious pace—
 In the mad exulting revel ;
 He left his shoes to his son and heir, .
His hocks to a champagne dealer at Ware,
 A lock of his hair
 To the Lady-Mare,
And his hoofs and tail—to the devil.



Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

A POET WRITES TO HIS FRIEND. *Place*—COLNEY HATCH. *Time*—
PROBABLY 'SATURDAY NIGHT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING.'

*"Dear my friend and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit o'er you ;
"Down the purple of this chamber, tears should scarcely run at will." (!!!)*



O Ho, Ha Ha, He He,—Hum!!!! O
Charley, let me weep adown your
Manly bosom ! o'er *that* chamber, tears
must surely run ad libi.—

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

I'm a victim! friend and pitcher!—done incontinently
brown—your

Poet is immensely diddled by a—but narrabo tibi :—

(There's a Lady, who writes verses, in the true spasmodic
metre,—

Better writes she, *certes*, better, than all women without
end :

Writes full darkly :—I defy all Bards alive or dead to
beat her

At a nubibustic stanza that no man can comprehend—

Her sublime afflatus had I, and her noble scorn of
rhyming,

I could write you something tallish—should make Lindley
Murray suffer,—

Puck on Pegasus.

Would she "lean her spirit" o'er me, in this rhympo-
leptic climbing,*

I would paint MY COURTSHIP in a style would make you
stare, Old Buffer!)—

You know, Charley, where I saw my Marianne (first) in
Belgravia ;

And (secundo) how I loved her, with more love than
kith or kin do :

Tertio how I won, and wed her yestermorn—and her
behaviour

You shall hear in five words—last night, *she exodused by
the window !!*

O my Charley, you remember on that cold fifth of
November,

* "And in *nympholeptic climbing*, poets pass from mount to star". .

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

As we sauntered slowly eastward, with the weed between
our lips ;

How we spied a damsel beauteous, lymphomatically
duteous,

(Id est: cook at Number 7, scrubbing of the kitchen steps)

Charley, you and I remember, on that bright fifth of
November,

How she knelt there like a statue,—knelt bare-armēd
in the breeze,—

Whilst her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the
pavement,

And her virginal white vesture fluttered, reefed-wise, to
the knees.

Spell-bound in the road behind her, paused the Hurdy-
Gurdy Grinder,

Strangling in his aberration Jumping Jimmy the baboon ;

Puck on Pegasus.

Whilst the Genius of the Organ, fascinated by her Gorgon
Beauty, stood enraptured—captured—playing wildly out
of tune.

Then with her blue eyes entrancing, and her taper ankle
glancing,

And her rounded arms akimbo resting on her dainty
waist ;

She half turned,—and turning threw me one glance
“utterly to undo me”—

(Well, I swear 'twas *me* she looked at, Charley, and she
showed her taste !)

Evermore my soul beguiling, in arch silence she kept
smiling—

And my heart within my bosom, preternaturally hopped ;
Still as near I drew, and nearer, fairer she grew and yet
fairer (!)—

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

On both knees upon the pavement (Miles's bags, my
Boy) I dropped.



Then—but why should I confide you, what you know as
well as I do?

How she looked up like an angel, (I can see her figure
still !)

Puck on Pegasus.

“I am yours, sir, if you’ll take me—if you’ll marry me
and make me

“A fine Lady, or a Duchess—won’t you?” “Jove,” cried
I, “I WILL!”

How thenceforward every morning, wet and wind and
weather scorning,

By the steps of Number 7, punctual as the clock I past,—
How my love grew daily stronger—strength’ning as the
days grew longer—

Till my Marianne consented, and we named the day at last.

How my Queen of cake and curry volunteered a muffin-
worry,

How I fondly made my advent somewhat ere the time
for spread,—

And on going to the cupboard like a second Mother
Hubbard,

Found the same, not “bare,” but fill’d with six feet one
of Horse Guards Red.

“Edward! ’tis my only brother!”—“Silence, Madam—
you’re another:

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

"Come out of your cupboard, Lobster! from your shell,
O, private Brown,—

"Slave! (I said) base Kitchen-creeper! (said I) I will
close your peeper!

"I will tap your claret, Lobster,—I'll—"



—but here he knocked me down.

Puck on Pegasus.

How, soon after, whilst at breakfast, she forgot the door
to make fast,

When a step was heard descending swiftly by the kitchen
pair,—

And a voice cried “Now I’ve caught her!”—“Gracious!
jump into the water-

“Butt that’s standing dry and empty, underneath the
laundry stair!”

(Not to make this tale a long one) How I jumped into
the wrong one,

Which just then stood dry, but ev’ry morn was fill’d some
eight feet deep,—

How they pumped the water in it, ere I’d been ensconced
a minute,

And I rushed back to the kitchen looking like a drown’d
sweep!

How, still chained by Love the Fetterer, spite of cupboard
and etcetera,

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

To Cremorne next day I took her, in a highly liberal
manner ;

Purveyed buns and ices satis, and a sherry-cobbler
—*gratis* !

(Tho' you know I do not, Charley, love to separate from
a tanner)—

How, when ev'rything was paid for, fun and fireworks
only stayed for ;

And my Marianne had eaten ev'rything that she was
able ;

Whilst the RESONANT STEAM-DRAGON* (that's the tea-pot),
and the flagon

Of LYMPHATIC COW (that's milk), stood smiling on the
arbor table,—

“ Might she just step out and find her parasol she'd left
behind her ?

* “ She has halls and she has castles, and the resonant Steam-Eagles
“ Follow far on the direction of her little dove-like hand.”

Puck on Pegasus.

“Whilst I kindly poured the tea out, and the cream that
look'd so yellow?”—

Yellow? Ha, ha! blue, green, sink it!—She never came
back to drink it:—

I fell flummoxed in a brown.* (*study*, understood, old
fellow).

Hot? well 'twas—but hearts arn't tin tacks (*'mantium iræ*,
vide syntax)

Even then I couldn't spurn her, satin-tongued, soap-soft
as silk,—

Not a stone 'his heart could harden, so divinely asked for
pardon:—

I imbibed the obvious crammer mildly as my mother's
milk.

Viper! (said I)—and forgave her: and she promised to
behave her-

Self in future like an angel (which she did, including
wings)

* “I fell flooded in a dark.”



75

To face p. 85.

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

And I fancied yestermorning (ass) that my reward was
dawning,—

So it was—and with a vengeance ! (ass again) But some
one rings?—

Twas a cruel thing—but funny?—her eloping with her
Honey-

Moon just risen?—cutting, very,—and for me the world
is dead.

Slightly crushing to my hopes is this performance on the
ropes! Miss

Marianne *suspensa scalis*—(would 'twere *sus. per col.*
instead !)

Ass that I was to be wedded !—Wonderfully wooden-
headed !

I'm a wiser man now, Charley,—*certes*, up to snuff—but
sadder,—

Oh, the fickle little Hindoo ! *Facilis descensus* window !

Puck on Pegasus.

Oh—that bell again! what's this? * * * A BILL OF
£5 FOR THE LADDER!



A Fight.

[“Fame must be conquered as a foe, not wooed as a mistress ; and strength—strength naked, inborn, inherent—is the one power that can conquer her”—*Unwritten preface to “Dramatis Personæ.”*]



Do you want to beat?—

Do you want to win in the war?—

To strike your root like a bar thro' the face
of the rock and live,

A name amongst men for ever?

Strip : strip ! that's the word—

No bar, no spell like that ;—

Puck on Pegasus.

Strip ere you enter the lists,—
Off with the flimsy fence,
Away with the forged blade,
 Peel to the breast, bare.
Then stretch your arms and set your teeth—
Look, the throat of the foe—
 Clutch it, and down with him !



Not Exactly!



H! whose, yon cottage by the
brook,
Yon cottage white and
clean ;
Can'st tell me, little village
boy,
For 'tis a pleasant scene ?

A pleasant and a lovely scene,
Where innocence must dwell ;
Where gentle-hearted peasants learn
To love the sabbath bell.

Not theirs the strife for vulgar wealth,
For sordid gain unblest ;
Their simple wants are all supplied
From Nature's bounteous breast.

Puck on Pegasus.

In peaceful labour flows their life
Amid such scenes as these ;
And ah ! methinks I spy a friend
Beneath the chestnut trees,—

A friend of man !—that faithful friend,
Whose patience ne'er doth fail,—
Who lets the little Clodhoppers
Play mildly with his tail.

It is, *it is !* Behold the beast
So rudely called an ass !
Behold the beast who doth rejoice
In thistles more than grass !

Then tell me whose these rural sweets ?—
These joys that toil reward ;
The purling brook—the whisp'ring trees—
The Edward on the sward—

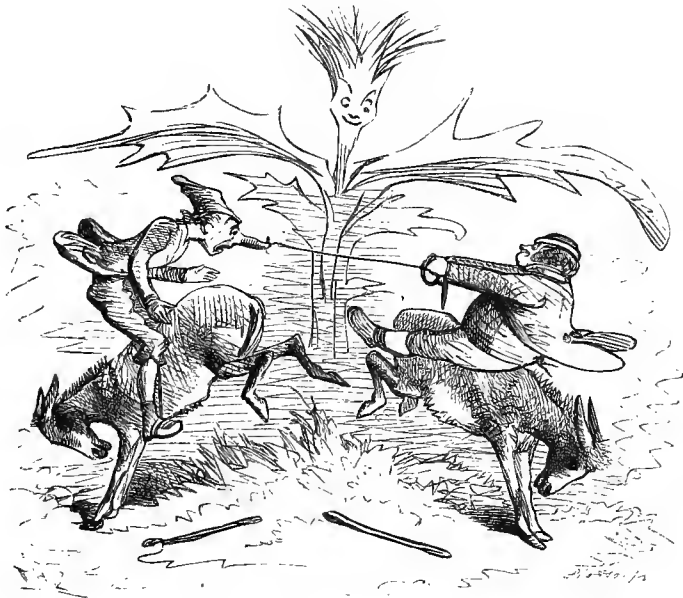
Not Exactly!

The cottage with the rustic thatch?

At length the urchin spoke—

“That ere’s where Fayther kills the pigs,

“And yon’s his Cat’s-Meat Moke.”



Lay of the Deserted Influenzed.

(How you speak through your *Dose*.)



DOE, doe !

I shall dever see her bore !
Dever bore our feet shall rove
The beadows as of yore !
Dever bore with byrtle boughs
Her tresses shall I twide—
Dever bore her bellow voice
Bake bellody with bide !
Dever shall we lidger bore,

Abid the flow'rs at dood,

Lay of the Deserted Influenzæd.

Dever shall we gaze at dight
Upon the tedtder bood !
Ho, doe, doe !
Those berry tibes have flowd,
Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful ! by owd !

Ho, doe, doe !
I shall dever see her bore,
She will forget be id a bonth,
(Bost probably before.)—
She will forget the byrtle boughs,
The flow'rs we plucked at dood,
Our beetigs by the tedtder stars,
Our gazigs od the bood.
Ad I shall dever see agaid
The Lily ad the Rose ;
The dabask cheek ! the sdowy brow !
The perfect bouth ad dose !

Puck on Pegasus.

Ho, doe, doe !
Those berry tipes have flowd—
Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful !! by owd !!



The Night Mail North.

(EUSTON SQUARE 1840.)



NOW then, take your seats! for Glasgow
and the North;
Chester!—Carlisle!—Holyhead,—
and the wild Frith of Forth:
“Clap on the steam and sharp’s
the word,
“You men in scarlet cloth:—

“Are there any more pas . . sengers,
“For the Night . . Mail . . to the North!”

Puck on Pegasus.

Are there any ^{more} passengers?

Yes three—but they can't get in,—

Too late, too late!—How they bellow and knock,

They might as well try to soften a rock

As the heart of that fellow in green.

For the Night Mail North? what Ho—

(No use to struggle, you can't get thro')

My young and lusty one—

Whither away from the gorgeous town?—

“For the lake and the stream and the heather brown,

“And the double-barrelled gun!”

For the Night Mail North, I say?—

You, with the eager eyes—

You with the haggard face and pale?—

“From a ruined hearth and a starving brood,

“A Crime and a felon's gaol!”

The Night Mail North.

For the Night Mail North, old man?—

Old statue of despair—

Why tug and strain at the iron gate?

“*My daughter !!*”

Ha! too late, too late,

[She is gone, you may safely swear ;

She has given you the slip, d’you hear?

She has left you alone in your wrath,—

And she’s off and away, with a glorious start,

To the home of her choice, with the man of her heart,

By the Night Mail North!

* * * *

* * * *

Wh——ish, R——ush,

Wh——ish, R——ush . . .

“What’s all that hullabaloo?

“Keep fast the gates there—who is this

“That insists on bursting thro’?”

Puck on Pegasus.

A desperate man whom none may withstand,
For look, there is something clench'd in his hand—

Tho' the bearer is ready to drop—

He waves it wildly to and fro,

And hark! how the crowd are shouting below—

“Back!”—

And back the opposing barriers go,

“*A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer, Ho!*”

“*In the Queen's name—*”

“STOP.

“*Another has confessed the crime.*”

Whish—rush—whish—rush . . .

The Guard has caught the flutt'ring sheet,
Now forward and northward! fierce and fleet,
Thro' the mist and the dark and the driving sleet,

As if life and death were^o in it;

'Tis a splendid race! a race against Time,—

And a thousand to one we win it:



To face p. 97

The Night Mail North.

Look at those flitting ghosts—
The white-arm'd finger-posts—
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We're going a mile a minute!
A mile a minute—for life or death—
Away, away! though it catches one's breath,
The man shall not die in his wrath:
The quivering carriages rock and reel—
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!
The thundering crank, and the mighty wheel!—

Are there any more pas . . . sengers
For the Night . . . Mail . . . to the North?



I've Lost my——



DEALER! hast thou found my treasure,—

Hast thou seen my vanish'd Fair?

Flora of the raven ringlets,

Flora of the shining hair?

Tell me quick, and no palaver,

For I am a man of heat—

Hast thou seen her, X 100?

Hast thou view'd her on thy beat?

I've Lost my—

Mark'd, I say, her fairy figure
In the wilderness of Bow?
Traced her Lilliputian foot-prints
On the sands of Rotten Row?

Out, alas! thou answ'rest nothing,
And my senseless anger dies;
Who would look for "speculation"
In a boiled potato's eyes?

Foggy Peeler! purblind Peeler!
Wherefore walk'st thou in a dream?—
Ask a plethoric black beetle
Why it walks into the cream!

Why the jolly gnats find pleasure
In your drowsy orbs of sight,—

Puck on Pegasus.

Why besotted daddy long-legs
Hum into the nearest light,—

'Tis his creed, "*non mi ricordo*,"
And he wanders in a fog ;
As that other peel, her-
-Baceous, wanders in your glass of grog ;—

Ah, my Flora! (graceless chit!) O
Pearl of all thy peerless race!
Where shall fancy find one fit, O
Fit to fill thy vacant place?
Who can be the graceful ditt-o
Ditto to that form and face?

Hence, then, sentimental twaddle!
Love, thy fetters I will fly—

I've Lost my—

Friendship is not worth a boddle,
Lost, alas! I've lost—MY SKYE.



A TAIL-PIECE.

The viii Crusade.

(Preach'd by Puck ye Poete against Paint and Pommade.)



DO you wish that your face should
be fair?
That your cheek should be rosy and
plump?
Morning noontide and night
Take a dip in the bright
Wave that flows from the spout of
the pump,—
From a PUMP!—
Not a dump

The VIII Crusade.

Do we care for the lily,
Pick'd in Piccadilly,
Or grown by the "CAMPHORATE LUMP."

Do you sigh for ambrosial hair?
For clustering ringlets to match?
Little goose!
To the deuce
With pomrades, learn the use
Of the BRUSH, and you'll soon have a thatch
That shall catch
The moustachio'd amasser
Of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR,
At twenty-five shillings a batch.

Is it ivory teeth you desire?
A set that no dentist e'er trammels?
To ROWLAND'S O-DONT-O
Cry, "No, that we *won't* O,
It softens the precious enamels!"

Puck on Pegasus.

(Not Rachell's, but Schamyl's,
Sent packing, confound it,
To the Sultan Mahound,—it
'S *au naturel*, perched upon Camels.*)

Then toy not with powder and paste!
Sweet nymphs, they are deadliest foes;
No PIVER persuade you—
No ROWLAND invade you—
In peace let each dimple repose
Where it grows!
When he shows
You his KALYDOR LOTION,
Reply, "We've a notion

* No one ever seems to understand what this means : the author will, therefore, explain it. Thus :—Schamyl is or was the first chief of Circassia, and as such had the felicity of supplying the Turkish Sultans with wives, who were sent to Constantinople on camels (or if they weren't it's of no consequence). Well then, these Circassian girls have always been celebrated for their beautiful teeth—enamel *au naturel*, in fact,—you see?

The VIII Crusade.

“It takes all the skin off one's nose!”

(As he goes)

Add, “There's nothing can beat yours

“For blist'ring the features

“But 'ATKINSON'S MILK OF THE ROSE!'”



The Crossing-Sweeper.

(A fact.)

“A little charity for the love of Heaven.”



ARK! from St. Martin's—one
—two—three . . .

St. Paul's now — five — six —
seven . . .

And hark again

How a deep tone strikes in—
Seven — eight — nine — ten —
eleven :

The big bells sweep the heaven,
Till the full choir,
As from one broad swoll'n brim, swing midnight
Into the silent air,

The Crossing-Sweeper.

And set St. Stephen's quivering,
And the Great Globe shuddering
 In Leicester Square—
The great round Globe, spike-girdled,—
 A child was sleeping there.

A boy, and small and ragged,
 His muddy broom lay near ;
How came he houseless, homeless,
 How came he to be here,
With the dew glistening on his cheek ?
 Or could it be a tear ?
Why pillowed thus so hardly
 Lay the once silken head ?—
And a small voice beside me,
 As to the thought unsaid,
Replied, "He ain't got nothing
 To get himself a bed."

* * *

Puck on Pegasus.

Slowly from that cold pavement
 We roused the little man,
And I was loth to wake him
 So low the hour-glass ran ;
But the iced dawnwind swept the square,
And shook the night dews from its hair,
 And a grey frost began . . .

No knife straight to the marrow
 Like that sharp dawnwind goes,—
The greasy mud grew blacker
 The sweltering gutter froze—
And yet I paused, for in my mind
 A dim misgiving rose.

A certain air of finish
 The whole scene clung about ;
A touch of melodrama, maybe,
 That woke a touch of doubt :

The Crossing-Sweeper.

At any rate I waited
For it seemed indicated
That I should see it out.

And lo ! the infant tattered,
But penniless no more,
Had curled his small self up again
Under the railings in the rain—
He almost seemed to snore.
I crossed . . . *two* ragged imps lay coiled
Where one had lain before !

Again I watched—ah, pity !
Where was the hand to have stayed?—
In warm clothed, well housed Leicester Square,
Five little bedless boys there were
Along the pavement laid !—
They evidently fancied
The “sleeping dodge” had paid.

* * *

Puck on Pegasus.

And yet I hope the very
Next time that midnight dim
Unveils a ragged urchin
Crouched on the pavement grim,
That something like a sixpence
Will pass from me to him.

It's not because imposture
May chance to reap our mite,
That we should risk refusing
Shelter from the pitiless night;
Nor yet because the Poor-law
Works with a niggard stint,
That you and I are called on
To make our faces flint.

Yet well I know that many
A pious soul is vexed,
And thinks 'to give' perdition

The Crossing-Sweeper.

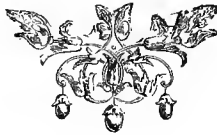
In this world and the next :
“ Refuse to him that asketh ”
Is how they read the text.

But heed not thou, fair England,
The pomps of other lands,
Their palaces and temples
Built up by hireling hands.
Whilst in thy free soil rooted
The free-will offering stands.

The Hospital and Alms-house
Where age may lay its head,
And the sick man may be tended,
And the starving man be fed,
Are better shrines and prouder
Than trophies blazed with gold ;
And nobler worth than gorgeous piles,
And pillared naves and glittering aisles,
Where peoples' hearts are cold.

Puck on Pegasus.

And of the thousand fame-scrolls
Our English scutcheons lift
I hold the grandest, best of all,
That writing, plain on many a wall,
Prophetic against fear or fall,
“SUPPORTED BY FREE GIFT.”



IN MEDIÆVOS.



F you love to wear
An unlimited extent of hair
Push'd frantically back behind a pair
Of ears, that all asinine comparison defy—
And peripatate by star light
To gaze upon some far light
Till you've caught an aggravated catarrh right
In the pupil of your frenzy rolling eye,—

Puck on Pegasus.

Or if you're given to the style
Of that mad fellow Tom Carlyle,
And fancy all the while, you're taking "an earnest view" of things ;
Making Rousseau a hero,
Mahomet any better than Nero,
And Cromwell an angel in ev'rything except the wings :
Or if you weep sonnets,
Over TIME, and on its
Everlasting works of "art" and "genius" (cobweb wreath'd!)
And fly off into rapture
At some villanous old picture
Not an atom like nature
Nor any human creature, that ever breath'd,—
Some Amazonian Vixen
Of indescribable complexion
And hideous all conception to surpass ;
And actually prefer this abhorrence

In Mulieros.

To a lovely portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence -----
Why then, I think that you must be an Ass!



The Well of Truth.



'TWAS sunset—(much ill-usèd hour,
Which diff'ring Poets tell you
Is ev'ry shade from green to red,
And Southey swears it's yellow)—

And so I lay and smoked the weed—
Immaculate Havannah!—
And watch'd a spider nobbling flies
In an artistic manner.

The Well of Truth.

And mused in speculative vein
On England, and her story ;
Why Palmerston was dubb'd a Whig,
And Derby was a Tory ;—

Why Manchester detested war,
And cottons took delight in ;
Why Cobden's voice was all for peace,
And Horsman's all for fighting ;—

Why England sent our Bibles' store,
To teach our pig-tail'd brother ;
And gave him Gospel with one hand,
And Opium with the other ;—

And why the Church was always poor,
And Lawyers lived in clover,
And why my tailor made me pay
His last . . account . . . twice . . . over

Puck on Pegasus.

And why

Perhaps it was the scent
That hover'd round my bow'r?
Perhaps it was the gnats that haunt
That soul-subduing hour?

Or else those little busy bees—
Which sting one so severely—
Made dreamy music round my head,
Until I slept—or nearly:—

But lo! I floated on a pool,
Beneath a monstrous funnel,
Whose crowning disc shone faintly out,
Like sun-light thro' a tunnel;

And forms and faces quaint and strange
Swept by me ev'ry minute ;
And ev'ry breast transparent lay,
And had a window in it.

The Well of Truth.

Then sudden through my mind it flashed—
What mania could have got 'em—
The place was TRUTH'S HISTORIC WELL,
And I—was at the bottom.

* * * *

And first I marked a sombre man
Of aspect wondrous saintly,
Whose pious eyes looked shocked and good,
If Sin but whispered faintly ;

And every Sunday in the plate,
His clinking gold was given
With such an air—the righteous vowed
His alms had conquered Heaven !

And such his godly wrath 'gainst all
Who betted, swore, or liquored,—
Old women said around his head
An Angel halo flickered.

Puck on Pegasus.

But looking through his heart I saw
A blank, dark, moral torpor,—
And while he gave his princely alms
He cursed the needy pauper.

And all men grovelled at his feet
With coax, and crawl, and wheedle;—
But I thought of Dives' burning tongue
And the parabolic needle.

And next I spied a priestly band,
In cassock, cope, and mitre,
Who diff'ring slightly from the Church,
Lent all their wits to spite her,—

With some who thought church-music gave
The Devil grievous handles ;
And some who lit Polemic War
By lighting altar candles ;

The Well of Truth.

And one who held a certain place
Most probable to get to,
Unless he preached in a scarlet cloak
And prayed in a *falsetto*—

But *one* thing I could plainly read,
Each pious breast displaying;—
The rev'rend men took more delight
In quarrelling than praying!

They passed—and lo! an Hebrew youth,
To ebon locks confessing,
The sturdy yeomanry of Bucks
In honeyed phrase addressing.

And so enthusiastic waxed
The sleek bucolic charmer;
As if his body, soul, and brains,
Had all been born a farmer.

Puck on Pegasus.

And he felt "glad" and "proud," he said,
To meet his friends again—
"His valued friends!"—and in his heart
He wished them all in Spain.

And so he gave their right good health—
And off it went in toppers ;
And called them "Men and Patriots,
And in his heart "Clodhoppers."—

And then—with very blindest smiles—
From self and boon carousers,
Gave prizes to some model louts,
And one *a pair of trousers ! ! **

And as he cried "Take, fine old man,
"These best of merit's brandings,"—

* *Vide* "Times" of 4 Nov. 1857, giving an account of the meeting of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association.

The Well of Truth.

He thought, "Was ever such a Calf
"On such thin understandings!"

Just then rolled by, so bluff and bold,
A tar—from truck to kelson—
And prophesied such vast exploits,
Men cried—"Another Nelson!"

"You'll see," quoth he, "I'll shortly be
In Heav'n or Cronstadt reckoned"—
But never meant to chance the first,
Or go too near the second.

And then I lost him in the crowd,
Nor could the question try on;
If I'd heard the voice of Balaam's ass
Or the roar of Britain's lion!

But when I read what bumping things
The hero had been saying,

Puck on Pegasus.

I thought I knew what Gray must mean
By the din of battle *braying*.—

* * * *



“HEARD YE THE DIN OF BATTLE BRAY?”

The “Bard.”

Perils of the Fine Arts.



GOOD gracious Julia! wretched girl,
What horror do I see?
What frantic fiend has done the deed
That rends your charms from
me?
Those matchless charms which like
the sun
Lit up Belinda Place—
What fiend, I ask, in human mask
Has DARED to black your face?

Puck on Pegasus.

Your lips that once out-bloom'd the rose
Are both of ebon hue ;
Your chin is brown—your cheeks are green—
Your nose is prussian blue !
This morn the very driven snow
Was not so stainless pure,—
And now, alack ! you're more a black,
Than any black-a-more.

Some wretch has painted you ! Oh, Jove,
That I could clutch his throat !—
That I could give his face a cuff,
Who gave your face a coat :
If there is justice in the land—
But no—the law is bosh :
Although it's true you're black and blue
That remedy “won't wash.”

Revenge, I say ! yet hold, no rage—
I will be calm, sweet wife—

Perils of the Fine Arts.

Calm—icy calm——Speak, woman, speak
That I may have his life!!
Who did the deed?—

“Oh! Charles, 'twas *you!*”

“Nay, dearest, do not shrink—
“This face and chin!—I’ve washed it in
“YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC INK!”



A PORTRAIT (AFTER BLACK-ALL).

“Rejected Addresses.”



IR Toby was a portly party ;
Sir Toby took his turtle
hearty ;
Sir Toby lived to dine :
Chateau margot was his fort ;
Bacchus would have backt his
port ;

He was an Alderman in short
Of the very first water—and wine.

Rejected Addresses.

An Alderman of the first degree,
But neither wife nor son had he :
 He had a daughter fair,—
And often said her father, “ Cis,
“ You shall be dubbed ‘ my Lady,’ Miss,
 “ When I am dubbed Lord Mayor.

“ The day I don the gown and chain,
“ In Hymen’s modern Fetter-Lane
 “ You wed Sir Gobble Grist ;
“ And whilst with pomp and pageant high
“ I scrape, and strut, and star it by
“ St. George’s in the East, you’ll try
 “ St. George’s in the West.”

Oh vision of paternal pride !
Oh blessed Groom to such a Bride !
 Oh happy Lady Cis !
Yet sparks won’t always strike the match,

Puck on Pegasus.

And miss may chance to lose her "catch,"
Or he may catch—a *miss*!

Such things do happen, here and there,
When knights are old, and nymphs are fair,
And who can say they don't?
When Worldly takes the gilded pill,
And Dives stands and says "I will,"
And Beauty says "I *won't*!"

Sweet Beauty! Sweeter thus by far—
Young Goddess of the silver star,
Divinity capricious!—
Who would not barter wealth and wig,
And pomp and pride and *otium dig*,
For Youth—when "plums" weren't worth a fig
And Venus smiled propitious?

Alas! that beaux will lose their spring,
And wayward belles refuse to 'ring,'

Rejected Addresses.

Unstruck by Cupid's dart!
Alas that—must the truth be told—
Yet oft'ner has the archer sold
The 'white and red,' to touch the 'gold,'
And Diamonds trumped the Heart!

That luckless heart! too soon misplaced!—
Why is it that parental taste
On sagest calculation based
So rarely pleases Miss?
Let those who can the riddle read;
For me, I've no idea indeed,
No more, perhaps, had Cis.

It might have been she found Sir G.
Less tender than a swain should be,—
Young—sprightly—witty—gay?—
It might have been she thought his hat
Or head too round or square or flat
Or empty—who can say?

Puck on Pegasus.

What Bard shall dare? Perhaps his nose?—
A shade too pink, or pale, or rose?—
His cut of beard, wig, whisker, hose?—
A wrinkle?—here—or there?—
Perhaps the *preux chevalier's* chance,
Hung on a word or on a glance,
Or on a single hair.

I know not! But the Parson waited,
The Bridegroom swore, the Groomsmen rated,
Till two o'clock or near;—
Then home again in rage and wrath,
Whilst pretty Cis——was rattling North
With Jones the Volunteer!





"Fire!"



WAY there, to the east—

“Towards the Surrey ridge,—
“I see a puff of dunnish smoke
“Over the Southwark Bridge :”
A single curl of murky mist
That scales the summer air :—
And the watchman wound his list-
less way

Slow down the turret stair.

*

*

London ! that deck'st thyself with wave-won spoils,
Sea-gathered wealth, spires, palaces,
And temples high,

Puck on Pegasus.

Well might thy goodly burgesses exclaim,

“Behold—and die !* ”

“Behold these streets ; survey these monster marts,

“The lordly ’Changes of our merchant kings ;

“Consider this great Thames, with its broad breast

“Brave with white wings.

“Wharves, stately with warehouses,

“Docks, with a world’s treasure-chest in bail,

“What hand shall touch ye ?

“What rash foe assail ?” . . .

“*Fire ! to the eastward—Fire ! !—*”

A hurrying tramp of feet

A sickly haze that wraps the town

Like a leaden winding-sheet :

A smothering smoke is in the air—

A crackling sound—a cry !—

And yonder, up over the furnace pot,

* “See Naples, and die.” —*Italian Proverb.*

"Fire!"

That smokes like the smoke of the cities of Lot,
There's something fierce and hissing and hot
That licks the very sky.

Fire! fire! ghastly fire!
It broadens overhead;
Red gleam the roofs in lurid light
The heav'ns are glowing-red.
From east to west—from west to east!
Red runs the turbid Thames—
"Fire! fire! the engines! fire!
"Or half the town's in flames—
"Fire"

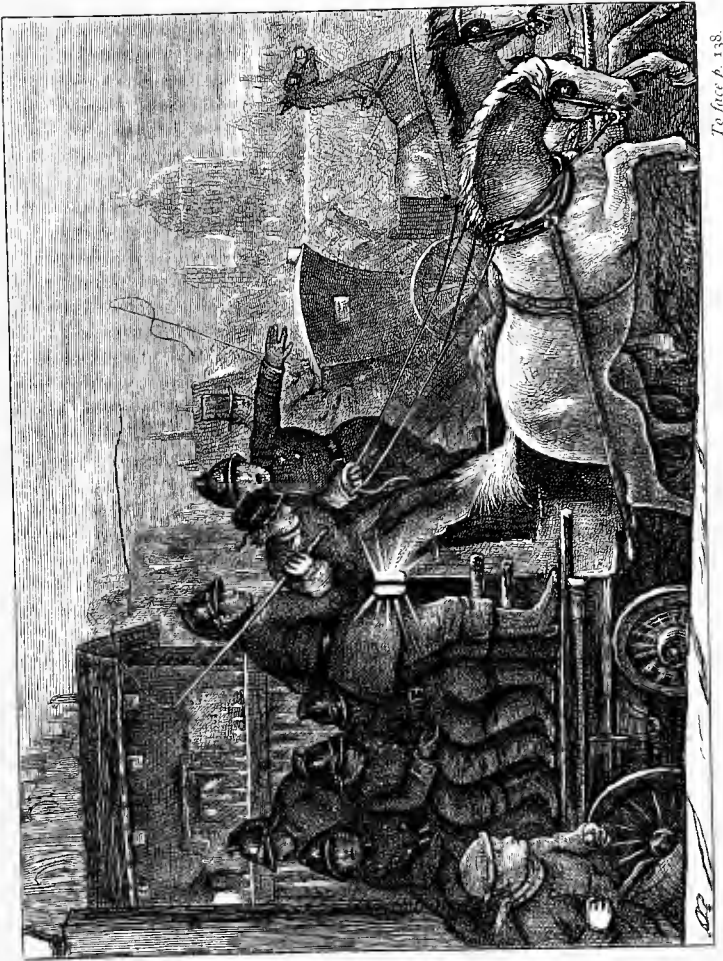
A raging, quivering gulf . .
A wild stream, blazing by . . .
Red ruin . . . fearful flaming leaps . . .
White faces to the sky . . .

Puck on Pegasus.

“The engines, Ho—back for your lives!”——
The swarthy helmets gleam :
Flash fast, broad wheel,
Hold, wood and steel,
Whilst the shout rings up, and the wild bells peal,
And the flying hoofs strike flame.
Stand from the causeway, horse and man,
Back while there’s time for aid,—
Back, gilded coach—back, lordly steed—
A thousand hearts hang on their speed,
And life and death and daring deed——

Room for the Fire Brigade !





To face p. 138.

Was, Eber Was.



US! ever wus! By freak of Puck's
My most exciting hopes are dashed ;
I never wore my spotless ducks
But madly — wildly! — they were
splashed.

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
To gaze upon the starry sky ;
But some old stiff-backed beetle came,
And charged into my pensive eye :

And oh ! I never did the swell
In Regent-street, amongst the beaus,
But smuts the most prodigious fell,

Puck on Pegasus.

AND ALWAYS SETTLED ON MY NOSE!



Charge of the Light (Irish) Brigade.

(Not by A-f-d T-y-u.)



OUTWARD Ho—Here we go!—
O'er the wave onward,
Out from the Harbour of Cork
Sailed the Six Hundred!
Sailed like Crusaders thence,
Burning for Peter's pence,—
Burning for fight and fame—
Burning to show their zeal—
Into the gates of Rome,
Into the jaws of Hell,
(It's all the same)
Marched the Six Hundred!

Puck on Pegasus.

“Barracks, and tables laid!
Food for the Pope’s Brigade!”
But ev’ry Celt afraid,
Gazed on the grub dismay’d—
‘Twiggèd he had blundered;—

“Who can eat rancid grease?
Call *this* a room a-piece?”*—

“Silence unseemly din,
Prick them with bayonets in.”—
Blessèd Six Hundred!

Waves ev’ry battle-blade.—
“Forward! the Pope’s Brigade!”—
Was there a man obeyed?
No—where they stood they stayed,

*A room for each man, and a table furnished from the fat of the land, were among the inducements reported to have been held out to the “Pope’s own.”

Charge of the Light (Irish) Brigade.

Though Lamoricière pray'd,
Threatened, and thundered—

“Charge!” Down their sabres then
Clashed, as they turn'd—and ran—
 Sab'ring the empty air,
 Each of one taking care,—
 Here, there, and ev'rywhere
 Scattered and sundered.

Sick of the powder smell,
Down on their knees they fell ;
 Howling for hearth and home—
 Cursing the Pope of Rome—
Whilst afar shot and shell
 Volleyed and thunder'd ;
 Captured, alive and well,
 Ev'ry Hibernian swell,
 Came back the tale to tell ;
Back from the states of Rome—

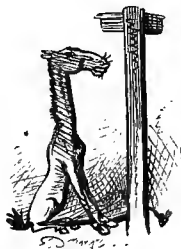
Puck on Pegasus.

Back from the gates of Hell—
Safe and sound ev'ry man—
Jack of Six Hundred!
When shall their story fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
Nobody wondered,
Pity the fools they made—
Pity the Pope's Brigade—
NOBBLED Six Hundred!



Too bad, you know.

(*New Year's Eve, '58.*)



It was the huge metropolis
With fog was like to choke ;
It was the gentle cabby-
horse
His ancient knees that
broke ;—

And, oh, it was the cabby-man
That swore with all his might,
And did request he might be blowed
Particularly tight,

Puck on Pegasus.

If any swell should make him stir
Another step that night !

Then up and 'spake that bold cabman,
Unto his inside Fare,—

“ I say, you Sir,—come out of that !—

“ I say, you Sir, in there—

“ Six precious aggrawatin miles

“ I've druv to this here gate,

“ And that poor injered hanimal

“ Is in a fainting state ;

“ There aint a thimblefull of light,

“ The fog's as black as pitch,—

“ I'm flummoxed 'tween them posteses

“ And that most '*ateful* ditch.

“ So bundle out ! my 'oss is beat ;

“ I'm sick of this 'ere job ;—

Ghostries.



Did you never hear a rustling,
In the corner of your room ;
When the faint fantastic fire-light
Served but to reveal the gloom ?
Did you never feel the clammy
Terror, starting from each pore,
At a shocking
Sort of knocking
On your chamber door ?

Did you never fancy something
Horrid, underneath the bed ?
Or a ghastly skeletonian,
In the garret overhead ?



To face p. 149.

Ghostries.

Or a sudden life-like movement,
Of the 'Vandyke,' grim and tall?
Or that ruddy
Mark, a bloody
Stain upon the wall?

Did you never see a fearful
Figure, by the rushlight low,
Crouching, creeping, crawling nearer—
Putting out its fingers—*SO?*
Whilst its lurid eyes glared on you
From the darkness where it sat—
And you could not,
Or you would not,
See it was the cat?



Waterloo Place.



WUW—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—

W—Waterloo Place? yes you

T—take the first tut—tut—tut—turning
that faces you,—

Lul—left,—and then kuk—kuk—kuk,—kuk—

kuk—kuk—keep up Pall Mall 'till you

See the Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—

Zounds, Sir, you'll get there before I
can tell it you!



The Massacre of Glenho.



THROUGH deep Glenho the owl
flits
That valley weird and lone ;
The chieftain's aged widow sits
Beside the bare hearth-stone.

Beside the bare and blighted
hearth
Whose fires, now quenched and
black,

Had seen five gallant sons go forth,
And never one come back.

Puck on Pegasus.

'Tis silent all! but hark—a cry
And ghastly clamours wake
The midnight glen. Then rose proudly
That ancient dame, and spake—

“What mingled sounds of woe and wail
“Up Mortham’s valley spread?
“What shrieks upon the gusty gale
“Come pealing overhead?

“I hear the pibroch’s piercing swell,
“The banshee’s scream I hear,
“And hark! again that stifled yell—
“The *boderglas* is near!!

“The Boderglas with bloody brow
“And tresses dripping red—
“I see him at the window now
“He shakes his gory head!

The Massacre of Glenho.

“Then, daughter, to thy mother’s arms,

“Thus, thus, in close embrace,

“The messenger of death we’ll meet—

“The slayer of our race.

“Then do not weep, my daughter!”—

“Oh mother, ’tis not that—

“But Donald Roy the carrotty boy

“HAS KILLED OUR OLD TOM CAT!”



Ode to Hampstead.



H Hampstead ! cool oasis—
No longer 'green,' alas !—
Where once a week, on Sunday,
The Cockneys go to grass ;

Where Donkey-boys still flourish,
Unawed by Martin's Act,

Ode to Hampstead.

The lash that drives a squadron
Promiscuously whackt ;—

Upon whose hills the dust-wreath
Comes down like the simoom,
Beneath whose slopes the 'winkle
Has a perennial bloom,—

And whose once stainless waters
Present the sort of look
The sea did when the savages
Plunged in at Captain Cook ;—

I love thee yet !—Tho' tarnish'd
Is ev'ry blade and leaf,
Tho' Highgate Fields are bitterness,
And Belsize Park is grief,—

Tho' brick-kilns are unlovely,
And railways banish rest,

Puck on Pegasus.

And Omnibi are hateful
And Hansom Cabs unblest,—

Whilst donkeys take the place of cows,
And geese are abdicating,
Whilst boys usurp the haunts of fish
And ice-carts spoil the skating ;—

I love thee still !—Thy benches,
(When no East wind assails)
Thy turf, sweet to recline upon—
(When unengross'd by snails.)

And never may thy blooming heath
By WILSON be enclosed ;
Still on thy lawn let fairy feet
Disport them unopposed ;

I love thee, O I love thee still !—
Yet must I fain confess

Ode to Hampstead.

That ev'ry time I gaze above
Thy spreading chimney-pots, my love
Grows 'beautifully less !'



Our Traveller.



If thou wouldst stand on Etna's
burning brow,
With smoke above, and roaring
flame below ;
And gaze adown that molten
gulf reveal'd,
Till thy soul shudder'd and thy
senses reel'd.—

If thou wouldst beard Niagara in his pride,
Or stem the billows of Propontic tide ;
Scale all alone some dizzy Alpine *haut*,
And shriek "Excelsior !" amidst the snow.—

Wouldst tempt all deaths, all dangers that may be,—
Perils by land, and perils on the sea,—
This vast round world, I say, if thou wouldst view it,—

THEN WHY THE DICKENS
DONT YOU GO AND DO IT ?



Chinese Puzzles.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

—
In the name of Fo,
Thus saith the shadow of Nobody.
—



FROM many a dark delicious ripple
The Moonbeams drank ethereal tippie ;
Whilst over Eastern grove and dell
The perfumed breeze of evening fell,
And the young Bulbul warbling gave
Her music to the answering wave.

But not alone the Bulbul's note
Bade Echo strike her silver lute,
Nor fell the music of her dream
Alone on waving wood and stream ;

Puck on Pegasus.

For thro' the twilight blossoms stray'd,
Enamour'd youth, and faery maid ;
And mingled with her warblings lone
A voice of sweet and playful tone.

“Nay, tell me not of love that lights

“The diamond's midnight mine ;

“The cold sea-gleaming of the pearl

“Is only half divine.

“No thought have I for gold or gem,

“No 'hest of high emprise ;

“No giant Tartars to be slain,

“In homage to my eyes.”

“Oh, take my life !” her lover cried,

“Nor break this dream of bliss ;

“Take house, or head, or lands, or fame—

“Take ev'ry thing but *this*,—

“To gaze upon those silken braids

The Wedding Gift.

“Unenvious be my part ;
“I could not steal one golden tress,
“To bind it round my heart.
“Tho’ all the pearls of Ind were strung
“Upon a single hair,
“I would not cut the shiner off,—
“I wouldn’t, Za’, I swear.”

The lady laughed a careless laugh,—
“While downward flows the river,
“The lover who bids for Zadio’s heart
“And hand must make up his mind to part
“With THE GIFT, or part for ever!”

“Excruciating girl! why pierce
“A heart that beats for thee?
“How can you want a Lock for which
“You still must want a Key?”

Puck on Pegasus.

“Just think, if I should wear a wig,
“How would you like me, Zadie?
“I’m sure you’ll give it up, my pig,
“Do—there’s a gentle lady!”

The Maiden laugh’d a silv’ry laugh ;—
“The white stars set and shiver ;
“The lover who bids for Zadie’s heart
“And hand must make up his mind to part
“With THE GIFT—OR part for ever!”



ETCETERA.



HE stars were out on the lake,
The silk sail stir'd the skiff;
And faint on the billow, and
fresh on the breeze,
The summer came up thro' the
cinnamon trees
With an odoriferous sniff.
There was song in the
scented air,

And a light in the listening leaves,—
The light of the myriad myrtle fly,
When young Fo-Fum and little Fe-Fi
Came forth to gaze upon the sky—&c!

Puck on Pegasus.

Oh! little Fe-Fi was fair,
With the wreath in her raven hair!
With white of lily and crimson of rose,
From her almond eyes, and celestial nose,
To the tips of her imperceptible toes &c.

Fo-Fum stood tall, I wis,
(May his shadow never be less!)
A highly irresistible male,
The ladies turn'd pale
At the length of his nail
And the twirl of his unapproachable tail &c.

“Now listen, Moon-mine, my Star!
My Life! my little Fe-Fi,
For over the blossom and under the bough
There's a soft little word that is whispering now
Which I think you can guess if you try!
In the bosom of faithful Fum,
There's an anti celebic hum,—

Etcetera.

A little wee word Fe-Fi can spell,
Concluding with 'E,' and beginning with 'L,' &c."

"Oh! dear, now what can it be?

That little wee word Fo-Fum?

That funny wee word that sounds so absurd

With an 'e' and an 'l' and a 'hum!'

A something that ends with an E?—

It must be my cousin, So-Sle?

Or pretty Zuzzoo

Who admired your queue?—

I shall never guess what it can be

I can see

That is spelt with an L and an E!"

"Then listen, Moon-mine, my Life,

My innocent little Fe-Fi;

It isn't So-Sle, tho' she ends with an E,

And pretty Zuzzoo

Who approved of my queue,

Has no L in her name that I see;—

Puck on Pegasus.

“In the bosom of faithful Fum,
It's a monosyllabic hum ;
A sweet little word for sweet lips to try,
That's half-and-half moonlight, and earth-light and sky.

If little Fe-Fi
Will open her mouth with the least little sigh,
She must speak it—unless she was dumb !”

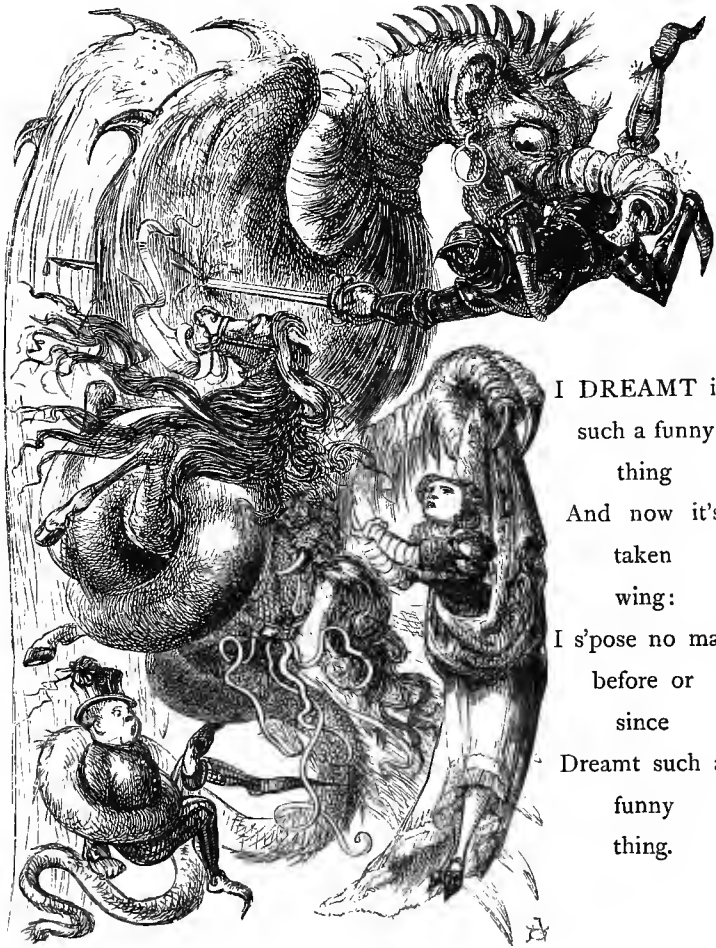
“Indeed ! then perhaps she is dumb :
I vow I detest you Fo-Fum !
Why don't you . . . how *dare* you, I mean, sir, ah me !
I shall never guess what it can be
I can see
That is spelt with a L and an E !
I never shall guess, if I die—
Fo-Fum, sir, I'm going to cry !—
Oh dear, how my heart is beginning to beat ! . . .
Why there's silly Fo-Fum on his knees at my feet,” &c.

Etcetera.

Deponent knoweth not,
History showeth not,
If the lady read the riddle ;
And whether she found
It hard to expound—
As the story ends in the middle.

Was gallant Fo-Fum
Constrain'd to succumb
To the "thrall of delicious fetters"—
Or pretty Fe-Fi
Induced to supply
The text of the missing letters ?

Oh, no one can tell !
But this extract looks well,
Faute de mieux (that's "for want of a better")—
"Received : by Hang-Hi,
"From Fo Fum, for Fe-Fi,
"A thousand dollars" &c !



I DREAMT it!
such a funny
thing
And now it's
taken
wing:
I s'pose no man
before or
since
Dreamt such a
funny
thing.



What the Prince of I Dreamt.

It had a Dragon ; with a tail ;
A tail both long and slim,
And ev'ry day he wagged at it—
How good it was of him !

And so to him the tailest
Of all three-tailed Bashaws,
Suggested that for reasons
The waggling should pause :

And held his tail—which, parting,
Reversed that Bashaw, which
Reversed that Dragon, who reversed
Himself into a ditch.

* * *

It had a monkey—in a trap—
Suspended by the tail :
Oh ! but that monkey look'd distress'd,
And his countenance was pale.
And he had danced and dangled there ;
Till he grew very mad :

Puck on Pegasus.

For his tail it was a handsome tail
And the trap had pinch'd it—bad.

The trapper sat below, and grinn'd ;
His victim's wrath wax'd hot :—
He bit his tail in two—and fell—
And kill'd him on the spot :—

* * * *

It had a pig—a stately pig ;
With curly tail and quaint :
And the Great Mogul had hold of that
Till he was like to faint.

So twenty thousand Chinamen ;
With three tails each at least :
Came up to help the Great Mogul
And took him round the waist.

And so, the tail slipp'd through his hands :
And so it came to pass :



What the Prince of I Dreamt.

That twenty thousand Chinamen
Sat down upon the grass :—

* * * *

It had a Khan—a Tartar Khan—
With tail superb, I wis :
And that fell graceful down a back
Which was considered his.

And so, all sorts of boys that were
Accursèd, swung by it :
Till he grew savage in his mind
And vex'd, above a bit—

And so, he swept his tail, as one
Awak'ning from a dream :
And those abominable ones
Flew off into the stream—

Puck on Pegasus.

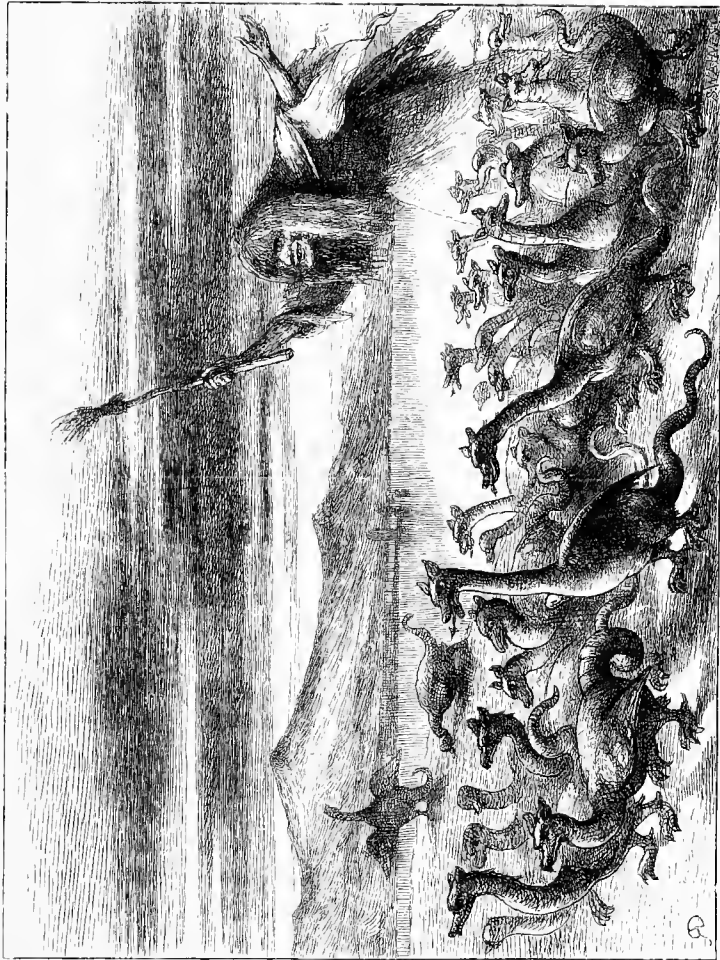
And so, they bobbed up and down,
Like many apples there :
Till they subsided—and became
Amongst the things that were :—

* * * *

And so it had a moral too ;
That would be bad to lose :
“Whoever takes a tail in hand
Should mind his p’s and queues.”

I dreamt it !—such a funny thing !
And now it’s taken wing ;
I s’pose no man before or since
Dreamt such a funny thing ?

[A “tail piece” was designed by Mr. Doyle after a drawing by the same artist in the possession of Frederick Locker, Esq.]



"A TAIL PIECE."

To face p. 172.

83

A Case in Lunacy.



AS any one read the GREAT LUNACY
CASE?

The case that's lock'd, and labell'd,
and laced

With a tissue of lies, and a docket
of 'waste,'

And a golden key, the reverse
of chased,

(Tho' hunted thro' the Hilary)—

Has any one read how the Law can hound,
And badger, and bully a man, 'till it's bound
A mortgage on ev'ry acre of ground,

Puck on Pegasus.

And robb'd him of sixty thousand pound—
Without being put in the pillory?

Has any one read—does any one know—
If he marries a wife who's not quite *comme il faut*,
And a handsome estate should inherit,—
What a SUIT OF CHANCERY can effect,
To strip him, even of self-respect,
Hold him up to scorn contempt and neglect,
And ruin him, body and spirit?

Has any one read—mark'd—weigh'd—the worth
Of a common name and a kindred birth,
A brother's—uncle's—love upon earth,
To the love that is filthy lucre's?
How day after day, without being hurt,
A man can drag his own flesh thro' the dirt
For a thousand pounds at his broker's?

Yes, ev'ry one's read—we all of us know—
What man's 'first friend' could become his worst foe,

A Case in Lunacy.

Bring him up in the way he ought *not* to go,—
Then lie, to make him a beggar ;—
Turn him loose upon Town without guardian or friend,—
Lay traps in his paths lest they happen'd to mend,—
Set spies to note ev'ry shilling he'd spend—
Ev'ry pitiful pound he might borrow or lend,—
And dip his fingers in slime without end—
We can guess who cuts such a figure !

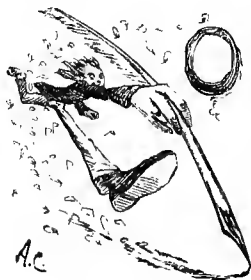


A Squeak from Dean's Hand.

Mind your P's and Q's.

[These are the verses which the Honourable Scrawls wrote to his Leonora, when he had perfected his running hand in "Six lessons from the Flying Pen."]

FIRST VERSE.



sqeaktomyLeonora!

SqeakacrosstheStormydeep,
Wherethewhitebaitandthelobster
Andtheyarmouthbloatersleep—
Throughathousandleaguesofwater
Thatsoftvoiceshallcometome—
SqeakofLoveohLeonora!

Andbidmesqeaktothee.

A squeak from Dean's Yard.

SECOND VERSE.

Scarce a week and from his country
Will reluctant Scrawl have fled,
Squinning off to Prague or Pekin—
Or besquin himself instead :
O, if through relentless Ryan
Cold Dean's-Yard my gravemust be
Squeak still squeak of Love Leonora,
And I'll squeak back to thee.

(Third, and remaining hundred and twenty-five verses, illegible.)



Execlor !



HE shades of night had fallen (*at last!*)
When from the Eagle Tavern pass'd
A youth, who bore, in manual vice,
A pot of something monstrous nice—
XX—oh lor !

His brow was bad :—his young eye scann'd
The frothing flaggon in his hand,
And like a gurgling streamlet sprung
The accents to that thirsty tongue,
XX—oh lor !

In happy homes he saw them grub
On stout, and oysters from a tub,—
The dismal gas-lights gleam'd without,
And from his lips escaped a shout,
“XX! oh lor !”

Exexolor!

“Young man,” the Sage observ’d, “just stay,
“And let me dip my beak, I say,
“The pewter is deep, and I am dry!”—
“Perceiv’st thou verdure in my eye?
XX? oh lor!”

“Oh stop,” the maiden cried, “and lend
“Thy beery burden here, my friend—”
Th’ unbidden tear regretful rose,
But still his thumb tip sought his nose ;
“XX?—oh lor! !”

“Beware the gutter at thy feet!
“Beware the Dragons of the street!
“Beware lest thirsty Bob you meet!”
This was the ultimate remark ;
A voice replied far thro’ the dark,
“XX! oh! lor!”

Puck on Pegasus.

That night, by watchmen on their round,
The person in a ditch was found;
Still grasping in his manual vice
That pot—once fill'd with something nice.—

XX—oh lor!!!





THE THREAD OF LIFE.

The Thread of Life.

A FRAGMENT.

(After T—s H—d.)



IFE! what depths of mystery
hide

In the oceans of Hate and the
rivers of Pride,

That mingle in Tribulation's
tide,

To quench the spark
VITALITY!

What chords of Love and "bands" of Hope,

The Thread of Life.

Were "made strong" (without the use of rope)
In the Thread—INDIVIDUALITY.

LIFE ! what a web of follies and fears,
Pleasures and griefs, sighs, smiles and tears,
Are twined in the woof that Mortality's shears
 Must be everlastingly thinning,—
What holes for Physician DEATH to darn,
Are eternally spun in the wonderful yarn
 That the Fates are eternally spinning !

LIFE ! what marvellous throbs and throes
The alchemy of EXISTENCE knows ;
What "weals within wheels" (and woes without *woahs* !)
 Give sophistry a handle ;
Though Hare himself could be dipp'd in the well
Where Truth's proverbial waters dwell,
It would throw no more light on the vital spell
Than a dip in the Polytechnic bell,
 Or the dip—a ha'penny candle.

Puck on Pegasus.

Alas! for the metaphysical host ;
The wonderful wit and wisdom they boast,
When the time arrives they must give up the ghost,
 Become quite phantasmagorical,—
And it's found at the last that they know as much
Of the secret of LIFE—as they do of Dutch—
Or, if a lame verse may borrow a crutch,
 As was known by the Delphic Oracle.

Into being we come, in ones and twos,
To be kiss'd, to be cuff'd, to obey, to abuse,
Each destined to stand in another's shoes
 To whose heels we may come the nighest ;
This turns at once into Luxury's bed,
Whilst that in a gutter lays his head,
And this—in a house with a wooden lid
 And a roof that's none of the highest.

We fall like the drops of April show'rs,
Cradled in mud or cradled in flow'rs,



To face p. 185.

The Thread of Life.

Now idly to wile the rosy hours,
 And now for bread to importune ;
Petted, and fêted, and fed upon pap
One prattler comes in for a fortune, slap—
And one, a 'more kicks than ha'pence' chap,
 For a slap—without the fortune !

* * *

Oh, who hasn't heard of the infant squall ?
Sharper, shriller, and longer than all
The Nor'-wester squalls, that may chance to befall
 At Cape Horn, as nauticals tell us ;
And who,—oh who?—hasn't heard before
The dulcet tones of the infant ROAR ?
Ear-piercing in at the drawing-room door—
Down-bellowing, right through the nursery floor—
 Like a hundred power bellows ?

Alas ! that the very rosiest wreath
Should ever be twined with a thorn beneath !

Puck on Pegasus.

Forth peeping, from purple and damask sheath,
 In a manner quite anti-floral ;
And startling, as when to that Indian root
The traveller stretches his hand for the fruit,
And a crested head comes glittering out
With a tongue that is somewhat forkèd no doubt,
 And a tail—that has quite a moral !
And who'd have believed that diminutive thing
Just form'd as you'd say, to kiss and to cling,
Would ever have opened, except to sing,
 Those lips, that look so choral ?

Behold the soft little struggling ball !
With rosy mouth ever ready to squall,
Kicking and crowing and grasping "small,"
 At its India-rubber dangle,—
Whilst tiny fists in the pillow lurk
That are destined perhaps for fighting the Turk,
And doing no end of mangling work,
 Or perhaps, for working a mangle !

The Thread of Life.

'Tis passing strange, that all over the earth
Men talk of the "stars" that "rule" at their birth,
For little such dazzling sponsors are worth,
 Whate'er Cagliostro may say ;
Though all the Bears in the heav'ns combined—
Mars, Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter shined,
In our glitt'ring horoscope, we shall find
Most men who are born of woman kind
 Are born in the milky-way.

In the milky-way! ev'ry mother's son ;
From the son of a lord, to the "son of a gun,"
Of colours, red, brown and yellow and dun,
 An astonishing constellation ;
From the black Papouse of the Cape de Verd,
The cream of Tartar, and scum of Kurd,
To the son and heir of Napoleon the Third,
 Who sucks—to the joy of a Nation !
And that puny atom may happen to claim

Puck on Pegasus.

The very first round on the Ladder of Fame,
At the general conflagration.

The squeaky voice may be heard ere long
In the shout of the battle, deep and strong,
Like the brazen clash of a mighty gong
That has broken loose from tether ;
Whilst many a hardy bosom quails,
And many a swarthy visage pales
At the griffin clutch of those tender nails
As they come to the scratch together.

But well says a poet of rising fame,
That to hint at an "infantile frailty's" a shame ;
For the baby-days have come round the same
To us all, and we can't but confess 'em ;
When the brawny hands, that can rend an oak,
Went both into Mammy's mouth for a joke—

The Thread of Life.

And the feet that stand like the solid rock,
Were "tootsies pootsies, bless 'em!"

When to howl was the only accomplishment rife
In our "tight little bundle" of wailing and strife,
And pap was the *summum bonum* of life,
To a mouth in perpetual pucker;
When Ma was a semi-intelligent lump,
Possessed by a mania for making us "plump,"
And Nus was an inexhaustible pump
With an everlasting "sucker."

Yet, laugh if we will at those baby-days,
There was more of bliss in its careless plays,
Than in after time from the careful ways
Or the hollow world, with its empty praise,
Its honeyed speeches, and hackneyed phrase,
And its pleasures, for ever fleeting;
And more of sense in its bald little pate,
On its own little matters of Church and State,

Puck on Pegasus.

Than in many a House of Commons' debate,
Or the "sense" of a Manchester meeting!

And laugh as we may, it would make us start,
Could we read the depths of its mother's heart,—
Or imagine one twenty-thousandth part
Of the feelings that stir within it;
What a freight that little existence bears
Of pallid smiles and tremulous tears,
Of joys never breathed into mortal ears,
Griefs that the callous world never hears,
Suff'ring that only the more endears,
And love, that would reach into endless years,
Snuffed out, it may be, in a minute!

Would you look on a mother in all her pride?
Her radiant, dazzling, glorious pride?
Then seek yon garret—leaden-eyed—
And thrust the mouldering panel aside—
The door that has nothing to lock it.—

The Thread of Life.

And the walls are tattered, and damp, and drear,
And the light has a quivering gleam, like fear,
For the hand of Sickness is heavy here,
 And the lamp burns low in the socket.

Mid rags, and want, and misery, piled,
A woman is watching her stricken child,
With a love so tender, a look so mild,
That the patient little sufferer has smiled—
 A smile that is strangely fair!—
And lo! in that chamber, poverty-dyed,
A mother in all her dazzling pride—
 A glorious mother is there!

And the child is squalid, and puny, and thin,—
But hush—hush your voice as you enter in!
Nor dare to despise, lest a deadly sin
 On your soul rest unforgiven;—
Perchance, oh scornful and worldly-wise,
A SHAKESPEARE dreams in those thoughtful eyes—

Puck on Pegasus.

A NEWTON looks out at the starry skies—
Or a 'prison'd angel in calm surprise
Looks back to its Heaven!

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The Thread of Life.

PART II.

LIFE, life ! a year or two more,
And the Bark has launch'd from the quiet shore
To the restless waves that bubble and roar,
 Where the billow never slumbers,—
And the storms of Fate have caught in the sail,
And the sharks are gathering thick on his trail,
Like a New Edition of Jonah's whale—
 That is coming out in Numbers !

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Puck on Pegasus.

PART III.

TEMPUS, time,—*fugit*, flies !

And the ship returns with a gallant prize,

A fairy Craft of diminutive size,

Or perhaps with a huge Three-decker ;

He has sailed from the matrimonial shore,

With a “breeze ” at starting, and “squalls ” in store,

And he’s married a blue, or he’s wed to a bore,

Or perhaps—to my Lady Pecker !

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