

THE PENNY POETS.—XXIV.

---

POEMS GRAVE AND GAY.

BY

TOM HOOD.



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# Poems for the Schoolroom and the Scholar.

FOR READING AND RECITATION, AND AS FIRST  
STUDIES IN LITERATURE FOR THE YOUNG.

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TOM HOOD.



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VOL. VI.

# XXIV.—TOM HOOD'S POEMS.

## INTRODUCTORY.

TOM HOOD is the first comic poet included in this series. And because of this fact, I have given the preference to "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg" over the fanciful poetical "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies." I sacrificed the latter with a qualm of conscience, for it is not only beautiful and imaginative, but it represents a side of Hood's genius which none of his other poems fully express. However, I had only room for one, and the "Midsummer Fairies" were metaphorically kicked out by "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg."

The selections in this number include specimens of most of the varied styles of this versatile writer. It is by the first three poems in this collection that Hood is best known and most affectionately remembered. Much of his work was as ephemeral as the scribbling of a daily journalist. But the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" have sunk deep into the memory of the nation.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti ventures to pronounce Hood the finest English poet between the generation of Shelley and the generation of Tennyson. But it is doubtful whether the "humorous fancies grafted on melancholy impressions," which form the staple of his verse, have in them the stuff of immortality. Still it is well to remember, when his perpetual punning palls on the palate, that other poets have paid noble tribute to his genius. Eliza Cook, in her poem on his then unmarked tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, draws a vigorous contrast between the poet's humble grave and the gorgeous mausoleums of horse-tamers and quack doctors that surrounded it. The following stanzas were instrumental in securing the erection, in 1852, of the monument which now marks his last resting-place:—

And see that tomb beneath yon tree!  
But, sexton, tell us where to find  
The grave of him we came to see—  
Is it not here, or are we blind?  
We mean poor Hood's—the man who made  
That song about the "Bridge of Sighs,"  
You know the song; well, leave your spade,  
And please to show us where he lies.  
What!—there! without a single mark—  
Without a stone—without a line!  
Does watchfire Genius leave no spark  
To note its ashes as divine?  
Must strangers come to woo his shade,  
Scanning rare beauties as they pass;

And when they pause where he is laid,  
Stop at a trodden mound of grass?

And is it thus?—Well, we suppose  
England is far too poor to spare  
A slab of white, where truth might  
write  
The title of her Poet Heir.

Let us adorn our city walls  
With senate form and soldier chief—  
Carve toga folds and laurel stalks,—  
Let marble shine in robe and leaf.

But Hood; "poor Hood!"—the Poet  
fool  
Who sung of Women's woes and  
wrongs,  
Who taught his Master's Golden Rule—  
Give *him* no statue for his songs!

Give him the dust beneath his head,  
 Give him a grave—a grave alone—  
 In Life he dearly won his bread:—  
 In Death he was not worth a stone.

Perhaps we rightly think that he  
 Who flung God's light round lowly  
 things,  
 Can soar above in Memory's love,  
 Supported by his own strong wings.

Our Shakespeare can be only met  
 Within a narrow Playhouse Porch;  
 So, Hood, thy spirit need not fret;  
 But hold its own immortal torch.

"Poor Hood!" for whom a people  
 wreathes  
 The heart-born flowers that never die.

"Poor Hood!" for whom a requiem  
 breathes  
 In every human Toil-wrung sigh.

Let the Horse-tamer's bed be known  
 By the rich mausoleum-shrine;  
 Give the bold Quack his charnel  
 throne—  
 Their works were worthier far than  
 thine.

And let thy Soul serenely sleep  
 While pilgrims stand as I have  
 stood;  
 To worship at a nameless heap,  
 And fondly, sadly say, "Poor Hood!"

Lowell's tribute, "To the Memory of Hood," is the last of the noble series of memorial poems which immediately preceded "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The American's verse is the best possible introduction to the poems, grave and gay, of Thomas Hood.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon  
 dropped,  
 To gleam o'er unknown lands and  
 seas;  
 Another heart that beat for freedom  
 stopped,—  
 What mournful words are these!

O Love Divine, that claspest our tired  
 earth,  
 And lullest it upon thy heart,  
 Thou knowest how much a gentle soul  
 is worth  
 To teach men what thou art!

His was a spirit that to all thy poor  
 Was kind as slumber after pain:  
 Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep  
 Quiet's door  
 And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets: it is they  
 Who give her aspirations wings,  
 And to the wiser law of music sway  
 Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou  
 unkind,  
 O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will  
 That gracious natures leave their love  
 behind  
 To work for Mercy still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other  
 tombs,  
 Let anthems peal for other dead,  
 Rustling the bannered depth of minster-  
 glooms  
 With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived  
 stone,  
 No lichen shall its lines efface,  
 He needs these few and simple lines  
 alone  
 To mark his resting-place:—

"Here lies a Poet, Stranger, if to  
 thee  
 His claim to memory be obscure,  
 If thou wouldst learn how truly great  
 was he,  
 Go, ask it of the poor."

## POEMS GRAVE AND GAY.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous  
 pitch,  
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof;  
 And work—work—work  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's oh! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work  
 Till the brain begins to swim;  
 Work—work—work  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men with sisters dear!  
 Oh! men with mothers and wives!  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives!  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once with a double thread  
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death!  
 That phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own—  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the fasts I keep;  
 O God! that bread should be so dear,  
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!  
 My labour never flags;  
 And what are its wages? A bed of  
 straw,  
 A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof,—and this naked  
 floor,—

A table,—a broken chair,—  
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!  
 From weary chime to chime,  
 Work—work—work  
 As prisoners work for crime!  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain  
 benumbed,  
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,  
 In the dull December light,  
 And work—work—work,  
 When the weather is warm and  
 bright;—

While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling,  
 As if to show me their sunny backs  
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet!  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want  
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
 A respite however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
 But only time for grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous  
 pitch,—  
 Would that its tone could reach the  
 rich!—

She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the ravity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!

Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river.  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere, anywhere,  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them.  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing,  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

### THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:  
There were some that ran and some  
that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran,—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease:  
So he leaned his head on his hands  
and read  
The book upon his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that  
book  
In the golden eventide:  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the pond'rous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp:  
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took,—  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook,—  
And lo! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance,—  
"It is 'The death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain,—  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves.

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod,—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain,—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for  
truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme,—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—  
Who spill life's sacred stream!  
For why? Methought, last night, I  
wrought  
A murder, in a dream!



- "One that had never done me wrong—  
A feeble man and old;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold:  
Now, here said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold!
- "Two sudden blows with a ragged  
stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—  
And then the deed was done;  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
But lifeless flesh and bone!
- "Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still:  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill!
- "And lo! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame:  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame:  
I took the dead man by his hand,  
And called upon his name!
- "Oh God! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain!  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out amain!  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain!
- "My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil's price:  
A dozen times I groaned; the dead  
Had never groaned but twice!
- "And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the Heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite—  
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight!'
- "I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream,—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme:  
My Gentle Boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream!
- "Down went the corse with a hollow  
plunge,  
And vanished in the pool;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening in the school.
- "Oh, Heaven! to think of their white  
souls,  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in Evening Hymn:  
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,  
'Mid holy Cherubim!
- "And peace went with them, one and  
all,  
And each calm pillow spread;  
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed;  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!
- "All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep,  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep:  
For sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of Hell to keep!
- "All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time;  
A mighty yearning like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime!
- "One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave,—  
Still urging me to go and see  
The Dead Man in his grave!
- "Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye;  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.
- "Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dewdrop from its wing;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing:  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,

I took him up and ran;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began:  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was elsewhere;  
As soon as the midday task was done,  
In secret I was there;  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep:  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh,—  
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake!  
Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,  
Will wave or mould allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—  
It stands before me now!"  
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Burney (brother of Madame d'Arbly) went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated that Eugene was generally liked by the boys, and that he used to discourse to them about murder, in somewhat the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.—*Gem*, 1s29.

## THE LAST MAN.

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,  
A pleasant morning of May,  
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,  
A chaunting a merry lay,—  
To think how the pest had spared my life,  
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,  
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:  
It made me crow to see his old duds  
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—  
So up he came to the timber's foot  
And pitched down his greasy bags.

Good Lord! how blithe the old beggar was!  
At pulling out his scraps,—  
The very sight of his broken orts  
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:  
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate bird,  
And have a taste of my snaps!"—

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,  
I slid, and by him stood;  
But I wished myself on the gallows again  
When I smelt that beggar's food,  
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;  
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down:  
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air  
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"  
For the felons' bones lay there.  
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,  
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they wout harm me:  
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"  
I did not like that strange beggar man,  
He looked so up at the heavens.  
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;  
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!"

It made me angry to see his face,  
It had such a jesting look;  
But while I made up my mind to  
speak,

A small case-bottle he took:  
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green  
watercress,

My drink is not of the brook!"  
Full manners-like he tendered the  
dram;

Oh, it came of a dainty cask!  
But whenever it came to his turn to  
pull,

"Your leave, good sir, I must ask;  
But I always wipe the brim with my  
sleeve,

When a hangman sups at my flask!"  
And then he laughed so loudly and  
long,

The churl was quite out of breath;  
I thought the very Old One was come  
To mock me before my death,

And wished I had buried the dead  
men's bones

That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—  
"Come, let us pledge each other,  
For all the wide world is dead beside,

And we are brother and brother—  
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,  
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart  
That almost makes we weep,  
For as I passed from town to town

The folks were all stone asleep,—  
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,  
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,  
And a curse upon his mirth,—  
An' if it were not for that beggar man

I'd be the King of the earth,—  
But I promised myself an hour should  
come

To make him rue his birth—

So down we sat and boused again  
Till the sun was in mid-sky,  
When, just when the gentle west-  
wind came,

We hearkened a dismal cry;  
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the  
beggar man,

"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

And lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,  
They came all yelling for gore,  
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,  
And a panting hart before,  
Till he sunk down at the gallows' foot,  
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn  
To tell when the chase was done;  
And there was not a single scarlet  
coat

To flaunt it in the sun!—  
I turned, and looked at the beggar  
man,

And his tears dropt one by one!  
And with curses sore he chid at the  
hounds,

Till the last dropt out of sight;  
Anon, saith he, "Let's down again,  
And ramble for our delight,

For the world's all free, and we may  
choose

A right cozy barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,  
And it fell with the point due West;  
So we fared that way to a city great,  
Where the folks had died of the pest:  
It was fine to enter in house and hall,  
Wherever it liked me best;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,  
And could not lift their heads;  
And when we came where their  
masters lay,

The rats leapt out of the beds:  
The grandest palaces in the land  
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping  
face,

And knocked at every gate:  
It made me curse to hear how he  
whined,

So our fellowship turned to hate,  
And I bade him walk the world by  
himself,

For I scorned so humble a mate!

So he turned right, and I turned left,  
As if we had never met;

And I chose a fair stone house for  
myself,

For the city was all to let;  
And for three brave holidays drank  
my fill

Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,

I got me a proper vest:  
It was purple velvet, stitched o'er with gold,

And a shining star at the breast!—  
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave  
To see me so purely drest!

But Joan was dead and under the mould,

And every buxom lass;  
In vain I watched, at the window pane,

For a Christian soul to pass!  
But sheep and kine wandered up the street,  
And browsed on the new-come grass.

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,  
And lustily he did sing!—

His rags were lapped in a scarlet cloak,  
And a crown he had like a King;  
So he stepped right up before my gate  
And danced me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,

I had killed him then and there;  
To see him lording so braggart-like  
That was born to his beggar's fare,  
And how he had stolen the royal crown

His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die  
Without his share of the laws!

So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,  
And soon tied up his claws,—  
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,  
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead,  
but cried

Like a babe without its corals,  
For he knew how hard it is apt to go  
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—

There was not a Christian soul alive  
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doffed my costly gear,  
And put on my work-day clothes:

I was tired of such a long Sunday  
life,—

And never was one of the sloths;  
But the beggar man grumbled a  
weary deal,  
And made many crooked mouths.

So I hauled him off to the gallows'  
foot,

And blinded him in his bags;  
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,  
For a doomed man always lags;  
But by ten of the clock he was off his  
legs

In the wind, and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood,  
The LAST MAN left alive,  
To have my own will of all the earth:  
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!

But when was ever honey made  
With one bee in a hive?

My conscience began to gnaw my  
heart,

Before the day was done,  
For other men's lives had all gone out,  
Like candles in the sun!—  
But it seemed as if I had broke, at last,  
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down  
To bury it decentlie;—  
God send there were any good soul  
alive

To do the like by me!  
But the wild dogs came with terrible  
speed,  
And bayed me up the tree!

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,  
And my head began to swim,  
To see their jaws all white with foam,  
Like the ravenous ocean brim:—  
But when the wild dogs trotted away  
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim,  
good Lord!

But the beggar man, where was he!—  
There was naught of him but some  
ribbons of rags

Below the gallows' tree.  
I know the Devil, when I am dead,  
Will send his hounds for me!—

I've buried my babies one by one,  
And dug the deep hole for Joan,  
And covered the faces of kith and kin.

And felt the old churchyard stone  
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,  
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,  
And the tiger him beguiled:  
But the simple kine are foes to my  
life,  
And the household brutes are wild.  
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,  
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost besets my  
dream  
At night, to make me madder,—  
And my wretched conscience within  
my breast

Is like a stinging adder;  
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,  
And look at the rope and ladder!—

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas!  
in vain

My desperate fancy begs,—  
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,  
And drink it to the dregs,—  
For there is not another man alive,  
In the world, to pull my legs!

### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

#### I.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

#### II.

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

#### III.

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as  
fresh

To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

#### IV.

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
Than when I was a boy.

### A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind!  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing;  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a law!  
My playful horse has slipt his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky!  
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams  
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;  
My dumps are made of more than lead;  
My flights soon find a fall;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a hoop,  
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro;

My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;  
My authorship's an endless task,  
My head's ne'er out of school;  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
It makes me shrink and sigh;  
On this I will not dwell and hang,  
The changeling would not feel a pang  
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene  
As then;—no leaves look half so green  
As clothed the playground tree!  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,  
The trousers made of corduroy,  
Well inked with black and red;  
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—  
It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
My book and collar both!  
How can this formal man be styled  
Merely an Alexandrine child,  
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!  
And (heaven's own type) that mild  
sky-blue  
That washed my sweet meals down;  
The master even!—and that small Turk  
That fagged me!—worse is now my  
work—  
A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart!  
Ay, though the very birch's smart  
Should mark those hours again;  
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned  
Beneath the stroke, and even find  
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,  
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!

The angel form that always walked  
In all my dreams, and looked and  
talked

Exactly like Miss Brown!  
The *omne bene*—Christmas come!  
The prize of merit, won for home—  
Merit had prizes then!  
But now I write for days and days,  
For fame—a deal of empty praise,  
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded  
coach—  
The joyous shout—the loud approach—  
The winding horns like rams'!  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,  
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
No "satis" to the "jams!"

When that I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind,—  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

## THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

### I.

ALACK! 'tis melancholy theme to  
think  
How Learning doth in rugged states  
abide,  
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely  
blink,  
In pensive glooms and corners,  
scarcely spied;  
Not, as in Founders' Halls and  
domes of pride,  
Served with grave homage, like a  
tragic queen,  
But with one lonely priest compelled  
to hide,  
In midst of foggy moors and mosses  
green,  
In that clay cabin hight the College of  
Kilrean!

### II.

This College looketh South and West  
alsoe,  
Because it hath a cast in windows  
twain;  
Crazy and cracked they be, and wind  
doth blow  
Thorough transparent holes in every  
pane,

Which Dan, with many paines, makes  
 whole again  
 With nether garments, which his  
 thrift doth teach,  
 To stand for glass, like pronouns,  
 and when rain  
 Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto  
 the breach,"  
 Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he  
 mendeth each.

## III.

And in the midst a little door there  
 is,  
 Whereon a board that doth con-  
 gratulate  
 With painted letters, red as blood I  
 wis,  
 Thus written,

"CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO  
 BATE:"

And oft, indeed, the inward of that  
 gate,  
 Most ventriloque, doth utter tender  
 squeak,  
 And moans of infants that bemoan  
 their fate,  
 In midst of sounds of Latin, French,  
 and Greek,  
 Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he  
 teacheth them to speak.

## IV.

For some are meant to right illegal  
 wrongs,  
 And some for Doctors of Divinitie,  
 Whom he doth teach to murder the  
 dead tongues,  
 And so win academical degree;  
 But some are bred for service of the  
 sea,  
 Howbeit, their store of learning is  
 but small.  
 For mickle waste he counteth it  
 would be  
 To stock a head with bookish wares  
 at all,  
 Only to be knocked off by ruthless  
 cannon ball.

## V.

Six babes he sways,—some little and  
 some big,  
 Divided into classes six;—alsoe,

He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,  
 That in the College fareth to and  
 fro,  
 And picketh up the urchins' crumbs  
 below,—  
 And eke the learned rudiments they  
 scan,  
 And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely  
 know,—  
 Hereafter to be shown in caravan,  
 And raise the wonderment of many a  
 learned man.

## VI.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar  
 fowls,  
 Whereof, above his head, some two  
 or three  
 Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's  
 owls,  
 But on the branches of no living  
 tree,  
 And overlook the learned family;  
 While, sometimes, Partlet, from her  
 gloomy perch,  
 Drops feather on the nose of  
 Dominic,  
 Meanwhile, with serious eye, he  
 makes research  
 In leaves of that sour tree of know-  
 ledge—now a birch.

## VII.

No chair he hath, the awful Peda-  
 gogue,  
 Such as would magisterial hams  
 imbed,  
 But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,  
 Secure in high authority and dread:  
 Large, as a dome for learning, seemed  
 his head,  
 And like Apollo's, all beset with  
 rays,  
 Because his locks are so unkenapt  
 and red,  
 And stand abroad in many several  
 ways:—  
 No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his  
 cap is baize,

## VIII.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy  
 brows  
 O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard  
 hue,

That inward gible of a fowl, which  
 shows  
 A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne  
 blue;  
 His nose,—it is a coral to the view;  
 Well nourished with Pierian Po-  
 theen,—  
 For much he loves his native mountain  
 dew;—  
 But to depict the dye would lack, I  
 ween,  
 A bottle-red, in terms, as well as  
 bottle-green.

## IX.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin  
 short  
 As Spenser had, ere he composed  
 his Tales;  
 But underneath he has no vest, nor  
 aught,  
 So that the wind his airy breast  
 assails;  
 Below, he wears the nether garb of  
 males,  
 Of crimson plush, but non-plushed  
 at the knee;—  
 Thence further down the native red  
 prevails,  
 Of his own naked fleecy hosiery:—  
 Two sandals, without soles, complete  
 his cap-a-pee.

## X.

Nathless, for dignity, he now deth lap  
 His function in a magisterial gown,  
 That shows more countries in it than  
 a map,—  
 Blue tinet, and red, and green, and  
 russet brown,  
 Besides some blots, standing for  
 country town;  
 And eke some rents, for streams  
 and rivers wide;  
 But, sometimes, bashful when he  
 looks adown,  
 He turns the garment of the other  
 side,  
 Hopeful what so the holes may never  
 be espied!

## XI.

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,  
 That look for shady or for sunny  
 noon,  
 Within his visage, like an almanack,—

His quiet smile foretelling gracious  
 boon;  
 But when his mouth droops down,  
 like rainy moon,  
 With horrid chill each little heart  
 unwarms,  
 Knowing that infant show'rs will  
 follow soon,  
 And with forebodings of near wrath  
 and storms  
 They sit, like timid hares, all trembling  
 on their forms.

## XII.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then  
 repeat  
 "Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ,  
 Kod,"—  
 Full soon his tears shall make his  
 turfy seat  
 More sodden, though already made  
 of sod,  
 For Dan shall whip him with the  
 word of God,—  
 Severe by rule, and not by nature  
 mild,  
 He never spoils the child and spares  
 the rod,  
 But spoils the rod and never spares  
 the child,  
 And soe with holy rule deems he is  
 reconciled.

## XIII.

But, surely, the just sky will never  
 wink  
 At men who take delight in childish  
 throe,  
 And stripe the nether-urchin like a  
 pink  
 Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with  
 woe;  
 Such bloody Pedagogues, when they  
 shall know,  
 By useless birches, that forlorn recess,  
 Which is no holiday, in Pit below,  
 Will hell not seem designed for their  
 distress,—  
 A melancholy place, that is all  
 bottomlesse?

## XIV.

Yet would the Muse not chide the  
 wholesome use  
 Of needful discipline, in due degree.



Devoid of sway, what wrongs will  
time produce,  
When'er the twig untrained grows  
up a tree.  
This shall a Carder, that a White-  
boy be,  
Feroocious leaders of atrocious bands,  
And Learning's help be used for  
infamie,  
By lawless clerks, that, with their  
bloody hands,  
In murdered English write Rock's  
murderous commands.

## XV.

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now  
alarm  
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the  
beam,  
All sudden fluttering from the  
brandished arm,  
And cackling chorus with the human  
scream;  
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that  
unkindly seam,  
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his  
naked skin,  
Like traitor cap in warlike fort, I  
deem,  
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,  
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other  
course to win.

## XVI.

No parent dear he hath to heed his  
cries;—  
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,  
And deep his Seven-Dial cellar lies,  
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin  
of proof;  
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London  
roof,  
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's  
Isle,  
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a  
fancy-woof,  
Dreaming he sees his home,—his  
Phelim smile;  
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth  
all the while!

## XVII.

Ah! who can paint that hard and  
happy time,  
When first the scholar lists in learn-  
ing's train,

And mounts her rugged steep, enforced  
to climb,  
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,  
From bloody twig, and eke that  
Indian cane,  
Wherein, alas! no sugared juices  
dwell,  
For this, the while one stripling's  
sluices drain  
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,  
Always upon the heel, yet never to be  
well!

## XVIII.

Anon a third, for his delicious root,  
Late ravished from his tooth by  
elder chit,  
So soon is human violence afoot,  
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!  
Meanwhile, the tyrant with untimely  
wit  
And mouthing face, derides the  
small one's moan,  
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth  
sit,  
Alack,—mischance comes seldom times  
alone,  
But aye the worried dog must rue  
more curs than one.

## XIX.

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden  
drub,  
Smites his scald head, that is already  
sore,—  
Superfluous wound,—such is mis-  
fortune's rub!  
Who straight makes answer with  
redoubled roar,  
And sheds salt tears twice faster than  
before,  
That still with backward fist he  
strives to dry;  
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er  
and o'er,  
His muddy cheek, that grows more  
foul thereby,  
Till all his rainy face looks grim as  
rainy sky.

## XX.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a  
peace,  
And with his natural untender knack,  
By new distress, bids former grievance  
cease,

Like tears dried up with rugged  
 huckaback,  
 That sets the mournful visage all  
 awrack;  
 Yet soon the childish countenance  
 will shine  
 Even as thorough storms the soonest  
 slack,  
 For grief and beef in adverse ways  
 incline,  
 This keeps, and that decays, when duly  
 soaked in brine.

## XXI.

Now all is hushed, and with a look  
 profound,  
 The Dominie lays ope the learned page;  
 (So be it called) although he doth  
 expound  
 Without a book both Greek and  
 Latin sage;  
 Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant  
 page,  
 How Romulus was bred in savage wood  
 By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish  
 rage;  
 And laid foundation-stone of walls of  
 mud,  
 But watered it, alas! with warm fra-  
 ternal blood.

## XXII.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,  
 How Troy was sieged like London-  
 derry town;  
 And stout Achilles at his jaunting-car  
 Dragg'd mighty Hector with a bloody  
 crown:  
 And eke the bard, that sung of their  
 renown,  
 In garb of Greece most beggar-like  
 and torn,  
 He paints, with colly, wand'ring up  
 and down,  
 Because, at once, in seven cities born;  
 And so, of parish rights, was all his  
 days forlorn.

## XXIII.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,  
 Of gods defunct, and all their  
 pedigrees,  
 But shuns their scandalous amours,  
 and shows  
 How Plato wise, and clear-eyed  
 Socrates,  
 192

Confessed not to those heathen bes  
 and shes;  
 But through the clouds of the  
 Olympic cope  
 Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,  
 And owned their love was naught,  
 and bowed to Pope,  
 Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan  
 mist did grope.

## XXIV.

From such quaint themes he turns  
 at last aside,  
 To new philosophies, that still are  
 green,  
 And shows what railroads have been  
 track'd to guide  
 The wheels of great political machine;  
 If English corn should go abroad, I  
 ween,  
 And gold be made of gold, or paper  
 sheet;  
 How many pigs be born to each  
 spalpeen;  
 And, ah! how man shall thrive be-  
 yond his meat,—  
 With twenty souls alive, to one square  
 sod of peat!

## XXV.

Here, he makes end; and all the fry  
 of youth,  
 That stood around with serious look  
 intense,  
 Close up again their gaping eyes and  
 mouth,  
 Which they had opened to his  
 eloquence,  
 As if their hearing were a threefold  
 sense;  
 But now the current of his words is  
 done,  
 And whether any fruits shall spring  
 from thence,  
 In future time, with any mother's  
 son,  
 It is a thing, God wot! that can be  
 told by none.

## XXVI.

Now by the creeping shadows of the  
 noon,  
 The hour is come to lay aside their  
 lore;  
 The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it  
 soon,

And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,  
—and four

Snatch their two hats, and struggle  
for the door,

Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,  
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave  
two more,

With Reading made Uneasy for a task,  
To weep, whilst all their mates in  
merry sunshine bask,

## XXVII.

Like sportive Elfin, on the verdant sod,  
With tender moss so sleekly over-  
grown,

That doth not hurt, but kiss, the  
sole unshod,

So soothingly kind is Erin to her own!  
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays  
all alone,—

For Phelim's gone to tend his step-  
dame's cow;

Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a cankered  
crone!

Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,  
And, with shillelah small, break one  
another's brow!

## XXVIII.

But careful Dominic, with ceaseless  
thrift,

Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;  
But, first of all, with tender hand  
doth shift

His college gown, because of solar glow,  
And hangs it on a bush, to scare  
the crow:

Meanwhile he plants in earth the  
dappled bean,

Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,  
Or plucks the fragrant leek for  
pottage green,

With that crisp curly herb called Kale  
in Aberdeen.

## XXIX.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful  
hours,

Linked each to each by labour, like  
a bee;

Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims  
her bow'rs;

Would there were many more such  
wights as he,

To sway each capital academie  
Of Cain and Isis, for, alack! at each

There dwells, I wot, some dronish  
Dominie;

That does no garden work, nor yet  
doth teach,

But wears a floury head, and talks in  
flow'ry speech.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,  
AGED THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!

(But stop—first let me kiss away that  
tear),

Thou tiny image of myself!

(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)  
Thou merry laughing sprite!

With spirits feather-light,

Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by  
sin—

(Good heavens! the child is swallowing  
a pin!)

Thou tricky Puck!

With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing-bird that wings  
the air

(The door! the door! he'll tumble down  
the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!

(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore on fire)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy,

In Love's dear chain so strong and  
bright a link,

Thou idol of thy parents—(drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub!—but of earth,

Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight  
pale,

In harmless sport and mirth.

(That dog will bite him if he pulls its  
tail)

Thou human honey-bee, extracting  
honey

From every blossom in the world that  
blows,

Singing in youth's Elysium ever  
sunny—

(Another tumble!—that's his precious  
nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope

(He'll break the mirror with that  
skipping-rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from  
Nature's mint

(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!

(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)

Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!

(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)

Touched with the beauteous trials of dawning life—

(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky  
foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
(I knew so many cakes would make  
him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and  
antic brisk,

With many a lamblike frisk—

(He's got the scissors, snipping at  
your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe  
your nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the  
south,

(He really brings my heart into my  
mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its  
star,

(I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the  
dove—

(I'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

### ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MIS-  
TRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

O PEACE! oh come with me and dwell—  
But stop, for there's the bell.

O Peace! for thee I go and sit in  
churches,

On Wednesday, when there's very few  
In loft or pew—

Another ring, the tarts are come from  
Birch's.

O Peace! for thee I have avoided  
marriage—

Hush! there's a carriage.

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O Peace! thou art the best of earthly  
goods—

The five Miss Woods.

O Peace! thou art the goddess I adore—  
There come some more.

O Peace! thou child of solitude and  
quiet—

That's Lord Drum's footman, for he  
loves a riot.

O Peace!—

Knocks will not cease.

O Peace! thou wert for human com-  
fort planned—

That's Weippert's band.

O Peace! how glad I welcome thy  
approaches—

I hear the sound of coaches.

O Peace! O Peace!—another carriage  
stops—

It's early for the Blenkinsops.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,  
But wait till I have showed up Lady  
Squander;

And now I've seen her up the stair,

O Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.

O Peace! thou art the slumber of the  
mind,

Untroubled, calm and quiet, and un-  
broken—

If that is Alderman Guzzle from  
Porsoken,

Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.

O Peace! serene in worldly shyness—

Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain

To dwell amongst the menial train,

I have a silent place, and lone,

That you and I may call our own.

Where tumult never makes an entry—

Susan, what business have you in my  
pantry?

O Peace!—but there is Major Monk.  
At variance with his wife. O Peace!—

And that great German, Vander  
Trunk,

And that great talker, Miss Aprecco.

O Peace! so dear to poets' quills—

They're just beginning their quad-  
rilles.

O Peace! our greatest renovator—

I wonder where I put my waiter.

O Peace!—but here my ode I'll cease!

I have no peace to write of Peace.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER  
PRECIOUS LEG.

## A GOLDEN LEGEND.

"What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?"  
*Timon of Athens.*

## HER PEDIGREE.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,  
To the very roots of the family tree,  
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:  
Through antediluvian mists as thick  
As London fog such a line to pick  
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old  
Nick,

Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain  
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to  
Cain;

But waving all such digressions,  
Suffice it, according to family lore,  
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,  
Who was famed for his great  
possessions.

Tradition said he feathered his nest  
Through an Agricultural Interest  
In the Golden Age of Farming;  
When golden eggs were laid by the  
geese,  
And Colchian sheep wore a golden  
fleece,

And golden pippins—the sterling kind  
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—  
Made Horticulture quite charming!

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,  
He lived at a very lively rate,  
But his income would bear carousing;  
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,  
With herbage so rich from the ore  
beneath,

The very ewes' and lambkins' teeth  
Were turned into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,  
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift  
To each son of his loins, or daughter;  
And his debts—if debts he had—at will  
He liquidated by giving each bill  
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,  
By crossing with some by Midas bred,  
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.

And as for cattle, one yearling bull  
Was worth all Smithfield-market full  
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,  
Like human creatures of birth and  
blood,

Had their golden cups and flagons:  
And as for the common husbandry nags,  
Their noses were tied in money bags,  
When they stopped with the carts  
and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,  
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at  
grass,

That was worth his own weight in  
money;  
And a golden hive on a golden Bank,  
Where golden bees by alchemical prank  
Gathered gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!  
He had gold to lay by, and gold to  
spend,

Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold in futuro.  
In wealth the family revelled and rolled;  
Himself and wife and sons so bold;  
And his daughters sang to their harps  
of gold

"O bella età del' oro!"

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg  
Kin,  
In golden text on a vellum skin,  
Though certain people would wink and  
grin,

And declare the whole story a parable—  
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob  
Ghrimes,  
Who held a long lease, in prosperous  
times,

Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his  
golden bees  
Were the five per cents, or what you  
please.

When his cash was more than  
plenty—  
That the golden cups were racing  
affairs;

And his daughters, who sang Italian  
airs,

Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,  
Was English John with his pockets full,  
Then at war by land and water;  
While beef and mutton, and other meat,  
Were almost as dear as money to eat,  
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests  
of wheat,  
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

## HER BIRTH.

What different dooms our birthdays  
bring!  
For instance, one little manikin thing  
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;  
While Death forbids another to wake,  
And a son that it took nine moons to  
make,  
Expires without even a twinkle!

Into this world we come like ships,  
Launched from the docks, and stocks,  
and slips,  
For fortune fair or fatal;  
And one little craft is cast away,  
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
While another rides safe at Port  
Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!  
This babe to be hailed and wooed as  
a Lord,  
And that to be shunned like a leper!  
One, to the world's wine, honey, and  
corn;  
Another, like Colchester native, born  
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof  
Neither wind nor water proof,—  
That's the prose of Love in a  
Cottage—  
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
The whole of whose birthright would  
not fetch,  
Though Robins himself drew up the  
sketch,  
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
Another comes tenderly ushered in  
To a prospect all bright and bur-  
nished:  
No tenant he, for life's back slums—  
He comes to the world as a gentleman  
comes  
To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex—the tender—the  
fair—

What wide reverses of fate are there!  
While Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul  
rare,

In a garden of Gul reposes—  
Poor Peggie hawks nose-gays from  
street to street,  
Till—think of that, who find life so  
sweet!—

She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!  
She was not born to steal or beg,  
Or gather cresses in ditches;  
To plait the straw or bind the shoe,  
Or sit all day to hem and sew,  
As females must, and not a few—  
To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doomed for bread to eat  
To be put to her hands as well as her  
feet—

To carry home linen from mangles—  
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limbed,  
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimmed  
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's  
boon  
Are born, as they say, with a silver  
spoon

In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:  
To speak according to poet's wont,  
Plutus as Sponsor stood at her font,  
And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her first *début* she found her head  
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,  
With a damask canopy over;

For although by the vulgar popular  
saw,  
All mothers are said to be "in the  
straw,"

Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air,  
It was not the common chameleon fare  
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—  
No—her earliest sniff  
Of this world was a whiff  
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light—it was no  
mere ray  
Of that light so common—so every-  
day—

That the sun each morning launches—  
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,  
From a thing a gooseberry bush for  
size—

With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,  
As witnessed a timepiece in or-molu  
That stood on a marble table—

Showing at once the time of day,  
And a team of *Gildings* running away

As fast as they were able,  
With a golden God with a golden Star,  
And a golden spear in a golden Car  
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried,  
Which make a sensation far and wide,  
Ay, for twenty miles around her:

For though to the ear 'twas nothing  
more

Than an infant's squall, it was really  
the roar

Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!

It shook the next heir

In his library chair,

And made him cry, "Confound her!"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,  
Any more than at Owen Glendower's  
birth,

Or the advent of other great people:

Two bullocks dropped dead,

As if knocked on the head,

And barrels of stout

And ale ran about,

And the village-bells such a peal  
rang out,

That they cracked the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,  
Tables sprang up all over the lawn;

Not furnished scantily or shabbily,

But on scale as vast

As that huge repast,

With its loads and cargoes

Of drink and botargoes,

At the birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turned into  
beasts,

Like the guests at Circe's horrible  
feasts,

By the magic of ale and cider;

And each country lass, and each coun-  
try lad,

Began to caper and dance like mad,

And even some old ones appeared to  
have had

A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,

It had scared King John,

Who considered such signs not risible,

To have seen the maroons,

And the whirling moons,

And the serpents of flame,

And wheels of the same,

That according to some were "whizz-  
able."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!

Thrice happy in head, and body, and  
legs,

That her parents had such full  
pockets!

For had she been born of Want and  
Thrift,

For care and nursing all adrift,

It's ten to one she had had to make  
shift

With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious Baby drest?

In a robe of the East, with lace of the  
West,

Like one of Croesus's issue—

Her best bibs were made

Of rich gold brocade,

And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap,  
She was lulled on a Gros de Naples

lap,

By a nurse, in a modish Paris cap,

Of notions so exalted,

She drank nothing lower than Curagoa,

Maraschino, or pink Noyau,

And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden  
spoon,

The Babe was fed night, morning, and  
noon;

And although the tale seems fabulous,  
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were

gilt,

Like the oats in that Stable-yard  
Palace built

For the Horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and  
kick,—

For pain will wring, and pins will prick,  
E'en the wealthiest nabob's

daughter;—

They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,  
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,  
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and  
nurst,  
And drest in the best from the very  
first,

To please the genteelest censor,—  
And then, as soon as strength would  
allow,

Was vaccinated, as babes are now,  
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow  
Of Lord Althrop's—now Earl Spencer.

#### HER CHRISTENING.

Though Shakespeare asks us, "What's  
in a name?"

(As if cognomens were much the same),  
There's really a very great scope in it.  
A name? why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,  
That servant at once of Mammon and  
God,

Who found four thousand pounds and  
odd,

A prison—a cart—and a rope in it.

A name?—if the party had a voice,  
What mortal would be a Bugg by  
choice,

As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb  
rejoice,

Or any such nauseous blazon,  
Not to mention many a vulgar name,  
That would make a doorplate blush for  
shame,

If doorplates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal  
worth,  
And belongs to good or bad luck at  
birth—

As dames of a certain degree know.  
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,  
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,  
Bob only sounds like a page of prose  
Till turned into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg  
For days and days it was quite a plague,  
To hunt the list in the Lexicon:  
And scores were tried like coin by the  
ring,

Ere names were found just the proper  
thing

For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, their presence  
to beg

Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,  
White, yellow, and brown relations:  
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,  
And Uncles—rich as three Golden  
Balls

From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seemed to  
bewitch,

Rising in life like rockets—  
Nieces whose dowries knew no hitch—  
Aunts as certain of dying rich

As candles in golden sockets—  
Cousins German and cousins' sons,  
All thriving and opulent—some had  
tons

Of Kentish hops in their pockets!

For money had stuck to the race thro'  
life

(As it did to the bushel when cash so  
rife

Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—  
And down to the Cousins and  
Cos-lings,

The fortunate brood of the Kilman-  
segg,

As if they had come out of golden  
eggs,

Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name  
What East and West End people came  
To the rite of Christianity:

The lofty Lord and the titled Dame,  
All di'mond, plumes, and urbanity:  
His Lordship the May'r with his  
golden chain,

And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriff's  
twain,

Nine foreign Counts, and other great  
men

With their orders and stars, to help  
M or N

To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg,  
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,  
And need an elaborate sonnet;

How she sparkled with gems whenever  
she stirred,

And her head noddle-noddled at every  
word,

And seemed so happy, a Paradise Bird  
Had nidificated upon it.



And Sir Jacob the Father strutted  
and bowed,

And smiled to himself, and laughed  
aloud,

To think of his heiress and daughter—  
And then in his pockets he made a  
grope,

And then, in the fulness of joy and  
hope,

Seemed washing his hands with in-  
visible soap,

In imperceptible water.

He had rolled in money like pigs in  
mud,

Till it seemed to have entered into his  
blood

By some occult projection :

And his cheeks, instead of a healthy  
hue,

As yellow as any guinea grew,  
Making the common phrase seem true,

About a rich complexion.

And now came the Nurse, and during  
a pause,

Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause  
A very autumnal rustle—

So full of figure, so full of fuss,  
As she carried about the babe to buss,

She seemed to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,  
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,

Whose jewels a Queen might covet—  
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean

withal

Of that temple we see with a Golden  
Ball,

And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,  
Won by Raleigh in days of old,

In spite of Spanish bravado;  
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun

With gilt devices, it shone in the sun,  
Like a copy—a presentation one—

Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!  
The same auriferous shine behold

Wherever the eye could settle!  
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceil-

ing-sky—  
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,

In coats to delight a miner's eye,  
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,  
The very robe of the infant told

A tale of wealth in every fold;  
It lapped her like a vapour!

So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss  
Could compare it to nothing, except a

cross  
Of cobwebs with banknote paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight,  
forsooth,

To see them, like "the dew of her  
youth,"

In such a plentiful sprinkle.  
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the

form,  
And gave her another, not overwarm,

That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was crossed, and blessed  
amain,

But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or  
Jane,

Which the humbler female endorses—  
Instead of one name, as some people

prefix,  
Kilmansegg went at the tail of six,

Like a carriage of state with its horses.  
Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs!

The golden mugs and the golden jugs,  
That lent fresh rays to the midges!

The golden knives and the golden  
spoons,

The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,  
It was one of the Kilmanseggs' own

saloons,  
But looked like Rundell and Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and the old!  
The company ate and drank from gold,

They revelled, they sang, and were  
merry;

And one of the Gold Sticks rose from  
his chair.

And toasted "the Lass with the golden  
hair"

In a bumper of golden Sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rained on the Nurse,  
Who, unlike Danäe, was none the worse;

There was nothing but guineas glisten-  
ing!

Fifty were given to Doctor James  
For calling the little Baby names,

And for saying, Amen!  
The Clerk had ten,  
And that was the end of the Christening.

## HER CHILDHOOD.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring  
of springs!

'Tis surely one of the blessedest things  
That nature ever invented!

When the rich are wealthy beyond their  
wealth,

And the poor are rich in spirits and  
health,

And all with their lots contented!

There's little Phelim, he sings like a  
thrush,

In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,  
With the selfsame empty pockets,

That tempted his daddy so often to cut  
His throat, or jump in the water-butt.—

But what cares Phelim? an empty nut  
Would sooner bring tears to their  
sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt

(That's the Irish linen for shirt),

And a slice of bread, with a taste of  
dirt

(That's Poverty's Irish butter),

And what does he lack to make him  
blest?

Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,  
A candle-end, and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,  
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,

For which no dog would quarrel—

Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,

Cutting her first little toothy-peg

With a fifty-guinea coral—

A peg upon which

About poor and rich

Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,  
Capped, papped, napped, and lapped  
from the first

On the knees of Prodigality,

Her childhood was one eternal round  
Of the game of going on Tickler's

ground,

Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never played,  
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's  
trade,

Or little dirt pies and puddings made,  
Like children happy and squalid;

The very puppet she had to pet,  
Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly"  
set,

Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden  
still!

To gain the Heiress's early goodwill  
There was much corruption and  
bribery—

The yearly cost of her golden toys  
Would have given half London's Charity

Boys

And Charity Girls the annual joys  
Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet;  
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's

day;

Till her fancy was tinged by her  
presents—

And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,  
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden

fish,

And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squalled and screamed  
like wild—

And it shows how the bias we give to  
a child

Is a thing most weighty and solemn;—  
But whence was wonder or blame to

spring,

If little Miss K.—after such a swing—  
Made a dust for the flaming gilded

thing

On the top of the Fish-street column?

## HER EDUCATION.

According to metaphysical creed,  
To the earliest books that children

read

For much good or much bad they  
are debtors;

But before with their A B C they start,  
There are things in morals, as well as

art,

That play a very important part—  
"Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,  
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian

style,

But alas for the elevation!

If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse  
With a load of rubbish, or something  
worse,  
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,  
Before she learnt her E for egg,  
Ere her Governess came, or her  
Masters—  
Teachers of quite a different kind  
Had "crammed" her beforehand, and  
put her mind  
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,  
They had taught her by heart her  
L. S. D.,  
And as how she was born a great  
Heiress;  
And as sure as London is built of  
bricks,  
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,  
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,  
Like her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's  
page,  
The true golden lore for our golden  
age,  
Or lessons from Barbauld and  
Trimmer,  
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,  
All that she knew was the Virtue of  
Wealth,  
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth  
With a Book of Gold Leaf for a  
Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,  
And praised her for being as "good as  
gold"  
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;  
Of money they talked the whole day  
round,  
And weighed desert, like grapes, by the  
pound,  
Till she had an idea from the very  
sound  
That people with naught were  
naughty.

They praised—poor children with no-  
thing at all!  
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle  
and squall,  
Like common-bred geese and ganders!

What sad little bad little figures you  
make  
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest  
seed-cake  
Was stuffed with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her  
walk,  
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,  
They praised—how they praised—her  
very small talk,  
As if it fell from a Solon;  
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase  
let drop  
A ruby comma, a pearl full-stop,  
And an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and  
then,  
The Nurse brought her own little  
"nevy" Ben,  
To play with the future May'ress;  
And when he got raps, and taps, and  
slaps,  
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,  
As if from a Tigress or Bearesse,  
They told him how lords would court  
that hand,  
And always gave him to understand,  
While he rubbed, poor soul!  
His carroty poll,  
That his hair had been pulled by "a  
*Hairess.*"

Such were the lessons from Maid and  
Nurse,  
A Governess helped to make still worse,  
Giving an appetite so perverse  
Fresh diet whereon to batten—  
Beginning with A B C to hold  
Like a royal play-bill printed in gold  
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,  
And those about countries, cities, and  
towns,  
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,  
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges;—  
Her Butler and Enfield and Entick—  
in short  
Her "Early Lessons" of every sort,  
Looked like Souvenirs, Keepsakes,  
and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array  
As he did one night when he went to  
the play;

Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's  
day;

Lindley Murray in like conditions.  
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,  
Appeared in a fancy dress and a mask—  
If you wish for similar copies ask  
For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,  
But always the affluent match-making  
kind

That ends with Promessi Sposi,  
And a father-in-law so wealthy and  
grand,  
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts  
in the Strand;

So along with a ring and posy,  
He endows the Bride with Golconda  
off-hand,

And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the  
best

Those comedy gentlefolks always pos-  
sessed

Of fortunes so truly romantic—  
Of money so ready that right or wrong  
It always is ready to go for a song,  
Throwing it, going it, pitching it  
strong—

They ought to have purses as green  
and long

As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the  
sake

Of the Purse of Oriental make,  
And the thousand pieces they put  
in it—

But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell  
cold,

For Nature with her had lost its hold,  
No field but the Field of the Cloth of  
Gold

Would ever have caught her foot  
in it.

What more? She learned to sing, and  
dance,

To sit on a horse, although he should  
prance,

And to speak a French not spoken in  
France

Any more than at Babel's building—  
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And she painted shells, and flowers,  
and Turks,

But her great delight was in Fancy  
Works

That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the  
dead,

With golden beads, and gold lace, and  
gold thread,

She worked in gold as if for her bread,  
The metal had so undermined her—

Gold ran in her thoughts and filled  
her brain,

She was golden-headed as Peter's cane  
With which he walked behind her.

#### HER ACCIDENT.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,  
And a better never lifted leg,

Was a very rich bay, called Banker;  
A horse of a breed and a mettle so  
rare,—

By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—  
That for action, the best of figures,  
and air,

It made many good judges banker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,  
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,

Was thrown in an amorous fever,  
To see the Heiress how well she sat,  
With her groom behind her, Bob or  
Nat,

In green, half smothered with gold,  
and a hat

With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtained a pat,  
To see how he arched his neck at that!

He snorted with pride and pleasure!  
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty  
and grand,

Who gave the poor Ass to understand,  
That he didn't carry a bag of sand,

But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!  
Had her horse but been fed upon

English grass

And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,  
Had he scoured the sand with the

Desert Ass,

Or where the American whinnies,—

But a hunter from Erin's turf and  
 gorse,  
 A regular thoroughbred Irish horse,  
 Why, he ran away, as a matter of  
 course,  
 With a girl worth her weight in  
 guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pampered  
 nags  
 To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags;  
 But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,  
 Away went the horse in the madness  
 of fright,  
 And away went the horsewoman mock-  
 ing the sight—  
 Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue  
 light,  
 Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with her groom behind,—  
 It looks like a race of the Calmuck  
 kind,

When Hymen himself is the starter:  
 And the Maid rides first in the four-  
 footed strife,  
 Riding, striding, as if for her life,  
 While the Lover rides after to catch  
 him a wife,  
 Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering  
 hat!  
 Though he does not sigh and pull up  
 for that—  
 Alas! his horse is a tit for Tat,  
 To sell to a very low bidder—  
 His wind is ruined, his shoulder is  
 sprung,  
 Things, though a horse be well-bred  
 and young,  
 A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones  
 and dust,  
 Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,  
 On the gentle lap of Flora!  
 But still, thank Heaven! she clings to  
 her seat—  
 Away! away! she could ride a dead  
 heat  
 With the Dead who ride so fast and  
 fleet,  
 In the Ballad of Leona!

Away she gallops!—it's awful work!  
 It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,  
 On Bess that notable clipper!  
 She has circled the Ring! she crosses  
 the Park!  
 Mazeppa, although he was stripped so  
 stark,  
 Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the  
 folks!  
 The Elms are having a race for the  
 Oaks!  
 At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!  
 All, all is racing! the Serpentine  
 Seems rushing past like the "arrowy  
 Rhine,"  
 The houses have got on a railway line,  
 And are off like the first-class car-  
 riages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her  
 breath!  
 A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,  
 As female shriekings forewarn her:  
 And now—as fearless as blood of  
 Guelph—  
 She clears that gate, which has cleared  
 itself  
 Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!  
 For her head, her brains, her body, and  
 legs,

Her life's not worth a copper!  
 Willy-nilly,  
 In Piccadilly,  
 A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,  
 A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"  
 And one old gentleman stares and  
 stands,  
 Shakes his head and lifts his hands,  
 And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!  
 The iron rails seem all mingling in  
 one,

To shut out the Green Park scenery!  
 And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,  
 She shudders—she shrieks—she's  
 doomed, she feels,  
 To be torn by powers of horses and  
 wheels,  
 Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,  
But the very stones seem uttering  
cries,

As they did to that Persian daughter,  
When she climbed up the steep vo-  
ciferous hill,

Her little silver flagon to fill  
With the magical Golden Water!

"Batter her! shatter her!

Throw and scatter her!"

Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!

"Dash at the heavy Dover!

Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter  
her!

Smash her! crash her!" (the stones  
didn't flatter her!)

"Kick her brains out! let her blood  
spatter her!

Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gathered the awful sense  
Of the street in its past unmacadamized  
tense,

As the wild horse overran it,—

His four heels making the clatter of  
six,

Like Devil's tattoo, played with iron  
sticks

On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints  
Of oranges, ribbons, and coloured  
prints,

A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and  
tints,

And human faces all flashing,

Bright and brief as the sparks from  
the flints,

That the desperate hoof keeps  
dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!

Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!  
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at  
last!

The Furies and Fates have found  
them!

Down they go with a sparkle and  
crash,

Like a Bark that's struck by the  
lightning flash—

There's a shriek—and a sob—

And the dense dark mob

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Like a billow closes around them!

"She breathes!"

"She don't!"

"She'll recover!"

"She won't!"

"She's stirring! she's living, by  
Nemesis!"

Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!

Golden dishes as plenty as delf!

Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to  
herself

On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold!—both yellow and red,  
Beaten, and molten—polished, and  
dead—

To see the gold with profusion spread  
In all forms of its manufacture!

But what avails gold to Miss Kilman-  
segg,

When the femoral bone of her dexter  
leg

Has met with a compound fracture?

Gold may sooth Adversity's smart,  
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;

But to try it on any other part

Were as certain a disappointment,

As if one should rub the dish and plate,  
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—

In the hope of a Golden Service of  
State—

With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

#### HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's  
inclined,"

Is an adage often recalled to mind,

Referring to juvenile bias:

And never so well is the verity seen,

As when to the weak, warped side we  
lean,

While life's tempests and hurricanes  
try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken  
limb,

By a very, very remarkable whim,

She showed her early tuition:

While the buds of character came into  
blow

With a certain tinge that served to show

The nursery culture long ago,  
As the graft is known by fruition!

For the King's Physician, who nursed  
the case,

His verdict gave with an awful face.

And three others concurred to egg it:  
That the Patient to give old Death  
the slip,

Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,  
Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doomed—it couldn't be  
saved!

And like other people the patient  
behaved,

Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,  
Which makes some persons so falter;

They rather would part, without a groan,  
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone  
of their bone,

They obtained at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump  
With a proxy limb—then flatly and  
plump

She spoke in the spirit olden;  
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she  
wouldn't have wood!

Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,  
And she swore an oath, or something  
as good,

The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,  
For your common Jockeys and  
Jennies!

No, no, her mother might worry and  
plague—

Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,  
But nothing would move Miss Kil-  
mansegg!

She could—she would have a Golden  
Leg,

If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,  
With its sylvan honours and feudal  
bark.

Is an aristocratic article;  
But sp'it and sawn, and hacked about  
town,

Serving all needs of pauper or clown,  
Trod on! staggered on! Wood cut  
down

Is vulgar—fibre and particle!

And Cork!—when the noble Cork Tree  
shades

A lovely group of Castilian maids,  
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—  
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,  
Or bungs the beer—the *small beer*!—  
in,

It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,  
To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,  
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,

Should ever support her, God willing!  
She must—she could—she would have  
her whim,

Her father, she turned a deaf ear to  
him—

He might kill her—she didn't mind  
killing!

He was welcome to cut off her other  
limb—

He might cut her all off with a  
shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,  
Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,  
She writhed with impatience more than  
pain,

And uttered "pshaws!" and  
"pishes!"

But a Leg of Gold! as she lay in bed,  
It danced before her—it ran in her  
head!

It jumped with her dearest wishes!  
"Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be  
gold!"

Asleep or awake that tale she told,  
And when she grew delirious:

Till her parents resolved to grant her  
wish,

If they melted down plate, and goblet,  
and dish,

The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,  
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,

As solid as man could make it—  
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,  
A prodigious sum of money it sank:  
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family  
Bank,

And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,  
The Goldsmith's mark was stamped on  
the calf—

'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!

And to make it more costly, just over  
the knee—

Where another ligature used to be,  
Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings  
to see,

A new-fangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful  
Leg,

Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,  
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!

For, thanks to parental bounty,  
Secure from Mortification's touch,  
She stood on a Member that cost as  
much

As a Member for all the County!

#### HER FAME.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,  
What hundreds and thousands of  
precious limbs

On a field of battle we scatter!  
Severed by sword, or bullet, or saw,  
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—  
But the public seems to get the lock-  
jaw,

So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,  
The tightest, the lightest that danced  
on the green,

Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;  
Shattered, scattered, cut, bowled down,  
Off they go, worse off for renown,  
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about  
town,

Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilman-  
segg,

That gowden, goolden, golden leg,  
Was the theme of all conversation!  
Had it been a Pillar of Church and  
State,

Or a prop to support the whole Dead  
Weight,

It could not have furnished more debate  
To the heads and tails of the nation!

East, and west, and north, and south,  
Though useless for either hunger or  
drouth—

The Leg was in everybody's mouth,

To use a poetical figure;

Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,  
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,

Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead;  
Debates in the House were hardly read!  
In vain the Police Reports were fid

With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—  
The Leg! the Leg, was the great  
event,

Through every circle in life it went,  
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seemed tame and  
flat,

The Leg, a novelty newer than that,  
Had tripped up the heels of Fiction!

It Burked the very essays of Burke,  
And alas! how Wealth over Wit plays  
the Turk!

As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,  
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

"A leg of gold! what, of solid gold?"  
Cried rich and poor, and young and  
old,

And Master and Miss and Madam—  
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley  
—the Bank—

And with men of scientific rank,  
It made as much stir as the fossil  
shank

Of a Lizard coeval with Adam!

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea  
elves,

Men who had lost a limb themselves,  
Its interest did not dwindle—

But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom  
Could hardly have spun more yarns  
therefrom,

If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,  
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,  
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,

Through Exaggeration's touches,  
The Heiress and Hope of the Kilman-  
seggs

Was propped on *two* fine Golden Legs,  
And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had Leg so great a run!  
'Twas the "go" and the "Kick"  
thrown into one!

The mode—the new thing under the  
sun,

The rage—the fancy—the passion!  
Bonnets were named, and hats were  
worn,



A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,  
And stockings and shoes,  
Of golden hues,  
Took the lead in the walks of  
fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,  
It was sung and danced—and to show  
how near

Low Folly to lofty approaches,  
Down to society's very dregs,  
The Belles of Wapping wore "Kil-  
manseggs,"

And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden  
Legs  
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

## HER FIRST STEP.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of  
Man

Shared, on the allegorical plan,  
By the Passions that mark Humanity,  
Whichever might claim the head, or  
heart,

The stomach, or any other part,  
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of  
fop,

A lighthouse without any light atop,  
Whose height would attract be-  
holders,

If he had not lost some inches clear  
By looking down at his kerseymere,  
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,  
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,  
And down go the everlasting looks.

To his crural beauties so wedded!  
Try him, wherever you will, you find  
His mind in his legs, and his legs in  
his mind,

All prongs and folly—in short, a kind  
Of Fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,  
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,  
Disdained to hide it, like Joan or Meg,

In petticoats stuffed or quilted?  
Not she! 'twas her convalescent whim  
To dazzle the world with the precious  
limb,—

Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob  
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-  
nob,

And the Cherokee talks of his cab and  
cob

To Polish or Lapland lovers—  
Cards, like that hieroglyphical call  
To a geographical Fancy Ball  
On the present Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones  
too—

Would mob a savage from Latakoo,  
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le  
Boo,

That unfortunate Sandwich scion—  
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,  
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,  
That promised a Golden Lion!

## HER FANCY BALL.

Of all the spirits of evil fame  
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,  
And poison what's honest and hearty,  
There's none more needs a Matthew to  
preach

A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,  
To praise and enforce  
A temperate course,  
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons or Lords,  
And they seem to be busy with simple  
words

In their popular sense or pedantic—  
But alas! with their cheers, and  
sneers, and jeers,

They're really busy, whatever appears,  
Putting peas in each other's ears,  
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories love to worry the Whigs,  
Who treat them in turn like Schwal-  
bach pigs,

Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,  
With their writhing and pain de-  
lighted—

But after all that's said, and more,  
The malice and spite of Party are poor  
To the malice and spite of a party  
next door,

To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the  
light,

Weariness bids the world good-night,  
At least for the usual season;

But hark! a clatter of horses' heels;  
And Sleep and Silence are broken on  
wheels,

Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

Another crash—and the carriage goes—  
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose  
That Nature demands imperious;  
But Echo takes up the burden now,  
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-  
dow,

Till Silence herself seems making a row,  
Like a Quaker gone delirious!

'Tis night—a winter night—and the  
stars  
Are shining like winkin'—Venus and  
Mars

Are rolling along in their golden cars  
Through the sky's serene expansion—  
But vainly the stars dispense their  
rays,

Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze  
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous man-  
sion!

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright!  
His bedchamber windows look so bright,

With light all the square is glutted!  
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,  
And a tremor sickens his inward man,  
For he feels as only a gentleman can,  
Who thinks he's being "guttet."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm;  
But only to dream of a dreadful storm

From Autumn's sulphurous locker;  
But the only electric body that falls,  
Wears a negative coat, and positive  
smalls,

And draws the peal that so appals  
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen  
knocker!

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit Night—  
And perchance 'tis the English Second-  
Sight;

But whatever it be, so be it—  
As the friends and guests of Miss  
Kilmansegg

Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,  
As many more  
Mob round the door,

To see them going to see it!

In they go—in jackets and cloaks,  
Plumes and bonnets, turbans and  
toques,

As if to a Congress of Nations:  
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and  
dirks,

Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks,  
Some like original foreign works,  
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,  
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,  
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheeled Jack

For some of low Fancy are lovers—  
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,  
Here and there, and in and out,  
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-  
bodied rout

Is one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,  
Open-mouthed like chub and trout,  
And some with the upper lip thrust out,

Like that fish for routing, a barbel—  
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the  
crowd,

And rubbed his hands, and smiled aloud  
And bowed, and bowed, and bowed, and  
bowed,

Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and noble Peers  
Dukes descended from Norman spears,  
Earls that dated from early years;

And Lords in vast variety—  
Besides the Gentry, both new and old—  
For people who stand on legs of gold  
Are sure to stand well with society.

"But where—where—where?" with one  
accord

Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my  
Lord,

Wang-fong and Il Bondicani—  
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a  
dump,

They heard a foot begin to stump,  
Thump! lump!  
Lump! thump!

Like the Spectre in "Don Giovanni!"

And lo! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg  
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful  
leg,

In the garb of a Goddess olden—

Like chaste Diana going to hunt,  
With a golden spear—which of course  
was blunt,

And a tunic looped up to a gem in  
front,

To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold! her Crescent behold,  
That should be silver, but would be  
gold;

And her robe's auriferous spangles!  
Her golden stomacher—how she would  
melt!

Her golden quiver, and golden belt,  
Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewelled Garter! Oh, sin!  
Oh, shame!

Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,  
That bring such blots on female fame!

But to be a true recorder,  
Besides its thin transparent stuff,  
The tunic was looped quite high enough  
To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do  
With a Golden Leg—and a stout one  
too?

Away with all Prudery's panics!  
That the precious metal, by thick and  
thin,

Will cover square acres of land or sin,  
Is a fact made plain

Again and again,  
In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,  
Who seemed to feel her foot on their  
necks,

And feared their charms would meet  
with checks

From so rare and splendid a blazon—  
A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—  
and "bold!"

And said of the Leg, it might be gold,  
But to them it looked like brazen!

'Twas hard, they hinted, for flesh and  
blood.

Virtue, and Beauty, and all that's good,  
To strike to mere dross their top-  
gallants—

But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or  
Worth,

Gentle manners, or gentle birth,  
Nay, what the most talented head on  
earth

To a Leg worth fifty Talents?

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But the men sang quite another hymn  
Of glory and praise to the precious  
Limb—

Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,  
And its indecorum pardoned—

While half of the young—ay, more  
than half—

Bowed down and worshipped the Golden  
Calf,

Like the Jews when their hearts  
were hardened.

A Golden Leg! what fancies it fired:  
What golden wishes and hopes in-pired!

To give but a mere abridgment—  
What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's  
serf!

What a leg for a Leg to take on the  
turf!

What a leg for a marching regiment!

A Golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,  
'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold  
Rings,"

With which the Romantic wheedles.  
'Twas worth all the legs in stockings  
and socks—

'Twas a leg that might be put in the  
Stocks,

N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. mid-nodded her head,  
Lapped in a turban fancy-bred,  
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,

Some Mussul-womanish mystery;

But whatever she meant

To represent,

She talked like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;  
And then how much the gold one cost,

With its weight to a Trojan fraction;  
And how it took off, and how it put on;

And called on Devil, Duke, and Don,  
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,

To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;  
And led it where the light was best;

And made it lay itself up to rest  
In postures for painters' studies:

It cost more tricks and trouble by half,  
Than it takes to exhibit a six-legged  
Calf

To a boothful of country Cuddies.

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Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit  
The arts that help to make a hit,  
And preserve a prominent station.  
She talked and laughed far more than  
her share;  
And took a part in "Rich and Rare  
Were the gems she wore"—and the  
gems were there,  
Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of  
France,

To dance—alas!—the measures we dance  
When Vanity plays the Piper:  
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,  
And lead all sorts of legs astray,—  
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—  
Since Satan first played the Viper!

But first she doffed her hunting gear,  
And favoured Tom Tug with her  
golden spear

To row with down the river—  
A Bonze had her golden bow to hold;  
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold;  
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was cleared on the  
floor,  
And she walked the Minuet de la  
Cour,

With all the pomp of a Pompadour;  
But although she began *andante*,  
Conceive the faces of all the Rout,  
When she finished off with a whirligig  
bout,

And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out  
Like the leg of a *Figuranté!*

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,  
And golden opinions, of course, it won  
From all different sorts of people—  
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering  
phrase.

In one vociferous peal of praise,  
Like the peal that rings on Royal  
days

From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those  
That dance for bread in flesh-coloured  
hose,

With Rosina's pastoral bevy,  
The jeers it had met,—the shouts!  
the scoff!

The cutting advice to "take itself off,"  
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,  
That teach little girls and boys to  
dance,

To set, poussette, recede, and advance  
With the steps and figures most  
proper,—

Had it hopped for a weekly or quarterly  
sum,

How little of praise or grist would have  
come

To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs  
forlorn—

Bartering capers and hops for corn—  
That meet with public hisses and scorn,

Or the morning journal denounces—  
Had it pleased to caper from morn  
till dusk,

There was all the music of "Money  
Musk,"

In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But, hark; as slow as the strokes of a  
pump,

Lump, thump!

Thump, lump!

As the Giant of Castle Otranto might  
stump

To a lower room from an upper—  
Down she goes with a noisy dint,  
For taking the crimson turban's hint,  
A noble Lord at the Head of the Munt  
Is leading the Leg to supper!

But the supper, alas! must rest untold,  
With its blaze of light, and its glitter  
of gold,

For to paint that scene of glamour,  
It would need the Great Enchanter's  
charm,

Who waves over palace, and cot, and  
farm,

An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden  
Arm

That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only he could fitly state  
*The Massive Service of Golden Plate,*

With the proper phrase and  
expansion—

The rare selection of *Foreign Wines—*  
The *Alps of Ice* and *Mountains of Pines,*

The punch in *Oceans* and sugary shrines,  
The *Temple of Taste* from *Gunter's*

*Designs—*

In short, all that *Wealth with a Feast*  
combines,

In a *Splendid Family Mansion*.

Suffice it each masked outlandish  
guest,

Ate and drank of the very best,  
According to critical conners—  
And then they pledged the Hostess  
and Host,

But the Golden Leg was the standing  
toast,

And as somebody swore,  
Walked off with more

Than its share of the "Hips!" and  
honours!

"Miss Kilmansegg!—

Full glasses I beg!—

Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious  
Leg!"

And away went the bottle careering!  
Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!  
Till the Clown didn't know his head  
from his heels,

The Mussulman's eyes danced two-  
some reels,

And the Quaker was hoarse with  
cheering!

#### HER DREAM.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,  
And laid it down like a cribbage peg,

For the Rout was done and the riot;  
The Square was hushed; no sound  
was heard;

The sky was grey, and no creature  
stirred,

Except one little precocious bird,  
That chirped—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—  
It had been a sin

To drop a pin—

So intense is silence after a din.

It seemed like Death's rehearsal!

To stir the air no eddy came;

And the taper burnt with as still a  
flame,

As to flicker had been a burning shame,  
In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last;  
And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,

Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover;  
Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,

From the piece of work just ravelled  
out,

For one of the pleasures of having a  
rout,

Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,  
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean;  
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,  
That was fit for a Royal Chamber.

On the top was a gorgeous golden  
wreath;

And the damask curtains hung beneath,  
Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump  
things,

With golden bodies and golden wings,—  
Mere fins for such solidities—

Two Cupids, in short,

Of the regular sort,

But the housemaid called them  
"Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and  
scars,

But velvet, powdered with golden stars.

A fit mantle for *Night-Commanders!*  
And the pillow, as white as snow un-  
dimmed,

And as cool as the pool that the breeze  
has skimmed,

Was cased in the finest cambric, and  
trimmed

With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest  
down,

'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to  
drown

In a bliss inferred by the Poet:

For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,

What blessed ignorance equals this,

To sleep—and not to know it?

Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!

That heaven upon earth to the weary  
head;

But a place that to name would be  
ill-bred,

To the head with a wakeful trouble—  
'Tis held by such a different lease!

To one, a place of comfort and peace,  
All stuffed with the down of stubble

geese,

To another, with only the stubble.

To one, a perfect Haleyon nest,  
 All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
 And soft as the fur of the cony;  
 To another, so restless for body and  
 head,  
 That the bed seems borrowed from  
 Nettlebed,  
 And the pillow from Stratford the  
 Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of  
 ease,  
 To the land of Nod, or where you  
 please;  
 But alas! for the watchers and  
 weepers,  
 Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
 But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,  
 With an anxious brain,  
 And thoughts in a train  
 That does not run upon sleepers!

Wide awake as the mousing owl,  
 Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—  
 But more profitless vigils keeping,—  
 Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
 Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
 As if that Crook-backed Tyrant Care  
 Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal  
 light  
 Is quenched by the providential night,  
 To render our slumber more certain,  
 Pity, pity the wretches that weep,  
 For they must be wretched who cannot  
 sleep  
 When Nature herself draws the  
 curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow beats,  
 And airs the blankets, and smooths the  
 sheets,  
 And gives the mattress a shaking—  
 But vainly Betty performs her part,  
 If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,  
 As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice,  
 and nerves,  
 Where other people would make pre-  
 serves,

He turns his fruits into pickles:  
 Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
 At night, to his own sharp fancies a  
 prey,  
 212

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the  
 wrong way,  
 Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good-  
 night,  
 In downright earnest and cuts it  
 quite—

A Cherub no Art can copy,—  
 'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie  
 As if he had supped on dormouse pie  
 (An ancient classical dish, by the bye),  
 With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!  
 That heaven upon earth to the weary  
 head,

Whether lofty or low its condition!  
 But instead of putting our plagues  
 on shelves,

In our blankets how often we toss our-  
 selves,

Or are tossed by such allegorical elves  
 As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

The independent Miss Kilmansegg  
 Took off her independent Leg  
 And laid it beneath her pillow,  
 And then on the bed her frame she  
 cast,

The time for repose had come at last,  
 But long, long after the storm is past  
 Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares  
 That belong to common household  
 affairs—

Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs  
 Who lie with a shrewd surmising  
 That while they are couchant (a bitter  
 cup!)

Their bread and butter are getting up,  
 And the coals—confound them!—are  
 rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,  
 Like the crippled Widow who weeps  
 alone,

And cannot make a doze her own,  
 For the dread that mayhap on the  
 morrow,

The true and Christian reading to  
 baulk,

A broker will take up her bed and  
 walk,

By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail:  
But the breath of applause had blown  
a gale,  
And winds from that quarter seldom fail

To cause some human commotion;  
But whenever such breezes coincide  
With the very spring-tide  
Of human pride,  
There's no such swell on the ocean!

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,  
She turned, and rolled, and tumbled,  
and tossed,

With a tumult that would not settle:  
A common case, indeed, with such  
As have too little, or think too much,  
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold!—she saw at her golden foot  
The Peer whose tree had an olden  
root.

The Proud, the Great, the Learned to  
boot,

The handsome, the gay, and the  
witty—

The man of Science—of Arms—of Art,  
The man who deals but at Pleasure's  
mart

And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould!  
In the very scheme of her dream it  
told;

For, by magical transmutation,  
From her Leg through her body it  
seemed to go,

Till, gold above, and gold below,  
She was gold, all gold, from her little  
gold toe

To her organ of Veneration!

And still she retained, through Fancy's  
art,

The Golden Bow, and the Golden Dart,  
With which she had played a Goddess's  
part

In her recent glorification.

And still, like one of the selfsame  
brood,

On a Plinth of the selfsame metal  
she stood

For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her  
rolled,

From golden Harps and Censers of  
Gold,—

For Fancy in dreams is as uncontrolled  
As a horse without a bridle:

What wonder, then, from all cheeks  
exempt,

If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she  
dreamt

She was turned to a Golden Idol?

#### HER COURTSHIP.

When leaving Eden's happy land  
The grieving Angel led by the hand  
Our banished Father and Mother,  
Forgotten amid their awful doom,

The tears, the fears, and the future's  
gloom,

On each brow was a wreath of Paradise  
bloom,

That our Parents had twined for each  
other.

It was only while sitting like figures  
of stone,

For the grieving Angel had skyward  
flown,

As they sat, those Two, in the world  
alone,

With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,  
That, scenting the gust of happier  
hours,

They looked around for the precious  
flowers,

And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear  
bowers—

The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,  
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly  
sweet,

That savours still of that happy retreat  
Where Eve by Adam was courted:

Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the  
gentle Dove,

Wooded their mates in the boughs above,  
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,  
A perfume and freshness strange and  
rare,

A warmth in the light, and a bliss  
everywhere,

When young hearts yearn together?

All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
Oh! there's nothing in life like making

love,

Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his  
flowers,

A blossom too bright for this world of  
ours,

Like a rose among snows of Sweden?  
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,  
Where must Love have gone to beg,  
If such a thing as a Golden Leg  
Had put its foot in Eden?

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—  
Her favour was sought by Age and  
Youth—

For the prey will find a prowler;  
She was followed, flattered, courted,  
addressed,  
Wooded, and cooed, and wheedled, and  
pressed,  
By suitors from North, South, East,  
and West,

Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie  
Fowler!

Bnt, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,  
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!  
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!  
But the more the eggs, the worse the  
batch;

The more the fish, the worse the catch;  
The more the sparks, the worse the  
match;

Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,  
And, mayhap, with luck to help the  
trick,  
She will take the Faustus, and leave  
the Old Nick—

But her future bliss to baffle,  
Amongst a score let her have a voice,  
And she'll have as little cause to  
rejoice,  
As if she had won the "Man of her  
choice"

In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and  
Hope,

Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,  
With so ample a competition,  
She chose the least worthy of all the  
group,

Just as the vulture makes a stoop,  
And singles out from the herd or  
troop,

The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count,—who came incog.,  
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,

In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,  
To charm some lady, British-born,  
With his eyes as black as the fruit of  
the thorn,

And his hooky nose, and his beard  
half-shorn,

Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm,  
In the man who has slashed a head  
or arm,

Or has been a throat's undoing,  
He was dressed like one of the glorious  
trade,

At least when Glory is off parade,  
With a stock, and a frock, well trimmed  
with braid,

And frogs—that went a-woeing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,  
On the left-hand side of his dark  
surtout,

At one of those holes that buttons go  
through

(To be a precise recorder),

A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,  
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,  
That one of his rivals, a whimsical  
chap,

Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it helped his  
chance—

He could sing, and play first fiddle,  
and dance,

Perform charades, and Proverbs of  
France—

Act the tender, and do the cruel;  
For amongst his other killing parts,  
He had broken a brace of female  
hearts,

And murdered three men in duell!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,  
Subtle with age, and smooth to the  
young

Like a snake in his coiling and  
curling—

Such was the Count—to give him a  
niche—

Who came to court that Heiress rich,  
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say  
which—

Besieging her Castle of *Sterling*.



With prayers and vows he opened his trench,

And plied her with English, Spanish, and French,

In phrases the most sentimental.

And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,

With now and then an Italian touch, Till she yielded, without resisting much,

To homage so continental.

And then the sordid bargain to close, With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,

And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,

And his beard and whiskers as black as those,

The lady's consent he requited—

And instead of the lock that lovers beg, The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg

A model, in small, of her Precious Leg— And so the couple were plighted!

But, oh! the love that gold must crown!

Better—better, the love of the clown, Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,

As if all the fairies had dressed her! Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,

Except that he never will part on earth,

With his true love's crooked tester!

Alas, for the love that's linked with gold!

Better—better a thousand times told— Most honest, happy, and laudible,

The downright loving of pretty Cis, Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,

And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss, In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright, Who loves as she labours, with all her might,

And without any sordid leaven! Who blushes as red as haws and hips,

Down to her very finger-tips, For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips

Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

## HER MARRIAGE.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one! From the Golden East, the Golden Sun

Came forth his glorious race to run, Through clouds of most splendid tinges;

Clouds that lately slept in shade, But now seemed made Of gold brocade,

With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below, The earth reflected the golden glow, From river, and hill, and valley;

Gilt by the golden light of morn, The Thames—it looked like the Golden Horn,

And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,

Like Cleopatra's Gallery!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod, Suburban poplars began to nod,

With extempore splendour furnished; While London was bright with glittering clocks,

Golden dragons, and Golden cocks, And above them all,

The dome of St. Paul, With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,

Shone out as if newly burnished!

And lo! for Golden Hours and Joys, Troops of glittering Golden Boys

Danced along with a jocund noise, And their gilded emblems carried!

In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,

By mortals called the First of May, When Miss Kilmansegg

Of the Golden Leg With a Golden Ring was married!

And thousands of children, women, and men,

Counted the clock from eight till ten, From St. James's sonorous steeple;

For next to that interesting job, The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,

There's nothing so draws a London mob

As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for a mob to behold  
The bridal carriage that blazed with  
gold!

And the footman tall, and the coach-  
man bold,

In liveries so resplendent—  
Coats you wondered to see in place,  
They seemed so rich with golden lace,  
That they might have been inde-  
pendent.

Coats that made these menials proud,  
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,  
From their gilded elevations;

Not to forget that saucy lad  
(Ostentation's favourite cad),  
The page, who looked so splendidly  
clad,

Like a page of the "Wealth of  
Nations."

But the coachman carried off the state,  
With what was a Lancashire body of  
late,

Turned into a Dresden Figure;  
With a bridal nosegay of early bloom,  
About the size of a birchen broom,  
And so huge a white favour, had Gog  
been groom,

He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom! the Count!  
With foreign orders to such an amount,  
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial;  
He seemed to have borrowed the  
shaggy hair,

As well as the stars of the Polar Bear,  
To make him look celestial!

And then—Great Jove! the struggle,  
the crush,

The screams, the heaving, the awful  
rush,

The swearing, the tearing, and fight-  
ing,

The hats and bonnets smashed like an  
egg—

To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,  
Which, between the steps and Miss  
Kilmansegg,

Was fully displayed in alighting!

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee,  
There it was for the mob to see!  
A shocking act had it chanced to be  
A crooked leg or a skinny:

But although a magnificent veil she  
wore,

Such as never was seen before,  
In case of blushes, she blushed no more  
Than George the First on a guinea!

Another step, and lo! she was launched!  
All in white, as brides are *blanched*,  
With a wreath of most wonderful  
splendour—

Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,  
That, according to calculation nice,  
Her head was worth as royal a price  
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more,  
As she sailed through the crowd of  
squalid and poor,

Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—  
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black  
eyes,

Bright with triumph, and some sur-  
prise,

Like Anson, on making sure of his  
Prize,

The famous Mexican Galleon!

Anon, came Lady K, with her face  
Quite made up to act with grace,

But she cut the performance shorter;  
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,  
At the stare of the vulgar she took a  
miff,

And ran, full speed, into Church, as if  
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walked more slowly, and  
bowed

Right and left to the gaping crowd,  
Wherever a glance was seizable:

For Sir Jacob thought he bowed like  
a Guelph,

And therefore bowed to imp and elf,  
And would gladly have made a bow to  
himself,

Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the  
sight,

Six "Handsome Fortunes," all in white,  
Came to help in the marriage rite,—

And rehearse their own hymeneals—  
And then the bright procession to close,  
They were followed by just as many  
Beaux,

Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men and splendid dames,  
Thus they entered the porch of St.  
James,

Pursued by a thunder of laughter;  
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,  
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday  
Queen,  
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the  
Green,

Would fain have followed after!

Beadle-like he hushed the shout;  
But the temple was full "inside and  
out,"

And a buzz kept buzzing all round  
about

Like bees when the day is sunny—  
A buzz universal that interfered  
With the rite that ought to have  
been revered,

As if the couple already were smeared  
With Wedlock's treacle and honey!

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing;  
'Tis something like that feat in the  
ring,

Which requires good nerve to do it—  
When one of a "Grand Equestrian  
Troop"

Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,  
Not certain at all  
Of what may befall

After his getting through it!

But the Count he felt the nervous  
work

No more than any polygamous Turk,  
Or bold piratical skipper,  
Who, during his buccaneering search,  
Would as soon engage "a hand" in  
church

As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the Bride perform her  
part?

Like any Bride who is cold at heart,  
Mere snow with the ice's glitter;  
What but a life of winter for her!  
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,  
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a  
fir

When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!  
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life  
A few short words were to settle—

Will you have this woman?

I will—and then,

Will you have this man?

I will, and Amen—

And those Two were one Flesh, in the  
Angels' ken,

Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were signed—and  
kissed the kiss:

And the Bride, who came from her  
coach a Miss,

As a Countess walked to her carriage—  
Whilst Hymen preened his plumes like  
a dove,

And Cupid fluttered his wings above,  
In the shape of a fly,—as little a Love  
As ever looked in at a marriage!

Another crash—and away they dashed,  
And the gilded carriage and footmen  
flashed

From the eyes of the gaping people—  
Who turned to gaze at the toe-and-  
heel

Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel  
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal  
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding bells! those wedding  
bells!

How sweetly they sound in pastoral  
dells

From a tower in an ivy-green jacket!  
But town-made joys how dearly they  
cost;

And after all are tumbled and tost,  
Like a peal from a London steeple, and  
lost

In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals  
With grass or heather beneath our  
heels,—

For bells are Music's laughter!  
But a London peal, well mingled, be  
sure,

With vulgar noises and voices impure,  
What a harsh and discordant overtone  
To the Harmony meant to come  
after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too  
soon

To cloud the face of the honeymoon  
With a dismal occultation!—

Whatever Fate's concerted trick,  
The Countess and Count, at the present  
nick,  
Have a chicken, and not a crow, to  
pick  
At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,  
But one in the style of Good Queen  
Bess,  
Who,—heartily as hippocampus,—  
Broke her fast with ale and beef,  
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,  
And—in lieu of anchovy—grampus!

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and  
flesh,  
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh;  
With wines the most rare and  
curious—  
Wines of the richest flavour and hue;  
With fruits from the worlds, both Old  
and New;  
And fruits obtained before they were  
due  
At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that  
scout  
What is *in* season, for what is *out*,  
And prefer all precocious savour:  
For instance, early green peas, of the  
sort  
That costs some four or five guineas a  
quart;  
Where the *Mint* is the principal  
flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,  
Such as the wealthy City could spare,  
To put in a portly appearance—  
Men, whom their fathers had helped  
to gild;  
And men who had their fortunes to  
build,  
And—much to their credit—had richly  
filled  
Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,  
Not the last to enjoy a feast!  
And truly they were not idle!  
Luckier far than the chestnut tits,  
Which, down at the door, stood  
champing their bits.  
At a different sort of *bridal*.

For the time was come—and the  
whiskered Count  
Helped his Bride in the carriage to  
mount,  
And fain would the Muse deny it,  
But the crowd, including two butchers  
in blue  
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue),  
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a  
view,

As if they had come to buy it!  
Then away! away! with all the speed  
That golden spurs can give to the  
steed—  
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,  
Concurred to urge the cattle—  
Away they went, with favours white,  
Yellow jackets, and panels bright,  
And left the mob, like a mob at night,  
Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and rolled,  
The Count, and his Bride, and her  
Leg of Gold—  
That fated charm to the charmer!  
Away,—through Old Brentford rang  
the din,  
Of wheels and heels, on their way to  
win  
That hill, named after one of her kin,  
The hill of the Golden Farmer!  
Gold, still gold—it flew like dust!  
It tipped the post-boy, and paid the  
trust;  
In each open palm it was freely thrust;  
There was nothing but giving and  
taking!  
And if gold could ensure the future  
hour,  
What hopes attended that Bride to her  
bower,  
But alas! even hearts with a four-  
horse power  
Of opulence end in breaking!

## HER HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and  
cold,  
Her fickle temper has oft been told,  
Now shady—now bright and sunny—  
But of all the lunar things that change,  
The one that shows most fickle and  
strange,  
And takes the most eccentric range,  
Is the moon—so called—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb revealed,  
As big and as round as Norval's shield,  
And as bright as a burner Bude-  
lighted;

To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,  
As any oleaginous lamp,  
Of the regular old parochial stamp,  
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant  
sphere,

That makes earth's commonest scenes  
appear

All poetic, romantic, and tender:  
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,  
And investing a common post, or a  
pump,

A currant-bush or a gooseberry clump,  
With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian  
skies,

In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,  
Tipping trees with its argent  
braveries—

And to couples not favoured with  
Fortune's boons,

One of the most delightful of moons,  
For it brightens their pewter platters  
and spoons

Like a silver service of Savory's!

For all is bright, and beauteous, and  
clear,

And the meanest thing most precious  
and dear,

When the magic of love is present:  
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace  
To the humblest spot and the plainest  
face—

That turns Wilderness Row into Para-  
dise Place,

And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,  
And makes contentment and joy agree  
With the coarsest boarding and  
bedding:

Love that no golden ties can attach,  
But nestles under the humblest thatch,  
And will fly away from an Emperor's  
match

To dance at a Penny Wedding!

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,  
When such a bright Planet governs  
the fate

Of a pair of united lovers!

'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's  
hiss,

To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,  
With as much of the old original bli-  
s As mortality ever recovers!

There's strength in double joints, no  
doubt,

In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,  
That the single sorts know nothing  
about—

And a fist is strongest when doubled—  
And double aqua-fortis, of course,  
And double soda water, perforce,  
Are the strongest that ever bubbled

There's double beauty whenever a Swan  
Swims on a Lake with her double  
thereon:

And ask the gardener, Luke or John,  
Of the beauty of double-blowing—  
A double dahlia delights the eye:  
And it's far the loveliest sight in the  
sky

When a double rainbow is glowing!

There's warmth in a pair of double  
soles;

As well as a double allowance of  
coals—

In a coat that is double-breasted—  
In double windows and double doors;  
And a double U wind is blest by  
scores

For its warmth to the tender-chested.  
There's a twofold sweetness in double  
pipes;

And a double barrel and double snipes  
Give the sportsman a duplicate  
pleasure:

There's double safety in double locks;  
And double letters bring cash for the  
box;

And all the world knows that double  
knocks

Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double  
rhymes,

And a double at Whist, and a double  
Times

In profit are certainly double—  
By doubling, the Hare contrives to  
escape:

And all seamen delight in a doubled  
Cape,

And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,

And of course there's a double pleasure therein,

If the parties were brought to telling :  
And however our Dennises take offence,  
A double meaning shows double sense ;  
And if proverbs tell truth,  
A double tooth

Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,

Beauty, respect, strength, comfort and thence

Through whatever the list discovers,  
They are all in the double blessedness summed,

Of what was formerly double-drummed,  
The Marriage of two true Lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg moon—it must be told—

Though instead of silver it tipped with gold—

Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold !

And before its days were at thirty,  
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,  
With an ominous ring of ill effect,  
As gave but too much cause to expect  
Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"

And the scented hawthorn had blossomed soon,

And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—

The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,

And the bee was humming a tune all day

To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,

And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,

Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth

Of its furred or its feathered creatures,

To a pair in the world's last sordid stage,

Who had never looked into Nature's page,

And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,  
Without any Arcadian features ?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind

To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind

With simplicity ever at battle ?  
A bride of an ostentatious race,

Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,

Would have trimmed her shepherds with golden lace,

And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,

And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb

For which she had been such a martyr ;

The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,

And the cows unheeded let it pass ;  
And the ass on the common was such an ass,

That he wouldn't have swapped  
The thistle he cropped

For her Leg, including the Garter !

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—  
She hated all that the country yields—

And barely knew turnips from clover ;  
She hated walking in any shape,

And a country stile was an awkward scrape,

Without the bribe of a mob to gape  
At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed nature, "O rus ! O rus !"   
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
Absorbed in a worldly torpor—

Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,

Untainted by care, and crime, and death,

And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—

That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,  
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,

She was far too pampered a madam—

Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,  
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,  
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of  
the strong,

And all the woes that to man belong,  
The lark still carols the self-same song  
That he did to the uncurst Adam!

The Lark she had given all Leipsic's  
flocks

For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box;  
And as for the birds in the thicket,  
Thrush or ouzel in leafy niche,  
The linnets or finch, she was far too rich  
To care for a Morning Concert to which  
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,  
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,  
Or by fancies golden and crural—  
Till ere she had passed one week un-  
blest,

As her agricultural Uncle's guest,  
Her mind was made up and fully im-  
prest

That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count?—to the snow-white  
lambs at play,

And all the scents and the sights of May,  
And the birds that warbled their  
passion,

His ears, and dark eyes, and decided  
nose,

Were as deaf and as blind and as dull  
as those

That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,  
The Huile Antique,  
And Parfum Unique,  
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent  
Of his rural bias, so far it went

As to covet estates in ring fences—  
And for rural lore he had learned in  
town,

That the country was green, turned  
up with brown,

And garnished with trees that a man  
might cut down

Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only  
one,

The Pair might have had few quarrels  
or none,

For their tastes thus far were in  
common;

But faults he had that a haughty  
bride

With a Golden Leg could hardly  
abide—

Faults that would even have roused  
the pride

Of a far less metalsome woman!

It was early days indeed for a wife,  
In the very spring of her married life,  
To be chilled by its wintry weather—  
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,  
Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo,  
Enjoying their "moon and honey for  
two,"

They were scarcely seen together!

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg  
A little exposed, *a la* Kilmansegg,

And rolled her eyes in their sockets;  
He left her in spite of her tender  
regards,

And those loving murmurs described  
by bards.

For the rattling of dice and the  
skuffling of cards,

And the poking of balls into  
pockets!

Moreover he loved the deepest stake  
And the heaviest bet that players  
would make;

And he drank—the reverse of  
sparely,—

And he used strange curses that made  
her fret;

And when he played with herself at  
piquet,

She found to her cost,  
For she always lost,

That the Count did not count quite  
fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and  
doubt,

Gathered by worming his secrets out,  
And slips in his conversations—

Fears, which all her peace destroyed,  
That his title was null,—his coffers  
were void—

And his French Château was in Spain,  
or enjoyed

The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a  
part—

She—only she—might possess his heart,  
And hold his affections in fetters—

Alas! that Hope, like a crazy ship,  
Was forced its anchor and cable to  
slip

When, seduced by her fears, she took  
a dip

In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues;  
And notes that hinted a many intrigues  
As the Count's in the "Barber of  
Seville"—

In short such mysteries came to light,  
That the Countess-Bride on the thirtieth  
night,

Woke and started up in affright,  
And kicked and screamed with all her  
might,

And finally fainted away outright,  
For she dreamt she had married the  
Devil!

#### HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made  
bread,

A heavy compound of putty and lead—  
And home-made wines that rack the  
head,

And home-made liqueurs and waters?  
Home-made pop that will not foam,  
And home-made dishes that drive one  
from home,

Not to name each mess,

For the face or dress,

Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic, that sickens the  
sick;

Thick for thin and thin for thick;—

In short, each homogeneous trick

For poisoning domesticity?

And since our Parents, called the First,  
A little family squabble nurst,  
Of all our evils the worst of the worst  
Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its  
wings,

And dances for joy on its perch, and  
sings

With a Persian exultation;

For the Sun is shining into the room,  
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,

As if it were new, bran new from the  
loom,

Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames  
On pictures in massy gilded frames—  
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,

But portraits of colts and fillies—  
Pictures hanging on wall which shine,  
In spite of the bard's familiar line,  
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares  
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,  
That shine as if freshly burnished—

And gilded tables with glittering stocks  
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,  
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,

That Peace and Paris have furnished.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of  
all

The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall  
On an object as rare as splendid—  
The golden foot of the golden Leg  
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilman-  
segg—

But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,  
And downward cast, yet not at the  
limb,

Once the centre of all speculation;  
But downward drooping in comfort's  
dearth,

As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the  
earth—

Whence human sorrows derive their  
birth—

By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,  
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades

That her evil planet revolves in—  
And tears are falling that catch a  
gleam

So bright as they drop in the sunny  
beam,

That tears of *agua regia* they seem,  
The water that gold dissolves in!

Yet, not in filial grief were shed  
Those tears for a mother's insanity;  
Nor yet because her father was dead,  
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bowed  
his head

To Death—with his usual urbanity;  
The waters that down her visage rilled  
Were drops of unrectified spirit distilled  
From the limbeck of Pride and  
Vanity.



Tears that fell alone and unchecked,  
Without relief, and without respect,  
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs  
neglect,

When pigs have that opportunity—  
And of all the griefs that mortal  
share,

The one that seems the hardest to bear  
Is the grief without community.

How blessed the heart that has a  
friend

A sympathizing ear to lend  
To troubles too great to smother!

For as ale and porter when flat are  
restored,

Till a sparkling, bubbling head they  
afford,

So sorrow is checked by being poured  
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one  
To hear the vile deeds that the Count  
had done,

How night after night he rambled;  
And how she learned, by sad degrees,  
That he drank, and smoked, and worse  
than these,

That he "swindled, intrigued, and  
gambled."

How he kissed the maids, and sparred  
with John:

And came to bed with his garments on;  
With other offences as heinous—

And brought *strange* gentlemen home  
to dine,

That he said were in the Fancy Line,  
And they fancied spirits instead of  
wine,

And called her lap-dog "Wenus."

Of "making a book," how he made a  
stir,

But never had written a line to her,  
Once his idol and *Cara Sposa*:

And how he had stormed, and treated  
her ill,

Because she refused to go down to a  
mill,

She didn't know where, but remembered  
still

That the Miller's name was *Mendoza*.

How often he waked her up at night,  
And oftener still by the morning light,

Reeling home from his haunts un-  
lawful;

Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,  
Except by beggars and thieves un-  
hung—

Or volleying oaths that a foreign tongue  
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,  
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,  
From gin, tobacco, and onion!

And then how wildly he used to stare!  
And shake his fist at nothing, and  
swear,—

And pluck by the handful his shaggy  
hair,

Till he looked like a study of Giant  
Despair

For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,  
As well is known to all who play,

And cards will conspire as in treason:  
And what with keeping a hunting-box,

Following fox—  
Friends in flocks,

Burgundies, Hocks,  
From London Docks:

Stultz's frocks,  
Manton and Nock's

Barrels and locks,  
Shooting blue rocks!

Trainers and jocks,  
Buskins and socks,

Pugilistical knoeks,  
And fighting-cocks,

If he found himself short in funds  
and stocks,

These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away—  
Friends who insist on play or pay—

And he feared at no very distant day  
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,

As one who was gone or going to  
smash,

For his cheques no longer drew the  
cash,

Because, as his comrades explained in  
flash,

"He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold  
Spent where souls are bought and sold,

In *Vice's* Walpurgis revel!  
Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and

guns,  
The leg that walks, and the leg that

runs,

All real evils, though fancy ones,  
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and  
duns,

Nay, to death, and perchance the  
Devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!  
Had she cried her wrongs in the  
market-place,

She had warrant for all her clamour—  
For the worst of rogues, and brutes,  
and rakes,

Was breaking her heart by constant  
aches,

With as little remorse as the pauper  
who breaks

A flint with a parish hammer!

#### HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg, while cash was  
flush,

Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,  
Had never excited dissension;

But no sooner the stocks began to fall,  
Than, without any ossification at all,  
The limb became what people call

A perfect bone of contention.

For altered days brought altered ways,  
And instead of the complimentary  
phrase,

So current before her bridal—  
The Countess heard, in language low,  
That her Precious Leg was precious  
slow,

A good 'un to look at, but bad to go,  
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,  
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—  
As the wife in the Scottish ballad  
declares—

It made an infernal stumping,  
Whereas a member of cork, or wood,  
Would be lighter and cheaper, and  
quite as good,

Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing,  
To show her calf to cobbler and king,  
But nothing could be absurder—

While none but the crazy would  
advertise

Their gold before their servants' eyes,  
Who of course some night would make  
it a prize,

By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,  
The Leg kept its situation:  
For legs are not to be taken off  
By a verbal amputation.

And mortals when they take a whim,  
The greater the folly the stiffer the  
limb

That stands upon it or by it—  
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,  
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,  
Till the Lawyers had fastened on her  
Leg,

As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—  
With scorn for scorn, and with threat  
for threat,

The Proud One confronted the Cruel:  
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,  
Fierce and merciless—one of those,  
With spoken daggers, and looks like  
blows,

In all but the bloodshed a duel!

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and  
wrong,

Were the words that came from Weak  
and Strong,

Till maddened for desperate matters,  
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,  
She flew to her desk—'twas opened—  
and then,

In the time it takes to try a pen,  
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,  
Her Will was in fifty tatters!

But the Count, instead of curses wild,  
Only nodded his head and smiled,  
As if at the spleen of an angry child;

But the calm was deceitful and  
sinister!

A lull like those of the treacherous  
sea—

For Hate in that moment had sworn  
to be

The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,  
And that very night to administer!

#### HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to  
think

How often mortality stands on the  
brink

Of its grave without any misgiving:

And yet in this slippery world of strife,  
In the stir of human bustle so rife,  
There are daily sounds to tell us that  
Life

Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,  
Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
How their souls would sadden in-  
stantly,

To remember that one of those wedding-  
bells,

That ring so merrily through the dells,  
Is the same that knells

Our last farewells,

Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at  
nought—

How little the wretched Countess  
thought,

When at night she unloosed her  
sandal,

That the Fates had woven her burial-  
cloth,

And that Death, in the shape of a  
Death's Head Moth,

Was fluttering round her candle!

As she looked at her clock of or-molu,  
For the hours she had gone so wearily  
through

At the end of a day of trial—

How little she saw in her pride of  
prime

The Dart of Death in the Hand of  
Time—

That hand which moved on the dial!

As she went with her taper up the stair,  
How little her swollen eye was aware

That the Shadow which followed  
was double!

Or when she closed her chamber door,  
It was shutting out, and for evermore,

The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside  
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—

They were solemn bequests to Vanity—

Or when her robes she began to doff,  
That she stood so near to the putting  
off

Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quenched the taper's light,  
How little she thought as the smoke

took flight,

That her day was done—and merged  
in a night

Of dreams and duration uncertain—

Or, along with her own,

That a hand of bone

Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,  
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind

In concealing the day of sorrow;

And enough is the present tense of  
toil—

For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—  
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil

From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly

And bid its daily cares good-bye,

Along with its daily clothing?

Just as the Felon condemned to die—

With a very natural loathing—

Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,  
From his gloomy cell in a vision

elopes,

To caper on sunny greens and slopes,

Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,

While Death still nearer and nearer  
crept,

Like the Thane who smote the  
sleeping—

But her mind was busy with early joys,

Her golden treasures and golden toys,

That flashed a bright

And golden light

Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!

Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!

Her godfather's golden presents!

The golden service she had at her  
meals,

The golden watch, and chain, and seals,

Her golden scissors, and thread and reels,

And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse—

And the Golden Legends she heard  
from her nurse,

Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—

And London streets that were paved  
with gold—

And the Golden Eggs that were laid  
of old—

With each golden thing

To the golden ring

At her own auriferous Marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun  
Through her golden dream appeared to  
run.

Though the night that roared without  
was one

To terrify seamen or gipsies—  
While the moon, as if in malicious  
mirth,

Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,  
As though she enjoyed the tempest's  
birth,

In revenge of her old eclipses.  
But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,  
For the soul of the sleeper was under  
a spell

That Time had lately embittered—  
The Count, as once at her foot he  
knelt—

That foot which now he wanted to melt!  
But—kush!—'twas a stir at her pillow  
she felt—

And some object before her glittered.  
'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its  
gleam!

And up she started, and tried to  
scream,—

But ev'n in the moment she started—  
Down came the limb with a frightful  
smash,

And, lost in the universal flash  
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a  
crash,

The Spark, called Vital, departed!  
Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,  
For gold she had lived, and she died  
for gold—

By a golden weapon—not oaken;  
In the morning they found her all  
alone—

Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—  
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,  
And the "Golden Bowl was broken!"

Gold, still gold! it haunted her yet—  
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—  
Its foreman a carver and gilder—

And the jury debated from twelve till  
three

What the verdict ought to be,  
And they brought it in as *Felo de Se*.  
"Because her own Leg had killed  
her!"

HER MORAL.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,

Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by  
the old

To the very verge of the churchyard  
mould;

Price of many a crime untold;

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary—  
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of Good  
Queen Bess,

And now of a Bloody Mary!

DOMESTIC ASIDES;  
OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I REALLY take it very kind,

This visit, Mrs. Skinner!

I have not seen you such an age—

(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of  
girls—

What heads for painters' easels!

Come here and kiss the infant, dears—

(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home

From Reverend Mr. Russell's;

'Twas very kind to bring them both—

(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?

Well now I call that shabby:

I should have loved to kiss her so—

(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,

Ah! though he lives so handy,

He never now drops in to sup—

(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear

About Matilda's marriage;

You're come of course to spend the day!

(Thank Heaven I hear the carriage!)

"What, must you go? next time I hope

You'll give me longer measure;

Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—

(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,

Next time you'll take your dinners!

(Now, David, mind I'm not at home

In future to the Skinners!")

## DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death  
Inclined for some sport with the  
carnal,

So he tied a pack of darts on his back,  
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,  
His body was lean and lank,  
His joints at each stir made a crack,  
and the cur

Took a gnaw, by the way, at his  
shank.

And what did he do with his deadly  
darts,

This goblin of grisly bone?

He dabbled and spilled man's blood,  
and he killed

Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughtered it made him  
laugh

(For the man was a coffin-maker),

To think how the mutes, and men in  
black suits,

Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at  
church:

Quoth he, "We shall not differ."

And he let them alone, like figures of  
stone,

For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,

In fear they could not smother;

And he shot one through at once—for  
he knew

They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,

And he gave a snore infernal;

Said Death, "He may keep his breath,  
for his sleep

Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach,

So slow, that his fare grew sick;

But he let him stray on his tedious way,  
For Death only wars on the quick.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,

In the spirit of his fraternity;

But he knew that sort of man would  
extort

Though summoned to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further;  
For Death, who strikes whenever he  
likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pulled out  
his purse,

And a doctor that took the sum:

But he let them be—for he knew that  
the "fee"

Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,

And he gave him a mortal thrust;

For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,

And he marked him out for slaughter,

For on water he scarcely had cared for  
Death,

And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,

But the game wasn't worth a dump,

For he quickly laid them flat with a  
spade,

To wait for the final trump.

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

## AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,

A carpenter by trade;

And he fell in love with Sally Brown,

That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,

They met a press-gang crew;

And Sally she did faint away,

Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked  
words,

Enough to shock a saint,

That though she did seem in a fit,

'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your  
head,

He'll be as good as me;

For when your swain is in our boat,

A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright:  
"Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender ship, you see;"  
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"  
But could not though he tried;  
His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell:  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton toll'd the bell.

### FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms:  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he,—"They're only pegs:  
But there's as wooden members quita  
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nellie Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nellie Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's breaches!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost  
the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray;  
I know why you refuse:—  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But, now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death;—alas!  
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got—  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course,  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died—  
And they buried Ben in four cross-  
roads,

With a *stake* in his inside!

## TIM TURPIN.

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

## I.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel-blind,  
And ne'er had seen the skies:  
For Nature, when his head was made,  
Forgot to dot his eyes.

## II.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,  
Poor Tim was forced to do—  
Look out for pupils: for he had  
A vacancy for two.

## III.

There's some have specs to help their  
sight  
Of objects dim and small:  
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,  
And could not see at all.

## IV.

Now Tim he wooed a servant maid,  
And took her to his arms;  
For he, like Pyramus, had cast  
A wall-eye on her charms.

## V.

By day she led him up and down,  
Where'er he wished to jog,  
A happy wife, altho' she led  
The life of any dog.

## VI.

But just when Tim had lived a month  
In honey with his wife,  
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,  
Like oysters, with a knife.

## VII.

But when his eyes were opened thus,  
He wished them dark again:  
For when he looked upon his wife,  
He saw her very plain.

## VIII.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,  
He couldn't bear to eat:  
For she was anything but like  
A grace before his meat.

## IX.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:  
For when his sight was thick  
It made him feel for everything—  
But that was with a stick.

## X.

So, with a cudgel in his hand,  
It was not light or slim—  
He knocked at his wife's head until  
It opened unto him.

## XI.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,  
He took his slaughtered spouse,  
And laid her in a heap with all  
The ashes of her house.

## XII.

But like a wicked murderer,  
He lived in constant fear  
From day to day, and so he cut  
His throat from ear to ear.

## XIII.

The neighbours fetched a doctor in:  
Said he, "This wound I dread  
Can hardly be sewed up—his life  
Is hanging on a thread."

## XIV.

But when another week was gone,  
He gave him stronger hope—  
Instead of hanging on a thread,  
Of hanging on a rope.

## XV.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work  
In ashes round about,  
How little he supposed the truth  
Would soon be sifted out.

## XVI.

But when the parish dustman came,  
His rubbish to withdraw,  
He found more dust within the heap  
Than he contracted for!

## XVII.

A dozen men to try the fact  
Were sworn that very day;  
But though they all were jurors, yet  
No conjurors were they.

## XVIII.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,  
"You need not waste your breath,  
For I confess myself at once  
The author of her death."

## XIX.

"And, oh! when I reflect upon  
The blood that I have spilt,  
Just like a button is my soul,  
Inscribed with double *guilt!*"

## XX.

Then turning round his head again,  
He saw before his eyes  
A great judge, and a little judge,  
The judges of a-size!

## XXI.

The great judge took his judgment cap,  
And put it on his head,  
And sentenced Tim by law to hang  
Till he was three times dead.

## XXII.

So he was tried, and he was hung  
(Fit punishment for such)  
On Horsham-drop, and none can say  
It was a drop too much.

## JOHN TROT.

## A BALLAD.

## I.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad  
As York did ever rear—  
As his dear Granny used to say,  
He'd make a grenadier.

## II.

A sergeant soon came down to York,  
With ribbons and a frill;  
"My lads," said he, "let broadcast be,  
And come away to drill."

## III.

But when he wanted John to list,  
In war he saw no fun,  
Where what is called a raw recruit  
Gets often 'over-done.

## IV.

"Let others carry guns," said he,  
"And go to war's alarms,  
But I have got a shoulder-knot  
Imposed upon my arms."

## V.

For John he had a footman's place  
To wait on Lady Wye—  
She was a dumpy woman, tho'  
Her family was high.

## VI.

Now when two years had passed away  
Her lord took very ill,  
And left her to her widowhood,  
Of course more dumpy still.

## VII.

Said John, "I am a proper man,  
And very tall to see;  
Who knows, but now her lord is low,  
She may look up to me?"

## VIII.

"A cunning woman told me once,  
Such fortune would turn up;  
She was a kind of sorceress,  
But studied in a cup!"



## IX.

So he walked up to Lady Wye,  
And took her quite amazed,—  
She thought, tho' John was tall  
enough,  
He wanted to be raised.

## X.

But John—for why? she was a dame  
Of such a dwarfish sort—  
Had only come to bid her make  
Her mourning very short.

## XI.

Said he, "Your lord is dead and cold,  
You only cry in vain;  
Not all the cries of London now  
Could call him back again!

## XII.

"You'll soon have many a noble beau,  
To dry your noble tears—  
But just consider this, that I  
Have followed you for years.

## XIII.

"And tho' you are above me far,  
What matters high degree,  
When you are only four foot nine,  
And I am six foot three!

## XIV.

"For tho' you are of lofty race,  
And I'm a low-born elf;  
Yet none among your friends could say  
You matched beneath yourself."

## XV.

Said she, "Such insolence as this  
Can be no common case;  
Tho' you are in my service, sir,  
Your love is out of place."

## XVI.

"O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!  
Consider what you do;  
How can you be so short with me,  
I am not so with you!"

## XVII.

Then ringing for her serving men,  
They showed him to the door:  
Said they, "You turn out better now,  
Why didn't you before?"

## XVIII.

They stripped his coat, and gave him  
kicks  
For all his wages due;  
And off, instead of green and gold,  
He went in black and blue.

## XIX.

No family would take him in,  
Because of his discharge;  
So he made up his mind to serve  
The country all at large.

## XX.

"Huzza!" the sergeant cried, and put  
The money in his hand,  
And with a shilling cut him off  
From his paternal land.

## XXI.

For when his regiment went to fight  
At Saragossa town,  
A Frenchman thought he looked too tall,  
And so he cut him down

## THE DUEL.

## A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at  
one nosegay."

In Brentford town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mister Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,  
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,  
By all it was allowed,  
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,  
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,  
"You choose to rival me,  
And court Miss Bell, but there your  
court  
No thoroughfare shall be.

"Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love;  
I who have shot a pigeon match,  
Can shoot a turtle dove.

"So pray, before you woo her more,  
Consider what you do;  
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—  
I'll pop it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,  
 "Your threats I quite explode;  
 One who has been a volunteer  
 Knows how to prime and load.

"And so I say to you unless  
 Your passion quiet keeps,  
 I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,  
 May chance to hit a sheep's."

Now gold is oft for silver changed,  
 And that for copper red;  
 But these two went away to give  
 Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,  
 This pleasant thought to give—  
 When they were dead, they thus should  
 have

Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long  
 The seconds then forebore,  
 And having taken one rash step,  
 They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan  
 Against the deadly strife,  
 By putting in the prime of death  
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,  
 But when they took their stands,  
 Fear made them tremble so they found  
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,  
 "Here one of us may fall,  
 And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,  
 Be doomed to have a ball.

"I do confess I did attach  
 Misconduct to your name;  
 If I withdraw the charge, will then  
 Your ramrod do the same?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree—  
 But think of Honour's Courts!  
 If we go off without a shot,  
 There will be strange reports.

"But look, the morning now is bright,  
 Though cloudy it begun;  
 Why can't we aim above, as if  
 We had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air  
 Their bullets they did send;  
 And may all other duels have  
 That upshot in the end!

## MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

### I.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes  
 Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,  
 Looks over London's naked nose,  
 Women and men:  
 The world is all beneath his ken,  
 He sits above the *Ball*.  
 He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets  
 drop  
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
 On mortal crowds.

### II.

Seen from these skies,  
 How small those emmets in our eyes!  
 Some carry little sticks—and one  
 His eggs—to warm them in the sun:  
 Dear! what a hustle,  
 And bustle!  
 And there's my aunt. I know her by  
 her waist,  
 So long and thin,  
 And so pinched in,  
 Just in the pismire taste.

### III.

Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,  
 That, should I fall  
 Upon their little heads, I must  
 Crush them by hundreds into dust!

### IV.

And what is life? and all its ages—  
 There's seven stages!  
 Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney!  
 Fulham!  
 Brentford! and Kew!  
 And Tooting, too!  
 And oh! what very little nags to pull  
 'em.  
 Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
 If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;  
 Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
 They're mice at bottom.  
 Then let me not despise a horse,  
 Though he looks small from Paul's  
 high cross!  
 Since he would be,—as near the sky,  
 —Fourteen hands high.

v.

What is this world with London in  
its lap?

Mogg's Map.

The Thames that ebbs and flows in  
its broad channel?

A tidy kennel.

The bridges stretching from its banks?  
Stone planks.

Oh me! hence could I read an ad-  
monition

To mad Ambition!

But that he would not listen to my call,  
Though I should stand upon the cross,  
and ball!

### A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their  
mouths, and some with a golden ladle."

—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses,  
and some with silver ones."—SILVERSMITH.

Who ruined me, ere I was born,  
Sold every acre, grass or corn,  
And left the next heir all forlorn  
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,  
And physicked me and made me worse,  
Till infancy became a curse?  
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,  
A comfort to my mother dear,  
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?  
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,  
Till all my bones came through my skin,  
Then called me "ugly little sin"?  
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk?  
And took me home—and made me work,  
But managed half my meals to shirk?  
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,  
"He hated others' brats the most,"  
And therefore made me feel my post?  
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes an endless score,  
And always laid them at my door,  
Till many a bitter bang I bore?  
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,  
Again with father to reside,  
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and  
wide?

My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,  
And when I played cried, "What a  
noise!"

Girls always hector over boys—  
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,  
Or took it all, did he incline,  
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?  
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good  
lad,"  
And gave me sixpence, "all he had?"  
But at the stall the coin was bad?  
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,  
But when misfortune came to pass,  
Referred me to the pump? Alas!  
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,  
Who ever sympathised with grief,  
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?  
Myself.

### A LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,  
All chivalrous romantic work  
Is ended now and past!—  
That iron age—which some have  
thought

Of metal rather *overwrought*  
Is now all *overcast*.

Ay,—where are those heroic knights  
Of old—those armadillo wights  
Who wore the plated vest,—  
Great Charlemagne, and all his peers  
Are cold—enjoying with their spears  
An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepeth  
 sound,  
 So sleep his knights who gave that  
 Round  
 Old Table such éclat!  
 Oh Time has plucked that plummy  
 brow!  
 And none engage at *turneys* now  
 But those who go to law.

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,  
 And Guy is nothing but a Guy,  
 Orlando lies forlorn!—  
 Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,  
 'Those "early Champions"—what are  
 they  
 But *Knights* without a morn!

No Percy branch now perseveres  
 Like those of old in breaking spears—  
 The name is now a lie.  
 Surgeons, alone, by any chance,  
 Are all that ever couch a lance  
 To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-hearted Dick,  
 That cut the Moslem to the quick,  
 His weapon lies in piece,—  
 Oh, it would warm them in a trice,  
 If they could only have a spice  
 Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,  
 And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,  
 That scaled the holy wall!  
 No Saracen meets Paladin,  
 We hear of no great Saladin,  
 But only grow the small.

Our Cressys too have dwindled since  
 To penny things—at our Black Prince  
 Historic pens would scoff—  
 The only one we moderns had  
 Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,  
 And measles took him off.

Where are those old and feudal  
 clans,  
 Their pikes, and bills, and partizans,  
 Their hauberks—jerkens—buffs?  
 A battle was a battle then,  
 A breathing piece of work—but men  
 Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!  
 The good old cross-bow bends to  
 Fate;  
 'Tis gone—the archer's craft!  
 No tough arm bends the springing  
 yew,  
 And jolly draymen ride, in lieu  
 Of Death, upon the shaft.

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride—  
 The rusty spear is laid aside,  
 Oh spits now domineer!  
 The coat of mail is left alone—  
 And where is all chain armour  
 gone!  
 Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes and not in  
 lists,  
 Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,  
 A low and vulgar art!  
 No mounted man is overthrown—  
 A tilt—it is a thing unknown,  
 Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding bard  
 Clad like his chief in steely garb.  
 For warding steel's appliance!  
 Methinks I hear the trumpet stir,  
 'Tis but the guard to Exeter  
 That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers  
 Set ringing helmets by the ears  
 And scatter plumes about?  
 Or blood—if they are in the vein—  
 That tap will never run again,  
 Alas the Casque is out.

No iron-crackling now is scored  
 By dint of battle-axe or sword  
 To find a vital place—  
 Though certain doctors still pretend  
 Awhile, before they kill a friend,  
 To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of  
 might—  
 Crusader, errant squire, and knight!  
 Our coats and customs soften.  
 To rise would only make ye weep—  
 Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,  
 As in a safety coffin.

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