

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED



*H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL*



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PEGASUS RE-SADDLED.





M. S. Fisher



"MADE TO BE PAINTED." (Page 9.)

# PEGASUS RE-SADDLED.

BY

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL,

AUTHOR OF "PUCK ON PEGASUS."



*WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY DU MAURIER.*

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DEDICATED  
TO  
THOMAS HENRY FARRER, ESQ.,  
OF ABINGER HALL, SURREY,  
SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE.  
A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION TO HIS PERSONAL QUALITIES  
AND PUBLIC CAREER.

759762





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“FAITE À PEINDRE.”



MADE to be painted”—a Millais might give  
A fortune to study that exquisite face—  
The face is a fortune—a Lawrence might live  
Anew in each line of that figure's still grace.

The pose is perfection, a model each limb,  
From the delicate foot to the classical head;  
But the almond blue eyes with their smiling look dim,  
And lips to be *loved* want a trifle more red.

Statuesque? no, a Psyche, let's say, in repose,—  
A Psyche whose Cupid beseeches in vain,—  
We sigh as the nightingale sighs to the rose,  
But the goddess declines to give sighs back again. . . .

If the wind shook the rose?—then a shower would fall  
Of sweet-scented petals to gather who list,—  
If a sigh shook my Psyche?—she'd yawn, that is all,  
She's “made to be painted”—and not to be kist.

## LITTLE BO-PEEP.



LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And someone or other's lost little Bo-peep—  
Or she'd never be wandering at twelve o'clock  
With a golden crook, and a velvet frock,  
In a diamond necklace, in such a rout,—  
In diamond buckles, and my! how shocking,  
A beautiful leg in a red silk stocking!  
And an ankle a sculptor might rave about.  
But I think she's a little witch, you know,  
With her broomstick-crook and her high-heel'd shoe  
And the mischievous fun that flashes thro'  
The wreaths of her amber hair—don't you?  
No wonder the flock follows little Bo-peep,  
Such a shepherd would turn all the world into sheep,  
To trot at her heels and look up in the face  
Of their pastor for—goodness knows what, not for grace?—  
Her face that recalls in its reds and its blues,  
(Blue eyes, and red lips full of pearls if you choose)  
And its setting of gold, "Esmeralda" by Greuze. . . .  
There's "Little Bo-peep," dress, diamonds, and all,  
As I met her last night at the Fancy Ball.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP."



## THE SECRET OF SAFETY.



YOU ask me to declare the spell  
By which I sleep unhaunted slumbers :  
" Still fancy free!—the secret tell?"

The secret is, fair Isabel,  
That " Safety lies in numbers."

It is not that my heart is tough,  
I dare not make such false confession,  
Or that it's made of such soft stuff  
It is not durable enough  
To take a firm impression :

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

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

## A CASE OF SPOONS.

(*He*)



WONDER why to sit I find it sweet,  
As if you were Gamaliel, at your feet?  
They're quite too small to be of any use?—

(*She*) Because you are a goose.

(*He*) I wonder, when your glances downward stray,  
Why mine look up until yours turn away—  
You hate the sight of me, I dare assert!

(*She*) Because I hate a flirt.

(*He*) Then tell me why, when you attempt to speak,  
I find my ear gets closer to your cheek,  
Until it almost touches someone's locks?

(*She*) Because it wants a box!



## TO AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.



O name—unknown the “hand”—and yet

I think your fingers must be taper

Who wrote “*non ti scordar*,” and set

This tiny seal on pink-ting’d paper?

The page is fair, and deftly traced,

Folded across and neatly dated;

The p’s and q’s display much taste,

The h’s look well aspirated.

The i’s are—well, like sweet sixteen’s—

When laughter’s light and smiles are plenty ;—

My taste’s like David’s as to queens—

I’m sure you can’t be more than twenty?

You still are in the bloom of youth

With faultless face and figure fairy,

They call you “Blanche” or “Maud”—in sooth

The odds are two to one on “Mary!”

If e’er we meet in after-life

Speak, dear, I’ll answer circumspectly ;

And tho’ you’re some one else’s wife,

You still might spell my name correctly?

## PRETTY PUSS.



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

I wish I was back in the hansom for choice!—  
Shall I fight? or, like Niobe, lift up my voice?  
Own my conduct was vile (but I've done that before),  
Pray forgiveness and never offend any more?  
Or brazen it out?—"Yes, I trifled with Jane,  
"And I flirted with Fan—and I mean to again!"

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

It's perplexing—I wish I was back in the cab . . .  
There's something infernally cat-like in Mab.





"PRETTY PUSS."



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



PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd! !

How droll—a wedding ring! . . .

Somehow we don't perceive the fun;

“For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one”

Is now the style of thing.

We meet our charmer in the Row;

One glance!—'tis love at sight—

We meet again at rout or hop,

A valse, two ices, and then pop,—

Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumpers up the fair

With heaps of costly trash;

No wedding breakfast makes her ill,

Nor speeches that won't pay the bill,

Nor “settlements” of cash.

We register no fees on earth,

No vows record in heaven;

A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done!

For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one. . . .

Suppose we try for *seven*?

## FORTY-FIVE.



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

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

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

I did not weep! if she'd said “yes”  
It might have been a theme for laughter;  
My sufferings led me to confess  
To Mary Jane a fortnight after.

Poor Poll! (I call you so because  
 No sense of injury now rankles)—  
 I think our *casus spooni* was  
 You had such very pretty ankles :

*Preterea nil!* might end the clause  
 But that would be ungenerous, very . . .  
 Lizette had elephantine paws  
 But cheeks as rosy as a cherry.

Louisa next,—my little Loo!—  
 Whose hand I claimed with fervent kisses ;  
 Unluckily these things take two,  
 And *one* declined becoming Mrs.

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

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

At last, *at last!* my pulse still stirs  
 As I recall your vision, Phœbe!

The rose-bud lips that owned me hers—  
 The form suggestive of a Hebe ;

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

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

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

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

## RINKING REMINISCENCES.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*



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

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

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

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

## ECHOES FROM THE SAME.

FIRST ECHO. *Con espressione.*



YOU see me just now on my knees  
And my elbows, and that's because  
I arose in my might  
To immediate light  
On the spot where I previously was.

SECOND ECHO. *Agitato.*

If I don't rise to take off my hat,  
I beg you won't think me a clown,—  
On occasions like these  
One stands at one's ease  
More easily lying down.

THIRD ECHO. *Suffocato.*

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



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

FOURTH ECHO. *Con triumphato.*

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

SUNDRY ECHOES. *Diminuendo.*

What Splice-bone says is true—  
 The "exercise" is good—  
 But he might have added  
 Get your legs padded,  
 And elbows made of wood.



## A LITTLE BEAUTY.



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

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

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



"A LITTLE BEAUTY."



## A FIVE YEARS' CHARACTER.



FIVE years *amic!* five years ago,  
It seems like yesterday,  
You whispered that mysterious vow—  
Love—honor—and obey.  
And, darling, you have done your part,  
And kept your promise, sweet,—  
You have full-filled an empty heart  
And made a life complete. . . .  
I testify that you have been  
The household sunshine, fairy, queen.—  
A cool oasis ever green  
Along life's desert sandy,—  
As good as gold,  
And as true as steel,  
And as sweet as sugar candy!

We've shared some pleasure and some pain,  
We've met some ups and downs :  
And would you tie the knot again  
Tho' all the smiles were frowns? . . .  
Tho' all the joys were griefs, I say,  
And dimmed each brighter spot,

*A FIVE YEARS' CHARACTER.*

This girl would face them all with me,—  
    You would, love, would you not?  
And still would be what you have been,  
My household fairy, sunshine, queen—  
A cool oasis ever green  
    Amidst life's deserts sandy,—  
        As good as gold,  
        And as true as steel,  
And as sweet as sugar candy.



## "PAINTING THE LILY."



DAINT *my* Lily? you'd be clever

She is "beautiful for ever"—

Beauteous with a stick of cork,

Lovely with a coat of chalk!

From the calyx to the stalk—

Neck, I mean—and all the rest,

To the snow upon her breast,—

To the glittering of her hair,

Shaking gold-dust out, I swear;—

Every charm in which you revelled

Powdered plaistered or bedevilled. . . .

All the Flow'r-show dyed?—Who knows?

Frank declares his blooming Rose

Wears a blush that never goes,

Never lessens, never grows—

And sweet Violet's fiancé

Ascertained the other day

That her petals *washed away!*

(Petals!—Eye-brows, I should say)

Leaving only something gray. . . .

These effects make an adorer

*"PAINTING THE LILY."*

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





## NAUGHTY TWO-SHOES.



PRETTY naughty Two-shoes  
Bought a pair of blue shoes,  
Bought a pair of silken hose all striped with white  
and red ;  
Bought a skipping rope for skipping—  
When they threatened her with whipping  
Skipt them straightway into kissing her instead.

Skipt them into such ecstasies  
That they thronged from base to attics  
Peeping out from garret-window, pane, and door ;  
Skipt the bumpkins out of wits,  
Skipt their sweethearts into fits,  
Skipt them higher than was ever seen before.

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

THE SQUIRE AND THE NEW PARSON'S  
GIRL.



WITH wild locks streaming from the braid  
That fillets them in vain,  
Who is this hatless demoisel  
Comes flying down the lane?  
It must be our new parson's girl—  
I think they call her Jane?

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

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

And then her mouth! a mile too wide—  
But arched like Cupid's bow,

And strung with pearls—I never saw  
Such a surprising row:  
All womankind might "show their teeth"  
If they'd such teeth to show.

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

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

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

## SOME ONE'S FORGET-ME-NOTS.



OME one's Forget-me-nots!

“Laid up in lavender!”

Gew-gaws and trash and stuff—

*Billets-doux*—rhymes enough—

Love's ritornellas;—

Here's an odd shoe in pink

Once in fate's chain a link,

So small one fain would think

'Twas Cinderella's.

Two lace-trimmed handkerchiefs,

Six rosettes!—fie for shame!

Clearly the youthful flame

Went in for slippers;

Three gloves—some locks of hair. . . .

I wonder whose they were?

But at least one may swear

They were all “clippers.”

What's this perfume that comes

Faint as I close the lid?

Have I lock'd up instead

Somebody's posy?

Stay, I believe that it's  
These crumpled violets,  
Heartsease and mignonettes—  
    Rosebuds once rosy :

Ready-made *pot-pourri*—  
(Sweet-scented none the less)  
Isn't it time all this  
    Rubbish were rotten ?  
Ribbons and gloves and locks ?—  
Never mind, shut the box—  
    Lie still in lavender,  
Some one's Forget-me-nots,  
    Long since forgotten !



## REPLY TO A VALENTINE

WITH A PORTRAIT.



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

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

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



THE FAIR ARCHERESS.





## A GORDIAN KNOT.



HANDKERCHIEF—dropt out, you say,

From the receptacle allotted?

Not much if that were all, but stay,

This pocket-handkerchief is *knotted*—

There at one end—frail souvenir,

Hinting the need of mental tonics;

Whence comes the pale preceptor here

To give his lesson in mnemonics?

Is it from him whose “un-urned” shade

Petitions that, instead of joking,

The debt of kinship should be paid

To-day at Kensal Green or Woking?

Poor Tom! you were not much to me,

A cousin, twice removed, by marriage,

Removed once more by fate’s decree—

At any rate I’ll send the carriage. . . .

Or, query, was it “him” at all?

This true-love knot may be a token

Of some fair vision I’d recall—

Of faithless vows and promise broken?

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

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

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



## WANTED—AN IDEA.



WANT an idea, if you've got it  
Be pleased to impart on the spot :  
You'll probably think  
The idea's for a rink  
Or a bank or bazaar—but it's not.

Not at all! I disclaim all design  
On your pockets, past, future or present—  
Then of course you'll suppose  
It's a poem or prose,  
Or a sermon or song—but it isn't.

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

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

## ANTI-ANTIQUARIAN.

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

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE, PENSIVE SELIMA.



WILL any one bid for a cat?  
Whose coat is the softest of silk—  
Who's sleek and well-liking and fat—  
And never refuses her milk.

Whose mistress no scratch can aver,  
Whose master has never been bitten,  
Who's warranted always to purr,  
And not to have more than one kitten:

A cat who will polish off mice  
And rats till the peep of Aurora—  
In short who's delightfully nice,  
A regular first-rate Angora?



## A CURL IN A LETTER.



LETTER, and a yellow curl,—  
To call it “sandy” p'raps might rile her—  
Who's this romantic little girl  
That's fain to be her own Delilah?

For *me!* who never cared a rap  
For rounded waist or taper ankle,—  
At whom no spinster sets her cap,  
No Cupid shoots the shafts that rankle!

“My dear—I grieve to make you pout—  
But still it is imprudent, very,  
To show'r your golden gifts about  
In this way on Dick, Tom, and Harry;

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

Well preach'd! but somehow don't sound nice?—

And letters lead to tittle-tattle. . . .

I think one ought to give advice

*Five voix*—the tone is half the battle? . . .

'Twould not be hard to match this curl—

But should I like its fellow better? . . .

. . . You very yellow-pated girl

Who wrote me this romantic letter?



## OUTSIDE.



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

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

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







"OUTSIDE."



## THE BLOATED BIGGAROON.



HE bloated Biggaroon,  
Was so haughty, he would not repose  
In a house, or a hall, or *ces choses*,  
But he slept his high sleep in his clothes—  
Neath the moon.

The bloated Biggaroon,  
Thinking scorn of effeminate fops  
Who use knives to dismember their chops,  
Ate with hands his proud meats, and his slops  
Without spoon.

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

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

## UNSUNG SONGS.

### I.

#### PARFAIT AMOUR.



YOU all knew St. Pierre's, with the star in the blind,  
And Julie, the love-star, that glittered behind?  
Chartreuse, Curaçoa, Acqua d'Oro, Russie,  
Grew dim when compared with the smiles of Julie.  
One day, with his lute and his long flowing hair,  
Came a minstrel and played, at the Star of St. Pierre,—  
“What will you please take?”—stopped the youth in the  
door—  
“Oh, give me, dear maiden, some *parfait amour* ;”  
He sighed, as he turned him away from the door,  
“There's no wine that's so sweet as your *parfait amour* !”

Now morn, noon, and eve, for his glass of liqueur  
To the Star of St. Pierre came that young troubadour ;  
And ever his cheek it grew pale as the snow,  
For the love-light burnt up as the life-light burnt low.  
But Julie smiled on ; not a blush nor a sigh  
Played tell-tale to Love when Bertrandie was nigh ;

And the boy never speaks; was he rich? was he poor?—  
 He asks but a glass of her *parfait amour*.  
 Ah, Julie! tho' rich, for your sake he is poor,  
 And he dies for one drop of your *parfait amour*.

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

## II.

## BITTER VERMUTH.

(BY ANOTHER HAND.)



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

Your old maraschino or dry curaçoa;

Such syrupy fluids are not to my taste,

Too honied their flavor too oily their flow:

But fill me a draught that my temper will suit—  
A bumper of biting bitter Vermuth.

I'm sick of the sugary shams that enchant  
The ignorant palates of girls and of boys,—  
The chalk-cover'd comfits, half poison half paint,  
The pleasures that pall and the sweetness that cloys;  
Outside they're as tempting as Dead Sea-shore fruit,  
Inside—why they're worse than my bitter Vermuth.

Then fill to the brim! and we'll drink to the Fates,  
The cynical trio who parcel our lives,—  
Our creditors pledge in the golden-green gall,  
And whilst we're about it we'll drink to our wives—  
Let optimists shudder, cry scandal, and hoot,  
We'll stand to our liquor: Vive bitter Vermuth!

---

III.

"OH, IF LIFE WERE A BUMPER."



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

'Tis an April-day world that we live in at best,  
So fleeting the pleasures, so dark are the cares;  
Like a landscape all chequered with shadows and mist,  
Where a sunbeam is trying to kiss off its tears,—  
And the sun that best shines off the mists of the brain  
Is a glorious bumper of golden champagne.

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



## HUNTING A "SLIPPER."



Is there any one can tell a  
Fellow what's become of Bella!  
(She's an angel that I've spotted  
With a pig-tail) . . . Stay—I've got it . . .  
Fifty pardons . . . Why that's not it?  
Yet this is the corner where  
She "inhabits?"—that's her chair—  
Here's her card with my name in it:  
Ices? ha, that must have been it,  
She'll be back in half a minute:  
She'll return with all her graces—  
With the exquisest of faces—  
Would have driven wild a Lawrence,—  
Figure makes one feel abhorrence  
Of the Venuses of Florence.  
Shames the Venus of Canova,  
Knocks the Capitolian over,  
Might have made a Milo jealous—  
Such a foot and hand are Bella's!—  
Twice as nice as Cinderella's. . . .



And the last step out I'll teach her,  
Beaming Love in every feature,  
Blushing when soft whispers reach her,  
    Answ'ring shyly, "ask my mother" \* \* \*  
    Jove! she's dancing with another!!



## THE BUTTERFLY CHAINED.



WHEN my years were gay eighteen  
Rumor says that I've been seen  
Oft disporting on the green  
Mid the bow'rs,  
Now enraptured with the rose  
Now entranced by lily's snows  
Or coquetting with a nose-  
gay of flow'rs.

There are charms I must admit  
In thus playing the coquette—  
In this light *conter fleurette*  
Everywhere,  
From the Picnic to the "hop"—  
At Swan & Edgar's shop,  
Or sitting on the top  
Ball-room stair.

In those days it's been averred  
That my giddy pulse was stirr'd

By a glance or by a word  
    Shot at me,—  
Now such beatings are misplaced  
For my heart is locked and laced  
And my Daisy at her waist  
    Keeps the key!



## QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!!

### FIRST PATIENT.



H, doctor dear make haste!  
Give me something nice to taste—  
I'm bent like a ball  
With what you may call  
A headache in the waist.

### FIRST QUACK.

I'll give you a box of PILLS—  
They cure all earthly ills—  
Take ten at a time  
You'll find it sublime—  
(If it doesn't cure it kills.)

### SECOND PATIENT.

Oh, doctor I shall die!  
I've just poked out my eye—  
It's black as a nigger  
And five times bigger  
Than the biggest gooseberry pie!

SECOND QUACK.

I give you a splendid LOTION,  
(What it does I haven't a notion)  
Keep mopping it fast  
You'll find out at last  
The plan of perpetual motion.

THIRD PATIENT.

Help doctor dear, I beg!  
I want screwing up a "peg"—  
I happened to fall  
From the top of St. Paul  
And fractured my dexter leg!

THIRD QUACK.

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

CHORUS OF QUACKS AND PATIENTS.

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

## A FINE OLD BUSTER.



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

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

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

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




"A FINE OLD BUSTER."





"DREI BITTE."

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

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

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

## AN UNINVITED GUEST.



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

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

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

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

## AT BRINDISI, ON BOARD THE P. & O.



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

There goes our gay grass-widow whom they call  
The "Stormy Petrel," for she tells her friends  
There's always some disaster when she sails ;

And she has sailed three times with Captain Jack,  
 And every time a damage or a loss—  
 A twisted axle or a broken screw—  
 And when he saw her on the gangway first  
 At Alexandria, crying “Now I’ve come  
 Captain, look out for squalls!” he was so mad  
 They thought he’d send her back; but all went well  
 For some one hid a horse-shoe in her berth. . . .

And there’s the stout Mynheer who always wears  
 A patent air-belt underneath his coat  
 And loaded pistols ready primed to shoot  
 The thief, who in the night, in the cabin below  
 Would catch his prize. With a loud cry they made  
 Pretence that we must sink, and this fat man,  
 Too scant of breath t’ inflate the saviour bag,  
 Went rushing madly up and down the ship,  
 Beseeching every one “Give me von blow!” . . .

Our pets are going too—the pale-faced ape  
 Who looked so mild but bit me to the bone;  
 The Colonel’s poodle, Mop, and last not least,  
 The cockatoo who called poor Bishop Smith  
 “A (naughty word) old fool,” and had to be  
 Removed for laughing, when his Reverence read

The prayers on Sunday on the quarter-deck.  
Going, going, gone! and I'm the last that's left  
Perched like a Jew amongst a heap of coats:  
Well good-bye all! and good-bye too my May,  
For here comes Gus to say the train is in.



“THE WORLD’S MINE OYSTER.”



HE world’s mine oyster!” but, alas!

No other oyster’s in my reach;

Oh friends, how does it come to pass

That you’ve arrived at threepence each?

Time was—away, bewildering thought!

The fancy sets my pulses thrilling—

A dozen “natives” might be bought,

With bread and butter, for a shilling. . . .

But these are glories of the past,

We hardly wonder where they’ve got to;

A generation’s coming fast

Won’t even recollect “the grotto,”—

And when that old New Zealand swell

Arrives on London bridge to pose,

He’ll find the final oyster shell

Suspended from Britannia’s nose!

## A BRACE OF VALENTINES.

I.

TO A LADY, WITH A RING.



SWEET Valentine, dear lady mine,  
Love lays an offering at your shrine—  
Yet mete not by this span of gold  
That which would reach thro' years untold,  
Would burn when life itself is cold.  
Not with the dazzling fitful gleam  
That gilds the stripling's fever-dream,—  
(For love—the dream-love of the boy—  
Is but a glittering summer toy—)  
But with the strong and steady glow  
But with the deep and tender flow,  
That a man's heart alone can know,  
Pouring his soul out at her feet  
Whose smile could make all dark things sweet . . .  
Love undivided close and dear  
With ready arm to guide and cheer,  
His breast her shield from every fear :  
Love changeless still, where change is rife,  
Thro' storm and calm, thro' peace and strife,  
For grief for joy, for death for life !  
Love breathed in one soft whisper—wife.

## II.

## WITH A BUTTERFLY'S WING.



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

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

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







"CONFER FLEURETTE."



CONTER FLEURETTE.



LOVES me—he loves me not"—

Ah, golden Margaret!

Tell me, then, has he got

Truth in his heart or not,

Love in his heart or what?—

*Conter fleurette.*

Ah, tell me true, I pray,

Gentle white Margaret

What does my lover say

Now he is far away,

Where do his glances stray—

Is it at Maud or May?—

*Conter fleurette.*

I have a fear full sore,

Weary, my Margaret,—

That he has taken more

Than he gave ten times o'er,

Loit'ring by lattice door,

List'ning the streamlet's pour,

Ling'ring on sunset shore—

*Conter fleurette.*

## WITH THE HORSE "WHITE MIST."\*



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

I think

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

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

---

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

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



## MUSICAL UNDERTONES.



HERR BELLOWS won't you sing?

(Or rather won't you *roar*?—)

I should like so to accompany you—

(As far as the street door) . . .

Miss Squeals will take her part

In that charming duette by Meyer,

With Signor Buffo? (that's *two* at a go,

I wish I could do them "en choir") . . .

Lord Whooper sings I know

(Too well! and always flat)

What an exquisite air—(for a dirge on the stair!

Assisted by the cat) . . .

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

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

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

She's going to "play instead") . . .

"Encore!" (oh, I can't stand this—

They're going it, hammer and tongs:

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

And leather away at the gongs!)

## A DAISY CHAIN.



THE white-rose decks the breast of May,  
The red-rose smiles in June,  
Yet autumn chills and winter kills  
And leaves their stems alone ;  
Ah, swiftly dies the garden's pride  
Whose sleep no waking knows,—  
But my love she is the daisy  
That all the long year grows.

The early woods are gay with green,  
The fields are pranked with gold,  
But fair must fade and green be grayed  
Before the year is old ;  
The blue-bell hangs her shining head,  
No more the oxslip blows,—  
But my love she is the daisy  
That all the long year grows.

Still deck, wild woods, your mantle green,  
All meads bright jewels wear,

Let showers of Spring fresh violets bring  
And sweetness load the air ;  
Whilst Summer boasts her roses red  
And March her scented snows,—  
My love be still the daisy,  
And my heart whereon she grows.





## ON GHOSTS:

BY A MATERIALIST.



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

Familiar spirits, loved but *never* lost!  
Like that vex'd shade in Corsica's twin Brothers,  
Or in Macbeth, Don Juan, Hamlet, Faust,  
And half a hundred others:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And still they come! they come before I call—  
Indeed, I'd no idea so vast their bulk was.  
Adieu, sweet friends! give me, if ghosts at all  
Ghosts solid—as Fitzfulk was.



## POSTSCRIPT TO GHOSTS.



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

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

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

So there,—now, let's make peace!—But when all's done  
These kind won't "act" with Edmund Phelps or Fechter,  
At least your genuine Ghost has got some fun,  
The real Shakspearian Spectre.

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

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

And so adieu, sweet friends—going, going, *gone!*  
I have enshrined you in a splendid ditty,  
And won't be haunted more by any one—  
Unless they're young and pretty.



A REPLY TO BIRTHDAY STANZAS.



DEAR poet of the playful pen,  
Who fling'st thy rhyme in airy wreath  
And graceful cadence of sweet breath  
Upon the graceless sons of men —

Be sure the fairy flowers you twine,  
With bud and bloom and scented sweets,  
Warm from the kindest heart that beats,  
Will shed a fragrance over mine.

Not often is life's past complete,  
And seldom can th' auspicious fête  
That tells him he is thirty-eight  
To man be altogether sweet.

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



"LADY 'BELL'S CATECHISM."





## LADY 'BELL'S CATECHISM.



HAT are your "load-stars," sir?—" My Bella's eyes:"  
And what's the sweetest of "sweet air?"—" Her  
sighs:"

Where does the "bee suck?"—" From her honied lip,  
(Wish I'd the luck, just a rewarding sip!)"  
Who "smiles and smiles," and not one false?—" My sweet:"  
What look as if they "dreamt a valse?"—" Her feet:"  
What is her arm?—A "wreath as moonlight fair:"  
Her hand, "so white, so warm?"—" A sceptre rare—  
(The only rule to which I bow, my pet!)"  
Stuff! pay attention now, and don't forget:—  
Where is the "glass of fashion?"—" In her eye!" . . .  
(You'll put me in a passion if you try!—)  
What is the "mould of form," then?—" Bella's bonnet:"  
(Good gracious! Tom, I think you're sitting on it!) . . .  
What is "each changeful fancy's sport?"—" The moon:"  
It's nothing of the sort, you know—" A spoon:"  
What's "changeless yet; tho' all should turn away" . . .  
(Hullo! this grass is getting damp, I say—)  
A "thing of beauty and a joy," what is it, tell?—  
" My loved and loving lovely lady Bell!"

## MAYFAIR ON SKATES.

(*Recitative. Allegro.*)

**D**O you think the ice is safe, Mr. Beard?—I'm sure I shall never be able to stand—  
A chair? (he wants to put me off with a chair!)  
thank you, but I think I should prefer a hand . . .  
Oh, please don't let me go! I shall fall—I know I shall—  
I feel I *must*—O dear! . . .  
I told you so!—and—oh, Mr. Beard, I'm so ashamed, I really didn't mean to pull your hair!

### CHORUS.

For here we fall  
And there we sprawl,—  
This bumping is pernicious ;  
Yet Charley swears  
And Blanche declares  
That skating's quite delicious !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thank you so much—I hope I've not tired you . . . light, am I? I'm sure I feel like lead ;  
(It's very kind of him to say he's not a bit tired, but he looks half dead)—

Getting on awfully fast?—Yes, dreadfully! I feel I couldn't stop myself to save my life—  
 And here's Lord Dash towing Lady D. backwards like a lightning conductor, or a pilot engine with a wife,—  
 He'll be over us in half a minute!—can't somebody manage to catch me?—Ada, elf! . . .  
 Was there ever! . . . hurt myself did you say, sir? No, sir, I did *not* hurt *myself*! . . .  
 He'll scatter someone else directly—look, I told you so—there's Constance down and there goes Fanny Flop,  
 And Katy, and Ada with her “ice wings,” and the three Miss Maypoles, and huge Mrs. MacAnak at the top:  
 Why can't the man look where he's going to, or skate forwards like other people, I should like to know?—  
 He's bowling them over like ninepins, and, oh hurrah! I declare he's bowled *himself* over at last into a great heap of snow!

## CHORUS.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

For here we slide

And there we glide

Tho' Ma may look suspicious ;  
A fall or two  
Don't matter a sou,  
And skating IS delicious!



## THE "MATRIMONIAL NEWS."



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

"I say, sir! Marry! Want a wife?"  
"The Devil!"—"Here you are!"—  
"Just only buy the 'News and try"——  
"Be off!"—"a penny!!" . . . "bah!!!"

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

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

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



## PINCHER.

### I.



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

### II.

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

### III.

Companion both and terror of my gun,  
Who all inapt, yet ardent for the chase,  
Plunged in the crackling marsh when snipe was down  
Spurr'd by ambitions alien to thy race;

### IV.

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



V.

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



## NEXT MORNING.



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

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

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

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

## DAISY'S DIGIT.



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

Some fingers may perhaps proclaim  
A precedence of *status*,  
To point the shaft of praise or blame  
Or scorn at those that hate us;  
Lay down the law, you counsel small!—  
Your barbéd arrows string on!  
To me this finger's best of all—  
The one I put the ring on.

My finger has not worked a bit  
In calligraphics dainty,  
The busy thimble dares not fit  
The type of Suzerainty,—

Such weapons of bewild'ring art  
I have no wit to sing on,  
This fairy finger holds my heart—  
The one I put the ring on.



## LONDON'S "SUEZ CANAL."



WHAT pretty girls one sees about!  
At rink and race, at ball and rout,  
At drums and dinners,—  
In books, where Ænids find Geraints,  
In pictures Mr. Millais paints,  
In church—I'm fond of such young saints  
and sinners.

A score at least one's sure to meet  
From Charing Cross to Oxford Street,  
Or climbing hilly  
St. James's, where of clubdom sick,  
Old fogeys voted at old Nick  
Fond glances turn at 4 towards Pic-  
-cadilly.

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

## LONDON'S "SUEZ CANAL."

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

But whether gold or black or gray  
 Fashion decrees her slaves shall say  
                   The *dernier goût* is,  
 You bear your motley freightage well,  
 And East and West your convoys swell,—  
 A sort of cockneyfied canal  
                   of Suez !

A neutral "cut," where every man's  
 A vessel bound to pay the trans-  
                   -it dues and duty,—  
 Dues stricter than e'er Lesseps took,—  
 Love's tribute levied on a look—  
 And duly noted in the book  
                   of Beauty.

\* \* \* \*

And now, whilst ice enwraps you still  
And snow's on Constitution Hill—  
    Like some old Pharaoh,  
Sun-shaded mid the fervent rays,  
I bask away the balmy days  
And write these verses to your praise  
    in Cairo.

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

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

“A POCKET VENUS.”



ABEL isn't quite fifteen,  
She's just like some dolls I've seen—  
Could they mischief mean us;  
Two red lips my doll has got,  
Eyes like blue forget-me-not,  
Flaxen ringlets—such a lot!—  
May's my pocket Venus.

May has got a figure fine  
Tho' she says her boots are “*nine!*”—  
That's a joke between us,—  
She's a foot outruns the breeze,  
Killing ankles if you please,  
You should see her climbing trees!  
May, my pocket Venus.

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





"A POCKET VENUS."



## THE COMING RACE.



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

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

One privilege to man is left—  
The privilege of earning  
The dross that pays the weekly bills—  
All hints beside of former ills  
We pride ourselves on spurning.

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

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

Blacks, grays, and drabs are out of date,  
We fancy livelier hues ;  
The modest crimson silk looks neat,  
Or sky-blue velvet *tout en suite*,  
With pearl-bespangled shoes.

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

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

Malt, hops, to brew they were forbid,  
 Nor pipes allowed to carry ;  
 Cigars and brandy lead to debts,  
 And everything but cigarettes  
 And claret, to old Harry.

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

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

It's not to be supposed that we  
 Could drudge in toil domestic.  
 When daily we attend debate—  
 Law, Physic, and the Pulpit wait  
 Our presences majestic. . . .

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



## TWO LETTERS.



BRACE of letters—one by far

Too black, and one with silver label ;

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

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

\* \* \* \*

Run down at last? Ten years ago

He plucked with me the tree of knowledge,

Was "pluckt" for the same "little go"

And rowed in the same eight at College.

Poor Charley! once so frank and free!

But duns and doctors did their killing ;

I think I heard he could not pay

At last even the proverbial shilling.

The pauper's pound: now Death squares all,

From debt or duns no more gainsayment,—

I lent him fifty, and must call

To-day at Woking for repayment!

\* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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





VENI, VIDI, VICI.

\* \* \* \*



N unfledged heiress in her 'teens,  
And worth a "plum" they say;  
With charms to move an anchorite—

The Duke made running at first sight,  
But didn't seem to "stay"—

*I* mean to-night to wire in.

No "waiting" business—run to win—

You know my slashing way,

The *veni, vidi, vici* style,

Short, sharp, decisive, eh? . . .

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

It's all U. P., old boy,—I'm done!

Could laugh if 'tweren't for spite;—

"Unfledged," indeed!—an old coquette!

She'll teach them all *conter fleurettes*,

And *conter scalps*, the kite!

She's up to every move that's out,

Knows when to sigh and smile and pout

And "plays" you as you'd play a trout—

The more fool I to bite!

At first she seemed to like the pace  
 And answered to the bit,  
 Blushed when I praised her twinkling feet,  
 Whilst her two eyes grew dark and sweet—  
 Green eyes with mischief lit,—  
 “I’m like a grape from the rich South,  
 (They said) to drop into your mouth—  
 Why don’t you open it?” . . .  
*Ah, les yeux verts, les yeux d’enfer!*—  
 The artful doll-faced chit!

I clasped her jewelled hand in mine  
 And through the gallop flew,  
 Her yielding waist my arm compressed,  
 Her whispered words almost caressed,—  
 “Please hold me tighter, so”— . . .  
 Then led her drooping to a seat  
 (Here the scene changed, you know).

I whispered “hearts are more than gold!”  
 (Now for a lucky fluke!)  
 She said “so I’ve been often told,”  
 “Then hear me swear to all I hold”—  
 She smiled—“I think I won’t!”  
 (One effort more to wire in)  
 “You do not care for me a pin!”  
 She laughed—“of course I don’t!”

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



## A FABLE WITH A MORAL.



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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \* \*

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



## TWENTY-ONE TO-MORROW.



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

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

Twenty—forty ! that's the score,  
Cara Mia.

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

Twice your age ! no time to say,  
“ Cara Mia ;”  
Doubled years make short delay. . . .  
Happy thought ! after to-day  
Can't again be *double*, eh,  
Cara Mia ?

## A JAPANESE PUZZLE.



LITTLE So-sli has an almond eye  
And a foot that's fit for the graces,  
She's pearls in her lips, and her finger-tips  
Determined by golden cases.

Her cousin, you know, is little So-slo,  
(*So fast* more correct—less idyllic)  
Her mouth's a red rose, and as for her nose  
It's celestial and therefore angelic.

The worst of it is—for So-sli's a quiz,  
And So-slo would plague her own brother  
When for mischief inclined—I can't make up my mind  
If it's this one I like or the other.

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















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