

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

CHARLES L. GRAVES

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THE BRAIN OF THE NATION
AND OTHER VERSES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE HAWARDEN HORACE
MORE HAWARDEN HORACE
HUMOURS OF THE FRAY
PARTY PORTRAITS

THE BRAIN
OF THE NATION

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

CHARLES L. GRAVES

LONDON

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TO

"THE EMPEROR" AND HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP

1006356

NOTE

Acknowledgments are due to the proprietors and editors of the *Spectator*, *Punch*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the *Grubnell Magazine* for leave to reprint pieces which have appeared in those periodicals. 'The De-National Anthem' and 'The Anti-English Englishman' are reprinted from *The Green above the Red* and *The Blarney Ballads* respectively—two volumes of verse now out of print. I am indebted to A. P. G. for a revision of the former of these pieces, and to R. K. for suggesting improvements in the 'Breaking-Up Song.'

C. L. G.

March 1912.

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RHYMES OF REVOLT

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

[The qualifications of Mr. Pease for his new post as President of the Board of Education are thus summarised in the pages of *Who's Who*: '*Recreations*: member of Cambridge University Football Team, 1878; member of Cambridge University Polo Team, 1880-81; master of Cambridge University Drag Hounds, 1880-81; master of own pack of Beagles, 1881-86; member of Lord Zetland's and Cleveland Hounds; captain of Durham County Cricket Club, 1884-90; member of M.C.C.; New Zealand, Princes, Mitcham, Sandwich, Seaton, and Darlington Golf Clubs; cycling, fishing, shooting, &c. . . . *Clubs*: Brooks's, Turf, City Liberal, National Liberal.']

GOOD Mister Pease, whom Asquith, in lightheartedness
of soul,

The Board of Education has selected to control,
Pray let a total stranger express his mild surprise
That your well-deserved appointment should awaken
hostile cries.

That you're not a Senior Wrangler is indisputably true,
But at Cambridge, thirty years ago, you won a Foot-
ball Blue;

And, judging by the practice which has now become a
rule,

You might have been an usher at a fashionable school.

Unversed in the laborious works of Freeman or of Stubbs,
You are at least a member of a dozen sporting clubs ;
Your cricket still is passable ; you motor and you hunt ;
And are quite as good as Runciman in managing a punt.

You haven't wasted precious hours perusing pond'rous
tomes ;

You haven't studied Froebel or the works of Mr. Holmes ;
In short, the tablets of your mind resemble, up to date—
Where education is concerned—a brand-new virgin slate.

Though your name is not in any of the Cambridge Tripos
lists,

You have kept a pack of beagles and are supple in the
wrists ;

Your handicap at golf is low : it isn't scratch, I grant ;
But you play a great deal better than Asquith or
Morant.

Besides, you've been a Party Whip, and whipping's at
the base—

Despite humanitarians—of the schooling of the race ;
And there's something rather spirited, romantic and
sublime

In a member of the Turf Club who's a Quaker all the
time.

A modern Departmental Chief should own a rhino's
skin

Or else his equanimity will speedily wear thin ;

But the following reflections may serve to mitigate

The annoyance certain comments may have given you
of late.

No matter how profoundly from your staff you
disagree,

No matter how acutely you offend the N.U.T.,

This single consolation no disaster can efface—

You'll never disimprove upon the chief whom you
replace.

And why complain of *you* alone, when England's vital
force

Her Fleet, is at the mercy of a subaltern of horse ?

When the national finances are entrusted to the care

Of a statesman who resembles an hysterical March
hare ?

Now looking at the Nations on the edge of the Abyss,
If we are sure of anything, at least we're sure of
this :

That after Armageddon, if a single State remains

Unshattered, it will be a State pre-eminent in brains.

So at this all-decisive stage of England's long career
O let us thank our lucky stars and suitably revere,
As moulder of the Nation's mind, as Dominie supreme,
A man who gained his colours for the Cambridge Polo
team !

THE DE-NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious Green,
Long live our College Green,
 Gallant and free!
Scatter the Saxon crew,
Strike the Red, White, and Blue,
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu,
 Cushla machree!

God save the septs and clans,
Bless all the Micks and Dans,
 Bless all the Pats!
Heaven guard the gallant Manx,
Heaven bless their herring-banks,
Strengthen their triple shanks,
 Prosper their cats!

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

Oh! may heaven's choicest smiles
Comfort the Channel Isles,
 And make them French!
God save good Patrick Ford,
Hamstring the Orange horde,
Handcuff each Tory Lord,
 Throttle the Bench!

God save the Socialist,
Up with the Anarchist,
 Down with the Guelph;
Discrown the Ocean's Queen,
Shatter the whole machine,
Bless every smithereen,—
 Chiefly Myself.

THE ABSENTEES

An Echo of the Irish Railway Strike.

[While Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Birrell were acting on the principle that 'Ireland is a grand country to live out of,' Mr. Jim Larkin, the *protégé* of the Castle officials, did not apparently allow the sacred rights of illegality and disorder to suffer from undue discouragement.]

B. FAR from the Castle and the stream,
 Whose odours hem the Phoenix Park in,
 Say, Aberdeen, what fitter theme
 Could we discuss than Jimmy Larkin ?

A. Agreed, dear Birrell, for I find
 That care has lost the power of carkin'
 Since I resolved to leave behind
 As acting-Viceroy, Jimmy Larkin.

B. Why should I sacrifice my ease
 And slave at dull laborious clerkin'
 (I, too, can clip my final g's),
 When I can count on Jimmy Larkin ?

- A.* Old Herod's was an iron rule—
 He made a hobby of tetrarchin'—
But Herod was a perfect fool
 Compared to Mr. Jimmy Larkin.
- B.* If Dublin's babies cry for bread,
 Let Yorkshire send them lots of parkin,
And Banbury its cakes, instead;
 But do not bother Jimmy Larkin.
- A.* I think as little of my foes
 As of a plug that fails in sparkin';
Lapped in majestical repose
 I leave it all to Jimmy Larkin.
- B.* Superb was Nelson at the Nile,
 Superb was the notorious Tarquin
(The rhyme, I own, is simply vile),
 But more superb is Jimmy Larkin.
- A.* Me Scotland draws with ancient ties,
 I claim, you know, with Lochinvar kin.
- B.* Me Wales enchants with brassy lies—
Both. Ireland we leave to Jimmy Larkin.

October 11, 1911.

LINES ON A LOST LEADER

*By the Ghost of Goldsmith.**

HERE lies our good leader, whose charm was so great,
 He could pacify 'Tim' in an Irish debate ;
 Who, born to resolve metaphysical kinks,
 To his Party gave up what he spared from the links,
 Once ironical Fate caused the stupider side
 To acknowledge a brain as its ruler and guide.
 With a mind like a rapier, whose delicate thrustings
 Were wholly unfit for the platform or hustings,
 And, applied to the treatment of things in the rough,
 Resembled a razor dissecting plum-duff ;
 Unaggressive in mien, yet the dourest of all
 When he found himself set with his back to the wall ;
 Unmoved by abuse, in adversity steady,
 Unprepared as a speaker, yet never unready ;
 The bitterest foes who his actions maligned
 Never dared to assert he had axes to grind.

* The glaring inferiority of these lines to Goldsmith's well-known epitaphs in his *Retaliation* is, to judge by recent psychical communications in verse, a strong proof of their genuineness.

Too remote from the mind of the man in the street
With our latter-day orator Puffs to compete ;
Too richly endowed to excel in one field,
His lack of illusions he never concealed,
And while readily owning the paramount claims
Of politics viewed as the greatest of games,
With infinite zest he would take himself off
At the call of philosophy, music, or golf.
So when at the last he determined to go,
Though the House was fulfilled with unanimous woe,
It was hard to decide who more deeply bewailed him,
The foes who admired or the friends who had failed him.

HOLMES TRUTHS

It was a little Circular
 (Marked 'Confidential' too)
Containing information
 Painful, perhaps, but true.
But some one treacherously let
 The cat out of the bag,
Which caused of late at Question time
 A most unholy 'rag.'

It was a little Minister
 Whose speech was one long cry :
' Please, Sir, I never did it ;
 Please, Sir, it wasn't I.
Please, Sir, it was another boy
 Who ought to bear the blame,
But he's no longer with us—
 Holmes, please, Sir, is his name.'

It was the democratic press
That, in the following days,
Bedaubed the little Minister
With its most fulsome praise,
For nobly disavowing
The obscurantist creed
Embodied in the contents
Of this pernicious screed.

It was, if I may put it
In language bald and brief,
The story of an honest man
Imperilled by a thief,
And thrown instanter to the wolves
By a disloyal chief,
In whom extremists still profess
Their unimpaired belief.

June 1911.

THE RULE OF KING GOMBEEN

[The function of 'gombeen-man'—Anglicè money-lender—is commonly exercised over a great part of Ireland by the village grocers and keepers of spirit stores. At the present moment the splendid work done by Sir Horace Plunkett and other leaders of the co-operation movement in Irish agriculture, is being thwarted and imperilled by the virulent hostility of Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., the head of the Irish Board of Agriculture, an ex-Unionist, whose desertion has been rewarded by office, and who, though a life-long advocate of temperance, has sided with the traders and the gombeen-men against the farmers and co-operators.]

O DEVLIN dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin'
round ?

The farmers are resolved to bring the Party to the
ground.

They're burstin' up intirely the Nationalist machine,
For there's a cruel plot agin' the rule of King Gombeen.

I met with Johnny Dillon—faix ! he wasn't lookin'
grand—

And says he, 'How's poor ould Russell, an' how does
he stand ?'

He's the quarest of teetotallers that iver yet was seen,
For he's fightin' like a Trojan in defence of the shebeen !

I'm sick of Horace Plunkett and of hearin' what he's
done

To win for poor ould Ireland a good place in the sun.

Him a credit to the country? What the blazes do they
mean?

Why, the credit of the country is nothin' but Gombeen!

Oh if the struggling grocers are defrauded of their due,
Let it remind them of the way King John oppressed
the Jew!

So let us hope the Holy Pope will issue a decree

To fix five shillings as the price for iv'ry pound of tea.

Whin laws can stop the Guinnesses from brewin' anny
stout,

An' whin the Fates make Willie Yeats a Unionist Boy
Scout,

Then I'll desert the Shylocks that keep the country lean,
But till that day I'll bolster up the rule of King Gombeen.

THE ANTI-ENGLISH ENGLISHMAN

'FROM Polar seas to torrid climes,
 Where'er the trace of man is found,
 What common feeling marks our kind,
 And sanctifies each spot of ground ?
 What virtue in the human heart
 The proudest tribute can command ?
 The dearest, purest, holiest, best,
 The lasting love of Fatherland.' *

Then who is he who would deface
 The scutcheon of his country's fame ?
 Who calls each conquest a disgrace,
 Each victory the veriest shame ?
 One wretch alone on earth you'll meet,
 Though all the universe you scan,
 So steeped in treason and deceit,
 The Anti-English Englishman.

* From Harkan's *Anti-Irish Irishman*.

Where'er he goes he subtly sows
The dragon-teeth of civil strife ;
Each hidden smart with deadly art
He probes anew to festering life.
Were England stripped of power, and laid
Beneath a universal ban,
He'd meet the prospect undismayed,
The Anti-English Englishman.

Where treason teems and hate is hot,
He finds his true, his native soil,
And keeps the rank Rebellion-pot
For ever on the over-boil.
What, with our deadliest foeman close,
And charge triumphant in our van ?
He'd rather fly with England's foes,—
The Anti-English Englishman.

'Tis his unnatural task to breach
His country's walls and lay them low,
And then in rounded phrase to preach
Submission to a savage foe.
Majuba's height was his delight,
That peace-at-all-price partisan ;
He'd have us yield in every field,
The Anti-English Englishman.

The anarchist from o'er the wave
Steered his fell bark to Erin's beach,
And, leagued with every native knave,
Preyed on her life-blood like a leech.
Who clasped that parricidal hand?
Who all the recreant crew outran?
The blackest of that baneful band,—
The Anti-English Englishman.

Yet, Erin, hope! Thy tyrant's reign
Is reeling at the righteous blast,
The monstrous shadows flee amain,
The judgment day is dawning fast.
Oh! then shall Heav'n's high wrath consume
With all his misbegotten clan,
O'erwhelmed in dark untimely doom,
The Anti-English Englishman.

THE PEACOCK

A Journalistic Apologue.

THE peacock is a gorgeous fowl,
Far more resplendent than the owl,
Who, gazing on the peacock's tail,
With envy suddenly turns pale.

I also, when I see him stalk
Along some stately terrace walk,
Admire his iridescent hue
And share the owl's point of view.

His radiant plumes my eyes rejoice,
But, if he should uplift his voice,
Scared by his vile falsetto squeals,
I take instanter to my heels.

Now there are human peacocks too,
A highly decorative crew,
Distinguished by their 'mighty pens'
From common barndoor cocks and hens.

And when the human peacock's shriek
Is only heard but once a week
The six days' rest that comes between
Restores us to a mood serene.

But, when the bird elects to preach
In his inflammatory screech
Not merely on one day but seven,
It makes a Hades of a Heaven.

His predecessors plied the pen
Of gentlemen for gentlemen;
Now other times bring other ways,
And peacocks pontify to jays.

APPRECIATIONS

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

1816-1909

LET the theme of loyal service other pens engage ;
 Let them praise the friend of Rulers, counsellor firm
 and sage,
 Laud the art wherewith you echoed in our English
 tongue
 Golden voices from the ages when the world was young ;
 Be it ours in grateful homage to recall the lays
 Chanted by the good Bon Gaultier in his salad days.

Sixty years have passed since Aytoun joined your gay
 crusade—
 Dicky Doyle and Leech and Crowquill lending you their
 aid—
 Sixty years have passed since *Fhairshon* swore his
 famous feud,
 Since the flight of *Gomersalez* wondrously pursued ;
 Yet although our lives be moulded by a different rule,
 Still the cap you deftly fashioned fits the modern fool.

Comrade of our 'roaring 'forties,' in your pages still
From the midmost fount of laughter may we drink our
fill—

Watch you, Rabelais' disciple, sunshine in your eyes,
Shooting with an aim unerring folly as it flies.

Punch, '1900.

SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER

Born, 1850. Died, December 29, 1910.

DOWERED with the glamour of his native isle
 That fired his tongue and lit his ardent gaze,
 That lent enchantment to his radiant smile,
 And grace to all his ways;

He spread the light of Hellas, holding high
 The torch of learning with a front serene,
 A living witness of the powers that lie
 Within the golden mean.

And whether in the groves of Academe,
 Or where contending factions strive and strain
 In the mid-current of life's turbid stream,
 His honour knew no stain.

Heedless of self, he played a knightly part,
 Bowing to none but Duty's stern decrees.
Nil peccavisti unquam, noble heart,
Nisi quod mortuus es.

TO T. E. PAGE

Lines written for a gathering of his friends.

DEAR Page, you see us gathered here,
In friendly but informal session,
To mark the closing of the year
That severs you from your profession ;
Some who can only claim at best
The tie of friendship as late comers,
And some whose love has stood the test
Of more than five-and-thirty summers.

The pedagogue too often plays
The humble rôle of gerund-grinder ;
Of that great calling's nobler traits
We hail in you a live reminder ;
Not seeking to constrain or cramp
Your pupils with pedantic fetters,
But lightening, with wisdom's lamp,
Their outlook upon life and letters.

You first unlocked the golden spell,
For many a philistine Carthusian,
That lives within the Mantuan shell,
Or lurks within the fount Bandusian.
With you they shared the hopes and fears
Of the 'divine long-suff'ring' roamer:
You opened first their alien ears
To organ-voiced, great-hearted Homer.

We elders too, whose classics grow
More rusty as our heads grow hoary,
Still feel the ancient fervour glow
When you recall their morning glory.
Once more the Theban train sweeps by;
Once more the Siren voices lull us;
Once more we hearken to the cry
Wrung from the heart-strings of Catullus.

You have not swum into the ken
Of those who run the picture papers,
And form their estimates of men
Less on their merits than their capers.
What should they know of such as you,
A class now daily growing fewer,
Who do their duty and eschew
All traffic with the interviewer?

Too simple to assume a pose,
Too fine a critic to be precious,
With lucid, unaffected prose
You intermittently refresh us :
For there are editors who, vexed
By literary affectation,
Find in your articles a text
Incapable of emendation.

Whatever things are void of stain,
Whatever things are true and tender,
Have ever found in you a sane,
A staunch, a chivalrous defender.
Stern in rebuke when party spite
Outruns the dictates of decorum,
And when presumptuous fools show fight
A very *malleus stultorum*.

Though you are freed from school routine—
Iam rude merito donatus—
And must in many a well-known scene
Create a much-deplored hiatus,
Yet shall you in retirement find
The prelude to some high endeavour,
And reap the harvest of a mind
That sought the best and sought it ever.

November 26, 1910.

TO JOHN BUCHAN

JOHN, you awe-inspiring wizard,
Whose indomitable quill
Stirs me to the very gizzard
With sheer envy of its skill—
Bear with me, although I bore you,
While my thoughts at random flow
Backward to the days before you
Joined our Fathers of the Row.

Fresh from Oxford, like an eagle
You came soaring up to town,
And amid the highest legal
Luminaries settled down.
Africa then laid her fetters
On you for two crowded years,
Till the love of life and letters
Drew you home to join your peers.

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

Ev'ry Tuesday morn, careering
 Up the stairs with flying feet,
 You would burst upon us, cheering
 Wellington's funereal street,
 Fresh as paint, though you'd been 'railing'
 Up from Scotland all the night,
 Or had just returned from scaling
 Some appalling Dolomite.

Did we want a sprightly middle
 On the humour of the Kirk?
 Or a reading of the riddle
 Set in Bergson's latest work?
 Did we want to show that Paley's
 Views were based on *πάντα ῥεῖ*?
 Or to prove that capercaillies
 Nested in the Isle of Skye?

All the needful information
 You had got from A to Z,
 With a wealth of apt quotation
 Under each and ev'ry head;
 Whether lifted from Longinus,
 Or from Khammurabi's Code,
 Or Matt Arnold's Mycerinus,
 Or an Epinikian Ode.

Pundit, publicist and jurist ;
 Statistician and divine ;
Mystic, mountaineer and purist
 In the high financial line ;
Prince of journalistic sprinters—
 Swiftest that I ever knew—
Never did you keep the printers
 Longer than an hour or two.

Then, too, when the final stages
 Of our weekly task drew nigh,
You would come and pass the pages
 With a magisterial eye :
Seldom pausing, save to smoke a
 Cigarette at half-past one,
When you quaffed a cup of Mocha
 And devoured a penny bun.

Yet these labours multifarious,
 Calling for the strength of ten,
Only proved, though vast and various,
 Mere parerga for your pen,
Leaving you abundant leisure
 To portray the eerie Celt,
Or to win romantic treasure
 From the magic of the veld.

But to higher posts and greater
You were destined to succeed,
And you quitted us to cater
For the Million's mental need ;
Culture in a stream unending
From your portals pouring forth
And a richer lustre lending
To the ' Nelsons and the North.'

Still I hope with kindly feeling
You recall the days of yore,
When I watched you gaily reeling
Off your folios by the score ;
Self-effacing, self-suppressing
When your elder took the reins,
Though at half his age possessing
Twice and more than twice his brains.

TO HANS RICHTER

A Valedictory Ode in Rhymed Prose.

RICHTER! for nearly five-and-thirty years
 A household word, a name to conjure with,
 Familiar in all music-lovers' ears
 As the all-British Smith,
 The hour at last has struck when we must part.
 Yet, ere you cross the Channel foam
 To your Viennese home
Am Donaustrande, where of yore Mozart,
 Schubert and Beethoven, and later Brahms,
 Strove and endured and won immortal palms—
 Bear with a humble rhymer for a space,
 While he endeavours to rehearse,
 In unmelodious verse,
 The debt we owe you, last of the Olympian race.
 Majestically sane,
 You more than any other reconciled
 Our insular ears to Wagner's surging strain,
 Till those who held the *Ring*
 A quite unholy thing,
 Or *Tristan* furiously reviled,

And found it less harmonious than a blizzard,
Owned at the last the magic of the wizard.

And yet you never spurned

The ancient ways, or turned

From your allegiance to the mighty Nine,
Beethoven's children, deathless and divine.

Impartial worshipper of the new and old,

Ranging from Bach to Strauss

(Richard, the overbold,

Who loves to make our blood, like his, run cold)

You had the *nous*

To cater with an equally good will

Alike for Brahmsian and for Wagnerite,

And all conflicting factions to unite

In common admiration of your skill.

Beloved at once by amateurs and pro's—

Like W.G., whom ev'rybody knows,

The other Doctor famed for scores,

Who, like you, used to count in threes and fours—

You always kept your band

In the capacious hollow of your hand.

For who could challenge orders giv'n by one

Who knew exactly all that could be done

By reed or strings or brass,

And never let a blunder uncorrected pass ?

Conductors for the most part (so 'twas said
About von Bülow, but the saying fits
No less your memory and your wits)
Keep their heads always in the score :
You, steeped in lyric and symphonic lore,
Could keep the score entirely in your head.

No more, alas ! at least in this our isle,
Will rash trombonists, if they miss a cue,
Be grievously cast down
By the great Doctor's frown ;
Or if they give it, prompt and clear and true,
Be raised to rapture by the Doctor's smile.
No more will our orchestral players find
A long rehearsal's tedious grind
Enlivened by the sudden lightning flash
Of humorous rebuke, or feel the lash
Of satire stinging in some mordant phrase,
Or smite the stars uplifted by your frugal praise.

And yet, while tempering your rule
With seasonable mirth, you never played the fool.
Mindful of dignity in ev'ry action—
Unlike those *virtuosi* who on *outré* vesture
Rely, or on extravagance of gesture,
Or mainly on capillary attraction—

You let no affectation mar your mien
Grand, leonine, serene ;
But swayed your hearers by the triple dower
Of sympathy, simplicity, and power.

March 18, 1911.

TO ALGERNON ASHTON, ESQ.

On Resuming his Quill.

ALGERNON, whose long cessation
 From epistolary toil
 Sport for all the British nation
 Threatened utterly to spoil.

Now with every nerve and sinew
 We unanimously bless
 Your decision to continue
 Writing letters to the Press.

At the memorable tidings
 All the autumn landscape smiles :
 Joy illumines Yorkshire's Ridings,
 Mirth convulses Scilly's Isles ;

Cheerfulness returns to Woking,
 Gilding the sepulchral scene ;
 And a mood of gentle joking
 Shows itself at Kensal Green.

For they know their fame funereal
Will its pride of place regain
Buttressed by your magisterial,
Massive, monumental brain.

When you would not send them copy
Editors grew pale and thin ;
Now they emulate the poppy
As your screeds come rolling in.

Frowns desert the face of Buckle
As he wades through Howorth's reams ;
Northcliffe condescends to chuckle,
Burnham positively beams.

As your praises forth are carolled,
Ancient foes their strife forgo ;
Hyndman eulogises Harold
Cox, and Strachey, Captain Coe.

Garvin fervently embraces
Baron Courtney of Penwith,
While John Redmond goes to races
Arm-in-arm with F. E. Smith.

TO ALGERNON ASHTON, ESQ.

41

Deans, too glad to be decorous,
Fraternise with sandwichmen,
As they chant in tones sonorous,
‘Algernon’s himself again!’

November 8, 1911.

TO THE RUSSIAN DANCERS

MEMBERS of the Russian ballet, spring-heeled Jacks
and spring-toed Jills,
As I ponder on your prowess, so provocative of thrills,
Admiration mixed with anguish my dyspeptic bosom
fills.

Nightly you have made us welcome to a wondrous
colour feast
Steeped in all the subtle magic of the immemorial East ;
Primitive you are, but never vulgar in the very least.

Every set and every section—priggish, human, dowdy,
smart—
Has succumbed to the seduction of your many-sided
art :
You have danced your way completely into England's
solid heart.

Hitherto the serious artist viewed the ballet with disdain
As an operatic nuisance, neither relevant nor sane :
But you never lend your talent to embellish the inane.

You have risen to your highest in the most exacting
themes ;
You have lent a living lustre to the charm of Schumann's
dreams ;
Thanks to you the glow of Chopin's fancy all the brighter
gleams.

All the stars, O Karsavina, danced deliriously in space
At your natal hour and twinkled greetings to the human
race
On the advent of a mortal gifted with such elfin grace.

Surely in your veins, Nijinsky, nothing but quicksilver
flows,
Indefatigable owner of the most fantastic toes—
How I love your flying exit in *The Spectre of the Rose* !

Yet, O Muscovite magicians, reapers of a rich renown,
Agile sons of the opossum, daughters of the thistle-down,
There's a melancholy aspect to your conquest of the town.

You have heard your praises shouted till you cannot
choose but blush ;
Saponaceous scribes have hailed you with sophisticated
gush ;
And the great arch-lubricator has beslavered you with
slush.

With a quite unerring instinct for the things that do not
count,
They have dwelt upon your jewels, on your salaries'
amount,
Soiling with their sordid fingers beauty's very midmost
fount.

Minor bards (myself included) have bombarded you
with rhymes ;
Jokes about your names will figure in the London
pantomimes ;
Bernard Shaw will analyse you in the columns of the
Times.

Worst of all, 'tis lately rumoured that the mænads of
Mayfair
Are determined to establish Mordkin as their master
there,
Hoping in a dozen lessons with Pavlova to compare.

Still, though sad infatuation you inspire in human
geese,
Level-headed normal persons—like the writer of this
piece—
May indulge in panegyric when your entertainments
cease.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE MAGPIES

Variations on a Theme by Praed.

[Written for the farewell concert of the Magpie Madrigal Society, in June 1911.]

Good night to the Magpies! Together
 No more shall we meet to rehearse;
 We have come to the end of our tether,
Anno Domini bids us disperse.
 As omens of joy and of sorrow
 We still shall be seen on the wing,
 But under the ensign of Commodore Benson
 No more shall we muster to sing.

Good night to the Magpies!—the meetings,
 Preceded by five o'clock tea,
 With amiable gossip and greetings,
 Informal and cheerful and free;
 The organs that moved us to fury,
 By starting to play in the street,
 And the hats of the ladies we wished were at Hades,
 For blocking our view of the beat

Good night to the Magpies!—the growlers,
Who craved a more frivolous fare ;
The erring *soprani*, whose ‘ howlers ’
Aroused our conductor’s despair ;
The tenors, whose talent for sinking
Stung his sensitive ear to the quick ;
And the recreant *basso*, who failed in the Lasso
To rivet his eye on the stick.

Good night to the Magpies!—the treasures
Of choice madrigalian lore ;
The primitive modes and the measures
That Philistines voted a bore ;
The words, so outlandish that Curtis
Their sense couldn’t always declare ;
But we sang them, though frisky, and possibly risky,
Without ever turning a hair !

Good night to the Magpies!—to Phyllis,
And all of the pastoral train ;
Diaphenia, fair Amaryllis,
And the shepherds who brave their disdain.
To ditties of amorous import,
To elegies, sonnets, and psalms ;
And, last, to the magic, now melting, now tragic,
That bound us for ever to Brahms.

Good night to the Magpies! *Valete!*

It greatly enhances our grief,
As each mag bids farewell to his matey,
To part from our excellent Chief.
How he bore with our faults and our follies,
It fills me with perfect amaze;
Eternally youthful, and terribly truthful,
And fearfully frugal of praise!

Good night to the magpies! No longer
This choir will be marshalled and led.

Another and maybe a stronger
Will rise and will reign in its stead.

Will its ladies be proner to chatter?

Its basses sing better at sight?

Will its tenors sing flatter or sharper?—no matter:

Good night to the Magpies—good night!

HOLIDAY RHYMES

NORFOLK

A Study in County Characteristics.

NORFOLK, although no mountain ranges
 Girdle your plains with a bastioned height,
 Yet is your landscape rich in changes,
 Filling the eye with delight—
 Heathclad uplands and lonely dingles,
 Slow streams stealing through level meads,
 Flats where the marsh with the ocean mingles,
 Meres close guarded by sentinel reeds.

Never a mile but some church-tower hoary
 Stands for a witness, massive and tall,
 How men furthered God's greater glory—
 Blakeney and Cley and Sall.
 Never a village but in its borders
 Signs of a stormy past remain,
 Walls that were manned by Saxon warders,
 Barrows that guard the bones of the Dane.

Deep in your heart Rome left her traces,
Normans held your manors in fee,
Italy lent you her Southern graces,
Dutchmen bridled your sea.
Flemings wove you their silks and woollens,
Romany magic still to you clings,
And the fairest daughter of all the Bullens
Blent your blood with that of your Kings.

Yours are the truest names in England—
Overy Staithe and Icknield Way,
Waveney River, Ringmere, and Ringland,
Wymondham and Wormegay.
Land of windmills and brown-winged wherries
Gliding along with the gait of Queens;
Land of the Broads, the dykes, and the ferries,
Land of the Sounds, the Brecks, the Denes.

Gipsy lore, the heart of his stories,
Borrow gleaned in his Norwich home.
Broadland, aflame with sunset glories,
Fired the vision of Crome.
Tombland's echo throughout the pages
Of Browne like a stately Requiem runs;
Nelson, 'a name to resound for ages,'
Crowns the roll of your hero sons.

NAIRNSHIRE IN JULY

LONG ere to moor and river the lordly sportsman flies
 To regulate his liver with outdoor exercise,
 Unfashionably early from Euston forth I speed,
 And quit town's hurly-burly to wander North of Tweed.

Not mine the joys of stalking the monarch of the glens,
 With much laborious walking over the Cairns and Bens ;
 Such sumptuous recreations are far beyond my means ;
 I spend my brief vacations mid less exalted scenes.

Yet though bereft of treasures which wealth and speed
 bestow,
 We humble have our pleasures and do not deem them
 slow.

We golf, we bathe, we ramble ; we turn our tint to bronze,
 And spread, with jam of bramble, innumerable scones.

I cherish no ambition the countryside to scour
 With odorous expedition at sixty miles an hour :
 Mine is the scent of clover, the breath of new-mown hay,
 As on my trusty ' Rover ' I trundle down the brae.

Mine is the foxglove raising its white and purple spires,
 Mine is the broom all blazing with countless golden fires,
 Mine is the sunset glory that turns the Black Isle bright,
 And mine the mist-wreath hoary that veils it from our
 sight.

.

Though sparing of Glenlivet and other kindred drinks,
 I carved the frequent divot, O Nairn, upon thy links,
 Till in a Scottish lassie, whose method of approach
 Reminded me of Massy, I found a model coach.

O amiable Miss Elsie! the mem'ry of your grace,
 Although I fly to Chelsea, time never shall efface.
 Your mien was fresh and vernal, your figure slim and *svelte*,
 And yet you hit your 'Colonel' a most prodigious welt!

Nor should I fail to mention the charms of Dulsie Bridge,
 Where, braving the attention of the incisive midge,
 Nairn's eligible daughters repair for lunch or tea,
 And Findhorn's wooded waters wind darkling to the sea.

And yet this noble nation, once feared of all its foes,
 Signs of degeneration occasionally shows;
 For in the lonest shieling—O Scotland fair but false!—
 The very babes are squealing the 'Merry Widow' waltz.

Where forth to war and pillage erstwhile the clansmen
leaped,
I visited a village Jemimaville ycleped ;
And when a Cockney ' flapper ' donned recently a kilt,
Though many longed to slap her, her blood remained
unspilt.

O Sandy, sadly erring from your ancestral ways,
And foolishly preferring new-fangled alien lays,
With unexpected meekness you greet each foreign fraud,
And welcome, to your weakness, impostors from abroad.

.

Alas ! with lightning fleetness my holiday slips past ;
One never knows its sweetness until the very last ;
This afternoon with sorrow I leave the North behind,
And in the Strand to-morrow resume the usual grind.

But when my body's pining 'neath London's smoky pall,
Or when the sun is shining down like a brazen ball
On flags that glow like lava, in spirit I'll return
Across the moor by Dava or by the Muckle Burn.

NEW FRUITS FOR OLD

[Mr. Boyle in the *Cornhill* expatiates on the delights of a number of unfamiliar fruits, including the tarippe, the cherimoya, the langsat, the rambi, the guango, the mandaroit, and the bododo.]

O I am aweary of all the ancient fruits—
The apple, the pear, yea, even the velvet peach,
And when I behold them, any or all or each,
My heart sinks down to the bottom of both my boots.

The strawberry once I loved, but strawberries pall ;
I love the nectarine still, but the only time
When the taste of the nectarine touches a height
sublime
Is when you pluck it fresh from a sun-kissed wall.

Time was when the orange attracted my callow lips,
And the lemon blended with soda merited praise,
But the glamour of both has waned in my latter days,
For they break my heart with their everlasting pips.

No, the ancient fruits no more my allegiance claim,
And I long for something that is not obsolete,
‘With a flavour of Will-o’-the-wisp,’ yet not too sweet,
And above all owning a weird, exotic name.

Such qualities, I am sure, must be enshrined
In the heart of the delicate, elegant tarippe.
I can fancy its juices adown my gullet slip
Like a river of liquid gold quadruply refined.

And the name of the cherimoya my soul arrides,
Recalling the whisper of muted Æolian strings,
Or the melodies sung at the courts of elfin kings,
Or the lapping at dusk of dim Lethean tides.

Why should the langsat afar in a tropic land
Waste all its sweetness on savages forlorn,
While I with palate unsated in London mourn?—
This, this is a thing no fellow can understand!

Could I but feast, in a humble catamaran,
On the rambi, what measures divine would flow from
my pen!
What deeds would I do, unknown to mortal ken,
Inspired by the guango or even the jintawan!

O why are our Bristol magnates grown so keen
On shipping bananas alone to the Severn shore,
When the throats of men like me are thirsting sore
For the sweets of the mandarait and the mangosteen ?

O bring us the cool bododo, for which I pant,
Give us the luing, and, ringed with an aureole,
Your name shall blaze on Pomona's golden scroll
As her truest and most devoted hierophant.

July 1, 1908.

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER'S DITTY

WHEN I'm annually hunted
 Out of town by need of change,
 I'm consistently confronted
 By a problem passing strange.
 There are scores of charming places
 Where I'd gladly love to stay,
 But the folk who inundate them,
 Desecrate and permeate them,
 With their hats and boots and faces,
 Fill my heart with dire dismay.

Thus, for instance, if to Cromer
 I repair, and on the shore,
 Like a civilised beach-comber
 Revel in the ocean's roar,
 Though the good Cromerians fire me
 With no hatred of my kind,
 Countless hordes from other regions,
 Liverpudlians and Glaswegians,
 Irresistibly inspire me
 With a fury black and blind.

Or, again, if I and Lucy—
 Lucy is my second wife—
Take our tickets for Kingussie,
 Or frequent the hills of Fife,
Though the Scottish folk delight me
 With their scones and baps and brose,
Cockneys all around us clamber
(Like so many flies in amber),
Knickerbockered trippers blight me
 With their highly coloured hose.

Cambria's charms anon allure me,
 But, no matter where I hie,
No precautions can secure me
 Uninvaded privacy.
Though I stretch myself *sub Jove*
 On Llyn Cwellyn's gloomy shores,
Swarms from Bootle and from Bowdon
Occupy the heights of Snowdon,
Taint the air of Aberdovey,
 Picnic on the Fachs and Fawrs.

Yesteryear my way I wended,
 Viâ Fishguard and Rosslare.
Bent, in isolation splendid,
 On inhaling Erin's air.

But, alas ! I found at Blarney
All the trippers that I loathe,
And they made fair Rosapenna
Quite a miniature Gehenna,
And they Cockneyfied Killarney,
Vulgarised the Hill of Howth.

Failing with this crux (*bac cruce*)
Adequately else to cope,
Far afield have I and Lucy
Now determined to elope ;
And, to end this doleful story
In a less disgruntled style,
Since upon all home excursions
We must meet our pet aversions,
We are off to Ruwenzori
And the Sources of the Nile.

July 15, 1908.

COUNTRY *v.* CLUB

DEAR Jack, if rumour speaks aright
And you've put off your annual flight
 To Inverness until September,
And haven't gone to the Isle of Wight—

Come out of London's fumes and reeks,
O clubman of the pallid cheeks,
 Desert Pall Mall and Piccadilly,
And stay with us for a couple of weeks.

We can offer you little except repose ;
But beyond the paddock a trout-stream flows,
 And in the lane that borders the garden
No scent of petrol affronts the nose.

Our style of living is not tip-top,
But you're neither epicure nor fop,
 And you shall have the prophet's chamber
As long as ever you care to stop.

I own that most of the reasons I give
To tempt you hither are negative,
But it *is* a boon that no fat stockbrokers
Within our six-mile radius live.

The boys are home from Rugby. Hugh
Already is quite as tall as you ;
Jack goes to Oxford in October,
With hopes of winning a football blue.

Maud's skirts are lengthened—she calls them
'trains' ;
Her hair, the most rebellious of manes,
Is now put up, and she gives good promise
Of passable looks as well as brains.

If you hanker after a life of ease,
We'll sling you a hammock under the trees,
Where little is heard from morn till even
Except the drowsy murmur of bees.

If games allure, our friend the Dean,
Next-door, has a capital bowling green ;
Or Maud will take you on at tennis,
And give you probably half-fifteen.

There's cricket, too, in the village; Cobb,
My coachman, trundles a curly lob;
Your godson Jack's a lusty smiter,
And *I* don't always get out for a 'blob.'

Well, come if you can, and let it be soon,
For, though the landscape is best in June,
You're not too late to see the glory
Of ripe wheat under an August moon;

To witness, unaided by costly mummery
Or wigs, or any sort of flummery,
The finest pageant that England offers—
The country arrayed in a garb still summery.

A WANDERER IN WALES

CROSSING o'er the English borders
 By my worthy doctor's orders,
 Well equipped with home-spun raiment ;
 Gold, to make immediate payment ;
 Fully armed likewise with divers
 Weapons—fishing-rods and drivers,
 Niblick, putter, cleek, and baffy ;
 Thus I went to call on Taffy.

Disappointments not a few
 Lent my trip a sombre hue.
 For I never saw Corelli
 At Llandudno or Pwllheli ;
 Did not see Shaw take a header
 In the sight of all Llanbedr ;
 Did not run against Mackinnon
 Wood, M.P., by Llyn or Ffynnon ;
 Did not meet with Donald Tovey
 On the links of Aberdovey ;

Failed to recognise Count Haynau
In the environs of Blaenau ;
Or encounter Baron Wrangel
In the streets of Llanfihangel ;
Did not pluck the wild persimmon
On the summit of Plynllymmon ;
Did not hear the voice of ' Mabon '
On the platform of Ruabon ;
Never saw, worst blow of all,
Raven-Hill at Raven Fall.
Subject to these reservations
Wales, throughout my divagations,
Answered all my expectations.
Ordered specially to ' slack it,'
And avoid all needless racket,
Soon I found that Cambria's railways
Were the very best of snailways.
Further, that this land of quiet
Offered me a varied diet.
Thus I sampled fair Portmadoc's
Admirable shrimps and haddocks,
And appeased a mighty twist with
Mutton pies at Aberystwith ;
Lunched off lamb and peas and lettuce
At the hostelry of Bettws ;

Mingled ham and eggs and shandy-
Gaff beside the Mill of Pandy ;
And partook of beer and trifle
On the cairn that crowns Yr Eifl.

For the rest, my Welsh impressions
Justified my prepossessions.
Though the trippers' ways at Barmouth
Much reminded me of Yarmouth,
Vocalists I heard at Bala
Worthy of Milan's 'La Scala.'
Though the Merioneth 'Terrier'
Should be more to make us merrier,
Still the walls of Harlech stand
Frowning over mead and strand ;
Still the ancient songs that stirred
Heroes to the fight are heard ;
Still the old enchantment clings
To the ruined halls of kings ;
Still amid her hills and vales
Throbs the unconquered heart of Wales.

TO MARS IN OPPOSITION

THE strings had ceased, and with their strain
(Mozart, the ever fresh and tender)
Still ringing sweetly in my brain
I stole into a Sussex lane,
 A much-refreshed week-ender,
When suddenly there met my sight
A scene so excellently bright
As made mere musical delight
 Its sovranty surrender.

I never saw my friend the Bear
 Or any other starry cluster,
The Pleiads in their tangled lair,
Or Cassiopeia in her chair,
 Shine with a larger lustre.
But dwarfing all the other stars,
As Peter dwarfed the other Tsars,
The sanguine disc of mighty Mars
 Outshone the astral muster.

Portentous planet, on whose face
The telescope of Schiaparelli,
Through myriad myriad miles of space,
Enables us canals to trace
Minute as vermicelli ;
Unhinged by your perturbing spells
Servants omit to answer bells,
And Swears begins to swear at Wells
And Shaw to flatter Shelley.

Although not usually prone
To harbour vulgar superstitions,
To see you on a sudden grown
To such prodigious bulk, I own,
Excites my worst suspicions.
Are you encouraging Lloyd George
Fresh fiscal instruments to forge
To make unhappy Dukes disgorge
Their dearest acquisitions ?

In ages past you stirred the feud
Of Fatimite against Abassid,
And co-religionists imbrued
With gore, although their attitude
Was previously placid.

And now you turn poor Mr. Ure,
Who formerly was quite demure,
Into a perfect stream of pure
Financial Uric acid.

Your baleful influence is the *fons*
Of recent female revolutions,
Transforming Sylphs to Amazons
With hearts of steel and brows of bronze
And iron constitutions,
Who wrestle with the men in blue
(A thing that I should hate to do)
And harmless Ministers pursue
With endless persecutions.

Sleek Haldane, mildest-mannered sage
That e'er translated Schopenhauer,
Now pores on Clausewitz's page
And, goaded by a martial rage,
Bears witness to your power.
While smug McKenna, spurred to roam
In fighting kit across the foam,
Now never feels himself at home
Save in a conning-tower.

All classes by your lurid lamp
Are led astray, from dukes to tinkers ;
You aggravate the common scamp
And force philosophers to ramp
Like dissipated rinkers.
Who shall escape your deadly glare
Which causes panic ev'rywhere
And strikes us pink, unless he wear
Perpetually blinkers ?

Balcombe, Sept. 18, 1909.

BREAKING-UP SONG

Now when we feel the ties that bind us
Slacken awhile at the call of Home,
Leaving our modern science behind us
Leaving the lore of ancient Rome ;
Ere we depart to enjoy for a season
Freedom from regular work and rules,
Come let us all, in rhyme and reason,
Honour the best of schools.

Here's to our Founder, whose ancient bounty
Freely bestowed with a pious care,
Fostered the youth of his native county,
Gave us a name we are proud to bear.
Here's to his followers, wise gift-makers,
Friends who helped when our numbers were few,
Widened our walls and enlarged our acres,
Stablished the School anew.

Here's to our Head, in whom all centres,
Ruling his realm with a kindly sway ;
Here's to the Masters, our guides and mentors
Helpers in work and comrades in play.
Here's to the Old Boys, working their way up
Out in the world on the ladder of Fame ;
Here's to the New Boys, learning to play up,
Yes, and to play the game.

Time will bring us our seasons of trial,
Seasons of joy when our ship arrives,
Yet, whatever be writ on his dial,
Now is the golden hour of our lives.
Now is the feast spread fair before us ;
None but slackers or knaves or fools
Ever shall fail to join our chorus,
' Here's to the best of schools ! '

STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP

LYRA INEPTIARUM

*Dedicated to the compiler of the 'Great Thoughts' of Ella
Wheeler Wilcox.*

ALTRUISM

UP through the soil, serenely singing
Excelsior! with all its might,
 Each Brussel-sprout its mate is bringing
 (One little sprout were a lonely sight!).

ASPIRATION

Our souls come from far, far away,
 From planet to planet they flit,
 But I'd like while I stay in this casket of clay
 Some luminous thoughts to emit.

CULPABLE OMISSIONS

I

Green peas, sent up without potatoes,
 Are like a babe with only eight toes;
 And lamb, reft of the magic of mint-sauce,
 Recalls a Christmas *minus* Santa Claus.

II

Hamlet, without the Royal Prince,
Makes the fastidious critic wince.
An omelette, made without an egg,
Is like a tent without a peg.

HEARTS

Each human being has a heart
And is not meant to dwell apart ;
But him as friend I chiefly prize
Whose heart is of the largest size.

HOME TRUTHS

Over and over and over
These truths will I say and sing,
That a wandering life befits a rover,
That a bell when pulled should ring :
That it's better to dine
At eight than at nine,
That a pong is a part of a ping ;
That the morning precedes the afternoon,
That the sun gives forth more heat than the
moon,
That a throne is the seat of a king.

LIFE'S IRONY

By chance and not by patient toil
Men build up their Bonanzas,
But I spend butts of midnight oil
Upon my simple stanzas.

LOVE AND HATE

Would you make a little Eden
Of the pew you occupy?
Then resolve to view your neighbour
With no malice in your eye.
If your enemy's down-hearted,
Pat him kindly on the *tête*,
And with coals of sudden kindness
You will pulverise his hate.

MAGNANIMITY

The man who, when his deadliest foe
Is lying prostrate in the gutter,
Will bravely go
And offer him his last, his only pat of butter—
He is the primest specimen, I ween,
And makes the very Cherubim seem mean!

NEW AND OLD

New thoughts are like new boots, they gall and
 hurt you ;
 Old thoughts brace up the soul and right
 the wrong ;
 It is the modern poet's greatest virtue
 To clothe soul-shaking platitudes in song.

OPTIMISM THE BEST POLICY

The man who makes a molehill of a mountain
 Has earned a bath in the Pierian fountain.
 The man who makes a mountain of a molehill,
 At golf will always play the crucial hole ill.

OUTSIDE *v.* INSIDE*

Do not measure by externals,
 Handsome is that handsome does ;
 Nuts are tested by their kernels,
 Bees are better than their buzz.

* Idem Latine reddidit lepidissimus auctor T. H. W.

Intra conspicias ; te nil externa morentur ;
 Qui belle faciat, Cotile, bellus homo est.
 Nil valere nuces quæ tantum cortice pollent,
 Nec bona semper erit quæ bene mussat apis.

SIMPLICITY

However full this crowded world,
There's always room for a simple bard.
It had need of me, or I would not be,
I am here to make things less hard,
And to extricate poor souls from drowning
In the abysses of Robert Browning.

SMILE'S SELF-HELP

Smile a little, smile a little
As you go along ;
Even though your kine be kittle
And your bones are growing brittle,
Smiling makes them strong.

Not alone when things are booming,
But when grief's incessant glooming
Ties you up in kinks,
Smile—'tis better than consuming
Alcoholic drinks.

SODA-WATER

With my exhilarating bubbles
I wash away a world of troubles.
I set the sodden toper free
From all the horrors of D.T. ;
And all are better for knowing me.

UPS AND DOWNS

Just as a shoe must have two
Kinds of leathers,
Its unders and its uppers ;
So life has ups and downs
Of varied weathers—
Its Miltons and its Tupper's

LINES TO MR. SHOLES

With apologies to Edward Lear.

['C.K.S.' complains in *The Sphere* that the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* recently wrote a letter to him addressed to 'C. K. Sholes.' He also mentions that in a paragraph, which has gone the round of a number of papers, reference is made to his 'rubicund visage and Paderewski-like *coiffure*.']

How pleasant to know Mister Sholes,
 Who writes such adorable stuff
 On bookmen and bibliopoles
 That we never can thank him enough!

His industry matches the mole's;
 His pen is unending in flux;
 Smart people he never extols,
 Though he's written a book about Bucks.

His eyes are as keen as a vole's;
 His figure is perfectly Spherical;
 His singing of gay barcarolles
 Makes a musical audience hysterical.

He never has been to the Poles ;
In summer he drinks lemon-squash ;
He frowns upon Anglican stoles ;
The name of his dog is FitzPosh.

On Sundays he commonly bowls
In a taxi to Robertson Nicoll's ;
His favourite oath is ' By Goles ! '
He feeds all his goldfish on pickles.

A thousand-and-one pigeon-holes
In his brain-pan are bursting with knowledge ;
He knows the right sound of St. Aldate's
And has learned to avoid ' Christ Church College.'

He never has dined with Lord Knollys ;
He never goes gambling to Monte,
But he owns two or three parasols
That belonged to the late Charlotte Brontë.

By the shooting of grouse or of goals
His life he has never imperilled ;
He never belonged to the ' Souls,'
But he knows Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

He utters uncountable 'Skoals'
O'er the ruddy Omarian tippie,
And his capers and high caracoles
Make Mordkin appear like a cripple.

He breakfasts on coffee and rolls ;
He lunches off oysters and porter ;
His curls have the blackness of coals—
They're like Paderewski's, but shorter.

So whenever in Fleet Street he strolls,
Policemen look hurriedly up
And cry, 'That's the great Mr. Sholes
Who writes such delectable gup.'

STUDY FOR A POPULAR BALLAD

[With grateful acknowledgments to G. Hubi-Newcombe.]

Won't you come, my dearest girlie,
At the hour of dawning day,
When the dewdrops bright and pearly
Mirror back the Milky Way!
When the owl is gently hooting
On the oleander-tree,
And the nightingale is fluting
Tira lira, tra la lee?
Oh, put on your daintiest kirtle
Ere the turtle dove turns turtle
And the magic of the myrtle
Turns to ashes at our feet;
Come and listen to my pleading
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

Wake and hurry with your toilet,
Little bonnie girlie mine,
Ere the petals of the violet *
 Wither in the noonday shine.
Lo! the world its best apparel
 Has ecstatically donned,
And the song-birds raise their carol
 In your honour, Hildegonde ;
And the kindly cows are mooing
As the cud they're gently chewing,
And the cuckoos are cuckooing
 And the merry lambkins bleat.
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
 For your love that is so sweet.

* Pronounce 'voilet.'

THE GALWAY MARE

Air : Nora O'Neale.

[With fraternal apologies to the author of 'Father O'Flynn.']

IN the course of my wand'rings, from Cong to Kanturk—
 And a man of his honour is Jeremy Burke—
 I've seen many horses, but none, I declare,
 Could compare wid Jack Rafferty's fox-hunting mare.
 She was black as the sut,
 From the head to the fut,
 And as nate in her shapes as a Royal Princess ;
 Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less !

No Arabian charger that's bred in the South
 Had so silky a coat or obaydient a mouth ;
 And her speed was so swift, man alive ! I'd go bail
 She'd slip clane away from the Holyhead mail.

 Her asiest saunther
 Was quick as a canther,
 Her gallop resimbled a lightning express ;
 Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
 'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less !

There was never a fence so conthráry or cruel
But she would conthrive to surmount it, the jewel !
And Jack on her back, widout getting a toss,
Clared ditches, no matther how crabbèd or cross.

An iligant shteppey,
A wondherful lepper—

Don't talk of Bucephalus or of Black Bess—
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less !

They were clifted,* the two of them, Jack and the mare,
Returning one night from the Blackwater fair :
Bad 'cess to that road ! in the worst place of all
There isn't a sign or a taste of a wall.

Sure the Barony's grief
Was beyant all belief—

'Twas the loss of the mare caused the greater disthress ;
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less !

* *Anglice* : ' Fell over a cliff.'

DACTYLOMANIA

METHOUGHT on the uttermost verges
Of earth and the infinite brine
I stood, and gave ear to the dirges
That make desolation divine—
The voice of the wind in its anguish,
The voice of the ocean at play,
And the voices of Sirens who languish
For lack of their prey.

Sleek Harpies, who jousted with Jason,
In multitudes hurried along,
Still booming in soft diapason
Their old Arimasian song ;
While hippogriffs, hotly careering
Athwart the enamelled abyss,
Slid over the azimuth, searing
My heart with their hiss.

And out of the welter advancing
 I saw the great heroes of eld,
 Proconsuls renowned for their prancing
 And tyrants for heads that were swelled ;
 And Sappho was smiling at Cato,
 Who didn't approve of her dress ;
 And Raleigh had peeled a potato
 To pleasure Queen Bess.

O melodies fitful and plangent,
 O mysteries ancient and rare,
 O souls that exhale at a tangent
 Dim wafts of Elysian air !
 Why is it that mortals, unheeding
 The rampart that Reason hath set,
 Contend, with importunate pleading,
 In runes of regret ?

Time dulls the gay tints of to-morrow,
 Time turns the bright falchion to rust,
 And 'tis madness to palter with sorrow
 When joy can be bought for a crust ;
 For Care can resistlessly clamber
 To peaks that are hoary and high,
 And flies that are prisoned in amber
 Must finally die.

Why cannot the amaranth wither ?
The seraphs their splendour refuse ?
Why must I unfailingly blither
Whenever this metre I use ?
For to sense I shall never get back till
I find in the trochee my cure,
And the lilt of the tittuping dactyl
For ever abjure.

TO FREEDOM

From the Romaic of Alexander Soutsos.

ART thou she whom once I joyed to gaze on, beautiful
and brave,

Queen-like in thy purple mantle, in thy hand a flashing
glaive ?

When the eagle crowned thy standards, thy uncon-
querable guide,

And behind thy chariot marching, every son of Hellas
cried,

‘ Lo, my life upon thy altar am I ready to resign,
Freedom, Goddess mine ! ’

On thy path nor thirst nor famine cast our dauntless
courage down,

But with smiles of glad contentment welcomed we the
martyr’s crown ;

And the maidens of Evrotas, o’er the bodies of the slain,
’Mid the pæans of our heroes blended their triumphal
strain,

Till the tombs of our forefathers echoed back thy name
divine,

Freedom, Goddess mine !

Dost thou call to mind the glories of the goodly days of
old,

When our sires, our wives, and children in our legions
were enrolled ?

When Miaoulis homeward bore,
Towing sixty of the foemen's frigates to his native shore!
Till in joy at Hellas' glory laughed the glad Ægæan brine,
Freedom, Goddess mine !

Free, with fealty unplighted,
Neither guile, nor hate, nor envy harboured we, in love
united.

O give back to us, kind Goddess, give us back that golden
time !

Give us back the days of glory, days of chivalry sublime,
In the saintly guise of virtue gliding from thy heavenly
shrine,

Freedom, Goddess mine !

Then the Corcyræan came, and like a smouldering
mount of fire,

Three long years our hapless country underwent affliction
dire ;

Three long years endured his insults, sunk in slavery
and shame,

Till the slumbering fires awakened, bursting into furious
flame,

And the tyrant fell before thee, whelmed in sudden
dark decline,

Freedom, Goddess mine !

Is the lightning quenched for ever that of yore flashed
from thine eyes ?

Set the star of thy first shining, never more again to rise ?

Faded is thy wreath of roses, emblem of thy happier
days,

Halting thy imperial footstep, wild and wildered is thy
gaze.

Woe is me ! no more is valiance, nor the grace of beauty
thine,

Freedom, Goddess mine !

VARIA



MÉLODIE DE SIÈCLE

O Sons of the new generation
 Athirst for inordinate thrills ;
 O daughters, whose love of sensation
 Is shown in your frocks and your frills—
 Come, faithfully answer my queries,
 If you would completely assuage
 The passionate craving that wearies
 Both sinner and sage.

Has Ibsen no power to excite you ?
 Can't Maeterlinck make you applaud ?
 Do dancers no longer delight you,
 Who wriggle about *à la* Maud ?
 Are you tired of the profile of Ainley ?
 The tender falsetto of Tree ?
 Do you envy each bonnet insanely
 That harbours a bee ?

Is the Metchnikoff treatment a failure ?
Do you weep when you miss your short putts ?
Have you ceased with enjoyment to hail your
Diurnal allowance of nuts ?
Are you bored by the leaders of Spender ?
Or cloyed by the pathos of Caine ?
Do you find that 'The Follies' engender
A feeling of *gêne* ?

Are you sick of Sicilian grimaces ?
Unattracted by Chantecler hats ?
Are you weary of Marathon races
And careless in choosing your spats ?
Are you jaded with aeroplaning
And sated with social reform ?
Apathetic alike when it's raining
And when it is warm ?

Do you shy at the strains that are sober ?
Does Wagner no longer inflame ?
Do you find that the music of Auber
And Elgar is equally tame ?
Do you read without blushing or winking
The novels of Elinor Glyn ?
Do you constantly hanker, when rinking,
For draughts of sloe gin ?

If I am correct in divining
The tortures you daily endure,
Don't waste any time in repining,
But try this infallible cure :
With the sharpest of musical *plectra*
Go pluck at your soul till it's raw ;
In a word, go and witness *Elektra*—
Give up the jig-saw.

March 2, 1910.

NORFOLK : ANOTHER VIEW

VISIONS of old that we vainly cherish,
Dim and faint are your forms to-day !
Ancient memories fade and perish,
Ancient houses decay.

Leisurely methods are out of favour,
Villagers follow the City mode,
Rural odours have lost their savour,
Speed and smell are lords of the road.

Welcome, I ween, are the boons you offer,
Norfolk, to all who eschew repose ;
Sporting links for the red-faced golfer
Flaunting his florid hose.
Sands for the matutinal dippers ;
Surf where they tumble and shout and sprawl ;
Sea-fronts blackened with cockney trippers,
Raucous with strains of the music-hall.

Here, no matter the hour you waken,
London papers are out on sale,
Here no hamlet, however forsaken,
Is free from the *Daily Mail*.
Here of yore was the home of the bustard ;
Here were the Peggotty chapters planned ;
Here to-day is the Mecca of Mustard ;
Here is the centre of Bloaterland.

Still, though haunts where solitude brooded
Ring to the roar of electric trams ;
Though green orchards, of old secluded,
Are marred by makers of jams ;
Wholly unfit though he be to render
Justice in verse to your golden prime,
Norfolk, O let an obscure week-ender
Offer this meed of lowly rhyme.

OUR DEBT TO MR. DOTT

[A letter, signed P. McOmish Dott, appears in *The Outlook* of January 14, 1911, expressing the fear that England is falling into senile decay.]

THOUGH a man of simple nature, living in a humdrum
 way,
 To the spell of nomenclature I have always fall'n a prey;
 Names inspire me with ambition, names enrich my
 thinnest plot,
 But my choicest acquisition is the last, McOmish Dott.

Latterly, while curio-hunting, I acquired some splendid
 loot,
 Gulifer and Gosch and Runting, Ernest Sole and Jesse
 Boot,
 Now in even fuller measure there has fallen to my lot
 New and valuable treasure labelled P. McOmish Dott.

I've collected Mustard, Smellie, Hog with but a single
 'g,'
 Jubb, Earwaker and Whalebelly, Worple, Montecuccoli,

Gollop, Polyblank and Szlumper, Didham, Bultitude
and Sprot,
But I give my vote—a plumper—unto P. McOmish Dott.

Lowther Bridger's lucubrations long have ceased to
give me joy,
Kipling Common's coruscations my fastidious palate cloy;
But a rapture fine and frantic, such as centred in Shalott,
Lurks within the rich, romantic name of P. McOmish
Dott.

Somewhere in the Boreal regions first his sanguine star
arose,
Where the Macs abound in legions, alternating with
the O's;
There he tossed the caber daily, there the golden eagleshot,
There the giant capercaillie fell to P. McOmish Dott.

Fed on mountain dew in Jura, and eschewing Saxon
swipes,
Soon he mastered the *bravura* of the devastating pipes;
Or amid the glens and corries traced the stag's elusive
slot,
Far from dull suburban 'swarries,' sturdy P. McOmish
Dott.

Then he swept the board at college, gathering in his
 mental net
 Every earthly form of knowledge from Confucius to
 Debrett ;
 Till—for so the gossips tell us—Admiral Sir Percy Scott
 Grew inordinately jealous of his friend McOmish Dott.

Next in retrospective vision southward I behold him fare,
 England, rent by indecision, nobly striving to repair ;
 Hand-in-hand with Gilbert Parker stopping ev'ry
 fiscal rot,
 Hand-in-hand with Ellis Barker—happy P. McOmish
 Dott !

Last of all we see him, scorning our misgivings to assuage,
 As he trumpets forth his warning in *The Outlook's*
 central page,
 Telling us that by to-morrow England will have gone
 to pot,
 Less in anger than in sorrow—noble P. McOmish Dott.

P.S.—

Query : Is the P for Peter, Parsifal or Peregrine ?
 Any of them suits my metre, but to Parsifal I lean ;
 Still, I think I like him better in the form *The Outlook's* got,
 Prefaced by a single letter—simply P. McOmish Dott.

A CORONATION NIGHTMARE

THE morning was brilliant in Kensington Gore,
When Emma remarked, as she called me at four,
'The elephant's waiting for you at the door.'

So I put on my slippers, one brown and one black,
Wrapped my form in a waterproof Union Jack,
And cautiously climbed on the elephant's back.

There were three of us there—the Archbishop and me,
And a man with a racket, a portly Parsee
Whose name, he informed me, was Jim Jamsetjee.

'Hurry up!' said the Prelate, 'or else we'll be late,
For the dinner begins at a quarter to eight,
And money is never returned at the gate.'

So we rode and we rode, and the elephants sang,
Beating time with their trunks, in a glutinous twang,
An anthem of which I've forgotten the hang.

We were flying quite nobly when Jamsetjee cried,
' My elephant says that he's punctured inside,'
And down from the welkin proceeded to glide.

The various survivors to dinner sat down,
But I saw the Archbishop was wearing a frown,
For I had to reply to the toast of the Crown.

I was pleased with the duty and proud of my fame,
And firmly determined on playing the game,
But unluckily couldn't remember my name.

Then the mist cleared away as I rose to my feet—
It was just at the corner of Arlington Street—
And found myself airily clad in a sheet.

It was awkward, because the procession was due,
And the rest of the crowd were in red, white, and blue,
And I couldn't unfasten the door of my pew.

Then I rose in my wrath and exclaimed, ' Let me go !
I am suff'ring from partial collapse of the toe,
But, whatever may happen, the King mustn't know.'

There were pathos and pride in the words that I spoke,
But a giant guffaw from the populace broke,
And I thought they were justified—after I woke.

JOURNALISTIC DETACHMENT

THE dogs of war are unleashed,
 The eagles are waxing fat,
 But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
 'Shots in a West-end Flat.'

The news from Turkey is bad,
 The news from China is worse,
 But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
 'Actress robbed of her purse.'

There are terrible scenes in Rome,
 And horrible sights at Constant. O!
 But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
 'Peer to play in a panto.'

So I'm sure when the dreadful days
 Of Armageddon arrive,
 I shall read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
 'Scene at a Welsh Whist Drive.'

And when the last trump shall rend
 The World to its midmost hub,
The Daily Thrill will adorn its bill
 With 'Raid on a West-end Club.'

PENNY FARES TO PARNASSUS

[‘There is only one literary paper, dealing not only with literature, but also with the broader issues of life, and at the same time putting finger-posts and milestones on the long and pleasant road of self-culture. This paper is sold at one penny every week, and is known in the four quarters of the globe as *T. P.’s Weekly*. . . . You do not know Literature if you have not studied the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. It is not necessary to-day to know Greek and Latin to study the classics. . . . If you wish to follow an ordered method of study in the quietude of your own home, read “How to Study the Classics” in this week’s *T. P.’s Weekly*.’—Advt. in *Daily Chronicle*.]

Would you master the grace that was Greece’s ?

The grandeur that glorified Rome ?

The names of Napoleon’s nieces ?

The way to perform on the comb ?

Would you learn who discovered Watts-Dunton ?

What Pemberton paid for his car ?

And whether it’s safer to punt on

The Cam or the Cher ?

Do you want to be sure of pronouncing
Correctly the painter called Cuyp ?
To know when a baby is bouncing ?
Why onions are wedded to tripe ?
Where Meredith met Mrs. Norton ?
Why Scotsmen ejaculate ' hoots ' ?
And why our revered Dr. Horton
Wears waterproof boots ?

Don't wallow ignobly and meekly
In ignorance vapid and vile,
But trust to Tay Pay and his *Weekly*
For helping you over the stile.
For only the greed of a vulture,
In gluttony wholly unique,
Could cope with the banquet of culture
He gives you each week.

He'll gorge you with gobbets of Homer,
And help you to feel that you've struck
In Odysseus a modern beach-comber,
In Circe a modern *Wild Duck*,
And over the peerless Phæacian,
So noble, so pure in her ways,
This gushing Hiberno-Alsatian
Will ladle his praise.

He'll dose you with pilules of Dante,
With plenty of jam of his own ;
And he'll blither about Rosinante,
For he won't leave *Don Quixote* alone ;
You'll have, say, three minutes with Schiller,
With Goethe it may run to five,
And ten with Sir Arthur Couch (Quiller),
Because he's alive.

Then your history—ah, he's the jockey
To heighten the gingerbread's gilt !
With a style that is bounding and cocky
And moves with an unctuous lilt ;
With his fervid rebukes of the haughty
Who harry the poor with their hate,
And his generous views of the naughty,
His love of the great.

He'll tell you how Hannibal over
The Alps with his elephants won,
And how you go under in clover
To-day, when escorted by Lunn.
He'll tell you correctly the size of
Our good Queen Elizabeth's ruff,
And paint Joan of Arc in the guise of
A militant suff.

In fine, if you wish for a dollar—
For it's only a penny a week—
To master the lore of the scholar,
Though guileless of Latin and Greek,
To give to your usual tipples
The taste of Pierian flip,
Then come to O'Connor, ye cripples,
He'll teach you to sip.

THE JAMMIAD

Fragments from an unpublished Epic.

[While looking through the papers of my friend the late Mr. Inigo Vert, F.R.S., who appointed the President of the Board of Customs and myself his literary executors, we came across a batch of sheets of foolscap headed 'The Jammiad: an Epic of Preserves.' An inspection of the contents showed that, while Mr. Vert had mapped out a poem of imposing dimensions, he had unfortunately only left a few fragments in verse, together with a synopsis of the scheme. In view, however, of the novelty of the subject and the fact that this was—so far as we are aware—his solitary deviation from the domain of prose, we have been led to believe that its publication would interest the literary world as well as the admirers of Mr. Vert's genius as a man of science. It will be noted that the metre adopted is that of the heroic couplet, the usual ten-syllabled line being varied by an occasional alexandrine, and that the influence of Pope—or shall we say of the *Anti-Jacobin*?—is paramount. With these few prefatory remarks the fragment may be allowed to speak for itself.—C. L. G.]

Argument.

Exordium—Reasons for Choice of Subject—Suavity *v.* Satire—Hymettus the Home of Honey—Golden Apples of the Hesperides—The Genesis of Jam—Homer on Confectionery—Roman *Bellaria* and Greek *τραγήματα*—Byzantine Preserves—Renaissance Cookery—Discovery of the Sugar-cane—Jam, its derivation from Jamaica—Demerara, Climate and Products of—Marmalade, Viscous Properties of—Keiller not mentioned in *Encyclopædia Britannica*—Cambridge Sausages—Cooper, Cult of, at Oxford—Apricot Jam used for Omelettes—Its Intense Heat—Caution to Epicures to eat it slowly—Raspberry Jam, Ignoble uses of—Black-currant Tea—Effect of Tariff Reform on the Cultivation of the Cape Gooseberry—The Giant Gooseberry—Sea Serpents—Different Attitude of the Sexes to Jam—Swiss Roll—William Tell—Red-currant Jelly and Roast Mutton—Different

Names of the Whortleberry—Sustaining Power of Jam—Attested by Soldiers—Experience of Stanley in Darkest Africa—Sweetness and Light—The Jam of Nawanagar—Rival Claims of Earthenware and Glass—Chemical Substitutes—Ultimate Triumph of Science—The Passing of Molasses—Victory of Glucose and Saccharin.

LET other Bards, moved by a deep Disdain,
 Descant on Life in a sardonic Strain,
 And prove by Logic of resistless Pow'r
 The Milk of human Kindness to be sour ;
 Let me the more congenial Task essay,
 Thy Sweets, Confectionery, to portray !—
 To tell the Joys that in the Tartlet lurk
 What Cates delight the Briton, what the Turk ;
 To hymn the Bliss that Providence provides
 When Guava's Jelly down the Gullet slides ;
 To sing the subtle Flavours of the Quince
 That titillate the Tongue or make it wince ;
 To indicate th' *amari aliquid*
 That in the Medlar's inner Pulp lies hid ;
 And lastly, with a comprehensive Grasp,
 To paint the Virtues of the gentle Rasp,
 Whose Juices, potent o'er corporeal ill,
 Can mask the Powder and disguise the Pill !

.
 O Oxford, desecrated now by Trams,
 Where Norman Arches jostle stuccoed Shams,

Home of Lost Causes—since 'tis now confessed
 That Granta's Sausages are far the best—
 Yet one supreme Achievement still is thine
 That Matt himself omitted to divine,
 Linking thy Name for ever with a Dish
 Known to both Hemispheres as Cooper's Squish.

.
 Keiller, blest Shade, whose beatific Name
 Ten Million grateful Breakfasters acclaim,
 Say what inspired Ambition prompted thee
 To bring the Globes of Seville to Dundee,
 And in the triple Harmony include
 The Sweets that from Jamaica's Cane exude?
 But though the golden Orange claims our Meed,
 Not so the Carrot, and still less the Swede.
 For by Adulteration's artful Aid
 Th' unblushing Turnip dares to masquerade
 In the Disguise of rare refreshing Fruit
 While all the Time a low plebeian Root!

.
 Sing, Muse—for none as yet the Task hath tried—
 The paregoric Virtues that reside
 Beneath the swart Black-currant's silky Vest,
 When fell Catarrhs the bronchial Tubes congest,

Inflamm the Tonsils, and corrode the lab'ring Chest.
 With oily Balm the generous Cordial slips
 Between the Patient's parched and fevered Lips ;
 Thy Gates, O Uvula, are opened wide
 To welcome in th' invigorating Tide ;
 The languid Larynx feebly utters ' Hail ! '
 The vocal Cords take up the wondrous Tale ;
 And normal Health resumes her placid Reign,
 O Mucous Membrane, o'er thy wide * domain.
 Nor are Preserves essential to the Life
 Of those alone who live remote from Strife.
 Our gallant Soldiers, summoned to campaign
 In deadly Climates, far across the Main,
 Less frequently emit the peevish ' Damn '
 When heartened by a daily dose of Jam.
 So too, as stout Explorers oft attest,
 When horrid Savages their Path molest,
 When hideous Dwarves propel the hostile Dart,
 And grim Gorillas from the Jungle start,
 Sugar can still the Situation save,
 [Restore the fainting and confirm the brave.†]

.

* Estimated by Strzygowski in his Monograph as covering an area equivalent to seventeen acres.

† *Hanc lacunam callidissime supplevit* L. N. G.

Last, in funereal Measures let me sing
 The sad Discrowning of the Sugar King
 Molasses, dark-browed Monarch of the Cane,
 With Syrup, Chief of his attendant Train,
 And cheerful Candy, dear to us in Youth
 When nothing daunts the adamantine Tooth.
 Drawn by Hyblæan Bees, for so it seemed
 To me as in a Trance I lay and dreamed,
 I saw Molasses' Chariot onward bound
 To where th' opposing Squadrons stood their Ground.
 Dread Glucose, awful Monarch, led the Van,
 Lord of the Aldehydes, portentous Clan ;
 While at his Right I marked his famous Queen,
 The sweetest Thing created, Saccharin.

.

For a brief Space the Issue stood in Doubt
 And then Molasses fled in total Rout.

.

Thy Law, dread Science, bans the Cane-born Sweet,
 And leaves the World to Coal-tar and to Beet.

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