

Who, turning much his body, more his neck,  
 Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet :  
 " Certes, monsieur were best take to his feet,  
 Seeing his servant can no further drive  
 For press of coaches, that to-night here meet,  
 Many as bees about a straw-capped hive,  
 When first for April honey into faint flowers they dive."

## XXX.

Eban then paid his fare, and tiptoe went  
 To Hum's hotel ; and, as he on did pass  
 With head inclined, each dusky lineament  
 Showed in the pearl-paved street, as in a glass ;  
 His purple vest, that ever peeping was  
 Rich from the fluttering crimson of his cloak,  
 His silvery trousers, and his silken sash,  
 Tied in a burnished knot, their semblance took  
 Upon the mirrored walls, wherever he might look.

## XXXI.

He smiled at self, and, smiling, showed his teeth,  
 And seeing his white teeth, he smiled the more ;  
 Lifted his eye-brows, spurned the path beneath,  
 Showed teeth again, and smiled as heretofore,  
 Until he knocked at the magician's door ;  
 Where, till the porter answered, might be seen,  
 In the clear panel more he could adore,—  
 His turban wreathed of gold, and white, and green,  
 Mustachios, ear-ring, nose-ring, and his sabre keen.

## XXXII.

" Does not your master give a rout to-night ?"  
 Quoth the dark page. " Oh, no !" returned the Swiss,  
 " Next door but one to us, upon the right,  
 The *Magazin des Modes* now open is  
 Against the Emperor's wedding ;—and, sir, this



My master finds a monstrous horrid bore ;  
 As he retired, an hour ago I wis,  
 With his best beard and brimstone, to explore  
 And cast a quiet figure in his second floor.

## XXXIII.

"Gad ! he's obliged to stick to business !  
 For chalk, I hear, stands at a pretty price ;  
 And as for aqua vitæ—there's a mess !  
 The *dentes sapientiæ* of mice,  
 Our barber tells me too, are on the rise,—  
 Tinder's a lighter article,—nitre pure  
 Goes off like lightning,—grains of Paradise  
 At an enormous figure !—stars not sure !—  
 Zodiac will not move without a slight douceur !

## XXXIV.

"Venus won't stir a peg without a fee,  
 And master is too partial, *entre nous*,  
 To"— "Hush—hush !" cried Eban, "sure that is he  
 Coming downstairs,—by St. Bartholomew !  
 As backwards as he can,—is 't something new ?  
 Or is 't his custom, in the name of fun ?"  
 "He always comes down backward, with one shoe"—  
 Returned the porter—"off, and one shoe on,  
 Like, saving shoe for sock or stocking, my man John !"

## XXXV.

It was indeed the great Magician,  
 Feeling, with careful toe, for every stair,  
 And retrograding careful as he can,  
 Backwards and downwards from his own two pair :  
 "Salpietro !" exclaimed Hum, "is the dog there ?"  
 He's always in my way upon the mat !"  
 "He's in the kitchen, or the Lord knows where,"—  
 Replied the Swiss,— "the nasty, whelping brat !"  
 "Don't beat him !" returned Hum, and on the floor came pat.



## XXXVI.

Then facing right about, he saw the page,  
And said : " Don't tell me what you want, Eban ;  
The Emperor is now in a huge rage,—  
'Tis nine to one he'll give you the rattan !  
Let us away ! " Away together ran  
The plain-dressed sage and spangled blackamoor,  
Nor rested till they stood to cool, and fan,  
And breathe themselves at th' Emperor's chamber door,  
When Eban thought he heard a soft imperial snore.

## XXXVII.

" I thought you guessed, foretold, or prophesied,  
That 's Majesty was in a raving fit ? "  
" He dreams," said Hum, " or I have ever lied,  
That he is tearing you, sir, bit by bit."  
" He's not asleep, and you have little wit,"  
Replied the page ; " that little buzzing noise,  
Whate'er your palmistry may make of it,  
Comes from a plaything of the Emperor's choice,  
From a Man-Tiger-Organ, prettiest of his toys."

## XXXVIII.

Eban then ushered in the learnèd Seer :  
Elfinan's back was turned, but, ne'ertheless,  
Both, prostrate on the carpet, ear by ear,  
Crept silently, and waited in distress,  
Knowing the Emperor's moody bitterness ;  
Eban especially, who on the floor 'gan  
Tremble and quake to death,—he fearèd less  
A dose of senna-tea or nightmare Gorgon  
Than the Emperor when he play'd on his Man-Tiger-Organ.

## XXXIX.

They kissed nine times the carpet's velvet face  
Of glossy silk, soft, smooth, and meadow-green,



Where the close eye in deep rich fur might trace  
 A silver tissue, scanty to be seen,  
 As daisies lurked in June grass, buds in green;  
 Sudden the music ceased, sudden the hand  
 Of majesty, by dint of passion keen,  
 Doubled into a common fist, went grand,  
 And knocked down three cut glasses and his best ink-stand.

## XL.

Then turning round, he saw those trembling two:  
 "Eban," said he, "as slaves should taste the fruits  
 Of diligence, I shall remember you  
 To-morrow, or next day, as time suits,  
 In a finger conversation with my mutes,—  
 Begone!—for you, Chaldean! here remain;  
 Fear not, quake not, and as good wine recruits  
 A conjurer's spirits, what cup will you drain?  
 Sherry in silver, hock in gold, or glassed champagne?"

## XLI.

"Commander of the Faithful!" answered Hum,  
 "In preference to these, I'll merely taste  
 A thimble-full of old Jamaica rum."  
 "A simple boon!" said Elfinan; "thou mayst  
 Have Nantz, with which my morning-coffee's laced."  
 "I'll have a glass of Nantz, then,"—said the seer,—  
 "Made racy—(sure my boldness is misplaced!)—  
 With the third part—(yet that is drinking dear!)—  
 Of the least drop of *crème de citron*, crystal clear."

## XLII.

"I pledge you, Hum! and pledge my dearest love,  
 My Bertha!" "Bertha! Bertha!" cried the sage,  
 "I know a many Berthas!" "Mine's above  
 All Berthas!" sighed the Emperor. "I engage,"  
 Said Hum, "in duty, and in vassalage,



To mention all the Berthas in the earth ;—  
There's Bertha Watson,—and Miss Bertha Page,—  
This famed for languid eyes, and that for mirth,—  
There's Bertha Blount of York,—and Bertha Knox of Perth."

## XLIII.

"You seem to know"—"I do know," answered Hum,  
"Your Majesty's in love with some fine girl  
Named Bertha ; but her surname will not come,  
Without a little conjuring." "'Tis Pearl,  
'Tis Bertha Pearl ! What makes my brains so whirl ?  
And she is softer, fairer than her name !"  
"Where does she live ?" asked Hum. "Her fair locks curl  
So brightly, they put all our fays to shame !—  
Live?—O ! at Canterbury, with her old granddame."

## XLIV.

"Good ! good !" cried Hum, "I've known her from a  
child !  
She is a changeling of my management ;  
She was born at midnight in an Indian wild ;  
Her mother's screams with the striped tigers blent,  
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent  
Into the jungles ; and her palanquin,  
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,  
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen  
The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene."

## XLV.

"I can't say," said the monarch ; "that may be,  
Just as it happened, true or else a bam !  
Drink up your brandy, and sit down by me,  
Feel, feel my pulse—how much in love I am !  
And if your science is not all a sham  
Tell me some means to get the lady here."



"Upon my honour!" said the son of Cham,  
 "She is my dainty changeling, near and dear,  
 Although her story sounds at first a little queer."

## XLVI.

"Convey her to me, Hum, or by my crown,  
 My sceptre, and my cross-surmounted globe,  
 I'll knock you"—"Does your majesty mean—*down*?  
 No, no, you never could my feelings probe  
 To such a depth!" The Emperor took his robe,  
 And wept upon its purple palatine,  
 While Hum continued, shamming half a sob,—  
 "In Canterbury doth your lady shine?  
 But let me cool your brandy with a little wine."

## XLVII.

Whereat a narrow Flemish glass he took,  
 That since belonged to Admiral De Witt.  
 Admired it with a connoisseuring look,  
 And with the ripest claret crownèd it;  
 And, ere the lively bead could burst and flit,  
 He turned it quickly, nimbly upside down,  
 His mouth being held conveniently fit  
 To catch the treasure: "Best in all the town!"  
 He said, smacked his moist lips, and gave a pleasant frown.

## XLVIII.

"Ah! good, my Prince, weep not!" And then again  
 He filled a bumper. "Great Sire, do not weep!  
 Your pulse is shocking, but I'll ease your pain."  
 "Fetch me that ottoman, and prithee keep  
 Your voice low," said the Emperor; "and steep  
 Some lady's-fingers nice in Candy wine;  
 And prithee, Hum, behind the screen do peep  
 For the rose-water vase, magician mine!  
 And sponge my forehead,—so my love doth make me pine."



## XLIX.

“Ah, cursèd Bellanaine !” “Don’t think of her,”  
 Rejoined the Mago, “but on Bertha muse ;  
 For, by my choicest best barometer,  
 You shall not throttled be in marriage noose ;  
 I’ve said it, Sire ; you only have to choose—  
 Bertha or Bellanaine.” So saying, he drew  
 From the left pocket of his threadbare hose  
 A sampler, hoarded slyly, good as new,  
 Holding it by his thumb and finger full in view.

## L.

“Sire, this is Bertha Pearl’s neat handy-work ;  
 Her *name*, see here, *Midsummer, ninety-one*.”  
 Elfinan snatched it with a sudden jerk,  
 And wept as if he never would have done,  
 Honouring with royal tears the poor homespun ;  
 Whereon were broidered tigers with black eyes,  
 And long-tailed phesants, and a rising sun,  
 Plenty of posies, great stags, butterflies  
 Bigger than stags,—a moon,—with other mysteries.

## LI.

The monarch handled o’er and o’er again  
 These day-school hieroglyphics with a sigh ;  
 Somewhat in sadness, but pleased in the main  
 Till this oracular couplet met his eye  
 Astounded : *Cupid, I do thee defy !*  
 It was too much. He shrunk back in his chair,  
 Grew pale as death, and fainted—very nigh.  
 “Pho ! nonsense !” exclaimed Hum, “now don’t despair :  
 She does not mean it, really. Cheer up, hearty—there !

## LII.

“And listen to my words. You say you won’t,  
 On any terms, marry Miss Bellanaine ;



It goes against your conscience—good ! Well, don't.  
 You say you love a mortal. I would fain  
 Persuade your honour's highness to refrain  
 From peccadilloes. But, Sire, as I say,  
 What good would that do ? And, to be more plain,  
 You would do me a mischief some odd day,  
 Cut off my ears and hands, or head, too, by my fay !

## LIII.

“ Besides, manners forbid that I should pass any  
 Vile strictures on the conduct of a prince  
 Who should indulge his genius, if he has any,  
 Not, like a subject, foolish matters mince.  
 Now I think on 't, perhaps I could convince  
 Your Majesty there is no crime at all  
 In loving pretty little Bertha, since  
 She's very delicate,—not over tall,—  
 A fairy's hand, and in the waist why—very small.”

## LIV.

“ Ring the repeater, gentle Hum ! ” “ 'Tis five,”  
 Said gentle Hum ; “ the nights draw in apace ;  
 The little birds, I hear, are all alive ;  
 I see the dawning touched upon your face ;  
 Shall I put out the candles, please your Grace ? ”  
 “ Do put them out, and, without more ado,  
 Tell me how I may that sweet girl embrace,—  
 How you can bring her to me.” “ That's for you,  
 Great Emperor ! to adventure, like a lover true.”

## LV.

“ I fetch her ? ”—“ Yes, an't like your Majesty ;  
 And as she would be frightened wide awake  
 To travel such a distance through the sky,  
 Use of some soft manœuvre you must make,  
 For your convenience and her dear nerves' sake ;



Nice way would be to bring her in a swoon,  
 Anon, I'll tell what course were best to take ;  
 You must away this morning." "Hum ! so soon ?"  
 "Sire, you must be in Kent by twelve o'clock at noon."

## LVI.

At this great Cæsar started on his feet,  
 Lifted his wings, and stood attentive-wise.  
 "Those wings to Canterbury you must beat,  
 If you hold Bertha as a worthy prize.  
 Look in the Almanack—*Moore* never lies—  
 April the twenty-fourth,—this coming day,  
 Now breathing its new bloom upon the skies,  
 Will end in St. Mark's Eve ;—you must away,  
 For on that eve alone can you the maid convey."

## LVII.

Then the magician solemnly 'gan to frown,  
 So that his frost-white eyebrows, beetling low,  
 Shaded his deep green eyes and wrinkles brown  
 Plaited upon his furnace-scorched brow :  
 Forth from his hood that hung his neck below,  
 He lifted a bright casket of pure gold,  
 Touched a spring-lock, and there in wool or snow,  
 Charmed into ever freezing, lay an old  
 And legend leavèd book, mysterious to behold.

## LVIII.

"Take this same book,—it will not bite you, Sire ;  
 There, put it underneath your royal arm ;  
 Though it's a pretty weight it will not tire,  
 But rather on your journey keep you warm :  
 This is the magic, this the potent charm,  
 That shall drive Bertha to a fainting fit !  
 When the time comes don't feel the least alarm,  
 But lift her from the ground, and swiftly flit  
 Back to your palace.        \*        \*



## LIX.

“What shall I do with that same book?” “Why, merely  
Lay it on Bertha’s table, close beside  
Her work-box, and ’twill help your purpose dearly;  
I say no more.” “Or good or ill betide,  
Through the wide air to Kent this morn I glide!”  
Exclaimed the Emperor. “When I return,  
Ask what you will,—I’ll give you my new bride!  
And take some more wine, Hum;—O heavens! I burn  
To be upon the wing! Now, now that minx I spurn!”

## LX.

“Leave her to me,” rejoined the magian:  
“But how shall I account, illustrious fay!  
For thine imperial absence? Pho! I can  
Say you are very sick, and bar the way  
To your so loving courtiers for one day;  
If either of their two archbishops’ graces  
Should talk of extreme unction, I shall say  
You do not like cold pig with Latin phrases,  
Which never should be used but in alarming cases.”

## LXI.

“Open the window, Hum! I’m ready now!”  
“Zooks!” exclaimed Hum, as up the sash he drew,  
“Behold, your Majesty, upon the brow  
Of yonder hill, what crowds of people!” “Where?  
The monster’s always after something new,”  
Returned his Highness, “they are piping hot  
To see my pigsney Bellanaine. Hum! do  
Tighten my belt a little,—so, so,—not  
Too tight,—the book!—my wand!—so, nothing is forgot.”

## LXII.

“Wounds! how they shout!” said Hum, “and there,—  
see, see!”



Th' ambassador's returned from Pigmio !  
 The morning's very fine,—uncommonly !  
 See, past the skirts of yon white cloud they go,  
 Tinging it with soft crimsons ! Now below  
 Those sable-pointed heads of firs and pines  
 They dip, move on, and with them moves a glow  
 Along the forest side ! Now amber lines  
 Reach the hill top, and now throughout the valley shines."

## LXIII.

"Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical !  
 Those *nows* you managed in a special style."  
 "If ever you have leisure, Sire, you shall  
 See scraps of mine will make it worth your while,  
 Tit-bits for Phœbus !—yes, you well may smile.  
 Hark ! hark ! the bells !" "A little further yet,  
 Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil."  
 Then the great Emperor full graceful set  
 His elbow for a prop, and snuffed his mignonette."

## LXIV.

The morn is full of holiday ; loud bells  
 With rival clamours ring from every spire ;  
 Cunningly-stationed music dies and swells  
 In echoing places ; when the winds respire,  
 Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire ;  
 A metropolitan murmur, life-ful, warm,  
 Comes from the northen suburbs ; rich attire  
 Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm ;  
 While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm.

## LXV.

And now the fairy escort was seen clear,  
 Like the old pageant of Aurora's train,  
 Above a pearl-built minster, hovering near ;  
 First wily Crafticant, the chamberlain,



Balanced upon his grey-grown pinions twain,  
 His slender wand officially revealed ;  
 Then black gnomes scattering sixpences like rain ;  
 Then pages three and three ; and next, slave-held,  
 The Imaian 'scutcheon bright,—one mouse in argent field.

## LXVI.

Gentlemen pensioners next ; and after them,  
 A troop of wingèd Janizaries flew ;  
 Then slaves, as presents bearing many a gem ;  
 Then twelve physicians fluttering two and two ;  
 And next a chaplain in a cassock new ;  
 Then Lords in waiting ; then (what head not reels  
 For pleasure ?)—the fair Princess in full view,  
 Borne upon wings,—and very pleased she feels  
 To have such splendour dance attendance at her heels.

## LXVII.

For there was more magnificence behind :  
 She waved her handkerchief. “ Ah, very grand ! ”  
 Cried Elfinan, and closed the window-blind ;  
 “ And, Hum, we must not shilly-shally stand,—  
 Adieu ! adieu ! I'm off for Angle-land !  
 I say, old Hocus, have you such a thing  
 About you,—feel your pockets, I command,—  
 I want, this instant, an invisible ring,—  
 Thank you, old mummy !—now securely I take wing.”

## LXVIII.

Then Elfinan swift vaulted from the floor,  
 And lighted graceful on the window-sill ;  
 Under one arm the magic book he bore,  
 The other he could wave about at will ;  
 Pale was his face, he still looked very ill :  
 He bowed at Bellanaine, and said—“ Poor Bell ;



Farewell ! farewell ! and if for ever ! still  
 For ever fare thee well !"—and then he fell  
 A laughing !—snapped his fingers !—shame it is to tell !

## LXIX.

"By 'r Lady ! he is gone !" cries Hum, "and I—  
 (I own it)—have made too free with his wine ;  
 Old Crafticant will smoke me. By-the-bye !  
 This room is full of jewels as a mine.  
 Dear valuable creatures, how ye shine !  
 Sometime to-day I must contrive a minute,  
 If Mercury propitiously incline,  
 To examine his scrutoire, and see what's in it,  
 For of superfluous diamonds I as well may thin it.

## LXX.

"The Emperor's horrid bad ; yes, that's my cue !"   
 Some histories say that this was Hum's last speech ;  
 That, being fuddled, he went reeling through  
 The corridor, and scarce upright could reach  
 The stair-head ; that being glutted as a leech,  
 And used, as we ourselves have just now said,  
 To manage stairs reversely, like a peach  
 Too ripe, he fell, being puzzled in his head  
 With liquor and the staircase : verdict—*found stone dead.*

## LXXI.

This as a falsehood Crafticanto treats ;  
 And as his style is of strange elegance,  
 Gentle and tender, full of soft conceits,  
 (Much like our Boswell's), we will take a glance  
 At his sweet prose, and, if we can, make dance  
 His woven periods into careless rhyme ;  
 O, little faery Pegasus ! rear—prance—  
 Trot round the quarto—ordinary time !  
 March, little Pegasus, with pawing hoof sublime !



## LXXII.

Well, let us see,—*tenth book and chapter nine*,—  
Thus Crafticant pursues his diary :—  
“ ’Twas twelve o’clock at night, the weather fine,  
Latitude thirty-six ; our scouts descry  
A flight of starlings making rapidly  
Towards Thibet. Mem. :—birds fly in the night ;  
From twelve to half-past—wings not fit to fly  
For a thick fog—The Princess sulky quite ;  
Called for an extra shawl, and gave her nurse a bite.

## LXXIII.

“ Five minutes before one—brought down a moth  
With my new double-barrel—stewed the thighs  
And made a very tolerable broth—  
Princess turned dainty, to our great surprise,  
Altered her mind, and thought it very nice :  
Seeing her pleasant, tried her with a pun,  
She frowned ; a monstrous owl across us flies  
About this time,—a sad old figure of fun ;  
Bad omen—this new match can’t be a happy one.

## LXXIV.

“ From two to half-past, dusky way we made,  
Above the plains of Gobi,—desert, bleak ;  
Beheld afar off, in the hooded shade  
Of darkness, a great mountain (strange to speak),  
Spitting, from forth its sulphur-baken peak,  
A fan-shaped burst of blood-red, arrowy fire,  
Turbaned with smoke, which still away did reek,  
Solid and black from that eternal pyre,  
Upon the laden winds that scanty could respire.

## LXXV.

“ Just upon three o’clock a falling star  
Created an alarm among our troop,



Killed a man-cook, a page, and broke a jar,  
 A tureen, and three dishes, at one swoop,  
 Then passing by the Princess, singed her hoop :  
 Could not conceive what Coralline was at,  
 She clapped her hands three times and cried out ' Whoop !  
 Some strange Imaian custom. A large bat  
 Came sudden 'fore my face, and brushed against my hat.

## LXXVI.

" Five minutes thirteen seconds after three,  
 Far in the west a mighty fire broke out,  
 Conjectured, on the instant, it might be,  
 The city of Balk—'twas Balk beyond all doubt :  
 A griffin, wheeling here and there about,  
 Kept reconnoitring us—doubled our guard—  
 Lighted our torches, and kept up a shout,  
 Till he sheered off—the Princess very scared—  
 And many on their marrowbones for death prepared.

## LXXVII.

" At half-past three arose the cheerful moon—  
 Bivouacked for four minutes on a cloud—  
 Where from the earth we heard a lively tune  
 Of tambourines and pipes, serene and loud,  
 While on a flowery lawn a brilliant crowd  
 Cinque-parted danced, some half-asleep reposed  
 Beneath the green-faned cedars, some did shroud  
 In silken tents, and 'mid light fragrance dosed,  
 Or on the open turf their soothèd eyelids closed.

## LXXVIII.

" Dropped my gold watch, and killed a kettledrum—  
 It went for apoplexy—foolish folks !—  
 Left it to pay the piper—a good sum—  
 (I've got a conscience, maugre people's jokes)  
 To scrape a little favour ; 'gan to coax



Her Highness' pug-dog—got a sharp rebuff—  
 She wished a game at whist—made three revokes—  
 Turned from myself, her partner, in a huff;  
 His Majesty will know her temper time enough.

## LXXIX.

“She cried for chess—I played a game with her—  
 Castled her King with such a vixen look,  
 It bodes ill to his Majesty—(refer  
 To the second chapter of my fortieth book,  
 And see what hoity-toity airs she took).  
 At half-past four the morn essayed to beam—  
 Saluted, as we passed, an early rook—  
 The Princess fell asleep, and, in her dream,  
 Talked of one Master Hubert, deep in her esteem.

## LXXX.

“About this time,—making delightful way,—  
 Shed a quill-feather from my larboard wing—  
 Wished, trusted, hoped 'twas no sign of decay—  
 Thank Heaven, I'm hearty yet!—'twas no such thing:—  
 At five the golden light began to spring,  
 With fiery shudder through the bloomèd east;  
 At six we heard Panthea's churches ring—  
 The city all his unhived swarms had cast,  
 To watch our grand approach, and hail us as we passed.

## LXXXI.

“As flowers turn their faces to the sun,  
 So on our flight with hungry eyes they gaze,  
 And, as we shaped our course, this, that way run,  
 With mad-cap pleasure, or hand-clasped amaze;  
 Sweet in the air a mild-toned music plays,  
 And progresses through its own labyrinth;  
 Buds gathered from the green spring's middle-days,  
 They scattered,—daisy, primrose, hyacinth,—  
 Or round white columns wreathed from capital to plinth



## LXXXII.

“Onward we floated o’er the panting streets,  
That seemed throughout with upheld faces paved;  
Look where we will, our bird’s-eye vision meets  
Legions of holiday; bright standards waved,  
And fluttering ensigns emulously craved  
Our minute’s glance; a busy thunderous roar,  
From square to square, among the buildings raved,  
As when the sea, at flow, gluts up once more  
The craggy hollowness of a wild reefèd shore.

## LXXXIII.

“And ‘Bellanaine for ever!’ shouted they;  
While that fair Princess, from her wingèd chair,  
Bowed low with high demeanour, and, to pay  
Their new-blown loyalty with guerdon fair,  
Still emptied, at meet distance, here and there,  
A plenty horn of jewels. And here I  
(Who wish to give the devil her due) declare  
Against that ugly piece of calumny,  
Which calls them Highland pebble-stones, not worth a fly.

## LXXXIV.

“Still ‘Bellanaine!’ they shouted, while we glide  
’Slant to a light Ionic portico,  
The city’s delicacy, and the pride  
Of our Imperial Basilic; a row  
Of lords and ladies, on each hand, make show  
Submissive of knee-bent obeisance,  
All down the steps; and as we entered, lo!  
The strangest sight—the most unlooked for chance—  
All things turned topsy-turvy in a devil’s dance.

## LXXXV.

“’Stead of his anxious Majesty and court  
At the open doors, with wide saluting eyes,



*Congées* and scrape-graces of every sort,  
 And all the smooth routine of gallantries,  
 Was seen, to our immoderate surprise,  
 A motley crowd thick gathered in the hall,  
 Lords, scullions, deputy-sculions, with wild cries  
 Stunning the vestibule from wall to wall,  
 Where the Chief Justice on his knees and hands doth crawl.

## LXXXVI.

“Counts of the palace, and the state purveyor  
 Of moth’s down, to make soft the royal beds,  
 The Common Council and my fool Lord Mayor  
 Marching a-row, each other slipshod treads ;  
 Powdered bag-wigs and ruffy-tuffy heads  
 Of cinder wenches meet and soil each other ;  
 Toe crushed with heel ill-natured fighting breeds,  
 Frill-rumpling elbows brew up many a bother,  
 And fists in the short ribs keep up the yell and pother.

## LXXXVII.

“A Poet, mounted on the Court-Clown’s back,  
 Rode to the Princess swift with spurring heels,  
 And close into her face, with rhyming clack,  
 Began a Prothalamion ;—she reels,  
 She falls, she faints ! while laughter peals  
 Over her woman’s weakness. ‘Where,’ cried I,  
 ‘Where is his Majesty ?’ No person feels  
 Inclined to answer ; wherefore instantly  
 I plunged into the crowd to find him or to die.

## LXXXVIII.

“Jostling my way I gained the stairs, and ran  
 To the first landing, where, incredible !  
 I met, far gone in liquor, Hum,——

So far so well,—

For we have proved the Mago never fell



Down stairs on Crafticanto's evidence ;  
And therefore duly shall proceed to tell,  
Plain in our own original mood and tense,  
The sequel of this day, though labour 'tis immense !”

\* \* \* \* \*

*No more was written.*



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