

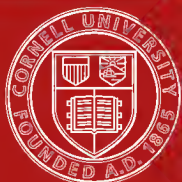
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Twilight and candle-shades.



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## TWILIGHT AND CANDLE-SHADES





TWILIGHT  
AND  
CANDLE-SHADES

BY

"EXUL" pseud.  
Le Gallienne, Richard

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1888

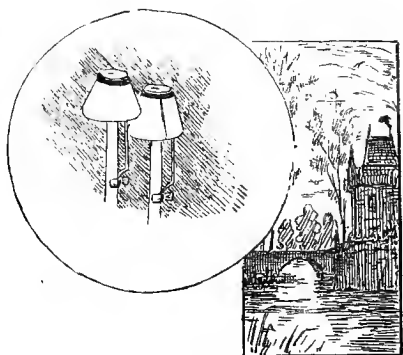
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JANUARY.



Le Lait.

Les Tops et Bottoms.

Sucre de pommes, en branches.

*NEW YEAR.*

RONDEAU.

WITH vain regret we watch the year  
Departing. Eighty-nine is here,  
And poor old Eighty-eight has ended—  
And have our ways and morals mended  
A whit these twelve months gone, my dear?

No great improvement will appear  
In either yours or mine, I fear ;  
The past had best go unattended  
With vain regret.

Of dark surmises keeping clear,  
Let's wisely take without a tear  
The bitter with the sweetness blended ;  
We'll hope by Fate to be befriended,  
Nor sigh, when Ninety shall be near,  
With vain regret.

Huîtres de Marennes.

Potage Chasseur.

Sole à la Dieppoise.

Timbale de Macaroni aux Truffes.

Petits Pois à la Française.

Faisan.                      Salade.

Meringues Glacées.

Fromage de Camembert.

*CASTLES IN THE AIR.*

RONDEL.

'Tis folly sure to build  
Up castles in the air,  
For fancies unfulfilled  
Lead onward to despair.

What though the frame be fair,  
The architect be skilled,  
'Tis folly yet to build  
Up castles in the air.

A gleam of hope may gild  
Your castle's fane, but ere  
The morrow, clouds have killed  
That light, and then, beware ;  
Tis folly sure to build  
Up castles in the air.

Potage Crème de Celeri.

Whitebait.

Homard farci à la St. Malo.

Cotelettes de Mouton Réforme.

Crosnes du Japon au Beurre.

Pluviers dorés, Salade.

Soufflé glacé.

*LAMENT.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

ON earth to-day, below to-morrow  
Their solemn feast the great prepare,  
A youth, a hero waiting there,  
Decked in the floral wealth of sorrow ;  
Adown the gruesome pathway turning  
Him his astonished mother meets,  
Perceives his graveyard cloth and greets :  
“ Say, wherefore to this realm of burning,  
Where no cool airs some comfort give,  
Before thy season thou descendest ?  
Return, return from whence thou wendest ;  
Without thee have I learnt to live.”  
“ Nay, lady mother mine, explain.  
I ne'er may walk above again.”  
“ No window here from whence to peer,  
No maids for gentle converse here ;  
One entrance only, and that one



Closed by the sable graveyard stone ;\*  
The cobwebs cling to wall and side ;  
The dust lies thick about the place—  
Ah, might I but behold the face  
Of her, my daughter and thy bride.”  
“ I keep a ringlet of her hair  
About my heart, behold how fair.” †  
Then, as the lock his fingers sought,  
    Adown his cheek the thick tears coursed,  
“ Ah, tremble not, and set at nought  
    Thy fears, my son ; and art thou forced  
        This way to pass, and here to dwell,  
        Returning to the welcome breast,  
        Amid the fond embraces rest  
        Of her that weaned and loves thee well.”

\* Formerly the tombstones were always made of black stone in Krete.

† When the husband died first, his widow, in former times, placed a lock of her hair on his breast.

Ox-tail Soup.

Fillets of Sole, Shrimp Sauce.

Mutton Cutlets, à la Maintenon.

Roast Pheasant.

Apple Tart.

Marrow-bones.

(At the sign of the Mitre, Oxon.)

*IGNOTÆ.*

THIS dainty glass, so frail, so slight,  
Is fitting emblem of the fair ;  
Then take its brittle form and write  
    “ Igotæ ” there ;  
A diamond use the word to grave,  
    Since she for whom the toast is writ,  
Has fancy worth, as fancy gave  
    A worth to it.

Huitres d'Ostende.

Montrachet, 1880.

Poulet Sauté à la Chasseur.

Richebourg, 1869.

Cardons au jus à la moelle.

Château Yquem, vin de tête, 1864.

Camembert.

Xeres, Amontillado.





FEBRUARY.





Hors d'œuvres.  
Oukha de Sterlades,  
Rastigai.  
Pièce de Bœuf, Sauce Raifort.  
Truites de Gatchina au bleu.  
Asperges en branches.  
Petits Poulets, Salade Romaine.  
Macedoine de Fruits.

(St. Petersburg.)

*EDUCATION.*

SINCE men about the town, though wild,  
Affect the old roué \* before  
Their time, we have to show the child  
That life's a bore.

When nurses and mamma comply  
With ev'ry whim, the infant son  
Perceives that if he only cry  
His will is done.

A public school succeeds his toys,  
That, teaching elegiacs, makes  
Out of ingenuous baby boys  
Precocious rakes.

But these at college growing nice,  
And more fastidiously inclined,  
Soon learn to criticize the vice  
That's unrefined.

\* “*Roué*, personne sans principes et sans mœurs.”  
Larousse, “*Dictionnaire Complet de la Langue Française.*”

Olives.

Consommé de Brochets, Quenelles.

Selle de Chevreuil,

Salade Romaine, Pommes Lyonnaises.

Caisses d'homard glacées.

Brocoli au gratin.

Salade d'ananas, au Marasquin.

*A VALENTINE.*

THE PLAINT OF AN ELDERLY BRUMMEL.

RONDEAU.

A VALENTINE this year? Heigh-ho,  
Not one—yet 'twas not ever so.

Time was I had some twelve or more,  
Ay, once or twice, an even score ;  
How fast things change, how quick years go.  
But I was then a splendid beau,  
And all the maids I used to know  
Would send the swain by whom they swore  
A Valentine.

My girth is now inclined to grow,  
My locks some lines of silver show,  
I've overheard such terms before,  
As "elderly pedantic bore."  
On such 'twere folly to bestow  
A Valentine.

Crème aux Huitres.

Carpe à la Chambord.

Selle de Mouton, Pommes Anna.

Côtelettes de Faisan, à la purée de lièvre.

Cardons à la moelle.

Sarcelle, Salade Endive.

Babas au Kirsch.

Glace aux Pistaches.

*WAKING.*

WHEN the brain is half awake,  
Resting on the doubtful shore  
Of the land of dreams, that make  
Something more,  
Something of a larger mould  
Out of every common thought,  
Then the quaintest fancies hold,  
Overwrought,  
For a little moment sway  
O'er the undiscerning mind,  
And a remnant of the day  
Left behind  
Lingers in the day that is.  
Like as in a seer's glass  
Mingled hopes and memories  
Faintly pass ;  
Till the stronger shafts of light  
Force the lids of lazy eyes,  
And the image of the night  
Shrinks and flies.

Potage à la Reine.

Eperlans en Matelote.

Filets de Sole à la Cardinal.

Chateaubriand aux Pommes Soufflés.

Mauviettes à la Macedoine.

Sorbet au Marasquin.

Pluviers dorés, Salade.

Celeri au jus.

Vol-au Vent aux fruits.

Bombes Pralinées.

Glace Graham.

*FOLLY'S DREAM.*

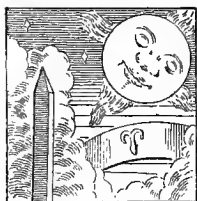
RONDEAU.

COULD Folly dream and wake again  
To music of "La Belle Hélène ;"  
    If life as unconcern'd could be,  
    From all its dull routine as free  
As "Chilperic" and "La Marjolaine ;"  
If men in manners to attain  
The standard of such works were fain ;  
    I wonder if we should agree  
        In Folly's dream.

• Some selfish people might complain  
Of empty cups of false champagne,  
    And some no cause for joy would see  
    In tinsel crowns—between them, we  
Might still prefer life's prosy strain  
        To Folly's dream.



MARCH.



A.D. 1712.

FIRST SERVICE.

Oysters.

A Sir Loyn of Beef.

Neats' Tongues.      Pigeons in a Pastie.

A Baked Carp, Clairet Sauce.

Cowcubmers in Honey.    Fried Apples.

A Marchpane.

A Custard.

SECOND SERVICE.

A Bacon Tart.

A Neck of Mutton fried with Ale.

A Venison Pastie.

A Roast Swan.

A Rich Cake.

A Lamprey Pie.

A Goose stuffed with Chestnuts.

Filberts.      Winter Pears.

*RIDDLE.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK.

IN March a dusky thing appears,  
With eyes too small for mortal ken,  
His leap is swifter than the deer's,  
He troubles kings, rules common men ;  
Of hunters five, by two his doom  
Consigns him to an ivory tomb.

The Flea.

Gravy Soup.

Cod Fish and Oyster Sauce.

Curried Chicken.

Saddle of Mutton, Currant Jelly.

Cabinet Pudding.

Stilton Cheese.

*IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.*

If e'er I chance to scale  
The side of cliff or hill,  
And reach the windy height,  
O'er ocean, plain, and vale,  
My thoughts, that won't keep still,  
Take flight.

If e'er I chance to buy  
A bit of bric-a-brac,  
A bronze, a print or two,  
For something else I sigh,  
Or wish my money back.  
Do you?

Lentil Soup.

Croquettes of Rice, Tomato Sauce.

Stewed Mushrooms.

Cauliflower fried in Oil.

Asparagus.

Buckwheat Pie.

Pumpkin Pie.

Orange Water Ice.

*SONG.*

ALMANAC D'AMOUR.

In the Spring,  
In the Spring,  
    Ev'ry thing  
    Awakes to sing  
Of gentle love and marrying.

Summer's heat,  
Summer's heat ;  
    We'll repeat  
    Love's story sweet  
In some shady, cool retreat.

Autumn red,  
Autumn red,  
    With her bed  
    Of roses dead ;  
Has the old affection fled ?



Winter drear,  
Dreary drear,  
    Ah, my dear,  
    Our parting's near ;  
Love lingers not beyond the year.

LENT.

Radis. Olives.

Potage Bouillabaise.

Asperges en Branches.

Homard St. Malo.

Sarcelle,

Salade.

Compote d'Abricots.

*WHEN CHILDREN PLAY.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS HAMMER.

WHEN children play, restrain not  
The flight their fancy dares ;  
The woes you suffer pain not  
More bitterly than theirs.

There's many a greybeard living,  
Whose veins are growing chill,  
Bears lines of childhood's giving  
Upon his forehead still.

The flower may fade ere even,  
Should you but brush away  
The kindly dew that heaven  
Bestows at break of day.



A P R I L .



THE FUNERAL MEATS  
OF  
ALBERT, DUKE OF BAVARIA,  
A D. 1509.

I. The Age of the World: Adam and Eve in a garden, standing betwixt them a green tree, with a serpent thereabout, an apple in his maw, that he holdeth toward Eve, thereby morels and macaroons of sugar and almonds.

II. A boiled boar's head, dried upon a gridiron.

III. Boiled meat, with capons, chickens, and dried meat.

IV. A figure of the other Age of the World: namely, the Ark of Noah, with wafers, baked in sugar.

V. A hot service of salmon-trout, grayling, and other good fish.

VI. A saurkraut, with belongings.

VII. The third Age of the World: namely, the figure of Abraham, as he would offer and decapitate his son, thereby a tower of sugar and almonds.

VIII. A clear hollow brawn, with fishes.

IX. Green and salt game, in a pepper.

X. The fourth Age of the World: namely, as David, the little king, standeth before Goliath, in the shape of a giant, with sling in hand, thereby sweet puffs of sugar and almonds.

XI. A vegetable.

XII. A stewed hare.

XIII. The fifth Age of the World: namely, the Tower of Babel, with divers houses, standing in a vegetable.

XIV. A pastie of stewed birds.

XV. A haunch of venison, with belongings.

XVI. The sixth Age of the World: namely, the Incarnation of Christ, Mary and Child, also Joseph, the ass, ox, and manger, done in white almond paste.

XVII. A pastie of pears, and other green stuff.

XVIII. Stewed birds.

XIX. The extant last Age of the World: namely



---

the Day of Judgment, as the Saviour sitteth beneath a rainbow, to his right the Virgin Mary as true Mediatrix, and to his left St. John kneeling, thereby a marchpane of sugar and almonds.

XX. Stewed carp and other fish.

XXI. A roast of pheasants, blackcock, partridges, and other good game.

XXII. The burial of the gracious Lord, Duke Albert : namely, the shape of his tomb, with all the banners and scutcheons of the land and lordship, as standeth on his tomb in the Church of Our Lady ; in the form of a man in armour, lying on his back, in his right a shield, in his left a naked sword, at his feet two scutcheons, thereby stuffed wafers.

XXIII. A baked piece, in the form of a tiled stove, whence live birds were let loose.

*Y<sup>E</sup> TALE OF Y<sup>E</sup> COKE.*

“ Sing a song of sixpence,” etc.

Now woll I sing a song and eek of werthe,  
Of y<sup>e</sup> productioun of y<sup>e</sup> kindlie erthe,  
A bushell sacke of reye, that maye be sold,  
A groat and eek too penies being told.  
A king ther was who reignedd gloriouslie,  
Having much gold within his chancellerie,  
And silver monies in gret quantitie ;  
So merveloselie his revennus grewe,  
That telling dailie he had much ado ;  
His swote quene, y<sup>e</sup> whil was in her bowr,  
Festing on honie cates of wheten flour.  
A coke ther was within y<sup>e</sup> paliss gate,<sup>1</sup>  
A skillfull wight. He tok to him for mate  
A serving mayd that knew ful well to clene  
Y<sup>e</sup> linens and y<sup>e</sup> habitts of y<sup>e</sup> quene ;

Full fetislie this coke did rost and bak,  
And entremets and comfits wel did mak.  
His maistre for to gladde it cam to passe  
That for y<sup>e</sup> holie fest of Martinmasse,  
This nobil coke did parfitlie devise  
A conning quaint conceit for a sourprize ;  
A paistie brod he bak of wheten dogh,  
A croust atop, and craftilie below  
Blackbriddes quick did four-and-twentie hide,  
Y<sup>e</sup> graundest pastie ever man espyd ;  
Then at y<sup>e</sup> fest y<sup>e</sup> servitours did bring  
This deynti dish to sette fore y<sup>e</sup> king.  
Now wan y<sup>e</sup> croust ful wittinglie was brok,  
Y<sup>e</sup> briddes fleugen, wit sharp chiteryng spok  
Y<sup>e</sup> joiesomenesse of scaping out from thral ;  
Y<sup>e</sup> king did lauch, likwis his courtiers al.  
Bot whils y<sup>e</sup> king did ete it did befal  
Y<sup>e</sup> coke his wif, beyond y<sup>e</sup> garden wal,  
Y<sup>e</sup> habitts of y<sup>e</sup> quene new-washt outwong,  
And for to drien over stringks uphong.  
Oon of y<sup>e</sup> blackbriddes fro royall pie  
An hongred over to that waye did fle,  
To seken foder. Now it hapenedd  
Y<sup>e</sup> coke his wif her naes was longe and redde,

Lik unto flesh new-slaughten. Al a hast  
Y<sup>e</sup> foul aflewn, and thinking for to tast  
A sappie mourcel, twekt for verie lif  
Y<sup>e</sup> redde naes of y<sup>e</sup> coke his lucklesse wif.  
And so for al y<sup>e</sup> glourie of his pie  
He found him sorwe, for his wif did lie  
Ten weke abed, and for to hele must spend  
A testoun for a plaistre. Here doth end  
Mie tale. Maye al folk Jesu Marie fend.

A. D. 1830.

Hare Soup.

Clear Soup.

Turbot, Lobster Sauce.

Boiled Chicken, with Tongue.

Lobster Cutlets.

Saddle of Mutton, Cauliflower,

Currant Jelly.

Roast Turkey.

Blanc Mange.

Trifle.

Tipsy Pudding.

Custards.

Vanille Ice. Raspberry Ice.

Stilton. Dessert.

*LESBIA'S SPARROW.*

(CATULLUS.)

RONDEAU.

My Lesbia's bird, hèles ! is dead.  
Your tears, you pretty Cupids shed,  
    And all that boasts a graceful air  
    Lament the sparrow of my fair,  
Now thither passed whence none hath fled.

It knew and minded all she said,  
For no long flights its wings were spread,  
    It hopped and twittered round her chair,  
    My Lesbia's bird.

Foul fall ye, shades austere and dread,  
The maw of Hell is daily fed  
    With that which has our dearest care ;  
    Your luckless death is my despair,  
For tears will make her eyelids red,  
    My Lesbia's bird.

Mock Turtle.  
Fried Soles.  
Leg of Mutton, Turnips.  
Devilled Lobster.  
Plovers' Eggs.  
Welsh Rabbit.  
Devilled Biscuits.

*OLD SONGS.*

RONDEAU.

OLD songs, sweet songs, they once were set  
To tender strains, when folk would yet  
    To simple tunes some praise afford,  
    And ladies on the harpsichord  
Would try some dainty chansonette ;  
When ev'ry dear, demure coquette,  
Figured in stately minuette,  
    Not then this bad, spoilt world ignored  
        Old songs, sweet songs.

But now an age of fuss and fret  
Drives out old airs and will not let  
    Its ears with melody be bored ;  
    Now loud bravura bars are roared  
Or screamed, and nearly all forget  
        Old songs, sweet songs.



Soupe à l'oignon.  
Gigot de Mouton, Haricots à la Bretonne.  
Fromage de Brie.

*SOUVENT FEMME VARIE.*

RONDEL.

“SOUVENT femme varie.”

Ah, the saying's a true one ;

A girl “fancy free,”

Who ever yet knew one ?

With her whims she'll undo one

Just to keep off ennui,

“Souvent femme varie”—

Ah, the saying's a true one.

A chameleon she,

If ever there grew one ;

She's a rose, if she be

But consistent, a blue one.

“Souvent femme varie”—

Ah, the saying's a true one.

M A Y.



Radis. Beurre. Olives.

Potage Palestine.

Rouget. à l'Italienne.

Noisettes d'Agneau à la d'Orleans, purée de marons.

Caisses de Crème d'Homards glacées.

Asperges.

Chapon à l'estragon, Salade.

Soufflé aux Abricots.

*A BALLAD OF VENUS.*

AN ÆSTHETIC BALLADE.

AT a convent door in search of rest  
A woman prayed, in a voice of fear,  
“ Let me abide for a while your guest,  
Venus, to whom men once did rear  
Altar and fane, now begs your cheer.”  
“ Nay, by our Lady Immaculate,  
No pagan spirit may enter here.”  
“ Ah me ! the old reign and Paphian state.”

With a bitter smile and lips compressed  
She went to a common hostel near :  
“ Let me abide for a while your guest,  
The night is chill, and the ways are drear.”  
“ Name and address,” with a mocking leer,  
The landlord asked, and then shut his gate  
In her face with a whistle and surly sneer.  
“ Ah me ! the old reign and Paphian state.”

Sickened, she tried one last request

At a house of gables and gargoyles queer :

“Let me abide for a while your guest.”

This host, a painter, artist, seer,

Did neither cross himself nor jeer :

“Enter,” he spake, “though fools may rate,

To me, sweet dame, thy fame is dear.”

“Ah me ! the old reign and Paphian state.”

L'ENVOI.

False Love, false Hate usurp her sphere,

But still some few, initiate,

The mystery aright revere—

Ah me ! the old reign and Paphian state.

FIRST SERVICE.

*(First Course.)*

Birds' Nest Soup.

Ducks' Web and Tongues.

Fish stuffed with Chicken and Ham.

*(Second Course.)*

Shark Fins, with Crab Sauce.

Baked Pigeons' Eggs.

Chicken stewed in Oil.

*(Third Course.)*

Fried Fish.

Stewed Mushrooms.

Mandarin Ducks in Soy.

Milk of Almonds.



SECOND SERVICE.

*(First Course.)*

A Sweet Baked Pudding.

A Salt Baked Pudding.

Chopped Ham in a Thick Sauce.

*(Second Course.)*

Bamboo-sprouts stewed.

Stewed Pheasant.

Stewed Lily-root.

*(Third Course.)*

A Boiled Fish.

Stewed Mutton and Bacon.

Chicken stewed with Fruit.

Rice Soup.

Tea.

Tobacco.

Opium.

*A KISS.*

RONDEL.

SHALL I try? Is it wise?  
I am tempted to do it.  
Just a kiss by surprise,  
In what light would she view it?

I should certainly rue it  
If her temper should rise.  
Shall I try? Is it wise?  
I am tempted to do it.

Ah, those mischievous eyes,  
One would think that they knew it,  
All my doubt—now she sighs.  
Little rogue, I see through it.  
Shall I try? Is it wise?  
I *am* tempted to do it.

Flowers : White Lilacs, Lilies of the Valley, Orchids.

Melon, Madeira, Sercial, 1820.

Potage Sarah Bernhardt.

Merlan à la Dieppoise.

Whitebait.

Asperges en Branches.

Selle d'Agneau,

Pommes Paille.

Rissoles de Crevettes

aux Truffes.

} Moet et Chandon,  
Brut Imperial, 1874.

} Haut Brion (Château),  
Eschenauer, 1875.

Plombière Tutti Frutti.

Curaçao, Jary Frères, Angoulême.

Coffee. Cognac, 1847.

Paz de China, Casadores, 1879.

Cabanas Reina Victoria, 1881.

“ *TU NE QUÆSIERIS.*”

HORACE (Carm. lib. i. od. xi.).

RONDEAU.

BE patient, friend, nor seek to know  
What length of years be still to go  
    For you, for me ; nor search the lines  
    Of eastern horoscopes for signs  
That such forbidden numbers show.

Accept as such this life below,  
And, should these bitter winds that blow  
    Mark the last sun for us that shines,  
                    Be patient, friend.

E'en as we chat, our jealous foe,  
Time, flies ahead, alas, not slow ;  
    A little space our term confines.  
    Enjoy to-day, decant your wines,  
Herein true wisdom lies, and so  
                    Be patient, friend.

Flounders.          Salmon.  
Lobster Cutlets in Piccalilli.  
Whiting Omelette.  
Fried Fillets of Sole, Sauce Tartare.  
Curried Skate.  
Whitebait.  
Whitebait, Black Devil.  
Whitebait, Red Devil.  
Cheese Straws.



J U N E .





3D.

A Red Herring.

A Sausage.

A Bun.

*DER SCHEIN.*

RONDEL.

ALL is not gold that glitters,  
And gilding wears away ;  
Life's wine is dashed with bitters  
The flavour does not stay.

We're furnished for decay  
By Nature's army-fitters ;  
All is not gold that glitters,  
And gilding wears away.

The Fates are hardy hitters  
In our diurnal fray,  
And every mortal fritters  
Away some chance each day ;  
All is not gold that glitters,  
And gilding wears away.

Hamburger Aal-suppe.

Rindfleisch gesotten, Merretig Sauce.

Schellfish mit Butter.

Spargel.

Masthühner, Gurken Salat.

Mandeltorte.

*E I L E M I T W E I L E .*

INTERNATIONAL RONDEAU.

BE slow to haste and mark your pace,  
'Tis slow and steady wins the race,  
    And where the angels fear to tread  
    Vain fools rush in, whose speed has led  
Them often to their dire disgrace.

And if the thoughtless populace  
Their hopes in dazzling coups should place  
    Of charlatans, do you instead  
                    Be slow to haste.

Learn Æsop's meaning then to trace :  
The hare slipped swifter from the base,  
    The tortoise passed the goal ahead ;  
    *Festina lente*, wise men dread  
The rashness of a headlong chase ;  
                    Be slow to haste.

Spring Soup,  
Christchurch Salmon, Dutch Sauce.  
Chicken Cutlets, Green Peas.  
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce. New Potatoes.  
Strawberries.

*A GLOVE.*

TRIOLETS.

THIS little grey glove,  
    What's become of the wearer?  
Yes, I stole from my love  
This little grey glove,  
That I value above  
    Objects finer and rarer.  
This little grey glove,  
    What's become of the wearer?

Spinach Soup.

Fresh Herrings Grilled, Mustard Sauce.

Lamb Chops, Green Peas.

A Dressed Crab.

Currant Tart, Devonshire Cream.

*MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

A.D. 1780.

IN Rhodes' fair island it befell

A Turk a Roman maid adored,\*

In spite of all her mother's words

She would not wed a Turkish lord.

"Oh, take him, child, his wealth is great,

Refuse him not!" the mother said.

"Whate'er his wealth," the maid replied,

"A Turkish lord I will not wed."

"Oh, take him, child, his form is fair."

"And be he e'en as fair as day,

I will not wed a Turk, but fly,

A bird, beyond the woods away."

"A hunter he will track thee down."

"A cloistered nun I then will be."

\* Ῥωμαιοπούλαν, a Romaic maid, *i.e.* a Christian.



“ He will become an Emir then,  
And force thy nuns to set thee free.”

“ Ah, mother mine, the grape am I,  
Depending upon thee, the vine ;  
Then be thy urgent will fulfilled,  
Should ill betide the fault be thine.”

EN WAGON.

Olives.

Pâté de Foie Gras.

Chicken Sandwich.

Chocolate.

Grapes.

•

*VOX POPULI.*

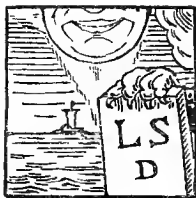
FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

TAKE care ! be not too sweet,  
Lest you tempt men to eat ;  
Be not too sour, lest they  
Should cast you quite away.

He who deems your words are true, or lists to aught  
you swear,  
Fishes on hills, and o'er the deep pursues the timid  
hare.



J U L Y .



Turtle Soup. Asparagus Soup.

Oleroso Solera, 1815.

Salmon, Lobster Sauce. Turbot, Sauce Hollandaise.

Stewed Eels.

Fillets of Sole à la Maitre d'Hôtel.

Trout à la Chambord.

Whitebait.

Milk Punch.

Madeira, Caña de Lobos, 1868.

Johannisberg, 1865.

Vol-au-Vents à la Financière.

Ris de Veau au Purée de Truffes.

Cotelettes d'Agneau, Purée de Concombres.

Jambon au Madère.

Selle de Mouton.

Poulets à la Toulouse.

Pol Roger, 1874 (First Shipment).

Perrier Jouet, Cuvée D, 1874.

Romanée Conti, 1869.

Asperges en branches.      Artichauts à la Barigoule.

Cèpes à la Provençale.

Ponche à la Romaine.

Ducklings.      Poulets de Grain.      Ruffs.

Château Margaux, Tirage, 1875.

Omelette Soufflée.      Cabinet Pudding.      Ice Pudding.

Liqueurs.

Dessert.

Port, Solera, 1827 (T. F. & Co.).

(Merchant Coffinmakers' Company.)



*A DANCE OF DEATH SONG.*

FORTUNE'S a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

A song of a wail and sigh,  
Of laughter, and triumph, and more,  
Unto the northern shore  
Where the summer breezes die ;  
For the autumn lands of the west,  
For the palsy-stricken east,  
A song of the worst and best,  
Of the greatest, and the least ;  
A song of peace, and of strife,  
Of union, of sundered ties,  
In ephemeral change and life  
'Mid tropical isles and seas,

Till again the summer breeze  
On the southern Thule dies.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

Hail, lieutenants of mine,  
And captains, a lengthy line,  
Faithfully doing my work,  
Each in his different way,  
Each in his proper day ;  
Bashi-Bazouk and Turk,  
Mystical Nihilist chief ;  
Rascally, murderous thief ;  
Jesuit, elder of kirk,  
Every manner of priest ;  
Soldiers and fighting men  
(Who perhaps perform the least  
Of the hands that do my will) ;  
Doctors and kings who kill  
With a sign and stroke o' the pen ;  
Midwives, builders of ships,  
Who cast men on to the sea

---

Of waters and misery,  
To make their several trips ;  
Ye that ruin, destroy ;  
Ye that fashion and make ;  
All that ever partake  
In the internecine strife  
Of the terrestrial life ;  
All are in my employ,  
For even a Christ may be  
My agent unwittingly.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

Thinker, you would combine  
Something ineffably fine  
Out of the thousand schemes  
That metaphysicians have planned  
From Moses to Mallock, the dreams  
Of every time and land.  
Ever in vain you try  
To cast from your side an eye

On the realm of the by-and-by ;  
But come with me and I'll show  
You the riddle you want to know.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

Ah, pretty maid, thou must part  
From the pride of thy virgin heart ;  
Never thy love can be  
Father of children to thee ;  
And on thy pure bosom shall grow  
A blossom of winter snow,—  
'Tis my mark, at the end of life,  
Of a maiden a dead man's wife.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

Lover, leave your sighing,  
    Leave your sweet love pain,

There's bliss for you in dying,  
Bliss for you, and gain.  
Now no need to ponder  
Why her glances wander ;  
Whether she dissemble  
No doubt shall cross your mind  
Never shall she grieve you,  
Never more deceive you,  
And you need not tremble  
Lest she prove unkind.  
Leave your lute and lyre  
Ere the fingers tire,  
Leave them ere the fire  
Smoulder, smoke, and die ;  
Love is evanescent,  
Jealousy incessant,  
Facts to all your present  
Hopes may give the lie.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
With little to recommend it,  
Save that I come to end it.

Oh, you dainty little misses,  
    Tripping on your way to school,  
I could cover you with kisses,  
    Little maids, sedate and cool,  
    Tripping on your way to school,  
        With your shining "morning" faces,  
    Little maids, sedate and cool,  
I could cover you with kisses ;  
    But my kiss will leave its traces,  
    'Tis so jealous that it places  
Whom I kiss beyond the rule  
    Your scheme of daily toil embraces.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.

Merchant, squeeze your neighbour, screw,  
As you have been taught to do ;  
    Send a claim for cargo heated ;  
Add some trifles to the bill,  
For the boobies never will  
    Know that you have cheated.

---

Reckon up with interest  
Which investment is the best,  
Speculating, weighing well  
What you buy, and what you sell ;  
So that you may gather gold  
For the days when you are old.  
Put just a pound in your pocket to fee  
Ferryman Charon, and come with me.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
With little to recommend it,  
Save that I come to end it.

Gourmet, at your club-window over the street,  
Meditate long on the dinner you'll eat.  
Consider well, peruse with care  
The contents of the bill o' fare.  
No more dinners, my man, for you—  
To curry and to stew,  
To salmi and ragout,  
You now must bid farewell,  
To aspic, bechamel,  
A long and last adieu.

The slim straw-dadoed flasks  
Of red Chianti wine,  
Caviar in pigmy casks,  
And oysters in their brine ;  
The castles made of meat  
With battlements of rice,  
That both are good to eat,  
And look extremely nice ;  
To all the little dishes  
Made of fowl and fishes,  
Entremets, entrées,  
The glory of the gourmets,  
Farewell.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
With little to recommend it,  
Save that I come to end it.

Ere too late,  
Boatswain's mate,  
Put a quid in gum  
(Since your hour has come),



---

To taste a last time its doubtful delight.  
For the Lascar seaman you struck last night,  
When you found him near your crib,  
Hides a heathenish knife,  
That shall end your life  
With a stroke by the second rib.  
Then sigh for the seven wives of your heart,  
Who reside in seven ports apart ;  
Sigh for your sweethearts seven,—  
They shall sigh for you, as in heaven.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
With little to recommend it,  
Save that I come to end it.

Dear worker of civilization,  
Pioneer of some uncouth clime,  
Sad toiler of preparation  
For some far-off after-time ;  
I take you to your well-earned rest,  
With those the Good Spirit loveth best.

Once you thought to do some grand  
Achievement, but the hand  
Of harsh Fate hath planned  
You should be banned  
From your land,  
To strand  
And  
Pass mean days afar off, stern command  
Of a Nemesis god that knows not pity.  
Be cheery, for who aright can tell  
Whether you would have done as well,  
Had it been granted you to dwell  
'Midst the routine of an old-world city !

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
With little to recommend it,  
Save that I come to end it.

What ! you would come along,  
You crack-jawed palsied thing,  
That sit by your hearth and sing  
With your kettle a croning song,  
Telling of hopes deferred,

Of the hourly looked-for news,  
    But of which you heard  
    Not ever a word?  
Grumble, and mumble, and muse,  
Weary of want of friends,  
Of living on odds and ends,  
Of all the woe that attends  
The heinous, hideous crime,  
Of passing beyond your time ;—  
    Stay and twiddle your thumbs  
    Till the hour I choose for ye comes.

Fortune's a jade without shame ;  
Life's a fraudulent game,  
    With little to recommend it,  
    Save that I come to end it.



Green Pea Soup, Croutons.

Salmon Cutlets à la Diable.

Saddle of Lamb, Spinach.

Capon, New Potatoes.

Lobster Salad.

Maids of Honour.

Ice Pudding.

*ON THE CARDS.*

TRIOLETS.

I WAS lucky to-night.

Will my fortune continue?

When the stake was but light,

I was lucky to-night ;

When I play for the right

To yourself, shall I win you?

I was lucky to-night,

Will my fortune continue?

Clams.

Summer Soup.

Pompano, Sauce Hollandaise.

Croquettes of Frogs' Legs.

Lima Beans, au beurre.

Sorbet de Champagne.

Ortolans.

Peaches.

(New York.)

*DISTICH.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

I TURNED mine eye towards the earth, and there a  
hyacinth found,  
Whose blossom had shot up so high, it fell again to  
ground.

Melon.

Poulet Sauté à la Marengo.

Tomates au Gratin.

Fromage Grùyere.

Raisins.      Pêches.



92<sup>o</sup>

TRIOLETS.

NINETY-TWO in the shade !

Is the earth growing colder ?

The assertion's been made—

Ninety-two in the shade !

Claret, ice, lemonade,

Jane shall bring, for I told her.

Ninety-two in the shade !

Is the earth growing colder ?



AUGUST.



A.D. 1740.

FIRST COURSE.

Potage Bouillon.

Bouilli.

Fricandeau de Veau dans son Jus.

Mauviettes.

SECOND COURSE.

Chapon.

Chouffeur.

Salade Laitue.

Crème aux Fraises.

DESSERT.

Fromage Septmoncel.

Poires. Amandes.

*ON THE RHINE.*

BALLADE.

THIS is the land of legend and story ;

    This is the home of old romance.

The Rhine rolls on in its ancient glory,

    But knights who for sake of a lady's glance

    Rode many a tilt, broke many a lance,

Have left the keep, with its ivy crown,

    And courts where now no palfreys prance,

And the craft pass up and the rafts float down.

Red has the stream run, red and gory,

    Check to a host's pursued advance ;

But the Rhine rolls on in its ancient glory,

    Careless whether political chance

    Dub it German or give it to France ;

By castle and vineyard and grey old town

    The waters rush and their wave-crests dance,

And the craft pass up and the rafts float down.

---

On the deck of the steamer, *con amore*,  
A banker is reading the news of finance ;  
The Rhine rolls on in its ancient glory,  
But does not disturb his golden trance  
Of successful coups—but he looks askance  
As I flirt with his daughter, dressed in a gown  
That the beauty of Venus herself would enhance ;  
And the craft pass up and the rafts float down.

## L'ENVOI.

A penniless wooer hath meagre chance  
Of winning from fathers aught but a frown,  
Though the Rhine's the river of old romance,  
And the craft pass up and the rafts float down.

Radis.

Saucisson de Lyon.      Olives.

Bouillabaisse.

Poulet Sauté à la Chasseur,

Escargots de Bourgogne.

Bec-figues, Salade Barbe de Capucine.

Glace. Fruits.

(Marseille.)



*A SCEPTIC, I?*

RONDEL.

A SCEPTIC, I? Maybe ;  
And yet you should not chide.  
So little truth I see,  
So much that men would hide.

I used to dream with pride  
Of all in store for me ;  
A sceptic I may be,  
And yet you should not chide.

Leave but the tiller free,  
And then the skiff will glide  
To windward or to lee  
At mercy of the tide.  
A sceptic, I? Maybe ;  
And yet you should not chide.

MIDAS TOWERS, AUGUST 13TH.

Potage Julienne.

Potage Crecy à la Reine.

Filets de Sole farcis, à la Bercy.

Truite Saumonée, Concombres.

Selle de Mouton.

Filét de Bœuf à la française.

Petits Fours de Volaille aux Truffes.

Caisses à la Marinière.

Poulets de Grain à l'Estragon.

Cèpes à la Provençale.

Artichauts à la Barigoule.

Sorbet à la Champagne.

Grouse.

Nesselrode Pouding.

Crèmes à la Comtesse.

Beignets d'Abricots.

Fromage en Paille.

Glace Panachée.

*A NOVEL.*

VOL. I.

WEALTH and fashion,  
First impression,  
Pride, and passion,  
Long digression.

VOL. II.

Faith and doubting,  
Vows repeated,  
Kisses, pouting,  
Match completed.

VOL. III.

Silly quarrel,  
Separation ;  
Modern moral,  
French quotation.

Hors d'œuvres.

Batvinia.

Cochon de Lait, au Gruau de Sarrasin.

Gribuis à la Crème.

Bécasses Doubles, Salade.

Framboises. Fromage.

(Moscow.)

*TO SOME FRIENDS.*

LABOUR AND WEALTH.

YE fools, without a grain of sense,  
Whose work is not a means, but end ;  
Who scrape and gather pounds and pence,  
But not to spend ;  
What is the use of bond and share  
That fatten on their own increase ?  
D'ye think to be a millionaire  
Before your lease  
Of life has run its length, can give  
You back your years of stolid toil ?  
Methinks the Devil lets you live  
As proper spoil  
For paupers of his own brigade.  
A man may bow before success,  
But such success as having made  
A more or less

Of competence, that will suffice  
    To grant it all that it requires  
And gratify a favourite vice  
                            Or taste, retires  
Upon its interest or rent  
    Betimes, nor fails to comprehend  
The simple fact that wealth is meant  
                            For folks to spend.

SEPTEMBER.





Caviar salé, Citron, Chalottes.

Potage aux Épinards.

Merlan à la Colbert.

Grouse, Salade,

Pommes paille.

Artichauts.

Glace aux fraises.

*FULVA.*

„Darum nim war, Was für Har,  
Ist solches Noth, hast groß Gefar.“

*(Old German.)*

RONDEAU.

The locks of Red, I take for thine  
The gift of such, O Erycine ;  
Such must the cultured braids have been  
That glorified of old Faustine,  
That rendered Phryne's brows divine.

Theirs were the lustrous bands that shine  
Warm with new gore and purple wine,  
Where golden serpents glide between  
The locks of red.

Lay by the staff, well tipped with pine,  
Forget your God, Bacchante mine ;  
By some cool bank that branches screen,  
Enjoy with me the rural green,  
The while my toying fingers twine  
The locks of red.

Potage Santé.

Gigot de Mouton, Haricots Bretonnes.

Galantine.

Gaufres aux Framboises.

Fromage de Brie.

*SONG OF THE FAIRIES.*

FROM THE LATIN OF THOMAS RANDOLPH.

ELFIN folk of classic birth,  
Boasting not a cumbrous girth ;  
Starting from our lunar lair,  
Oft to orchards we repair.

Glamour in deceit there is,  
Dulcet is a stolen kiss,  
Stealthy joys for elves are meet,  
Stolen apples, too, are sweet.

While unthinking mortals sleep  
Our nocturnal feast we keep,  
Tasting with but little thanks  
Fruits that cost no stealthy pranks.

Gumbo Soup.

White Perch fried, with Tartar Sauce.

Porter-house Steak, Baked Potatoes.

Sugar-cured Ham, braised,

Egg Plant, Stewed Tomatoes.

Quails, Salad.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

(Baltimore.)

*CONFESSSIONAL.*

RONDEAU.

IF God there be? You ask my creed ;  
You say you won't be shocked? Agreed.

In truth, my friend, I fail to find  
A creed at all to suit my mind,  
And take of churches little heed.

This age's wanton children lead  
A life that's practically freed  
From every law, and God is blind,  
If God there be.

Whether a life this life succeed  
Is knowledge that I do not need ;  
And even if I lag behind  
The common concourse of mankind,  
'Tis simply ignorance I plead,  
If God there be.

Potage Crème d'Asperges.

Merlan à la Bercy.

Prawn Curry.

Turbans de Tomates aux Fonds d'Artichauts au Gratin.

Perdrix, Salade.

Glace Crème de Thé, à la Chinoise.

*TOO PROUD.*

VILLANELLE.

Too proud the heart that Love defies,  
That boasts it is not made to feel ;  
Dear gold-brown hair and soft grey eyes ;

I learn at length, with sore surprise,  
Who boasted mine was framed of steel :  
Too proud the heart that Love defies.

I've sung of Cupid's darts with sighs,  
Yet swore such wounds would always heal ;  
Ah ! gold-brown hair and soft grey eyes,—

You lacerate in different wise,  
A deeper stroke you know to deal ;  
Too proud the heart that Love defies,

Too sure the soul that love denies,  
And thinks to scorn the weak appeal  
Of gold-brown hair and soft grey eyes.



'Twill learn to dream of closer ties,  
In vain perchance, for woe, for weal ;  
Too proud the heart that Love defies,  
And gold-brown hair and soft grey eyes.



OCTOBER.



Potage Crème de Brochets.

Selle de Mouton à l'Anglaise.

Sole à la Normande.

Cotelettes de Chevreuil à la Princesse.

Choufleur au Gratin.

Macedoine de Fruits.

Amandes à la Diable. Glace Crème de Café.

*BEAUTÉ DU DIABLE.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

*He.* Be not too proud, thou scarce art fair,  
Though such thy charm, that all who see  
Must straight adore.

*She.* And if my charm be all so rare,  
That beauty is enough for me ;  
I wish not more.

Potage Bonne Femme.

Rougets en Papillote.

Gigot à l'Anglaise,

Haricots à la Bretonne.

Caisses à la Marinière.

Sorbet Victoria.

Ortolans, Salade d'Epinards à la Romaine.

Kipper on Toast.

*FIVE YEARS AFTER.*

RONDEAU.

FIVE years have flown, and now we meet  
By chance upon the public street ;  
Our hands are clasped, without surprise,  
Each reads within the other's eyes  
Old recollections, fond and sweet.  
The questions cross, and we repeat  
Our several tales, with change replete,  
'Mid laughter now, and now with sighs—  
Five years have flown.

Now having hungered, we will eat,  
And garner in our autumn wheat,  
Fair fruit that Fate no more denies,  
Before our Indian summer dies,  
Ere once again, relentless, fleet,  
Five years have flown.



Chicken Broth.

Fresh Trout, with Butter and Potatoes.

A Partridge, with Sauerkraut.

Pear Tart.

Cream Cheese.

(Black Forest.)

*REFLEXION.*

EVER by presence of joys do the children reckon  
their fortune ;

Only by absence of pains elders may measure the  
same.

Huîtres de Marennes.

Potage Fausse Tortue.

Ecrevisses à la Bordelaise.

Filet à la Rossini.

Fonds d'Artichaut à l'Italienne

Sorbet au Rhum.

Cailles, Salade de Celeri.

Bombes Glacées.

“*PARCIUS JUNCTAS.*”

HORACE (Carm. lib. i. od. xxv.).

RONDEL.

NOT often now jeunesse dorée  
    Troubles your bell and door neglected,  
And billets doux to name a day  
    Are seldom now to you directed.

Vieille garde, in lodgings ill-connected  
    You muse the winter nights away ;  
Not often now jeunesse dorée  
Troubles your bell and door neglected.

As on your lonely couch you lay  
    Chafing, ere this you'll have reflected,  
That fresh buds blow for them that pay,  
    That faded flowers are not selected ;  
Not often now jeunesse dorée  
    Troubles your bell and door neglected.

Cream of Oysters.

Fillet of Beef, Potato Croquettes.

Scalloped Oysters.

Fried Oysters, Tomato Sauce.

Stewed Cardoons, with Marrow.

Baked Oysters.

Woodcock.

Flying Angels.

Ice Cream Pudding.

Orange Tartlets.

*AMOR ANCEPS.*

Who would not love? Love giveth such delight  
As quite  
Eclipses every other kind of joy ;  
And when the maid is true as well as fair,  
Her smiles ne'er  
Cloy.

Yet, who would love? Love bringeth so much pain ;  
In vain  
We strive to read what hidden thought may flit  
Across her brow and lip 'twixt kiss and kiss,  
And still miss  
It.

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NOVEMBER.

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Oysters. .  
Baked Oysters.  
Tomato Soup.  
Terrapin à la Maryland.  
Sorbet au Kirsch.  
Canvas-back Duck, Celery.  
Apple Fritters.

(Maryland Club, Baltimore.)

*SUCH DREAMS ARE PAST.*

RONDEAU.

SUCH dreams are past ; I might have tried  
In former years to win a bride,  
    Some lady dainty, slight and small  
    (For a fair maid “divinely tall”  
Were too majestic at my side).  
But then, it cannot be denied,  
The darling might, sad thought, have died ;  
    Perchance 'tis just as well that all  
                                Such dreams are past.

Or else she might have sighed and cried  
For furs, whilst I could scarce bestride  
    A simple coat or modest shawl,  
    I can such instances recall ;  
Upon the whole, I say with pride  
                                Such dreams are past.

Olives.

Hareng en Papillotte.

Potage Queue de Bœuf.

Chaufroid de Cailles.

Choux de Bruxelles au Gratin.

Faisans,

Salade Romaine.

Gateau St. Honoré.

*CHARON'S CHASE.*

FROM THE KRETAN GREEK (ROMAIC).

As Charon o'er the hills a fair youth chased,  
The swain first gained the summit, while in haste  
His hunter following, called to him and cried,  
"Wait, wanderer ;" but he answered, "If I bide  
Thy coming, Charon, what hast thou for me?"  
"The sword and bow, javelin and shield for thee,  
And for thy spouse this sable veil to wear  
I bring." And then together went the twain,  
And coming to a level barn-floor, there  
Wrestled from morn till eve, from eve again  
Till morn. Nine times to earth was Charon cast ;  
But at the ninth fall, Charon angry leapt  
Suddenly over, and securely kept  
His seat upon the young man's breast at last :  
"I beg but forty days. Some pity take !  
Still in the church my wedding wreath hangs high,  
My friends have not consumed the bridal cake."  
"Thou beggest but for forty days, yet I

---

Will grant thee forty years, for thou hast shown  
Thyself a hero. Make the veil thine own,  
And wrap the wreath therein." With fond embrace  
They parted ; Charon for the hills above,  
The swain for home. Behold, a husband's love  
Even from Death obtaineth strength and grace.

Saucisson de Lyon.

Vodka.

Potage Venus.

Sole au Vin Rouge.

Celeri au Gratin.

} Ruinart, Père et Fils, 1874.

Cotelettes à la Dimanche.

Sarcelle, Sauce vin de Porto.

} Larose Sarget, 1875.

Glace Celestiale.

Salade d'Ananas au Marasquin.

} Pol Roger, 1874.

*SONG.*

RONDEL.

THE only use for all my store  
    Would be to make it thine,  
Were mine a wealth of metals more  
    Than Ural hills confine.

Were mine the gems that shine before  
    Full many a sainted shrine,  
The only use for all my store  
    Would be to make it thine.

If all that freighted galleons bore  
    For Spain across the brine,  
Of precious pearl and gold galore,  
    If that and more were mine,  
The only use for all my store  
    Would be to make it thine.

Potage Julienne.

Filets de St. Pierre, Sauce Tomate.

Anchois Frais à la Grille.

Timbale de Cailles aux Épinards.

Artichauts à la Ghetto.

Chapons, Salade Capucine.

Glace Panachée.

(Rome.)



*A STORY.*

BENEATH the shadows of St. Peter's dome,  
Penniless, friendless, far away from home,  
An English mother died, and left to mourn  
A fragile girl of seven summers or eight.  
At first the stricken orphan wept, both late  
And early ; for the slender child had borne  
Long days of hunger, poverty, and pain  
With her dead mother, till their woes had drawn  
Their hearts together.

In a while again  
The marks of tears from the young cheeks were gone.  
Our little maiden, kindly treated, dwelt  
With strangers, who had heard her simple tale,  
And being wealthy, without children, felt  
That in this gentle child, demure and pale,  
They still might find an object to delight  
Declining years, and fill a long-felt void.

So she became their darling ; they employed  
All loving arts, and thought that she had quite  
Become their own ; setting down to the part  
Of shyness what they could not know to be  
The silent sorrow of a breaking heart.  
For all too often elders fail to see  
The depths of which a young and childish soul  
Is capable.

At last the day drew nigh  
When journeying backward to the northern goal  
From whence they came, they had to bid good-bye  
To all the classic beauties of old Rome ;  
They told the little maiden she should come  
And be the daughter of their English home.

The morning broke on all the bustling haste  
Of their departure, such as travellers know,  
All eager not a moment's time to waste,  
All packed and ready on the way to go.  
But wherefore then this waiting, why delay ?  
Ere this by rights they should have been away.

The little orphan maiden was not there,  
Through all the roomy house she was not found.

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She must have gone without a sign or sound,  
She must have wandered forth alone ; but where ?

Then hurried search was made, both up and down,  
Through all the public squares, and streets, and  
through

The alleys and the byways of the town,  
And all were questioned as to what they knew.  
In vain they sought and sought for her through all  
The space within the city's ancient wall.  
But when they came beyond to that fair place  
Set off for burial of those who die  
As Protestants at Rome, a sudden cry  
Proclaimed that they had found her.

With her face

Low on the grasses growing o'er the head  
Of her dead mother's tomb, the child lay, dead ;  
And the grey lips, so delicate and fine,  
Still seemed to murmur, " Mother ! mother mine ! "



DECEMBER.



Tortue,  
Merlans à la Cardinal.  
Dindon à la Toulouse.  
Tête de Veau à la Bordelaise.  
Ponche à la Romaine.  
Pluviers Dorées,  
Salade de Chicorée.  
Glacé Napolitaine.

*ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONG.*

DEAR lady mine, I kneel  
In supplicance at thy feet,  
To tell the love I feel,  
And still the tale repeat.

What is this love I sing,  
This love I bear for thee?  
This love, he is a king,  
And reigneth over me.

King Love's despotic rule  
Subdueth all my frame,  
Nor needeth he to school  
My mind, already tame ;

Most faithful subject, I  
His reign nowise dispute,  
But ever song and sigh  
In service contribute.



With ceaseless watch and ward,  
With anxious peering care,  
My royal love I guard,  
An as he fickle were.

Where doth my monarch reign?  
Where throneth he divine?  
In heart, and breast, and brain,  
Through all these limbs of mine.

And when thou lookest down  
On me with gentle mien,  
King Love receives his crown,  
King Love hath found his queen.

Figs. Olives.  
Grilled Anchovies.  
A Murry in a Rich Sauce.  
A Kid roasted. Palm-tips.  
Oysters from Britain.

(Tivoli, P.M. HADR. CÆS. AUG.)

“*DONEC GRATUS.*”

HORACE (Carm. lib. iii. od. 9).

TRIOLETS.

EDWIN.

AH, when I claim'd your kiss,  
And no other might share it ;  
Those were days none would miss,  
I alone claimed your kiss.  
Say the Sultan knows bliss,  
But with mine don't compare it.  
Ah, when I claimed your kiss,  
And no other might share it.

ANGELINA.

Yes, whilst I had your heart,  
Nor to Mabel stood second ;  
When I fancied no art  
Could rob *me* of your heart,

I was proud, for my part,  
And no scarecrow I'm reckoned.  
Yes, whilst I had your heart,  
Nor to Mabel stood second.

EDWIN.

Nay, to keep long away  
From that face I'm not able ;  
She can sing, she can play,  
And I can't keep away ;  
I would die any day  
For the sake of sweet Mabel.  
Nay, to keep long away  
From that face I'm unable.

ANGELINA.

Now no other I crave  
Than dear Jack for my lover.  
I'm his joy, yet his slave,  
And no other I crave,  
For my darling to save  
I would perish twice over.  
Now no other I crave  
'Than dear Jack for my lover.

EDWIN.

But what might not occur,  
    If old love reawaken ?  
If old bonds one prefer,  
Then what may not occur ?  
If I find that in her  
    I was more than mistaken ?  
Ah, what might not occur,  
    If old love reawaken ?

ANGELINA.

Be he rich as a Jew,  
    And you not worth a shilling ;  
Though you're rude and untrue,  
And he's rich as a Jew,  
To live only for you,  
    For you only, I'm willing ;  
Though he's rich as a Jew,  
    And you're not worth a shilling.

Potage Crème de Moules.

Filets Mignons au Gratin.

Sole au vin Blanc.

Hure de Sanglier, Sauce Cumberland.

Celeri au Jus à la Moelle.

Sarcelle, Salade.

Petits Fours au Rhum.

*"TO MY DAISY."*

TRIOLETS

(TO ORDER).

Now, how ought one to write  
A verse "To my Daisy" ?  
May your Christmas be bright,  
Is it thus one should write ?  
That's the compliment trite  
Of a poet who's lazy ;  
How then should one write  
A verse "To my Daisy" ?

Potage Crème de Celeri.

Filets de Soles aux Fonds d'Artichauts au Gratin.

Filet de Mouton, Pommes Duchesse.

Paté de Foie de Volaille,

Salade Endive.

Petits Pois à la Française.

Beignets de Banane.



*FANCY'S FLIGHT.*

RONDEL.

STAY, silly Fancy, stay  
Your unsubstantial flight,  
For though your wings be gay,  
Their gossamer is slight.

With Jack-o'-lantern light  
You lead the soul astray ;  
Stay, silly Fancy, stay  
Your unsubstantial flight.

The love-engendered play  
Of visions all too bright  
Leaves, when they fade away,  
The soul in sorry plight.  
Stay, silly Fancy, stay  
Your unsubstantial flight.

Watergruel.

*FINIS.*

Now these lines that I have penn'd  
Some idle hours to spend,  
'Tis too late to mend,  
Tho' some offend.  
Luck attend  
You, friend.  
END.









