ON PARODY

A. S. MARTIN

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BY

A. S. MARTIN

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TO MY FRIEND,

Ellwood Hendrick,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THIS little work was first suggested by the difficulty of finding any aid to the study of Parody in prosecuting my own researches. This has led me to throw together some of the results of my studies in the form of a short historical and critical sketch. I am well aware of its deficiencies; there is scarcely a point glanced at that might not be largely extended with illustrations. There is ample room for a separate volume on each period in English literature, and prose parody I have barely mentioned; but, addressing the general reader rather than the scholar, I have contented myself with a modest effort which I hope may be neither wearisome nor entirely valueless. Errors will creep in, and I shall welcome corrections and suggestions. The examples are selected to suit all tastes, and should the critic find old friends missing from my collection, I may yet hope to introduce him to new and pleasant acquaintances.

Phœbe Cary's *A Psalm of Marriage* and *Keren Happuch*, *Cimabuella* and *Ode to a Jar of Pickles*, from "Diversions of the Echo Club," are included in this collection by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the owners of the copyrights.

ON PARODY.

PARODY, the first-born of Satire, is of hoary antiquity. We find it among the Greeks side by side with Homer's Rhapsodies, where it appears as the result of the natural and inevitable step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Rhapsodists, reciting the Iliad or Odyssey, would occasionally find a flagging interest or attention on the part of the audience, whereupon they would interpolate verses of similar sound and meter, containing local hits and allusions of a diverting nature. This they called Parody (beside-song). Those who attribute to Homer the authorship of the "Battle of the Mice and Frogs" credit the first great poet with being his own parodist. Whether he wrote it or not we have evidence that this form of composition was cultivated with great enthusiasm soon after his time.

In the schools, Diogenes, Plato, Socrates, and other teachers often altered a Homeric verse to apply it to the need of the moment. The next step was the rise of poets who owed their fame entirely to parody. Eubœus of Paros, contemporary with Philip of Macedon, was one of the chief of these: he wrote four books of parodies. Boetus was another popular parodist; his works being a rich mine of Attic salt. Matron also parodied some thousands of Homer's verses, applying them to food and the culinary art. Some authorities state that Hipponax, *circ.* 430 B. C., invented this kind of poetry. Others attribute it to Hegemon of Thasos, who is said to have gained the prize with this novel species of verse in the Athenian public games with his Gigantomachia. Tradition says that such was the mad gayety that took possession of the audience when he recited this "Combat of the Giants" that, although news had just been brought to the theater of a great reverse to the Athenian arms in Sicily, the public demanded to hear the poem to the end. Œnonas of Italy gained great popularity by

his parodies of the Citharœdes. The plays of Aristophanes are thickly set with passages transplanted from Euripides and others, mocking the masters in every possible way. Lucien of Samosate is also full of parodies of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The taste for parody took strong hold on the Greeks. We find examples even in Plato and other philosophers. The Romans, prone to imitate others, amused themselves with parody after the example of the Greeks. Cicero enumerates several kinds of parody. Virgil amused himself with parodying the "Phaselus" of Catullus, and, in turn, his "Bucolics" received similar attention from his contemporaries. The writers of the Augustan age, besides teasing each other, did not fail to parody the works of their Greek predecessors. Moser (Ulm, 1819) gives examples from Aristophanes, Plutarch, and Lucian, and establishes the distinction between parody and its allied forms, one of which, now seldom used, is Palinodie. This latter, known in French as *chant à rebours*, consists properly in two opposing views of a

subject. It is said to have been first used by Stesichorus, who lost his sight as a punishment for writing satirical verses against Helena, and recovered it on composing a fresh piece of verse in denial of the first. In English literature, good examples of the Palinode are scarce. Perhaps the best was written by Edmund Bolton, an attendant of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It is as follows:

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains,
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow;
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the morning river,
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains.
The light-blown bubble, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade and melt away.

For, as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which, giant-like, did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,

Naked and bare doth have their craggy seat.
When, as the bubble, which did empty fly
The dalliance of the undiscerned wind,
On whose calm, rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwreck made where it did dalliance find,
And when the sunshine, which dissolved the snow,
Coloured the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdrawn (which no long time do
tarry),
Oh, what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains bubbles, flowers, or snow?

Much of Lucian's humor lies in his parodies. He often mimics the style and phraseology of Demosthenes in particular, and we should, doubtless, better appreciate the humor of the ancients if we were better acquainted with the author to whose works they made frequent and sly allusions.

During the Dark Ages parody languished in common with the other branches of literature, but the clergy soon began to imitate the ancients in parodying religious subjects. One of the earliest specimens of this is given by E. du Méril. It caricatures the marriage at Cana in Galilee. First among the guests comes

Adam, then Eve, seated upon a heap of leaves, next Cain on a plow, Abel on a milk can, Noah on an ark, and Abraham under a tree. Job complains on having to sit upon a heap of ashes; Moses has a seat of rocks, Tobias a bed, Benjamin a sack, Jesus a well, etc. During the feast David plays the harp, Miriam the drum, and Herodias dances. It becomes an orgy, for Noah gets drunk, and Lot also takes too much. Holophernes snores, and Peter keeps watch with the cock. This is a work of the third century, when art was at its very lowest ebb.

Parody, being a plant of parasitical growth, we can only expect to find it flourishing as works become well-known in a community. During the first centuries of the Christian era, therefore, before the formation of a national literature in any European country, we find but little parody even of the Classical writers. The twelfth century was prolific in satirical writers, but it was not till the thirteenth that a species of parody became popular under the name of Fratrasies. Next to these the Christian prayers, the Old and New Testaments,

the Offices and church ceremonies by irreverent monks come to be parodied in the language of Mother Church herself. In the fourteenth century, we find Latin manuscripts with *facetiæ*, in which the words consecrated to the Offices and rites of the liturgy are faithfully parodied. Thus Harleian MS. 913, has a "Mass of Drinkers," the church of Sens in the last century possessed a MS. of the "Mass of Fools," Ducange gives us the "Office of the Ass, after the Ritual of Rheims," and in England and Germany, for full three centuries before the Reformation, we find the "Evangiles" parodied very freely as a means of protesting against the exactions of the Pontifical Chancellerie.

Political parody thus commenced its long reign. From now onward it availed itself largely of that class of literature with which the common people were most familiar—that which they might hear every day in church. Mysteries and miracle plays—themselves the very means by which the clergy strove to popularize Biblical lore among a rude and ignorant populace—partook largely of the

nature of parody. The methods of the modern Salvation Army to win popular hearing have been repeated in all ages. The mediæval clergy were quick to see and seize the advantage afforded by that species of musical parody which fits devotional words to popular secular tunes. St. Aldhelm, the first Abbot of Malmesbury, in the seventh century, composed trivial songs and, stationing himself on the bridge like a professional minstrel, he sang them to the people in order to engage their attention, and then gradually intermixed others of more serious tendency. Secular music was always in advance of sacred, and so secular tunes were frequently appropriated as hymns. Under William the Conqueror, we learn of Thomas, Archbishop of York, that whenever he heard any song sung by gleemen, he immediately wrote a religious parody on the words to be sung to the same tune. At Ossory also there still exists a manuscript known as the Red Book, containing many Latin hymns written to popular tunes, between the years 1318 and 1360, by the English bishop of that see. The original names are given,

such as "Sweetest of all, sing," "How should I with that old man," "Do, do, nightingale, sing full merry," "Good day, my leman dear," etc. These were all stage songs (*carmina theatralia*), and the good bishop substituted hymns to the airs in order that the throats of his clergy might not be defiled by singing profane words. In the Vatican library there are eighty volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various countries. The Scotch also have their "Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, turned out of profane Ballads" and these are chiefly parodies of English songs, such as "John, come kiss me now," and sung to English tunes. That version of the Psalms produced by Sternhold and Hopkins had a similar origin. The psalms were written in the meter and to the tunes of the loose and lascivious songs so popular among the courtiers of Henry VIII., and Clément Marot in France did the same thing for the Ladies of the Court, writing psalms for each lady separately to well-known current songs. Thus we see that though irreverent ecclesiastics drew upon themselves the cen-

sure of the Church by parodying sacred things, still, the war, by the same means of parody, was carried well into the enemies' country.

That the evil attained large proportions is evident. E. du Méril quotes several religious parodies, among others a Bacchanalian parody, of the 95th Psalm, in German and Latin, from a MS. of the fifteenth century. As early as the thirteenth century the Council of Trèves forbade clerks and students to parody certain parts of the Mass, especially the Sanctus and Agnus Dei. In the fourteenth century we find the following "Hymn to the Virgin":

Ave, color vini clari,
Ave sapor sine pari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia.

Ave, felix creatura
Quam produxit vitis pura;
Omnis mensa sit secura
In tuâ presentiâ.

Felix venter quam intrabis,
Felix lingua quam rigabis,
Felix os quod tu lavabis
Et beata labia!

There are three versions of this extant, written at three different periods in as many countries, showing the wide-spread popularity of these parodies.

As late as the sixteenth century we find this strange, double, alternating current of parody, pious ecclesiastics turning profane and licentious songs of the day, and of the Latin poets, into devotional psalms and hymns, and the converse of this, when "lewd fellows of the baser sort" turned to their own vile uses the sacred phrases of divine worship. Thus we find parodies of Pater and Ave, satirical Noels and burlesque Masses. There are the "Usurers' Paternoster" and the Paternosters "of Wine" and "of Love." The Credo also meets with the same treatment.

On the other hand pious parodies of Virgil, Ovid, and Catullus are plentiful. Horace is frequently parodied, sometimes by devout ascetics, sometimes by jovial roysterers. As late as 1653 C. Sarbiewski turned the "Ode to Diana" into a "Hymn to the Virgin." Licentious and devotional parodies of "Ad Lesbiam" are found side by side.

Similarly when sour-spirited Reform, under John Knox and the Lords of the Congregation, blighted the merriment of Scotland, the "unco guid" adopted and adapted all the loose tunes for devotional purposes. Wedderburne, "the Clément Marot of Scotland," wrote "Godly Songs and Ballads" (1555–89). Here we find Venus veiled and Cupid in a cassock. Among others we recognize the somewhat too free love song, "Go from the window, love, go!" This is the way Wedderburne purified it:

"Quho is at my windo, quho, quho? Goe from my windo, goe, goe!
Quha callis there, so lyke ane strangere?
Goe from my windo, goe, goe!"

"Lord! I am heir ane wratchit mortal, that for thy mercie dois crie and call;
Unto thē, my Lord celestiall, sie quho is at thy windo, quho!"

"How dar thow for mercie crie, sa lang in sinne as thow dois lye;
Mercie to have thow art not worthie; goe from my windo, go!"

"My gylt, gude Lord, I will refuse, and the wicked life that I did use;
Traistand thy mercie sall be my excuse;
Sè quho is at thy windo, quho!"*

* Eighteen more stanzas.

In 1517, Pope Leo X. fulminated a bull against "that work of perverse writers who have lost all fear of God and of man." This famous work, "Litteræ obscurorum virorum," was a parody of such apparent good faith and verisimilitude that at first even the clergy themselves thought the letters to be genuine and written for their instruction. These letters laid bare the abuses of the Church and satirized the ignorance of the clergy, holding up to ridicule their shams and shallow pretenses. Their Latin was said to be on a level with the lecturer's into whose room a dog strayed during the proceedings, and who commanded, "Verte canem ex" (turn the dog out). Though heavy reading now, this work was one of the chief parodies that helped in the great struggle for the emancipation of human reason, so long held captive by Clericalism and Scholasticism.

In a state of society that could be at once devout and irreverent, we may expect to find that no popular craze nor fashionable cult escaped ridicule. The troubadours and minstrels with their ballads and romances early

supplied food for satire. Popular weariness of chivalry and long-winded romances grew during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and at last produced pure literary parody. The prevailing features of the romance are happily exaggerated. In one of these, for instance, a band of robbers stab a knight-errant with their swords and daggers, but fail to hurt him; then they bind him to a forest tree and leave him; the wild animals take no interest in him, hostile or otherwise; he frees himself, and, crossing a deep river by a narrow plank, he falls in; four miles down the stream he is caught in the net of a fisherman, who dies of fright at his extraordinary catch. Then a great tempest bursts, bringing down from the sky a hideous monster, which ill-advisedly swallows the imperishable knight. A savage bull comes along and gores the side of the monster, letting the hero escape through the rent. At this point the narrator of the story refuses to continue for fear of being taken for a liar.

Marvelous adventures were one feature of the old romance, and tedious description of unimportant detail was another. Chaucer

affords a fine parody of the latter in his "Rime of Sir Thopas." The "hoste" finally has to stop him, exclaiming: "Min eres aken of thy drafty speche," and well they might, after two hundred lines of padding round the most shadowy skeleton of action. Pure literary parody in English, having thus got such a promising start, it is disappointing to find it languish so soon, but no great poets arose during the next century, and then came the religious wars, when satire became too mordant for the more good-natured form of parody to flourish. Gestes and Fabliaux were mercilessly mocked, and Rabelais was parody incarnate. Before the sixteenth century parodies in verse are very scarce, both in France and England, and little or no attention was given to the subject as an art.

In the sixteenth century the Scaligers wrote books on the subject, but the first important work was produced by Henry Stephens in 1573 and 1575. He discusses the subject, and gives one hundred and fifty pages of parodies of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, etc. In his second work he gives Greek parodies of Matron,

Hegemon, Hipponax, and others, and adds Latin parodies of Julius Cæsar Scaliger and his son, Joseph Scaliger.

To return to that class of parody that was at once religious and profane, we find it greatly multiplied during the religious wars on the Continent and the Reformation and Puritan Revolution in England. Parodies of Holy Writ have, strange to say, during this period, and even as late as the beginning of the present century, nearly always been political in character, and not necessarily ridiculing the language or doctrines of the liturgy and sacred books. Luther himself did not hesitate to say in the language of the first psalm: "Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the way of the Sacramentarians, nor sat in the seat of the Zwinglians, nor followed the counsel of the Zurichers." The Roundheads, such as "Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-in-links-of-iron Carew," whose very names were parodies, naturally saw no impropriety in a colloquial familiarity with the Scriptures, and the graceless Cavaliers were not likely to be more squeamish in the matter of

reverence. We consequently find publications whose names and titles breathe forth parody, such as "New Testament of Our Lords and Saviours of the House of Commons and the Supreme Council," "The genealogy of the Parliament from the year 1640 to this present, 1648, The book of the generation of John Pym, the son of Judas, the son of Beelzebub," etc., "Old England's Te Deum," by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. In "The Rumps," 1639, we find a "litany," of which the following will give some idea:

From Rumps that do rule against custom and laws,
From a fardle of fancies styled a good old cause,
From wives that have nails, and wives that have claws,
Good Jove deliver us!

Dr. Boys, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, thought it no harm to pray:

"Our Pope, who art in Rome, cursed be thy name," etc.

Edmund Burke on one occasion, moreover, dismissed Parliament with the words:

"I hereby commit their body to the grave, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the certain hope and

expectation of the glorious resurrection, which by its good deeds it shall surely see."

The first serious objection to this kind of parody seems to have occurred about 1817, in consequence of William Hone's having savagely attacked the government of the Prince Regent by means of parodies of the Athanasian Creed and Litany, and other portions of the liturgy, but his erudition in the subject carried him triumphantly through three trials by his proven plea of past usage. He conducted his own defense, and cited a vast array of parodies of this nature.

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was started. In this appeared the "Chaldæan Manuscript," which contained an account of the founding of the journal, in the form of a Biblical parody. Public sensitiveness prevented its continuance, though it has been enjoyed by many people whose attitude toward religion is not one of irreverence. Scott, for one, particularly admired the passage which describes Blackwood taking snuff:

33. And when the man whose name was as ebony, and whose number * was the number of a

* Blackwood lived at 17 Prince Street.

maiden, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired, heard this saying, he turned about ;

34. And he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver, made by the hand of a cunning artificer, and overlaid within with pure gold ; and he took from thence something in colour like unto the dust of the earth, or the ashes that remain of a furnace, and he snuffed it up like the east wind and returned the gem again into its place.

Public sentiment appears still to be against satire cast into this mold, though it may become particularly effective in the hands of one who wants to prick the windy inflation of the latest craze of fashion, ethics, art, science, or literature. Dr. Norman Macleod suggested revising the first chapter of Genesis as follows :

1. The earth was without form and void.
2. A meteor fell upon the earth.
3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.
4. From these proceeded the British Association.
5. And the British Association pronounced it tolerably good.

A jury composed of the twelve apostles could scarcely condemn that.

The last of these Scriptural parodies of any importance was the "New Gospel of Peace according to St. Benjamin," by R. G. White. It chronicled the events of the American Civil War in a very able manner, and described the contemporary political intrigues in most amusing style. Though now almost forgotten, the book had an enormous sale at the time it came out, and is still eminently readable. The following extract is from the description of the capture of Jefferson Davis:

8. Now, as Jeph the Repudiator fled southward, uttering boastings and proclamations, messengers overtook him, saying that Robbutleeh had been discomfited, and had laid down his arms, and given himself up captive, and that the other Phiretah captains would do likewise. And when Jeph heard this he stopped his boastings and his proclamations and fled on the faster. But the horsemen of Unculpsalm followed hard after.

9. And there were with Jeph certain soldiers of the Phiretahs, which kept guard over him night and day; and his wife also was with him. And when they rested by the way they went not into villages and houses, but pitched their tents in the fields.

10. And before many days the horsemen of Un-

culpsalm came up with them, and the soldiers fled before them and left Jeph and his wife and their servants in their tents.

11. And Jeph's wife said unto him, Jeph, the Iankies be upon thee. Flee now for thy life, and take to the woods and the mountains; else they will take thee and hang thee, even as the Iankie boys have sung, saying,

12. We will hang Jeph the Repudiator upon a tree;

13. Upon an apple-tree shall Jeph be hanged;

14. Yea upon a tree that beareth bitter apples shall he be lifted up.

15. And Jeph answered and said, How can I flee, seeing that the Iankies have surrounded us on every side, and that they know me, and that I am not swift of foot to flee before them; and moreover that they will seize upon every man that cometh out from our tents and carry him away captive or mayhap put him to death instantly?

16. And his wife said, Hearken unto me. Behold, here are my garments: put them on straightway, and put this bonnet upon thy head, and go out of the tent boldly, and I will go with thee and say thou art my mother.

17. Then Jeph answered and said, I may not put on thy garments; for although it is written that a woman may wear the garments of her husband, even the garment which is unmentionable, and all men know that she often doeth it, it is not

written that the husband may wear the garments of the wife.

—*The New Gospel of Peace according to St. Benjamin, Book iv. Chapter 7.*

Before leaving this part of the subject we must notice a species of parody akin to it which deals with the metrical versions of the Psalms, and chuckles over the pious puerilities of Dr. Watts and his followers. The scientist who explains everything by natural laws, and deposes Jehovah in favor of a First Cause, fares hardly also by this kind of parody. Thus J. Davis sings:

The Sun, yon glorious orb of day,
Ninety-four million miles away,
Will keep revolving in its orbit
Till heat and motion reabsorb it.

And again:

Oh, deem him not without a hope,
Whose eye can scan the spectroscope
And view its many lines;
Not anything can make him fear
That, when a right line doth appear,
'Tis a wrong metal shines.

His life glides peacefully away
Who knows that any solar ray
Admitted through a crack,

Or, through a prism made to fall
Upon a white screen, or a wall,
Will be reflected back.

We will conclude our survey of religious parody with

THE AGNOSTIC CREED.

I believe in the chaotic nebula, self-existent evolver of heaven and earth, and in the differentiation of its original homogeneous mass, its first begotten product, which was self-formed into separate worlds; divided into land and water, self-organized into plants and animals, reproduced in like species, further developed into higher orders, and finally refined, rationalised, and perfected in man. He descended from the monkey, ascended to the philosopher, and sitteth down in the rights and customs of civilisation, under the laws of a developing society. From thence he shall come again, by the disintegration of the culminated heterogeneousness, back to the original homogeneousness of chaos. I believe in the wholly impersonal absolute, the wholly uncatholic church, the disunion of the saints, the survival of the fittest, the persistence of force, the dispersion of the body, and in death everlasting.

Turning now to the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," we find a sudden outburst of parody equal in vigor to the new literary impulses.

> Many there are who 'stead of harmless fun,
> Can only see perdition in a pun,
> And who imagine that they can descry
> Contempt for genius in a parody.

But not so the wits who gathered at the ordinaries, or those who met to get mellow with sack or muscadine at the Mermaid. Every new lyric and ballad, every peculiarity of style, was seized on to make harmless or bitter mirth. The affectations and extravagant alliterations of Lyly and Spenser could no more hope to escape the ordeal than could Marlowe's invitation, or Wither's defiance, to love. The woes of the poor overworked sonnet attracted equal attention with the cruel abuse of the eclogue, or the over-penciling of the eye-brow ballad. The dramatists, too, were arch offenders. Perhaps, in an age when audiences formed the only literary reviewers, the stage was selected as a medium of purification, by parody, of the eccentricities of the latest poetaster, for isolated verses echoing well known poems occur in play after play. For example: Clement Robinson in 1584 published "A handful of pleasant delights," in

which occurs "A sorrowful sonnet made by M. George Mannington." This sonnet we find parodied by that idle apprentice, Quicksilver, in "Eastward Hoe," the joint production of Marston, Chapman, and Ben Jonson. In this same play we also find a parody of the "Ditty of Samson," an affecting street ballad beginning:

> When Samson was a tall young man
> His power and strength increasèd than,
> And in the host and tribe of Dan,
> The Lord did bless him still.
> It chancèd so upon a day,
> As he was walking on his way,
> He saw a maiden fresh and gay,
> In Timnah.

We have no room for any more of the original, and those who want to see the not very interesting parody may refer to the play. The point is that "Old Ben" indulged his taste for parody at every opportunity, as will appear later, and his brother playwrights afford hundreds of similar instances. In "Cornucopia," 1612, a lover in danger of drowning parodies "Fortune, My Foe," the "hanging tune," popular before 1595. Shakespeare in "Love's

Labor's Lost" parodies the prevailing euphuism. Holofernes says:

I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.
The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.

Again, in the "Pyramus and Thisbe," of "Midsummer Night's Dream," Prologue says:

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

In "As You Like It," also, we are clearly shown the prevalence of contemporary parody. Amiens sings his song, "Under the greenwood tree," and Jaques follows with:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Later in the play, moreover, Touchstone somewhat coarsely mocks Orlando's verses:

From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind, etc.

In those days it was common for a rival poet to cap a "complaint," or an invitation, with an answer, or imitation, in the same meter. In "England's Helicon," 1614, we find Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love," followed by Raleigh's reply: "If all the world and love were young," and following this is an imitation, "Come live with me and be my deere," signed Ignoto, found also in "Davidson's Rapsodie," This song of "The Passionate Shephard," was a favorite model for parody; to modern taste, however, generally of too gross or too dull a nature to bear quotation. To take another example: In 1617 appeared "Fidelia," containing Wither's "Shall I, wasting in despair?" Ben Jonson and Raleigh each made characteristic use of this song. To show the differences of treatment we will place the three together:

G. Wither.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery fields in May!

If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my foolish heart be pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a comely feature?
Be she kind or meeker than
Turtle-dove or pelican!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's virtues make
Me to perish for her sake?
Or her merits' value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high,
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble mind,
If not outward help he find,
Think what, with them, would he do;
That, without them, dares to woo!
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!

If she love me (this believe !)
I will die ere she shall grieve !
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go !
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

Ben Jonson.

Answer to Master Wither's Song, "Shall I, wasting in despair ?"

Shall I, mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman's black ?
Or myself, with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman brown ?
Be she blacker than the night,
Or the blackest jet in sight !
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman's curst ?
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joinèd in as bad a feature ?
Be she curst or fiercer than
Brutish beast, or savage man !
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be ?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake ?

Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?
He that bears an humble mind
And with riches can be kind.
Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave!
And if that same mind I see,
What care I how poor she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'er the more be slack!
If she hate me (then believe!)
She shall die ere I will grieve!
If she like me when I woo
I can like and love her too!
If that she be fit for me!
What care I what others be?*

Sir W. Raleigh.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,

*Appeared in "A Description of Love," 2d ed., 1620.

To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold,
If a stranger may be bold
Unrebukèd, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be!

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to stake
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not, like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

Raleigh's version is a good example of a large class of poems peculiar to his age, when this kind of serious travesty was very popular. Imitations, paraphrases, glosses, whatever name we give them, we yet cannot class them as true parodies. Anthony Munday published four in 1582; and Father Southwell's "Sinners' Complaint," founded on Dyer's "Hallo, my Fancy! Whither Wilt Thou Go?" is well known. Fulke Gréville wrote another version of the same poem. Sometimes a poet would take a light song and dignify it, or give it a serious or sacred character, or purify it, as Burns did afterward with "John Anderson, my Jo," and other too lively lilts. One of John Donne's songs begins:

Soul's joy, now I am gone
And you alone,
(Which cannot be
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light:

O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove
Our bodies, not we, move.

Now let us see what curious use the gentle George Herbert makes of this.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
    Which cannot be,
    Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee ;
Yet when thou dost suppress
    The cheerfulness
    Of thy abode
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load.

Herbert was himself parodied by a brother divine, Christopher Hervey, whose work "The Synagogue" was plainly inspired by "The Temple." The poem is called

CONFUSION.

O how my mind
    Is gravell'd !
        Not a thought

That I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threads
And narrow shreds
Of lists,
Knot-snarl'd ruffs,
Loose broken tufts
Of twists,
Are my torn meditations' ragged clothing ;
Which, wound and woven, shape a suit for nothing ;
One while I think and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.

Here we recognize an unmistakable tone of mockery; an approach to the parody militant, which is carried much further by another pillar of the Church, Bishop Corbet (1582–1635), in deriding the quaint moral poems of Master Francis Quarles. As the latter is little read now we give the passage selected :

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade ;
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
Even such is man whose thread is spun,

Drawn out and cut and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning wasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

To this the bishop replies:

Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches,
Or like a lobster clad in logic breeches,
Or like the gray fur of a crimson cat,
Or like the mooncalf in a slipshod hat;
E'en such is he who never was begotten
Until his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery tombstone of a cabbage,
Or like a crab-louse with its bag and baggage,
Or like the four square circle of a ring,
Or like to hey ding, ding-a, ding-a, ding;
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no doubt,
Spake to small purpose, when his tongue was out.

Like to a fair, fresh, fading, wither'd rose,
Or like to rhyming verse that runs in prose,
Or like the stumbles of a tinder-box
Or like a man that's sound yet sickness mocks; *
E'en such is he who died and yet did laugh
To see these lines writ for his epitaph.

Fifty years later a street ballad returns to the charge as follows:

* Bowdlerized.

PRETTY COMPARISONS, WITTILY GROUNDED. WHICH BY SCORNFUL MAIDENS MAY BEST BE EXPOUNDED.

Like to a dove-cote never haunted,
Or a petition never granted,
Or like broad-cloth without a tailor,
Or like a jayle without a jaylor,
Or like a lanthorne without a light,
Or wedding-day without a night :
Just such as those may she be said,
That time doth lose and dyes a maid.
The dove-cote haunted yields much profit ;
The petition granted good comes of it ;
The taylor puts broad-cloth in shape ;
The jaylor lets no prisoner 'scape ;
The candle light is the lanthornes treasure ;
The wedding-night crowns all the pleasure :
So is that maiden in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes ere she dyes.

. . . . .

Like to a needle without thread,
Or like a word without a deed,
Or like a warrant never sealed,
Or like a thought that's ne'er revealed,
Or like a line without a hooke,
Or like good meate without a cooke :
Just such as those may she be said,
That time doth lose and dyes a maid.
The thread with needle yields much pleasure ;
The deed and word make decent measure ;

The seale in force the warrant makes ;
The thought reveal'd all doubt forsakes ;
The hooke with line doth catch the fishes ;
The cooke of meate makes wholesome dishes ;
So is that maiden in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes ere she dyes.

Like to a question and no answer,
Or like a call without "Anon, Sir,"
Or like a marrow-bone ne'er broken,
Or commendations and no token,
Or like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the moone and no man in it,
Just such as those may she be said,
That time doth lose and dyes a maid.
The question answered strife appeaseth ;
"Anon, Anon," the caller pleaseth.
The marrow-bone that's broke eates pleasant ;
The token makes a grateful present ;
There's triumph in the fort that's won ;
The man rides glorious in the moone.
So is that maiden in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes ere she dyes.

. . . . .

But we must hark back. Before Elizabethan poetry found a new outlet in the drama every singer poured his love-agony into the mold of the sonnet. The sufferer compared his mistress to everything hyperbolically

beautiful and absurdly far-fetched. Hundreds of these sonnets have been exhumed of late years by literary body-snatchers who should have known better than to have disturbed a well-deserved repose. We can forgive the occasional fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous in such a genius as Sidney, but his imitators did not escape the lash of parody.

Davies (1560–1618) made fun of the lover rant in vogue in the following sonnet:

If there were O ! an Hellespont of cream
Between us, milk-white Mistress ! I would swim
To you, to show to both my love's extreme,
Leander-like,—yea ! dive from brim to brim.
But met I with a butter'd pippin-pie
Floating upon't, that I would make my boat
To waft me to you without jeopardy :
Though sea-sick I might be while it did float.
Yet if a storm should rise, by night or day,
Of sugar-snows, or hail of care-aways,
Then if I found a pancake in my way,
It, like a plank, should bear me to your quays,
Which, having found, if they tobacco kept,
The smoke should dry me well before I slept.

Besides the sonnet the pastoral poem was the fashion, more especially the eclogue. Men

steeped in classical feeling followed Latin or Italian models naturally enough when English poetry had as yet no honored ancestry: we must not therefore blame Spenser and Sidney, Lyly and Lodge, Drayton and Drummond, for the excesses of their followers who rhymed glibly of banks of flowers, shepherds and flocks when they never wandered a mile from Bankside, could hardly distinguish a cow from a cowslip, nor sheepishness from pastoral simplicity. This craze lasted for two centuries. The idyls, eclogues, and roundelays that we find for example in "England's Helicon" are full of the beauty, freshness, and vitality of dawn, but ideality became courtly artificiality under the Stuarts, and degenerated into modish inanity under the Georges. Contrast Gloriana in Arcadia with Marie Antoinette at the Trianon and we have the similarity between Greek statuary and Dresden-china figures. One of the early signs of revolt against the pastoral tyranny in literature is the following parody by Robert Green (1560–92), himself one of the masters of the style he ridicules:

DORON AND CARMELA.

An Eclogue.

DORON.

Sit down, Carmela! here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes;
Sweet cider, which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela! let me kiss thy toes!

CARMELA.

Ah, Doron! ah my heart! thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brindled cow;
Thine eyes are like the slow-worms in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
The sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toes and kiss my lips, my Love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee:
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear! even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.
Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair:

Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air:
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

During the troublous times of the Puritan Rebellion and final Revolution, parody was chiefly political and therefore offers little of interest to the general reader. Occasionally, however, we find a specimen of literary merit, showing that it was not absolutely necessary for every satiric poem to be devoted to proving every Cavalier a cannibal, or every Roundhead a hypocrite. The last verse of Ben Jonson's "Her Triumph" runs:

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt but the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smell'd the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Sir John Suckling playfully parodies this with perfect taste:

Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou marked the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride
Or the dove by his bride?
Oh! so fickle; oh! so vain; oh! so false, so false is she!

Sir John himself formed the subject of a parody on the ancient song "John Dory," when the troop he raised for the king disgraced him in the North. The title is "Upon Sir John Suckling's most Warlike Preparations for the Scottish Warre." Two verses will suffice for a touch of its quality:

Sir John got him an ambling nag
To Scotland for to ride-a
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

. . . . .

The colonell sent for him back again
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear he came not there
To be killed the very first man-a.

In "Wit's Recreations," 1656, where this

occurs, we find a clever parody on Chaucer also, and in "Wit Restored" is another on the old ballad, "The Miller and the King's Daughter," slyly showing up the elements of the wierd and grotesquely pathetic characteristic of the Northern ballad. The true province of parody is here recognized. The exaggeration of sentiment or incident is very slight, and the satire is kept well within the limits of good taste, a rare excellence in that era of free speech.

THE MILLER AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

BY MR. SMITH.

There were two sisters they went a-play*ing*,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
To see their father's ships come sailing in,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

And when they came unto the sea-brym,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
The elder did push the younger in,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

O sister, O sister, take me by the gowne,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
And drawe me up upon the dry ground,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

O sister, O sister, that may not be,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe-a,
Till salt and oatmeal grow both of a tree,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

Sometymes she sanke, sometymes she swam,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
Untill she came unto the mil-dam,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

The miller runne hastily down the cliffe,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
And up he betook her withouten her life,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her brest-bone?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
He made him a violl to play thereupon,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her fingers so small?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
He made him peggs to his violl withall,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her nose-ridge?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a,
Unto his violl he made him a bridge;
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her veynes so blue?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
He made him strings to his violl thereto,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her eyes so bright?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
Upon his violl he played at first sight,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he doe with her tongue so rough,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
Unto the violl it spake enough;
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

What did he do with her two shinnes?
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
Unto the violl they danc't Moll Syms;
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

Then bespake the treble string,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
O yonder is my father the king;
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

Then bespake the second string,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
O yonder sits my mother the queen,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

And then bespake the strings all three;
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
O yonder is my sister that drowned mee,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

Now pay the miller for his payne,
With a hie downe, downe, a-downe-a.
And let him be gone in the divel's name,
With a hy downe, downe, a-downe-a.

"Wit Restored" also contains two or three parodies of one of the loveliest of Carew's songs, which begins:

> Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
> When June is past, the fading rose;
> For in your beauties, orient deep,
> These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

The best of these is given below. As a comparison will show, it closely follows the original. It is called "The Mock Song."

> I tell you true whereon doth light
> The dusky shade of banished night,
> For in just vengeance heavens allow,
> It still should shine upon your brow.
>
> I tell you true where men may seek
> The sound which once the owle did shreek,
> For in your false dividing throat
> It lyes and death is in its noate.
>
> I tell you true whither do passe
> The smiling look out of a glass;
> It leapes into your face, for there
> A falser shadow doth appeare.
>
> I tell you true whither are blowne
> The airy wheeles of thistle-down,
> They fly into your mind whose care
> Is to be light as thistles are.

I tell you true within what nest
The stranger cuckoe's eggs do rest,
It is your bosome which can keepe
Nor him, nor him, where one should sleepe.

In "The Rump," a series of poems by the most eminent wits (1640–60), and in "Poems on State Affairs" (before 1697), the bitterness of party rancor inspires many a parody. "Sir Eglamore" is changed to

General George that valiant knight
He took his sword and would go fight.

"Which nobody can deny," is the burden of several savage songs. Unquotable litanies are numerous, generally in this strain, but coarser:

From villany drest in the doublet of zeal,
From three kingdom's baked in one commonweal,
From a gleek of Lord Keepers of one poor seal,
Libera nos Domine.

From a chancery-writ and a whip and a bell,
From a Justice of Peace who never could spell,
From Colonel Pym and the Vicar of Hell,
Libera nos Domine.

From two hours of talk without one word of sense,
From Liberty still in the future tense,
From a Parliament's long-waisted conscience,
Libera nos Domine.

Carew also is laid under contribution in twelve stanzas of this nature:

> Ask me no more why there appears
> Daily such troops of dragoneers?
> Since it is requisite you know;
> They rob *cum privilegio.*
>
> Ask me no more why gaol confines
> Our Hierarchy of best divines,
> Since some in Parliament agree
> 'Tis for the subject's liberty.

Besides these we find political parodies on "From the Far Lavinian Shore," and the "Crier's Song," in the "Arraignment of Cupid."

It would be an easy matter to fill a large volume merely with parodies published as broadside ballads, interesting to the student of history, but not of general interest. Every song was followed by a Mock, as it was then called. In 1672 Captain Wm. Hickes published a volume of "Mock Songs and Jovial Poems," and the same year a lyric was sold in ballad form with an attendant "mock," verse for verse. We give it in part:

As often as I hear the tone
Of Phillida and Corydon,
Contemplating these choice delights
That attend Hymen's proselytes ;
The jolly mirth and dainty cheer,
They make with " Honey," " Duck," and " Dear ";
The pretty Prues and bonny Bessies,
Their courting, kissing, and caresses :
The pleasant noise and cheerly sound,
When music strikes and cups go round :
Methinks I'm blest with some rich spouse,
My head is crowned with myrtle boughs.
I roll myself in wealth and peace,
My sorrows fade, my joys increase.
My love's as fruitful as the Spring,
My house is fit to treat a king.
" Ah wretch," say I, " thou hast done wrong
To live a bachelor so long :
All my peace to this is strife,
No comfort like a married life."

THE MOCK.

And when I hear the filthy jars
'Twixt John and Joan, those curtain wars;
Considering well the destiny
Of such as priests and hangmen tie ;
The tattoo of the bed and cradle,
The walking of the tongue and ladle ;

. . . .

"Blest man," I say, "who curbs desire,
And keeps his fingers out o' th' fire :
All my gall to this is honey,
No martyrdom like matrimony."

SONG.

I must confess upon a day,
When all my thoughts were Westward ha !
Near Hampton Court I saw a face,
The throne of modesty and grace ;
In whose each motion might be seen
Hadassa and the Southern Queen :
Her smiles were arguments to prove
The Phœnix and the God of Love.
From these the pencil learns those draughts
Of Titan beams and Cupid's shafts.
"Bless me," said I, "since I must die,
My heart a sacrifice shall lie,
Burnt with the lustre of her eye."

THE MOCK.

And I being lately Eastward bound,
To make a merry country round,
There I beheld a thing called woman,
Save him that hath her, match for no man !
In whose behaviour you may spell
What Job's wife was and Jezebel.
Her looks made good the doubtful story
Of Acheron and Purgatory.
From these the painter had advice

To limn the toad and cockatrice.
This made me cry, "Since friends must part,
Ere this vile wretch shall have my heart,
I'll suffer, drive away the cart."

1675.

In 1665, Matthew Stevenson writes:

ON THE FAIR AND FAITHFUL.

Ye wish to know her, for she sweeter is
Than Indian spices, or Elysian bliss.
Were she but comely, courteous, and tall,
Constant and chaste as doves—if that were all
I would not love her though enjoined by Fate!
Nature does this in others imitate.
But she's a virtue, may from vice recall
The world and be the saving of us all.

An anonymous writer the same year shows us the reverse of this:

ON THE FOUL AND FALSE.

Wish not to know this woman, she is worse
Than all the ingredients made into a curse,
Were she but ugly, peevish, (bad at core),
Perjured and painted, so she were no more,
I could forgive her and connive at this,
Alleging, "Still she but a woman is!"
But she is worse and may in time forestall
The Devil and be the damning for us all.

There is no mistaking this; it is parody with a purpose. The "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" were becoming somewhat wearisome with their Cyprian strains. Stereotyped phrases and endless repetition of the same images offered fine food for the mockers. One of them cries:

> They talk of Raptures, Flames, and Darts,
> Of burning Fevers in their Hearts,
> Of Gods of Love in Women's eyes,
> Which please and ravish and surprise:
> How they admire, love, adore,
> With thousand other wonders more.

The courtly Dorset himself, who wrote of Chloris, Dorinda, and Phillis, in the prevailing fashion, at last broke out into natural vital song with:

Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long
With Phillis and Chloris in every song.

and proceeded to praise his "Bonny Black Bess." This was parodied in its turn, beginning:

Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long
With Hatton and Dysart and old Liddington.*

* Three frail court beauties.

A pretty conceit with the earlier poets of this period had been the "Advice to a Painter" as to the best means of doing justice to Celia's charms. The host of imitators soon worked this theme threadbare. Waller gives us an example, Denham has four, and Marvell three. A street ballad of the time thus complains:

Poets of old about to write did use
T'invoke th' assistance of some friendly muse,
But now the fashion's almost set aside,
And muse's place by painter is supplied:
Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
At every turn implores the painter's aid;
And, fondly enamour'd of his own foul brat,
Cries in an ecstasy, "Paint this," "Draw that";
"Draw conclaves, fights, plots, fires, and, in a ring,
Draw evil counsellors about the King."
I fear, lest being at every fool's command,
Painter, th' hast spent thy colours, tired thy hand.

This protest did not have the desired effect of restricting the supply. We find the painter periodically invoked for another century. The Duke of Buckingham suggests the following portraiture for the Earl of Arlington:

First draw an arrant fop from top to toe
Whose very looks at first dash show him so!

Give him a mean proud garb, a dapper face,
A pert dull grin, a black patch 'cross his face,
Two goggle eyes, so clear, though very dead,
That one may see him through quite thro' his head.
Let every nod of his and subtle wink
Declare the fool would talk, but cannot think.

Buckingham indeed was an able parodist. He was the chief author of "The Rehearsal," written before 1665 originally to ridicule Davenant, but afterward altered to a bitter attack on Dryden. Not content with parodying some of the most familiar passages in Dryden's plays, he took considerable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed Bayes, to mimic the author's manner of reciting them. Well-known passages of other playwrights, such as Killigrew, the Howards, and Mrs. Behn, were also aimed at in this patchwork of parody.

The prologue declares:

Our poets make us laugh at tragedy
And with their comedies they make us cry.

And the whole work is an amplification of this text. Many of the passages satirized are easily recognized. (Cf. "The Rehearsal," IV., 1.)

*BAYES (*reads*). Since death my earthly part will
thus remove,
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sunbeams buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

SMITH (*after a pause*). Admirable!

BAYES. At night into your bosom I will creep,
And Buz but softly if you chance to sleep;
Yet, in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then both Hum and Buz before your eye.

* BERENICE. My earthly part—
Which is my Tyrant's right, death will remove,
I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you in the sunbeams play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past Loves.
At night I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep;
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye:
All dangers from your bed I will remove:
But guard it most from any future Love.
And when, at last, in pity you will die,
I'll watch your birth of Immortality.
Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open Air.
—DRYDEN, *Tyrannick Love*, *III.*, I.

JOHNSON. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

SMITH. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love from dangers I will free;
But most, from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pitie, your heart-strings shall crack,
With emptie arms I'll bear you on my back.

SMITH. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

BAYES. Ay, Igad, but it is not that *tuant* now. Ha? is not that *tuant?* Here is the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first fluttering in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare! it is the most natural, refin'd fancie that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Prior borrowed this model in parodying Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther" with his "The Town and Country Mouse." Here Bayes again takes Messrs. Smith and Johnson on a personally-conducted tour through his latest composition. The aim of the work is best explained in Bayes' own words:

BAYES. You shall see me lay the Reformation on its back, egad, and justify our religion by way of fable.

JOHNSON. An apt contrivance, indeed! what, do you make a fable of your religion?

BAYES. Ay, egad, and without morals too; for I tread in no man's steps, and to show you how far I can outdo anything that ever was writ in this kind I have taken Horace's design; but, egad, I have so outdone him you shall be ashamed of your old friend. You remember in him the story of the country-mouse and the city-mouse, what a plain, simple thing it is; it has no more life and spirit in it, egad, than a hobby horse, and his mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere mice, that I wonder it has pleased the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind and teach 'em to heighten and elevate a fable. I'll bring you in the very same mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting texts, fathers, councils and all that, egad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an ass of a country vicar. Now whereas Horace keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, egad. Here I draw you general characters and describe all the beasts of the creation; there I launch out into long digressions and leave my mice for twenty pages together; then I fall into raptures and make the finest soliloquies, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

JOHNSON. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two mice?

BAYES. Ay, why not? It is not great and heroical. But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, egad, I defy all critics. Thus it begins:

*A milk-white mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft cheese and o'er the dairy rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within;
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no gin.

JOHNSON. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft cheese is a little too coarse diet for an immortal mouse; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted Homer for celestial provision.

BAYES. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but, indeed, I have not the Latin one, which I have mark'd, by me, and could not readily find it in the original.

Yet had she oft been scarred by bloody claws
Of winged owls and stern grimalkin's paws,
Aim'd at her destin'd head; which made her fly,
Tho' she was doom'd to death and fated not to die.

* A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest rang'd
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many wingèd wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
—*The Hind and the Panther.*

BAYES. But come, gentlemen, let us return to our business and here I'll give you a delicate description of a man.

SMITH. But how does that come in?

BAYES. Come in? Very naturally. I was talking of a wolf and that supposes a wood, and then I'll clap an epithet to't and call it a Celtic wood. Now when I was there I could not help thinking of the French persecution, and, egad, from all these thoughts I took occasion to rail at the French King and show that he was not of the same make with other men, which thus I prove:

* The Divine Black-Smith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling, with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He blew the bellows and stirred up the coals;

* The smith divine, as with a careless beat
Struck out the mute creation at a heat
But when arrived at last to human race
The Godhead took a deep considering space.

. . . . . .

Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day;
With open hands and with extended space
Of arms to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire soured his balmy blood.

—*The Hind and the Panther.*

Long time he thought and could not on a sudden
Knead up with unskim'd milk this reas'ning pudding,
Tender and mild within its bag it lay,
Confessing still the softness of its clay,
And kind as milkmaids on their wedding day ;
Till pride of empire, lust, and hot desire
Did overboil him, like too great a fire ;
And understanding grown, misunderstood,
Burn'd him to the pot and sour'd his curdled blood.

JOHNSON. But sure this is a little profane, Mr Bayes.

BAYES. Not at all : does not Virgil bring in his god Vulcan working at the anvil ?

JOHNSON. Ay Sir, but never thought his hands the fittest to make a pudding.

BAYES. Why, do you imagine him an earthly, dirty blacksmith ? Gad, you make it profane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much difference between 'em, egad, as betwixt my man and Milton's.

We have already given (p. 36) a series of "pretty comparisons." The abnormal frequency of the simile was a failing of the dramatists of the Restoration, who dragged it in on every possible occasion. "The Rehearsal" did not fail to draw attention to this affectation. In the "Conquest of Granada," Dryden had written :

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up and see it gathering in the sky.
Perched on some drooping branch, they sit alone,
And coo and hearken to each other's moan.

"Bayes" imitates this in what he styles "one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the world, egad":

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up and smell it gathering in the sky.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snort and gruntle to each other's moan.

The good that Buckingham did was "interred with his bones," as far the simile was concerned. Its abuse lived on all through the next century. In 1730 Henry Fielding girds at it in "Tom Thumb," in many absurd mock similes. The best known one is:

So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
When a third dog, one of the two dogs meets,
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

In the third act of Addison's "Cato" is a simile which is also parodied by Fielding, as follows:

So have I seen, in some dark winter's day
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep through the streets with terrible ding-dong,
Gush thro' the spouts and wash whole crowds along,
The crowded shops the thronging vermin screen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe boy in the street is seen.

Rhodes in "Bombastes Furioso," 1816, returns to the charge and presents us with another batch of absurd similes. A familiar one of these forming a double parody is :

BOMB. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar ;
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore.
KING. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

Passages in "Tom Thumb" parodied lines from a host of plays, now forgotten, by Dryden, N. Lee, Otway, Banks, Theobald, Addison, and Young. Thomson even, who had produced "Sophonisba" the year before, which play contained the immortal line,

"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O,"

and had already been apostrophized

"O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson O,"

is again parodied in "Tom Thumb" with

"O Huncamunca, Huncamunca O."

We must leave dramatic for a time to return to lyrical parody.

Shadwell's famous song beginning:

The delights of the bottle and charms of good wine,
To the power and pleasures of love must resign:
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be passed
The debauches but till the next morning will last;
But love's great debauch is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long,

prompted a host of imitations and parodies. Lord Grimstone, in 1683, replies:

The frights of the bottle, the charms of ill wine,
Are chosen by some to drive away time;
But th' aching head and sickness at heart,
For those illspent hours do make them to smart.
But love's dear enchantments good time doth redeem,
Where no pain but all pleasure is everywhere seen.

Perhaps this was a direct hit at that rival whom Dryden describes:

> Og, from a treason tavern rolling home,
> Round as a globe and liquored every chink,
> Goodly and great he sails behind his link.

These were evil days for respectable parody —the corruption of the Court had debauched public taste. The frank nuditarianism of the Elizabethans had given place to the studied indecencies and gross obscenities of the Rochesters, Behns, Wycherlys, and Swifts. The stream of poetry was running as foul as the Fleet Ditch, and parody partook of the prevailing grossness. The phrases "to swear like a lady of quality," and "to get as drunk as a lord," became proverbial. Society was not even outwardly decent, and the satirists, who catered for its amusements, were not likely to risk their popularity by unnecessary refinement. Eighteenth century parody, moreover, as a rule, is dull when it is not objectionable, but we find exceptions. By many critics "The Splendid Shilling," by the blind poet's nephew, John Phillips, is considered the best parody of

Milton ever written. To the modern reader, however, the poem falls somewhat flat.

In his youth Pope wrote "Imitations of English Poets," which closely verge on parody, the two songs after Dorset being especially good. In the "Rape of the Lock," however, he gives us parody at its best. The passages in Miltonic heroics are some of the most exquisite in the poem. Take for instance the catastrophe:

> The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
> T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
> E'en then before the fatal engine closed,
> A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
> Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain,
> (But airy substance soon unites again)
> The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
> From the fair head for ever and for ever.

The Little Wasp of Twickenham also wrote several parodies, as did also Swift, on the pastorals of Ambrose Philips, but these were afterward eclipsed by Gay's "Shepherd's Walk." Swift's "Meditations on a Broomstick," and the following well-known song, show what he could do with parody when he cared to keep within the bounds of decency.

A LOVE SONG.

(*In the modern taste*, 1733.)

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid o'er my heart ;
I, a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth ;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mourning cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

This attack on modish verse was fully justified. The "dying swain" and the "charming fair" still "complained" and "disdained," with pastoral accessories. Shenstone, who himself wrote charming pastoral poetry (everybody knows his "My Banks They are Furnished with Bees"), was constrained to parody the eclogue, and he thus animadverts:

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

Shenstone's verse is nearly always unobjectionable, and his humor delicate and refined, far above the average writer of his age. Com-

pare his eclogue with similar parodies by Pope, Swift, and Gay, and the fact will be patent.

COLEMIRA.

A Culinary Eclogue.

Night's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd and folks had gone to bed ;
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

. . . . .

"Could I," he cried, "express how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands and well-washed face,
Thou would'st, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

"Ah ! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire ?
Her hands outshine the fire and redder things ;
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

"But sure no chamber damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheeks the sweat distills.

"Oh ! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre !
For late, when bees to change their clime began,
How did I see them thrum the frying-pan !

. . . . .

"When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy, did her accents flow!
'Get out,' she cried, 'when strangers come to sup
One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up.'

"Then, full of wrath, she kicked each lazy brute;
Alas! I envied even that salute:
'Twas sure misplaced—Shock said, or seemed to say,
He had as lief I had the kick as they.

"If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O mayst thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen!

. . . . .

"Look with what charming grace, what winning tricks,
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks:
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft have I said there were no need of candles."

. . . . .

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke, in azure folds, evaporates and dies.

"The Schoolmistress" is a still finer example of Shenstone's powers as a parodist. The advertisement to the poem says: "What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion are his language, his manner of description, and a

peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works." He certainly succeeded, for many of the verses have the unmistakable ring of true parody.

Herbs too she knew and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew ;
Where no vain flow'r disclosed a gawdy streak ;
But herbs for use and physick, not a few,
Of grey renown within those borders grew :
The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Tyme,
Fresh Baum and Marygold of cheerful hue ;
The lowly Gill, that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would sing disdaining here to rhime.

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around :
And pungent Radish, biting infants' tongue ;
And Plantain rib'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;
And Marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
And Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere while, in arid bundles bound ;
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

. . . . .

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere she to her hearth did cleave ;
But in her garden found a summer-seat :

Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Up hung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

Here the embellishment of trivialities separates this poem from the company of imitations of which we find so many. Thomson confessedly wrote his "Castle of Indolence" in the manner of Spenser. Thomas Warton also imitated Spenser and Milton, and so did shoals of the small fry. Christopher Pitt parodied "The Faërie Queene" with undeniable humor and ability, but his grossness is fatal. The Birthday Odes of the Poets-Laureate attracted merited mockery, and the odes to everything else imaginable did not escape. Among others we must not forget the "Odes to Oblivion and Obscurity," after Gay. Jenyns, *circ.* 1760, offers a diverting specimen for quotation :

ODE.

Now lovely spring her velvet mantle spreads,
And tints with green and gold the flowery meads ;

Fruit-trees in vast white periwigs are seen,
Resembling much some antiquated beau,
Which north-east winds that blow so long and keen
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of snow ;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigil hold,
And sweetly sing and shake—and shake with cold.

The most favored forms of verse in the eighteenth century were the ode and the elegy. Oldham had shown the growth of these as early as 1680. His lines are worth quoting :

Soft elegy, designed for grief and tears,
Was first devised to grace some mournful hearse ;
Since to a brisker note 'tis taught to move,
And clothes our gayest passions, joy and love,
But who was first inventor of the kind,
Critics have sought but never yet could find.
Gods, heroes, warriors, and the lofty praise
Of peaceful conquerors in Pisa's race,
The mirth and joys which love and wine produce,
With other wanton sallies of a muse,
The stately ode does for its subjects choose.

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was more frequently and more contemptibly parodied than any poem of the period; which was at least a proof of its popularity. "Dilly's Repository," 1777, gives it with seven attendant parodies, dull and wearisome to the last

degree. We offer one (with apologies) as a specimen.

EPITAPH ON A CERTAIN POET.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
One nor to Fortune nor to fame unknown ;
For Science frowned not on his humble Birth,
And smooth-tongued Flattery marked him for her own.

Large was his wish—in this he was sincere,
Fate did a recompence, as largely send,
Gave the poor C——r four hundred pounds a year,
And made a dirty minister his friend.

No further seek his deeds to bring to light,
For, ah ! he offered at Corruption's shrine ;
And basely strove to wash an Æthiop white,
While Truth and Honour bled in every line !

—*Dilly's Repository*, 1777.

Another of the above, commencing, "The curfew tolls the knell of closing gates," appears to have been taken from the "Oxford Sawsage," a "collection of such small, but valuable, Poetical Pieces, written by Gentlemen of Oxford, as never before appeared together." In this we find "A Pipe of Tobacco : in imitation of six several authors. By Hawkins Browne, Esq."

The authors parodied are Colly Cibber, A. Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, and Swift. As, with the exception of Pope and Swift, these poets are seldom read now, it is not surprising that the verses do not supply us with very exhilarating reading. They are all so poor that it does not matter which one is selected. The parody of the style of A. Philips will serve:

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire :
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced ;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men ;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns ;
When agen the crickets gay,
(Little cricket full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed ;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.

Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

In Dodsley's "Collection" are two parodies, one of Chaucer, by "J. H., Esq.," rather more respectable than similar ones of the same poet by Prior and Gay, and one on the popular song, "Can Love be Controlled by Advice?" These, though not especially brilliant, are somewhat better than the usual parodies of the period.

A FRAGMENT OF CHAUCER.

Right wele of lerned clerkis is it sed,
That womenhud for mannis' use is made;
But naughty man liketh not one or so,
He lusteth aye unthriftily for mo;
And whome he whilome cherishèd, when tied,
By holy church he cannot her abide.
Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,
But thilke same bone if to his taile thou tye,
Pardie, he, fearing it, away doth fly.

—J. H., Esq., *Dodsley Collection*, 1775.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Can ease be consistent with state?
Can freedom and pomp thus agree?
O Stanhope, who would not be great,
If easy in greatness like thee?

Let statesmen pretend to despise
Those talents that furnish delight,
'Tis Stanhope's alone to be wise,
Yet pleasure with wisdom unite.

State burdens with form the gay soul,
Unbended alone we taste joy.
Too soon our grey hairs must control
That bliss which our prime should employ.
Then Stanhope be blest in your choice,
Be happy your life in each stage ;
While spirits attend you rejoice,
You've wisdom enough for old age.
—*Dodsley Collection*, 1775.

Dr. Johnson's opinion of parody was that it was easy and, therefore, vulgar and common. One evening, at Miss Reynolds' tea-table, referring to Bishop Percy's collection of ballads, he said he could rhyme as well and elegantly in common narrative and conversation. "For instance," he continued :

"As with my hat upon my head
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use :

"I therefore pray thee, Renny, dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

"Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

"Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

Another of his parodies on the "Hermit of Warkworth" runs:

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on.

So far as the doctor's own efforts go, therefore, we are inclined to accept his estimate of the art.

About 1770 an anonymous worshiper of Bacchus gives us a lively, and (it is to be hoped) libelous, perversion of "The Vicar of

Bray," which we are willing to rescue from oblivion.

In Charles the Second's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,
A lover of cabals I was,
With wine like Bacchus bloated.
I preached unto my crowded pews,
Wine was by God's command, sir;
And damned was he who did refuse
To drink while he could stand, sir.
And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir;
That, whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

When James, the sot, assumed the throne,
He strove to stand alone, sir;
But quickly got so drunk, that down
He tumbled from the throne, sir;
One morning—crop-sick, pale and queer,
By sitting up with gay men—
He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe,
Deny the cup to laymen.
And this is law, etc.

Then Will, the tippling Dutchman, saved
Our liberties from sinking;
We crowned him king of cups, and craved
The privilege of thinking.

He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,
And held predestination ;
Fool ! not to know the tippling trade
Admits no trepidation.
And this is law, etc.

When brandy Nan became our queen,
'Twas all a drunken story ;
I sat and drank from morn till e'en,
And so was thought a Tory.
Brim full of wine, all sober folks
We damned, and moderation ;
And for right Nantz,* we pawned to France
Our dearest reputation.
And this is law, I will maintain,
For ever and for ay, sir ;
That, whether king or queen shall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

King George the First then filled the throne,
And took the resolution
To drink all sorts of liquors known,
To save the Constitution.
He drank success in rare old rum,
Unto the State and Church, sir ;
Till, with a dose of Brunswick, mum,
He dropp'd from off the perch, sir.
And this is law, etc.

King George the Second then arose,
A wise and valiant soul, sir ;

* Brandy.

He loved his people, beat his foes,
  And pushed about the bowl, sir.
He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
  To heroes, for he chose them ;
With us true Whigs he drank until
  He slept in Abram's bosom.
    And this is law, etc.

His present Majesty then came,
  Whom Heaven may long preserve, sir !
He gloried in a Briton's name,
  And swore he'd never swerve, sir.
Though evil counsellors may think
  His love from us to sever,
Yet let us loyal Britons drink—
  King George the Third for ever !
    And this is law I will maintain,
      For ever and for aye, sir ;
    That, whatsoever king may reign,
      I'll drink both night and day, sir.

From this time onward till the appearance of the "Rejected Addresses," in 1812, the most important parodies are those found in the *Anti-Jacobin*, the principal writers of which were Freer, Ellis, Canning, and Gifford.

As the name implies, the *Anti-Jacobin* combated the revolutionary excesses of the French Jacobins, who had admirers and sympathizers in England, Southey being one of the chief.

Southey's "Inscription in Chepstow Castle on Martin the Regicide" was parodied in 1797 by Canning, *et al.*, as follows:

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign and laws be all repealed.

The next year the *Anti-Jacobin* gave us some more trenchant satire in an "Ode to a Jacobin," cleverly parodying Suckling's well-known "Ode to a Lover." It concludes with the following stanza:

If thus by love of executions,
Thou provest thee fit for revolutions ;
Yet, one achieved, to that art true,
Nor wouldst begin to change anew,—
Know this
Thou think'st amiss ;
Deem, to think true,
All Constitutions bad, but those bran new.

The publication contains many parodies aimed at such Catalinian *novum rerum* lovers, and besides these were parodies of Coleridge's classic meters; and the "Loves of the Triangles," parodying Dr. Darwin's unaccountably popular " Loves of the Plants "—too long for insertion here.

Canning was also the author of an amusing parody of the old ballad " Despairing Beside a Clear Stream."

By the side of a murmuring stream, an elderly gentleman sat.
On the top of his head was his wig, and a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong, as the elderly gentleman sat ;
And bore from his head in a trice, and plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane, which lay by his
side as he sat ;
And he dropped in the river his wig, in attempting
to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair, and full in his
eye madness sat ;
So he flung in the river his cane to swim with his
wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at last came across, while this elderly
gentleman sat ;
So he thought he would follow the stream, and look
for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common, o'erbalanced
the rest of his fat ;
And in plumpt this son of a woman, to follow his
wig, cane, and hat.

Besides the poems already mentioned the *Anti-Jacobin* contains "The Rovers," a general parody on the contemporary plays of the German school, whose principal tendencies seemed to be toward the wierd and grotesque, and its ethical aim "to make mankind revere wives gone astray." The influence of the supernatural especially affected ballad-poetry and novels.

George Colman the Younger draws attention to this abuse, and suggests the remedy:

Lay bare the weak farrago of these men
  Who fabricate such visionary schemes,
As if the nightmare rode upon their pen,
  And troubled all their ink with hideous dreams.

. . . . .

Draw but a Ghost or Fiend, *of low degree*,
  And all the bubble's broken: Let us see.

He thereupon give us the following parody, which we have cut down considerably on account of space:

THE WATER-FIEND.

On a wild mòor, all brown and bleak,
  Where breeds the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique;
  Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
  And undisturbed maintained her law;
Save when the Owl cried "Whoo! whoo! whoo!"
  Or the hoarse crow croak'd "Caw! caw! caw!"

. . . . .

Swift whirl the wheels.—He's gone—a Rose
  Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
  Sweet, beauteous blossom.—'Twas the cook!

A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand;
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—if one
Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;—
Cabbage he sow'd; and, when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry, "Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree and trim the root!
And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit!"

. . . . .

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While Bobtail in his face would look,
And mark'd his master troll the song,—
"Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou cook!"

. . . . .

Ah! not averse from love was she;
Tho' pure as Heaven's snowy flake;
Both lov'd, and tho' a gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast :—the night's obscure :
  The mansion's crazy wainscots crack :
No star appeared :—and all the moor,
  Like every other moor,—was black.

. . . . .

List'ning, her hand supports her chin ;
  But, ah ! no foot is heard to stir :
He comes not, from the garden, in ;
  Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid ! to thee ;
  Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass !
And what's impossible can't be ;
  And never, never, comes to pass !

She paces through the hall antique
  To call her Thomas from his toil ;
Opes the huge door ; the hinges creak,
  Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
  She "Thomas !" cried with many a sob ;
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
  Exclaiming sweetly,—"Bob ! Bob ! Bob !"

Vain maid ! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
  In answers can but ill succeed ;
And dogs that hear when they are dead,
  Are very cunning dogs, indeed !

. . . . .

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
  Her shadow did the maid appal;—
She trembled at her lovely nose,—
  It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
  She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair;—
Three stories high—long, dull, and old,—
  As great lord's stories often are.

. . . . .

List'ning she lay;—with iron din,
  The clock struck *twelve;* the door flew wide;
And Thomas grimly glided in
  With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
  Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes;
  Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
  The fear-struck damsel faintly said:
"What would my Thomas?"—he replied:
  "Oh! Molly Dumpling! I am dead.

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
  Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
I was not ill—but in a well
  I tumbled backwards and was drown'd.

. . . . .

"Yes;—two foul Water-Fiends are we;
Maid of the Moor! attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!"
The little Fiend-Cur said "Bow-wow!"

. . . . .

The Fiends approach; the maid did shrink;
Swift through the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And with a souse they plump'd her in.

We have now traced the course of Parody down to the point at which Religious Parody fell into desuetude as bordering on blasphemy; and Literary Parody, with the appearance of the "Rejected Addresses," sprang with one bound into such popularity as it had, perhaps, never yet enjoyed. From this point the stream widens and the difficulty now becomes, not to find good parodies, but to select those of the most varied matter and treatment from the enormous aggregation available. Before, however, giving specimens of parodies of all the great poets, it will be well to inquire into the exact nature and scope of Parody as an art, and see in what light it has been regarded by the men it has chiefly affected, and whether its influence has been for good or evil.

Parody may be conveniently divided into four principal classes: *

1. The simple change of single words. An example of this is Richelieu's famous saying altered to "In the great lexicon of politics there's no such word as truth." Catherine Fanshawe also wickedly parodies Pope with:

> Here shall the Spring its earliest colds bestow!
> Here the first noses of the year shall blow!

by the simple substitution of "colds" and "noses" for "sweets" and "roses."

2. The correct quotation, but malicious application, of a well-known passage or verse. At the end of the first canto of "Don Juan" Byron makes striking and effective use of this form of parody:

> Go, little book, from this my solitude!
> I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
> And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
> The world will find thee after many days.

* We neglect in this classification the fifth kind of parody, which, so common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has since fallen into disuse. Sufficient are the examples already given of this *Parodia* used in the strict sense of the word, viz., "I cite the words of a poet and apply them slightly changed to another purpose."

When Southey's read and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
The first four rhymes are Southey's, every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.

There belongs also to this class what we may call the Parody of Perverse Quotation. An instance of this is the reply: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" made by the bishop whose portrait Landseer offered to paint. A pause or change of accent will sometimes make a passage parody itself, as "There's a divinity doth shape our ends *rough*, hew them how we may."

3. The treatment of a trivial or incongruous subject in the style and spirit of a well-known writer. Sometimes also a whole school of writers may be parodied at once, or only a particular form of composition, such as the sonnet or ballads of various kinds.*

* It is, however, denied by some authorities that this, strictly speaking, is true parody, and is merely a travestied imitation. We must protest against such fine distinctions being drawn, especially since, if this contention be allowed, we must rule out many of the finest examples of what is generally accepted as parody, including the "Rejected Addresses."

JACK SPRATT.

Within the limits of well-ordered law
They lived, this trusty squire and eke his spouse ;
No discord marred the genial dinner-hour,
Where union, rooted in disunion, stood,
And tastes divergent served the end in view.
What he would not, she would, what she not, he.
So in all courtesie the meal progressed
And soon the viands wholly passed from sight.

This is an example of the general parody of a poet and not of an individual poem. In the same way the methods, teachings, and characteristics of certain schools of poetry are burlesqued. The taste for exotic forms of verse, especially the roundel, in the school of æsthetic mediævalism is particularly aimed at in the following rondel ;

A LOVE AGONY.

Rondel.

So an thou be, that faintest in such wise,
With love-wan eyelids on love-wanton eyes,
Fain of thyself ! I faint adoring thee,
Fain of thy kisses, fainer of thy sighs,
Yet fainest, love ! an thou wert fain of me,
So an thou be.

Yea lo ! for veriest fainness faint I, Sweet,
Of thy spare bosom where no shadows meet
And small straight hip and weak delicious knee !
For joy thereof I swoon and my pulse-beat
Is as of one that wasteth amorously,
So an thou be !

Shepherd art thou, or nymph that ailest there ?
Lily of Love, or Rose ? Search they who care
My likeness for a sign ? For, verily,
Naught reck I, Fairest, so an thou be Fair !
E'en as he recks not that hath limnèd thee,
So an thou be !

—*Punch*, June 5, 1880.

4. The substitution of a subject as incongruous as possible with the original, while preserving closely the style, meter, sentiment, and phraseology. It would be hard to find a finer example of this class than a parody, which appeared in *Judy*, of Miss Rosetti's sonnet :

REMEMBER.

Remember it, although you're far away—
Too far away more fivers yet to land,
When you no more can proffer notes of hand,
Nor I half yearn to change my yea to nay.
Remember when no more in airy way,

You tell me of repayment sagely planned :
Only remember it, you understand !
It's rather late to counsel you to pay ;
Yet, if you should remember for awhile,
And then forget it wholly, I should grieve :
For, though your light procrastinations leave
Small remnant of the hope that once I had,
Than that you should forget your debt and smile
I'd rather you'd remember and be sad.

By far the largest number of parodies comes under this head. It is so easy to change a few words and produce a poor and vulgar parody of a popular song, and so we find them in their thousands. The latter die stillborn and are quickly buried ; with them it would prove a thankless task to act the part of resurrectionist. There are others, however, such as the example given above, that do not overstep the bounds of good taste and demand powers of no mean order to produce them. This leads us to inquire what are the requirements of a good parody.

In the first place the work parodied must be well-known and likely to remain so, if the parody is to have a life of longer duration than that of the Ephemeridæ. If the model is lost

to sight half the humor of the parody, that of contrast, is also lost, and the poem must stand by its own strength, which it can rarely do.

A good parody, then, must be a good poem in itself, humorous and clever, and only being the more so by reason of a sly side glance at, and reminiscence of, another poem. For instance, take the following parody:

Three brighest blessings of this thirsty race,
(Whence sprung and when I don't propose to trace);
Pale brandy, potent spirit of the night,
Brisk soda, welcome when the morn is bright;
To make the third combine the other two,
The force of nature can no further go.

—*Truth.*

This owes its humor entirely to Dryden's famous lines. In itself it would be flat and uninteresting, whereas the "Remember," above quoted, would be witty and clever even if Miss Rosetti had never written her beautiful doleful sonnet.

Secondly, the subject must be in contrast to that of the original. Light and trivial subjects should be substituted for ponderous and serious ones and treated mock-heroically, or

on the same lofty plane as the poem parodied. The mimicry of expression must be faithful and the parallels not overstrained. The sense of spontaneity must be maintained as far as possible.

Thirdly, all coarseness, vulgarity, and bitterness must be avoided, and humor must not degenerate into buffoonery. There is no excuse for deliberately debasing and vulgarizing a great, or famous, poem in a mere wanton iconoclastic spirit. Parody should smile, not sneer. Its province is to criticise and to amuse, but not to disfigure and to debase.

The *fortiter in re* species of Parody, consisting of vulgar abuse and savage sarcasm, is not half so effective as the *suaviter in modo*, which with its good-natured humor heals the sting of its satire. Wordsworth's occasional puerility was Byron's *bête noir*—in fact he detested the "Lake School," but dislike could not justify such an attack as this:

EPILOGUE.

There's something in a stupid ass:
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school

I saw or heard so damned a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once,
I really wish that Peter Bell
And he who wrote it were in hell,
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

I saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet Babe of one and twenty years!
And then he gave it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers.
He gives the perfect works to light!
William Wordsworth—if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the excise.

RAVENNA, March 22, 1820.

Here Parody is put to vile use. As a contrast let us see how Hartley Coleridge uses the same weapon in attacking the same poet:

ON WORDSWORTH.

He lived amidst th' untrodden ways
To Rydal Lake that lead;
A bard whom there were none to praise
And very few to read.

Behind a cloud his mystic sense,
  Deep hidden, who can spy?
Bright as the night when not a star
  Is shining in the sky.

Unread his works—his "Milk White Doe"
  With dust is dark and dim;
It's still in Longman's shop, and oh!
  The difference to him.

Here we feel the gentleman and forgive the malice for the sake of the wit. Wordsworth himself might have turned from its perusal with a half-smile, half-sigh. Catherine Fanshawe presents us with a parody of the same poet, which by some people is considered the finest that has ever been written. It will illustrate still further the critical powers of Parody.

There is a river clear and fair
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;
It winds a little here and there—
It winds about like any hare;
And then it holds as straight a course
As, on the turnpike road, a horse,
Or, through the air, an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long there is no knowing:

Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first those trees began to grow ;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever must be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have reared their stately heads so high,
And clothed their boughs with green ;
Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,—
And when the wind blows loud and keen,
I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,
And shake their sides with merry glee—
Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fixed are their feet in solid earth
Where winds can never blow ;
But visitings of deeper birth
Have reached their roots below.
For they have gained the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years' child—
He is my youngest boy ;
To look on eyes so fair and wild,
It is a very joy ;
He hath conversed with sun and shower,
And dwelt with every idle flower,
As fresh and gay as them.
He loiters with the briar-rose,—
The blue-bells are his play-fellows,
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,
Why should not he continue still
A thing of Nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control—
A living vegetable soul,—
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see
That child become a willow-tree,
His brother trees among.
He'd be four times as tall as me,
And live three times as long.

Here we have Critical Parody at its best. It is not only a critique, but a commentary. In this poem is no vulgar abuse, no ill-natured personal attack, but it acts as a mirror revealing more of the mental and moral characteristics of the poet than we could gather from an hour's lecture. It betrays his literary style, his ultra-simplicity, not to say commonness of diction, his dwelling upon unnecessary details, his almost driveling over trivialities, his intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the workings of Nature, his slimness of incident and puerility of narrative. All these are pointed out one by one, but without comment. All criticism is avoided,—that is left to the reader,—and we are

persuaded that the poet himself laughed over it and wished to make the lady's acquaintance.

Still another parody of Wordsworth, by Dr. Maginn, will illustrate Parody guiltless of satire.

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A bailiff in the street.
> 'Twas so since first from one I ran ;
> 'Twas so e'en in the Isle of Man ;
> 'Twill be so e'en in Newgate's hold ;
> Or in the Fleet !
> A trap is hateful to a man :
>
> And my whole course of life shall be
> Bent against them in just antipathy.

Here Wordsworth is not satirized, directly or indirectly. This parody is one of a large class which demands passing notice.

Parody generally, but by no means invariably, criticises. When an author is about to compose a comic poem, he will frequently cast about for a suitable mold into which to pour the matter, so as to turn it out in a more comic shape. Perhaps he will choose the form of Parody, because incongruity of subject enhances the humor of his verse, or gives it the requisite grotesqueness. Thus it is quite

accidental whether one poet or another is chosen for parody in such a case, and neither he nor his poem is satirized. Take for instance:

MAKING UP THE SLATE.

Stratman Ben Jackey—may his tribe decrease—
Awoke one night quite sick and ill at ease,
And saw within the lamplight in his room—
Making it yellow with a sickly gloom—
The devil, scratching on a brazen slate.
Thinking to chaff him Jackey reared his pate,
And said, without the customary hail,
"What writest thou?" The devil whisked his tail,
And, quite astonished at the fellow's cheek,
Answered, "The names of those who office seek."
"And is mine one?" said Jackey. "Yes, you bet!"
The devil said. Not hesitating yet,
Quite unabashed, said Jack, "I beg—ahem!
Write me Collector, or at least P. M."
The devil smiled and vanished. The next night
He staggered into Jackey's room half-tight,
And showed the names upon his slate of brass,
And lo! this Jack was written down an Ass.

Here it is evident that no satire is directed against Leigh Hunt; his poem is merely used as a medium for ridiculing the office seekers,

and so also in the former case, Dr. Maginn is humorous at his own, rather than Wordsworth's, expense. There are other parodies still further removed from satire of subject or style. Compare the first verse of "Wapping Old Stairs":

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at 'Wapping Old Stairs';
When I said that I would continue the same,
And give you the 'bacco-box marked with my name,"

with Thackeray's "The Knightly Guerdon":

"Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er;
My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
As I gave you the Battle-Axe, marked with your crest."

Here, it is to be seen, the usual order of Parody is inverted, the ridiculous being raised to the heroic instead of the heroic being lowered to the ridiculous. A common variety of

this kind of Parody is the serious treatment of trifles in ultra-classic as opposed to familiar language, as in, "This is the domiciliary edifice erected by John." So also the proverb:

> Teach not thy parent's mother to extract
> The embryo juices of the bird by suction.
> The good old lady can that feat enact
> Quite irrespective of thy kind instruction.

In looking over the enormous number of parodies that have been written, we cannot help coming to the strange conclusion that a good parody is rarer than a good poem. If this is true, it disposes of the popular notion that the Art of Parody is an easy one to excel in. The parodist soon finds out that the mere imitation and travesty of externals is not enough. There is a higher and rarer art which brings before us the intellectual characteristics of the original. The aim of a fine parodist is not so much to ridicule the mannerisms of his victim, as to put his modes of thought in a ridiculous light. It requires a far higher art to caricature a mental attitude than is needed in burlesquing a mere style. The parodist

must understand the spirit, and, for the time being, place himself in sympathy with the ethical and emotional leanings of his original. To illustrate with examples let us take:

PROCURATORES.

O vestment of velvet and virtue,
  O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
  Oh, calm, cruel, colder than ice.
Why wilfully wage ye this war, is
  Pure pity purged out of your breast?
O purse-prigging Procuratores,
  O pitiless pest.

. . . . .

Five shillings ye fine the frail freshman,
  Five shillings, which cads call a crown,
Men caught in your merciless mesh, men
  Who care not for cap or for gown.
When ye go grandly garbed in your glories,
  With your coarse callous crew of canines,
O pitiless Procuratores,
  Inflictors of fines.

. . . . .

We have smote and made redder than roses,
  With juice not of fruit, nor of bud,
The truculent townspeople's noses,
  And bathed brutal butchers in blood.

And we, all aglow with our glories,
  Heard you not in the deafening din,
As ye came, O ye Procuratores,
  And ran us all in.

. . . . .

—*Shotover Papers.*

This parody of Swinburne's "Dolores," though perfect as to rhythm and exaggerated alliteration, besides echoing many of the actual lines of the original, is yet Swinburnian in sound rather than spirit. The following parody of the same poem, though not so close in actual verbal construction, is a finer specimen of mental comprehension and analytical exposure:

OCTOPUS.

Strange beauty eight-limbed and eight-handed,
  Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
  With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
  O mystical monster marine?
Part mollusk and partly crustacean,
  Betwixt and between.

Wert thou born to the sound of sea-trumpets?
  Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess

Of the sponges,—thy muffins and crumpets,
Of the sea-weed—thy mustard and cress?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enrol and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace;
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus'
Indelible ink!

O breast that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eightfold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape;
Give us death that is glorious and golden
Crushed out of all shape!

Ah! thy red lips, lascivious and luscious
With death in their amorous kiss!
Cling round us and clasp us and crush us,
With bitings of agonized bliss;

We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain ;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
And bite us again !

When a statue was to be raised to the Duke of Wellington, the likeness finally selected, from which the features were chiseled, was from a cartoon in *Punch.* Parodies like the one quoted may be compared to just such admirable pictorial caricatures which reveal more of the real man than it would be possible to gather from a serious portrait.

From what has been said as to the requisites of a good parodist, we should not expect to find great poets writing good parody. The stronger and more original their own writing, so much the less would be their powers of imitating the work of another man and saturating it with that other's personality. The great poet would not be able to divest himself of himself. We find this to be the case, for the great parodists have been men not in the front rank as a rule. Shakespeare and the great dramatists were content with the lower flights of the art. Shelley's " Peter Bell the Third" makes dreary

reading, and the attempts of Byron, Burns, Moore, and Hogg, are far from successful. The best parodists are found in the Smiths, whose "Rejected Addresses" delighted even those they victimized, the Hoods, Ayton, Calverley, "Lewis Carroll," Mortimer Collins, Shirley Brooks, Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte, and A. C. Hilton. Besides these, most of the minor poets of the day write good parody: among others, Lang, Bromley Davenport, Cholmondeley Pennell, Henley, Bunner, Ashby Sterry, Gilbert, Burnand, Sims, etc.

Not every critic has been hostile to Parody, the Ugly Duckling of Literature. Fuzelier says: "Many tragedies disguise vices into virtues, and parodies unmask them." The Abbé Sallier tells us that in the hands of criticism it is a torch with which to illuminate the faults of an author who has taken popular admiration by surprise. Charles Lamb approves of it and parodies an old song, Coleridge recognizes its serious value, and Leigh Hunt declares that it is a positive compliment, since it at once stamps a work with the recognition of its popularity. Shaftesbury maintains that what will not bear

raillery is suspicious, and this is especially to the point, for where Parody plays the part of an iconoclast the images it breaks are those of false gods. A parody can only harm a poem by bringing into view faults or imperfections before unnoticed. Hazlitt says: "The best parodies are the best and most striking things reversed . . . It is a common error to suppose that a parody degrades the original." When, however, we turn from the critics to the poets, we find, with a few notable exceptions, that they themselves are the worst offenders in putting Parody to malignant use, or employing in it good-humored satire. Let us recapitulate the black list of great writers: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and a host of dramatists, Green, Sir Jno. Davies, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Suckling, Duke of Buckingham, Prior, Pope, Swift, Garth, Gay, Shenstone, Edmund Burke, Burns, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore, Rogers, and Hogg. The parodist therefore may comfort himself with the knowledge that he sins in good company.

Of all poets none was more intensely hostile

to Parody than Robert Browning. This may have been the result of his disappointment at not being generally recognized as his own parodist, since many of his lines might well pass for parodies of those that precede them. His ramshackle blank verse, with its jagged, jolting lines bristling with prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections, its contractions and elisions, its intrusive parentheses, its smallest of jokes and poorest of puns, its pedantic display of untimely erudition, and aimless wandering from the subject in hand, render it the despair of the would-be parodist. Before Browning exaggeration stands appalled: the master himself wallows in such obscurity and mazy verbiage that when Parody has done its best it finds itself after all only imitation.

Not many of the great poets have shared Browning's antipathy. Thin-skinned people are thick-headed as a rule. Voltaire shrank from, and professed to hate, Parody, and yet he amused himself with parodying Ossian. La Motte was sore on the subject, but Racine smiled at it, as did Boileau, who also teased Corneille with it.

Tom Hood, Jr., looked upon it with a kindly eye, and evidently failed to see the "desecration" of it, since he contributed to the first number of *Truth* a lengthy parody of his own father's poem "I Remember." Two verses will give an idea of it:

I remember, I remember
The house, 'twas Clunn's Hotel;
The friends who came to knock me up
I recollect as well.
They never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
For brandy flowed from when they came
Till when they went away.

. . . . .

I remember, I remember,
Last and fresh this memory comes,
They brought hot pickle sandwiches
Which filled my bed with crumbs.
It was a heated taste I own,
But brandy's apt to cloy
Unless you pick your palate up
With devilled eggs and soy.

Lastly we come to the rare cases in which poets have parodied themselves. Self-mockery is not unknown. We have seen it in Shakes-

peare in a mild form; Drayton offers a strange instance in his ninth sonnet:

> As other men so I myself do muse,
> Why in this sort I wrest invention so;
> And why these giddy metaphors I use,
> Leaving the path the greater part I go?
> I will resolve you: I am lunatic!

Byron again was full of it, and we find Southey and Coleridge making fun of their own work. Coleridge came to recognize the weaknesses of his youthful style, and in the following sonnet he collected many of the actual phrases to be found in his early poems.

And this reft house is that the which he built
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he piled.
Cautious in vain! these rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did he not see her gleaming through the glade!
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milked no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she strayed:
And aye before her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And through those brogues, still tattered and be-torn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.

Ah ! thus through broken clouds at night's high noon,
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon !

Swinburne is our last instance of out-Herod-ing Herod ; he has put himself on the rack in

NEPHELIDIA.

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous noon-shine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float,
Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with sobs from the throat ?
Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an actor's appalled agitation,
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise of pride in the past ;
Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever that reddens with radiance of rathe recreation,
Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast ?
Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremul-ous touch on the temples of terror,

Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps of death :
Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic emotional exquisite error,
Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss, beatific itself by beatitude's breath.
Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the spirit and soul of our senses
Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh ;
Only this oracle opens Olympian, in mystical moods and triangular tenses—
Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.
Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory melodiously mute as it may be,
While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers resigned to the rod ;
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,
As they grope through the grave-yards of creeds, under skies growing green at a groan for the grimness of God.
Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old and its binding is blacker than bluer :
Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dews are the wine of the bloodshed of things ;

Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that pursue her,
Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the kernel of kings.

—*The Heptalogia.*

It is time that the claims of Parody to serious consideration and honorable recognition at the hands of Criticism should be no longer denied. Take up any critic who discourses volubly and learnedly on English Literature and what do we find? Satires consisting of coarse personalities and virulent abuse more or less witty, from Juvenal through Dryden and Pope down to Byron, receive praise and honorable mention pressed down and running over; burlesque even occasionally arrests the attention of a passing critic, for are not "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Rehearsal," "Tom Thumb," "Bombastes," and "The Critic" among the classics? But when the critic comes to Parody he covers his mouth and hurries by on the other side as if a leprous distillment tainted the air. Satire is legitimate warfare, but Parody, the most potent

weapon in the armory, is cried down like a poisoned bullet. Nevertheless it is the touchstone of excellence: before it all weaknesses of diction and sentiment stand confessed. A clever parody often reveals a writer's tricks of style and expression, affectations and deficiencies, as nothing else could ever do. It is to an author as the "true glass" that Queen Elizabeth called for before death, when she desired to see herself as she really was. Parody needs no apologist. Its aim is a reforming and purifying one. In Planché's words:

I fling all follies in your face
And call back all the false starts of your race,
Show up your shows, affect your affectation
And by such homœopathic aggravation,
Would cleanse your bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon our art—bombast and puff.

MODERN PARODIES OF THE POETS.

HAVING now completed our historical and critical sketch of the Art of Parody, we proceed to give examples gathered from every source, carefully selected and arranged in accordance with the principles already laid down. Four kinds of Parody were enumerated, but it will not be necessary to quote examples of the first two of these—those already given will suffice. Our selections in the following pages therefore are arranged in two groups corresponding to the third and fourth classes of Parody already mentioned. The first is the general parody, or, if the purists will have it so, the travestied imitation, of a certain school of poets, a particular poet's general style, or a particular form of verse, such as the ballad in its various forms,

or the rondel, or any fashionable mode. Of these fashions Landor suggestively notes:

> The Swain and Nymph went out together,
> Now Knight and Ladie ride o'er heather:
> And who comes next? Perhaps again
> Will smirk and sidle Nymph and Swain.

Parodies of the various kinds of ballad, with and without refrain, are placed side by side, then come parodies of old meters, followed by general parodies of various poets, not recalling any one poem or passage exclusively. The "Ode to a Jar of Pickles" comes last, because it stands exactly on the line dividing this section and the following one. As a whole it is a general parody on Keats' style, with an eye more particularly to his Odes "To the Nightingale" and "To a Grecian Urn," two or three lines crossing the boundary into the domains of direct parody, specimens of which immediately follow, forming the largest group of all.

THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE.

SCENE—SMALLCLOTHES, with a new pair of gallant velveteen hose, JERKIN, his man, regarding him.

SMALLCLOTHES. Affectest thou my nether garments, Jerkin?
Methinks right quaint hath proved the tailor's work.
The pattern's marvellous—and for the cut,
Such cut a tailor's brain ne'er spawn'd before.
'Tis featly done, I wis. Now truly speak,
Saw'st e'er these goodly haunches worthier deck'd
Then in these velveteens?

JERKIN. They're fairly made.

SMALL. How, *fairly* made! "Fairly's" a phrase unfair!
A most vile phrase! A phrase unfairly phrased.
Fifty cold brains like thine could ne'er conceive
Hose of such rare device. What! *Fairly* made!
The phrase bespeaks a coward craven mind,
That does not breathe the venom that it would,
But veils it aye in coldness. *Fairly* made!

JERKIN. Master, I use not to o'erlay my sense
With glittering gawd and phrase extravagant.
Mine is an honest tongue, good Master Smallclothes.

SMALL. I do believe that thou art honest, Jerkin.
But Heavens! What means that look? those staring eyes—
As though at sight unsightly?

JERKIN. Master Smallclothes,

I know not if I dream ; but sure a rent,
A gaping, yawning, hideous, ghastly rent
Afflicts these eyes and an unwonted horror
Bedaubs my trembling face with livid white.

SMALL. A rent, good Jerkin ! Do not say a rent :
Unsay that word or else my heart is rent.
How long a rent? How wide ? A *gaping* rent ?
Art silent ? Ay, I see the truth is writ
Upon thy murky and portentous brow ;
My hose are rent—my swelling pride has fall'n.

JERKIN. Nay, Master Smallclothes, be not overcast ;
Hose have been rent ere now—and I have heard
How subtile wits have craftily devised,
By patch and piece and such like shrewd conceit,
To heal such wounds in cloth.

SMALL. What say'st thou ? "Patch,"
Patch is for knaves and not for gentle blood.
Shall Smallclothes wear a patch—a horrid patch !
Like a pied jennet stride along the Mall ?
Back to the tailor shall my hose return,
While in my study I console myself,
Deep-buried in some learned ponderous tome,
My soul's executor. [*Exit.*

JERKIN. "My soul's executor !" Quaintly express'd !
By cock and pie, I marvel what it means ! [*Exit.*

—*Punch.*

PART I.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said "I die" and the goose asked "Why";
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks ;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks ;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

—C. S. CALVERLEY.

'Tis sweet upon th' impassioned wave
  To hear the voice of music stealing,
And while the dark winds wildly rave,
  To catch the genuine soul of feeling !
While all around, the ether blue
  Its dim majestic beam is shedding,
And roseate tints of heavenly hue
  Are through the midnight darkness spreading.

So is it when the thrill of love
  Through every burning pulse is flowing;
And, like the foliage of the grove,
  A holy light on all bestowing !

O ! never from this fever'd heart
Shall dreams on wings of gold be flying :
But even when life itself shall part,
I'll think on thee, sweet maid, though dying !

'Twas thus, upon the mountain's height,
Young Dermod sang his plaint of sorrow,
Regardless of the evening light,
That ushers in the gay to-morrow !
For love had of his cheek bereft
That smile—that glow—of joyous gladness,
And sympathy's cold sting had left
Nought there—but pale and gloomy sadness !

—*Blackwood*, 1826.

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

O lady, wake !—the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away ;
Still let us love, and e'en at last,
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.

Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
  Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine,
  To some rich desert fly with me.
—*Punch.*

A MAUDLE-IN BALLAD.

(*To his Lily.*)

My lank limp lily, my long lithe lily,
My languid lily-love fragile and thin,
With dank leaves dangling and flower-flap chilly,
That shines like the shin of a Highland gilly!
Mottled and moist as a cold toad's skin!
Lustrous and leper-white, splendid and splay!
Art thou not Utter and wholly akin
To my own wan soul and my own wan chin,
And my own wan nose-tip, tilted to sway
The peacock's feather, *sweeter than sin*,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday?

My long lithe lily, my languid lily,
My lank limp lily-love, how shall I win—
Woo thee to wink at me? Silver lily,
How shall I sing to thee, softly or shrilly?
What shall I weave for thee—what shall I spin—
Rondel, or rondeau, or virelai?
Shall I buzz like a bee with my face thrust in
Thy choice, chaste chalice, or choose me a tin

Trumpet, or touchingly, tenderly play
On the weird bird-whistle, *sweeter than sin*,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday.

My languid lily, my lank limp lily,
My long lithe lily-love, men may grin—
Say that I'm soft and supremely silly—
What care I while you whisper stilly ;
What care I while you smile ? Not a pin !
While you smile, while you whisper—'Tis sweet
to decay ?
I have watered with chlorodine, tears of chagrin,
The churchyard mould I have planted thee in,
Upside down in an intense way,
In a rough red flower-pot, *sweeter than sin*,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday.

—*Punch.*

A BALLAD OF BALLADE-MONGERS.

(*After the manner of Master François Villon of Paris.*)

In Ballades things always contrive to get lost,
And Echo is constantly asking where
Are last year's roses and last year's frost ?
And where are the fashions we used to wear ?
And what is a "gentleman," what is a "player" ?
Irrelevant questions I like to ask :
Can you reap the tret as well as the tare ?
And who was the Man in the Iron Mask ?

What has become of the ring I tossed
  In the lap of my mistress false and fair?
Her grave is green and her tombstone mossed;
  But who is to be the next Lord Mayor,
And where is King William of Leicester Square?
  And who has emptied my hunting flask?
And who is possessed of Stella's hair?
  And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

And what became of the knee I crossed,
  And the rod and the child they would not spare?
And what will a dozen herring cost
  When herring are sold at three halfpence a pair?
And what in the world is the Golden Stair?
  Did Diogenes die in a tub or cask,
Like Clarence for love of liquor there?
  And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

Envoy.

Poets, your readers have much to bear,
  For Ballade-making is no great task,
If you do not remember, I don't much care
  Who was the man in the Iron Mask.

—AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

ROUNDEL IN THE RAIN.

Hi! we shout with voice ecstatic,
As the coming 'bus we spy;
In the wet we get rheumatic—
Hi!

Stop ! we fain would travel dry,
O conductor acrobatic,
Why not stop a moment, why ?

" Full inside ! " the autocratic
Driver yells as he goes by !
Still we shout with voice emphatic,
Hi !

—*Punch.*

RONDEAU INSCRIBED TO AN INTENSE POET.

(*Culture in the Slums.*)

" O crickey, Bill ! " she ses to me, she ses.
" Look sharp," ses she, " with them there sossiges.
Yea ! sharp with them there bags of mysteree !
For lo ! " she ses, " for lo ! old pal," ses she,
" I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."

Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess
How prime !—to have a jude in love's distress
Come spooning round and murmuring balmilee,
" O crickey, Bill ! "

For in such rorty wise doth Love express
His blooming views and asks for your address,
And makes it right and does the gay and free.
I kissed her—I did so ! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
O crickey, Bill !

—W. E. Henley.

THE POETS AT TEA.

I.

(*Macaulay, who made it.*)

Pour, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires.

II.

(*Tennyson, who took it hot.*)

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For, on a sudden, came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands and blinded eyes
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah!—kindly pass the milk.

III.

(*Swinburne, who let it get cold.*)

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
Is foul in the ending thereof,

As the heat of the summer's beginning
  Is past in the winter of love :
O purity, painful and pleading,
  O coldness, ineffably gray !
O hear us, our handmaid, unheeding.
  And take it away.

IV.

(*Cowper, who thoroughly enjoyed it.*)

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
  The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
  I sing the saucer and the cup ;
Pray, Mary, fill the tea-pot up,
  And do not make it strong.

V.

(*Browning, who treated it allegorically.*)

Tut ! Bah ! We take as another case—
Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill ;
    notice the capsule
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed ! well, let's
    on go—
Hold Bohea and sugar, Sir ; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo ?

VI.

(*Wordsworth, who gave it away.*)

"Come, little cottage-girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream,
Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic woodland grin,
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied,
"My proper name is Ruth,
I call that milk"—she blushed with pride
"You bade me tell the truth."

VII.

(*Poe, who got excited over it.*)

Here's a mellow cup of tea, golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance
brings to me!
Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells!
How it smells!

Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune,
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavor,
Now, now to sit or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
tea,
Tea to the nth—.

VIII.

(*Rossetti, who took six cups of it.*)

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.

(*Burns, who liked it adulterated.*)

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
For ane or ither;

For, gin I take the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you.
Mix a' thegither.

X.

(*Walt Whitman, who didn't stay more than a minute.*)

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camarados, we will drink together
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've done with it.
What butter-colored hair you've got. I don't want to be personal.
All right, then you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.
Eighteenpence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formulas.

—B. E. O. PAIN.

Spenser.

A PORTRAIT.

He is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
As hath the seeded thistle, when a parle
It holds with Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair
Its light balloons into the summer air;
Thereto his beard had not begun to bloom,
No brush had touched his cheek, or razor sheer;

No care had touched his cheek with mortal doom,
But new he was and bright, as scarf from Persian loom.

Ne carèd he for wine, or half and half ;
Ne carèd he for fish, or flesh, or fowl ;
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff ;
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl ;
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl ;
Ne with sly lemans in the scorner's chair ;
But after water-brooks this pilgrim's soul
Panted and all his food was woodland air ;
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare.

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,
Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;
He sipped no " olden Tom," or " ruin blue,"
Or Nantz, or cherry-brandy, drunk full meek
By many a damsel brave and rouge of cheek ;
Nor did he know each aged watchman's beat,
Nor in obscurèd purlieus would he seek
For curlèd Jewesses, with ankles neat,
Who, as they walk abroad, make tinkling with their feet.

KEATS.

Browning.

Not that I care for ceremonious—no ;
But still there are occasions, as you see
(Observe the costumes—gallantly they show
To my poor judgment !) which twixt you and me,

Not to come forth, one's few remaining hairs,
Or wig,—it matters little,—bravely brushed
And oiled, dress-coated, sprucely-clad, the tears
And tweaks and wrenches people overflushed
With—well, not wine—oh, no, we'll rather say
Anticipation, the delight of seeing
No matter what! inflict upon you (pray
Remove your elbow, friend!) in spite of being
Not quite the man one used to be, and not
So young as once one was, would argue one
Churlish, indifferent, hipped, rheumatic, what
You please to say.

So, not to spoil the fun—
Comprenez-vous?—observe that lady there,
In native worth! Aha! you see the jest?
Not bad, I think. My own, too! Woman's fair,
Or not—the odds so long as she is dressed?
They're coming! Soh! Ha, Bennett's Barcarole—
A poor thing, but mine own! That minor third
Is not so bad now! Mum, sirs! (Bless my soul,
I wonder what her veil cost!) Mum's the word!"

POETS AND LINNETS.

Where e'er there's a thistle to feed a linnet—
  And linnets are plenty, thistles rife—
Or an acorn-cup to catch dew-drops in it,
  There's ample promise of further life.
Now, mark how we begin it.

For linnets will follow, if linnets are minded,
As blows the white-feather parachute ;
And ships will reel by the tempest blinded,
Ay, ships, and shiploads of men to boot !
How deep whole fleets you'll find hid.

And we blow the thistle-down hither and thither,
Forgetful of linnets and men and God.
The dew !—for its want an oak will wither—
By the dull hoof into the dust is trod,
And then who strikes the cithar ?

But thistles were only for donkeys intended,
And that donkeys are common enough is clear,
And that drop ! What a vessel it might have befriended !
Does it add any flavour to Glugabib's beer ?
Well's, there's my musing ended.

TOM HOOD, JR.

Tennyson.

I hold this truth with one who sings
That when a donkey will not go,
The kick, the curse, the brutal blow,
Should be exchanged for milder things.

But who that sees the donkey's ears
Droop downward and his hind-legs rise,
While from the creature's back he flies
Can spare the lissom switch he bears.

Or who can smile when crowds condemn,
And ragamuffin imps deride,
Advising him to "get inside"
That product of Jerusalem?

Had I the brute that would not stir
Despite "Gee-woa!" or "Kim-up, Ned!"
I should methinks use arts instead
Of supplemented provender.

—*Funny Folks.*

Swinburne.

OLEO-MARGARINE.

A Domestic Threnody.

I am she whose nameless naked name to utter
The strong are weak,
The suet-sprung soft sweet sister of bad butter,
Yet rid of reek.
I, that, molten o'er the fires beneath me burning
From void of vat,
Uprise supremer in this my creamless churning
First-born of fat!
By the bitter cry of bilious man down-trodden
'Neath trick of trade;
By the spade—the saffroned smoothness salt and sodden
Not called a spade:

By the ghastly grease in seethe of soapstone blended,
Nice, yet not nice ;
By the rancid richness mutely mixed and mended,
Prime at the price :
By the fetid foulnesses which feed and fatten
With slimy spread ;
By the blind brute bit of boyhood bound to batten
On buttered bread ;
By the toothsome taste of tongues that ache and hunger,
For something sound ;
Take me, the cheap churn-child of the chaste cheese-monger,
And try a pound.

—*Punch*, 1881.

Oh, cool in the summer is salad,
And warm in the winter is love ;
And a poet shall sing you a ballad
Delicious thereon and thereof.
A singer am I, if no sinner,
My Muse has a marvellous wing,
And I willingly worship at dinner
The Sirens of Spring.

Take endive—like love it is bitter ;
Take beet—for like love it is red,
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter
And cress from the rivulet's bed.

Anchovies, foam-born, like the lady
Whose beauty has maddened this bard,
And olives from groves that are shady ;
And eggs—boil 'em hard.

—MORTIMER COLLINS.

Rossetti.

CIMABUELLA.

Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes, whose dim, uncertain dawn
Becomes not day : a forehead white
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair,
She is so strange she must be fair.

Had she sharp slantwise wings outspread,
She were an angel, but she stands
With flat dead gold behind her head
And lilies in her long thin hands :
Her folded mantle gathered in,
Falls to her feet as it were tin.

Her nose is keen as pointed flame ;
Her crimson lips no thing express ;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashes :
To guess what she were thinking of
Precludeth any meaner love.

An azure carpet fringed with gold,
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid
Before her straight cool feet unrolled ;
But she nor sound nor movement made,
(Albeit I heard a soft, shy smile,
Printing her neck a moment's while) ;

And I was shamed through all my mind
For that she spake not, neither kissed,
But stared right past me. Lo ! behind
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,
Sword-girt and velvet-doubleted,
A tall gaunt youth with frowzy head.

Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,
Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me !
I saw with most forlorn surprise
He was the Thirteenth Century,
I but the Nineteenth ; then despair
Curdled beneath my curling hair.

O Love and Fate ! How could she choose
My rounder outlines, broader brain,
And my resuscitated Muse ?
Some tears she shed, but whether pain
Or joy in him unlocked their source,
I could not fathom which, of course.

But I from missals, quaintly bound,
With cither and with clavichord
Will sing her songs of sovran sound :
Belike her pity will afford

Such faint return as suits a saint
So sweetly done in verse and paint.
—*Diversions of the Echo Club.*

LILITH LIBIFERA.

Under a canopy dark-hued as—well
Consult the Bilious Book, page 51—
Lies pallid Whiskersley's presentment, done
By Whiskersley's own weird unearthly spell.
His is that lady known as Jezebel,
Or Lilith, Eden's woman-scorpion,
Libifera, that is, that takes the bun,
Borgia, Vivien, Cussed Damosel.
Hers are the bulging lips that fairly break
The pumpkin's heart ; and hers the eyes that shame
The wanton ape that culls the cocoa-nuts,
Even such the yellow-bellied toads that slake
Nocturnally their amorous ardent flame
In the wan waste of weary water-butts.
—*Punch.*

Wm. Morris.

In the cushioned Abbey pew
There is space for Me and You,
Twine the blossoms in my hair ;
Never mind if people stare—
Never mind, for none knoweth
If one flirteth after death.

Hark—the organ shakes the pew!
Would it were for *me* and you?
Yes I would indeed it were!
Are they staring? Let them stare!
Never mind, for none knoweth
If one laugheth after death.

We will slumber in the pew—
I am weary, so are you,
And the cushions in repair!
Let the British public stare!
Never mind, for none knoweth
If one sleepeth after death!

And next they wandered to a steepy hill,
Whence all the land was lying gray and still,
And not a living creature there might be,
From the cold mountains to the salt, cold sea;
Only within a little cove, one sail
Shook, as it whimpered at the cruel gale,
And the mast moaned from chafing of the rope,
So all was pain: they saw not any hope.

—*Diversions of the Echo Club.*

Jean Ingelow.

LOVERS AND A REFLECTION.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love my love) :
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitter-bats wavered alow, above :

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite,)
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight !

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together
(O love my Willie,) and smelt for flowers :
I must mention again it was glorious weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours :

By rises that flushed with their purple favours,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked or waded we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels ! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes :

Song-birds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds ;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reek of no eerie To-come, those birds !

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem ;
They need no parasols, no goloshes ;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst his heather),
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms ;
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms :

And Willie 'gan sing—(Oh, his notes were fluty ;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry" :

Bowers of flowers encountered showers
In William's carol—(O love my Willie !)
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly.

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"
I think occurred next in his nimble strain ;
And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—
A rhyme most novel I do maintain :

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
And all least furlable things got "furled";
Not with any design to conceal their glories,
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather
And carted or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.

—C. S. CALVERLY.

Wordsworth.

OLD CUMBERLAND PEDLAR.

George Fisher, Goody Blake and Betty Foy,
Johanna, Matthew, Tims, and you too, Stokes,
Come, sit ye down upon this bank of fresh
But bilious buttercups: 'tis scarcely seven,
And I shall not drink tea till half-past eight,
Or peradventure nine, so that one hour,
One sober hour remains for converse sweet.
You all knew Peter Bell, the pedlar, he
Was a hale man and honest and each spring
What time the cuckoo carolled in the hedge,
Would seek our simple villagers to vend
His patron's wares—of him I now would speak;

. . . . .

That morn I lost my breakfast, but returning
Home through the New Cut by Charles Fleming's
field.
Westward of Rydal Common and below
The horse-pond, where our sturdy villagers
Duck all detected vagrants, I espied
A solitary stranger ; like a snail
He wound along his narrow course with slow
But certain step and, lightly, as he paced,
Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat,
What seemed to my dim eyes a handkerchief,
And forthwith blew his nose : the adjacent rocks,
Like something starting from a hurried sleep,
Took up the snuffling twang and blew again.
That ancient woman seated on Helm-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-How sent back
Their nasal contributions ; Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone.

— *Warreniana.*

Shelley.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—
Our mutual flame is like th' affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies :
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.

Oh ! would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid ; thou an alkali
Endow'd with human sense, that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh ! that thou
Wert Carbon and myself were Hydrogen ;
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Or common coal, or naphtha—would to heaven
That I were Phosphorus and thou wert Lime !
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou might be Soda. In that case
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia
Instead, we'd form that's named from Epsom.
Could'st thou Potassa be, I Aqua-Fortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose the fleshly tertium quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs ?
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

—*Punch.*

They were not married by a muttering priest,
With superstitious rites and senseless words,
Out-snuffled from an old worm-eaten book

In a dark corner (railed off like a sheep-pen)
Of an old house that fools do call *a church!*
Their altar was the flowery lap of earth—
The starry empyreum their vast temple—
Their book, each other's eyes—and Love himself,
Parson and Clerk, and Father to the bride!
Holy espousals! whereat wept for joy
The spirit of the Universe—
I was telling
Of those most pure espousals.—Innocent pair!
Ye were not shackled by the vulgar chains
About the yielding mind of credulous youth
Wound by the nurse and priest,—your energies,
Your unsophisticated impulses,
Taught ye to soar above their "settled rules
Of Vice and Virtue."—Fairest creature! He
Whom the world called thy husband was in truth
Unworthy of thee.—A dull plodding wretch!
With whose ignoble nature *thy free spirit*
Held no communion.—'Twas well done, fair creature,
T' assert the independence of a mind
Created—generated, I would say—
Free as "that chartered libertine, the air."
Joy to thy chosen partner!—blest exchange!
Work of mysterious sympathy! that drew
Your kindred souls by . . .
Even in life,
While still pent up in flesh and skin and bones,
My thoughts and feelings, like electric flame,
Shot through the solid mass, toward their source,

And blended with the general elements,
When thy young star o'er life's horizon hung
Far from its zenith yet, low lagging clouds
(Vapours of earth) obscur'd its heaven-born rays—
Dull fogs of prejudice and superstition,
And vulgar decencies begirt thee round:
And thou did'st wear awhile th' unholy bonds
Of "holy matrimony!"—and did'st vail
Awhile thy lofty spirit to the cheat.
But reason came—and firm philosophy,
And mild philanthropy, and pointed out
The shame it was—the crying, crushing shame,
To curb within a little paltry pale
The love that over *all* created things
Should be diffusive as the atmosphere.
Then did thy boundless tenderness expand
Over all space—all animated things
And things inanimate. Thou hadst a heart
And ready tear for *all.* The dying whale
Stranded and gasping, ripped up for his blubber
By man, the tyrant—The small sucking-pig
Slain for his riot—The down-trampled flower,
Crushed by his cruel foot—*all, each* and *all,*
Shared in thy boundless sympathies, and then—
(Sublime perfection of perfected *love*)
Then didst thou spurn the whimp'ring wailing thing
That dared to call *thee* "husband," and to claim,
As her just right, support and love from *thee,*—
Then didst thou . . .

—*Blackwood,* 1823.

Keats.

ODE ON A JAR OF PICKLES.

A sweet acidulous, down-reaching thrill
Pervades my sense : I seem to see or hear
The lushy garden-grounds of Greenwich Hill
In autumn when the crispy leaves are sere :
And odours haunt me of remotest spice
From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,
Or from the saffron fields of Jericho,
Where everything is nice :
The more I sniff the more I swoon away,
And, what else mortal palate craves, forego.

Odours unsmelled are keen, but those I smell
Are keener ; wherefore let me sniff again !
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well
In youth, when pickles were a passing pain ;
Unwitting youth that craves the candy stem,
And sugar-plums to olives doth prefer,
And even licks the pots of marmalade
When sweetness clings to them :
But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.
Lo ! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,
Plucked with its dew the cucumber is here,
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,
And crescent bean-pods, unto Bacchus dear ;
And last of all the pepper's pungent globe,

The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,
Provoking purple draughts; and, surfeited
I cast my trailing robe
O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,
And twist the Delphic reed to suit my head.

Here shall my tongue in other verse be soured
Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days;
And, by the mid-May's dusky leaves embowered,
Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,
Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine;
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,
The lemon-tinted morn
Enjoy, and find ascetic twilight fine;
Wake I, or sleep? The pickle-jar is void!
—*Diversions of the Echo Club.*

We now come to the last class of Parody—that which unmistakably parodies a particular poem. The examples which follow are arranged generally in the chronological order in which the poets lived, no notice being taken of the dates at which the parodies themselves were written. This class is concluded with a sub-section, in which parodies of songs, ancient and modern, are grouped by themselves.

Lyly.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses ; 'Paspe paid :
She stakes her powder, scents, and rouge,
Her tresses false, dyed with gamboge ;
Loses them too ; then down she throws
Her set of porcelain teeth ; the rose
Tinting her cheek (but none knows how !),
With these her curved and pencilled brow ;
And then her cherished crinoline ;
All these did Master Cupid win.
At last she set him her glass eyes,
And she a battered wreck did rise.
Decked out in all her finery,
Oh, Love ! what will become of thee ?

—E. S.

Shakespeare.

POKER.

To draw, or not to draw,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit
And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw,—to skin ;
No more—and by that skin to get a full,
Or two pairs, or the fattest bouncing kings
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw—to skin ;

To skin ! perchance to burst—ay, there's the rub !
For in the draw of three what cards may come,
When we have shuffled off th' uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of a bobtail flush ;
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
The insolence of pat hands and the lifts
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
When he himself might be much better off
By simply passing ? Who would trays uphold,
And go out on a small progressive raise,
But that the dread of something after call—
The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather keep the chips we have
Than be curious about the hands we know not of.
Thus bluffing does make côwards of us all :
And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
Is sicklied with some dark and cussed club,
And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth
With this regard their interest turn away
And lose the right to open.

TO THE STALL-HOLDERS AT A FANCY FAIR.

With pretty speech accost both old and young,
And speak it trippingly upon the tongue ;
But if you mouth it with a hoyden laugh,
With clumsy ogling and uncomely chaff—

As I have oft seen done at fancy fairs,
I had as lief a huckster sold my wares.
Avoid all so-called beautifying, dear.
Oh ! it offends me to the soul to hear
The things that men among themselves will say
Of some *soi-disant* "beauty of the day,"
Whose face, when she with cosmetics has cloyed it,
Out-Rachels Rachel ! pray you, girls, avoid it.
Neither be you too tame—but, ere you go,
Provide yourselves with sprigs of mistletoe ;
Offer them coyly to the Roman herd—
But don't you "suit the action to the word,"
For in the very torrent of your passion
Remember modesty is still in fashion.
Oh, there be ladies whom I've seen hold stalls—
Ladies of rank, my dear—to whom befalls
Neither the accent nor the gait of ladies ;
So clumsily made up with Bloom of Cadiz,
Powder-rouge—lip-salve—that I've fancied then
They were the work of Nature's journeymen.

—W. S. GILBERT.

He jests at scars who ne'er in climbing hit upon
A place with spikes and broken glass to sit upon.
But soft, a light !—where lights are there's a liver.
'Tis she ! I'll try a gentle hint to give her
Upon my mandoline, though I'm afraid
I'm somewhat too hoarse for a serenade.
This night air is too musical by far,
And on my chest has struck a light *catarrh.*

Ah, see ! The window opens—it is she,
More fair than ever in her *robe de nuit.*
She speaks—yet nothing says ! She's not to blame,
Members of Parliament do much the same.
Her mouth rests on her hand—I'm not above
Wishing I were upon that hand a glove.
Gladly the storms of Poverty I'd weather,
So we might live from hand to mouth together !
—FRANCIS TALFOURD.

All the world's a wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers.
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her time wears many garments
Throughout her seven stages. First, the baby,
Befrilled and broidered in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed school-girl, with her flounces
And small-boy-scorning face, tripping, skirt-wag-
gling,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a blushing *œillade*
Kept on her low-cut corsage. Then a bride,
Full of strange finery, vestured like an angel,
Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration,
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair rich velvet, with suave satin lined,
With eyes severe and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls their parts. The sixth age shifts

Into the gray, yet gorgeous, grandmamma,
With gold *pince-nez* on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong and worldly-wise
In sumptuary law, her quavering voice,
Prosing of fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the sex's mode-swayed history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of dress!

—*Punch*, 1882.

Farewell, a long farewell to all imbibing!
This is the state of man as I'm describing:
To-day he takes a glass because he's dry,
To-morrow one to wet the other eye;
The third day takes one extra, just to shed
A tear—he feels it gets into his head:
The fourth day takes two extra ones and feels
'Stead of his head it's got into his heels;
And in the morning, with perhaps two suits on,
He finds himself—in bed, but with two boots on;
Then after that he's nowhere; and that's how
He falls as I did—which I won't do now.

—F. C. BURNAND.

Oh! that dishonoured notes of hand would melt,
Thaw, and dissolve themselves when overdue,
And never leave the holder time to sue;
Or that in pickle no such sharp rod lay
As the unpleasant writ called a *ca sa!*

How weary, flat, unprofitable, stale,
To kick one's heels inside a debtor's gaol!
Fie on't! 'Tis an unweeded garden clearly;
Blackguards and seedy swells possess it merely.
That it should come to this! At two months' date!—
No, not two months; six weeks is less than eight.
So excellent a bill! The blow will floor me!
Is this a bailiff that I see before me,
A *capias* in his hand? Come, let me dodge thee;
Or in a sponging-house I know thou'lt lodge me.
—LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM.

Oh, then, I see, young Laurie's been with you;
He is the Sheriff's coachmaker, and builds
A drag no smaller than is suitable
For the dimensions of an Alderman,
Drawn by a team of little elephants,
To bear his worship as he lolls asleep;
The chariot wheels of pink, picked out with blue;
The body like the wings of butterflies;
The traces studded o'er with silver knobs;
The collars gilt and glittering with Japan;
The whip of amber and the lash of green;
The coachman a lace-coated liveryman,
Not half so slender as a beadle bred
To twenty stone upon parochial fat;
The coach is made by Laurie and his Co.,
Time out of mind the City Coachmakers,
And in this state the slumbering Sheriff rides
By butchers' shops and then he dreams of beef;

By fishmongers', and then of turbot straight,
By poulterers', then of capons dreameth he,
By cooks' and then he doth on turtle dream,
Or haply venison comes athwart his nose,
And then he dreams of gloating o'er a haunch ;
And sometimes Fancy with a roast pig's tail
Tickles his palate as he lies asleep,
Ofttimes he rideth to the Mansion House,
And then he dreams of feasting foreign kings,
Italian, Russian, Prussian, Spanish blades ;
Of toasts five fathom deep, and then anon
Cheers in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus roused, gives a hooray or two,
And snores again. True, these are only dreams,
Begot of nothing more than phantasy,
Suggested by the Sheriff's flaming coach.

—*Punch*, 1848.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING IN THE CITY.

Sigh no more, dealers, sigh no more,
Shares were unstable ever,
They often have been down before,
At high rates constant never.
Then sigh not so
Soon up they'll go
And you'll be blithe and funny,
Converting all your notes of woe.
Into hey, money, money.

Write no more letters, write no mo,
On stocks so dull and heavy.
At times on 'Change 'tis always so,
When bears a tribute levy.
Then sigh not so
And don't be low,
In sunshine you'll make honey,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

—*Punch.*

SHAKESPERIAN FRAGMENT.

(*As sung by Father Newman.*)

Hark, hark ! the Clerk the service sings,
The candlesticks arise ;
We'll soon have water from the springs,
In salted fonts that lies,
And winking Mary's heads begin
To ope their canvas eyes :
With everything that Roman bin,
My good John Bull arise—
Arise, arise !

—*Punch*, 1849.

What shall he have that killed the hare ?
Three months ; that's all—and found in fare;
Then send him home.
Take no reproach the game to poach,
Or empty ponds of carp and roach ;

Though lords and squires abhor it,
Yet they will pay you for it:
To poach, to poach, the game to poach,
Is not a matter of reproach.

—*Punch*, 1846.

Ben Jonson.

LINES TO AN EDITOR.

(*On sending a book for review.*)

Print for me only just one word,
And I will pledge thee mine,
If thou wilt give a wholesome puff
That I will not repine.
I think my work should be preferred
('Tis very large and fine),
Though dullards may not like my stuff,
I would not change a line.

(*On the non-appearance of a notice from the same to the same.*)

I sent thee late my able book,
Not so much honouring thee,
As hoping something would appear
That might bring L. S. D.
But thou thereon didst neither look,
Nor sent'st it back to me,
Since when I feel inclined to swear
Both at myself and thee.

George Wither.

Shall I fret and fume and swear
  Because Matilda dyes her hair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
  That hers so very rosy are?
Though her raven locks to-day
  Turn as yellow as the hay,
If she be but true to me,
  What care I how blonde she be!

Shall a woman's weakness move
  Me such weakness to reprove?
Or her little failings known
  Make me careless of my own?
Though her bills be longer than
  Bill of duck or pelican,
If they be not paid by me,
  What care I how long they be?

If her youth be left behind
  Shall I play the fool and mind?
She must be, the women say,
  Forty-five if she's a day—
But I swear she looks no more,
  At the most, than forty-four;
If she's young enough for me,
  What care I how old she be?

Be she painted, fast, or old,
  Be she flirt, or rake, or scold,

She has cash enough to make
Me submissive for her sake ;
If she lose her money though,
I can scorn and let her go :
If in poverty she be,
She may go to Bath for me !

—HERMAN C. MERIVALE

Herrick.

TO THE YOUNG CITY MAN.

To make much of (*Luncheon*) *Time.*

Gather ye fish-bones while we may,
The luncheon hour is flying,
And this same cod that's boiled to-day
To-morrow may be frying.

The handsome clock of ormolu
A quarter past is showing,
And soon 'twill be a quarter to,
When you must think of going.

The man eats best who eats the first,
When fish and plates are warmer,
But, being cold, the worse and worst
Fare still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your lungs,
And, while ye may, cry "Waiter !"
For having held just now your tongues,
You may repent it later.

—*Punch.*

Lovelace.

Champagne will not a dinner make,
  Nor caviare a meal:
Men gluttonous and rich may take
  These till they make them ill.
If I've potatoes to my chop
  And after chop have cheese
Angels in Pond and Spiers's shop
  Know no such luxuries.

—*Punch*, 1875.

Waller.

THE ÆSTHETE TO THE ROSE.

  Go, flaunting Rose!
Tell her that wastes her love on thee,
  That she naught knows
Of the new Cult, Intensity,
If sweet and fair to her you be.

  Tell her that's young,
Or who in health and bloom takes pride,
  That bards have sung
Of a new youth at whose sad side
Sickness and pallor aye abide.

  Small is the worth
Of Beauty in crude charms attired.
  She must shun mirth,
Have suffered, fruitlessly desired,
And wear no flush by hope inspired.

Then die that she
May learn that Death is passing fair:
May read in thee
How little of Art's praise they share,
Who are not sallow, sick, and spare!
—*Punch*, October 1, 1881.

Dr. Watts.

SPRING.

BY DR. "WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?"

In spring, which of Youth is the type,
How fondly we Happiness hug,
When the bullfinch draws near with his pipe
And the nightingale comes with his jug.
—CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE WISE ONE AND THE FOOLISH.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again,"
As a door on its hinges, so, in his bed, he
Turned and drowsily muttered, "A soda and B!"

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"I fancy last night I drank too much champagne;
But no," he exclaimed as he lolled at his ease,
"It was not the champagne, 'twas the salmon and peas."

I looked once again as he lay on the bed,
His eyes they were bloodshot, his nose it was red,
And I said to myself, as I turned from the sight,
"It is clear he was up till a late hour last night."

Then I said to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be.
But no, I am cautious in all that I eat;
I mix not my liquors, but take each one neat."

—*Judy*, 1874.

DR. WATTS IMPROVED.

BY A SEA-SIDE LODGER.

How doth the little busy Flea,
  Disturb each silent hour,
And all night long, most wickedly,
  Our weary limbs devour.

How cruelly he breaks our rest,
  How wroth he makes us wax,
When, jumping from his hidden nest,
  He bites our tender backs.

Now had it been in works like these
  That my first years were passed,
I might have come, like little Fleas,
  To no good end at last.

For so the little cruel Flea,
  By those who would have slept,
Will drowned, or burned, or buried be,
  Unpitied and unwept.

—*Punch.*

How doth the little busy B—
  By B I mean a belle—
Improve each shining hair, to see
  If she can catch a swell.

How skilfully she plaits each tress,
  How neatly folds her pads,
And lets a curl flow down her back
  To tempt us artless lads.

THE IRISH LANDLORD'S SONG.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
  My tenantry I see,
And each one has a blunderbuss,
  A-looking out for me.

—*Judy.*

Why should I relieve my neighbour
With my goods against my will?
Can't he live by honest labour?
Can't he borrow? Can't he steal?

—*Judy.*

Shenstone.

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

(*By a Stuttering Lover.*)

I have found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub-breed;
Will you co-co-come and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the lions and the tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale;
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tail.

You shall pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-pip-pole;
But observe, 'tis forbidden to pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip-pip-pip-pip-parasol!

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-play,
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately raccoon;
And then did-dear, together we'll stray
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue faced bab-bab-boon.

You wished (I r-r-remember it well,
And I lul-lul-loved you the m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pel-
Ican swallow the l-live little fuf-fuf-fish !

—*Punch.*

Goldsmith.

ANOTHER WAY.

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
  Would show the world her vainest trait ;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
  And warn each man of sense away :
The surest method she'll discover
  To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
  And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

—Shirley Brooks.

Burns.

MEETIN' ON THE SLY.

Gin a nursey meet a bobby,
  Meet him on the sly,
Gin a nursey leave a babby
  Need a babby cry?
Gin a bobby to a babby
  Acts in way unkind,
Need the nursey stop that bobby
  Need that babby mind ?

Gin a nursey smack a babby
With a strength extreme,
Gin a nursey pinch a babby
Need that babby scream?
Gin a bobby shake a babby
Need that babby yell?
Gin a nursey kiss that bobby
Need that babby tell?

—*Judy*, December 10, 1879.

They say the peasant's life is sweet,
But that we know all trash is, O;
He very little gets to eat,
For often scarce his cash is, O.

Teeth then he gnashes, O,
Gnaws his moustaches, O;
But jolly are the hours he spends
When plentiful the cash is, O.

—LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM.

WE TWA HA DUNE A LITTLE BILL.

(*Air*—"*Auld Lang Syne.*")

Should auld acceptance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acceptance be forgot,
All drawn, endorsed, and signed?
Endorsed, drawn and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed;

And noo 'tis time to take it up,
The siller we must find.

We twa ha dune a little bill,
To raise the bonny wind,
And tak the matter how we will,
That document will bind.
Endorsed, etc.

And Shadrach will nae time alloo,
And therefore a'm inclined
To think that we had better do.
Anither o' the kind.
Endorsed, etc.

And surely ye'll be your bit stamp,
And I'll nae be behind,
And we'll do a right gude billie-wacht
The needful cash to find.
Endorsed, drawn, and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed,
We'll do anither billie yet,
Just the wherewitha' to find.

—*Punch*, 1848.

Cowper.

WRECK OF BIBULUS.

Drink to the brave !
The brave that love the bowl,
And drown beneath the wave
The anguish of the soul.

A dozen thirsty souls,
  Whose courage well was tried,
Had spread the festive board,
  And quaffed the joyous tide.

A loud laugh shook the board,
  And it was overset ;
Down went the festive load
  And all the crew complete.

It was not that the bottle
  Or bumper gave the shock,
It was not Xeres sherry,
  Champagne or sparkling hock.

Drink to the brave !
  Brave Bibulus is gone,
His last wine-cup is spilt,
  His work of suction done.

His head was on aside,
  His cup was in his hand,
When Bibulus went down
  Because he could not stand.

Raise the poor fellow up !
  Once first to crown the bowl,
And mingle in the cup
  The tide that cheers the soul.

That cup of brightest silver
  Shall circle round again,
Full charged with best Oporto,
  Or brimming with champagne.

But Bibulus is gone,
  His song and jest are o'er;
And he amidst the table legs
  Is slumbering on the floor.

—*College Rhymes*, 1864.

Scott.

A DEDICATION.

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet, barring pins, how soft to squeeze!
Unequalled too at making cheese—
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
And "very-able" too, thou jade,
In managing a shopping raid—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Well, one of two things then art thou:
That is, thou'rt either a born nurse;
Or else a nuisance if not worse!
O Woman, too, in hours of woe,
Into hysterics apt to go:
When trouble levies its distraint,
How prompt art thou thereon to faint!

When danger's for the time supreme,
How ready art thou too to scream!
In fact, what hour of night or day
Is there when thou'rt not in the way?
—*Finis*, 1877.

LAY OF THE SCOTTISH FIDDLE.

Blood of Armstrong and Deloraine,
Skulked through the urchin's itching vein,
And well he proved the great descent
For both in him seemed sweetly blent.
When puling in his nurse's arms,
He stole her amulets and charms,
Pilfered her snuff, at Sabbath day
Purloined her loved prayer-book away,
And early showed how great he'd be
In feats of modern chivalry.

Oft from his bed he forth did hie
  At ghastly midnight hour,
When witches on their broomsticks fly,
  And fairies leave their bower.

And roam at large o'er hill and dale,
  And prowl in silence round,
Skulking like sheeted spectre pale,
  O'er holy churchyard mound.

And if perchance he hap'd to find
A hen-roost he might rob,
Or shirt, aye swelling in the wind,
Or any other job ;

Merrily, merrily, he would hie
To the castle and hide his spoil,
And when was raised a hue and cry,
Like holy innocent would smile.

Such were his childish freaks, I ween,
And ere he sixteen years had seen,
Five times in the stocks he'd been.
At length to be more bravely free
To rob at large he went to sea.

—J. K. PAULDING, 1813.

Wordsworth.

GOOSEY.

He dwelt in miry sodden ways,
And differed from the dove,
A bird that poets never praise
And only gourmets love.

They "made much of him," till he'd grown
Prodigious to the eye,
Till his one liver—his alone
Would fill a Strasburg pie.

He should have lived on diet low,
And kept his figure slim.
He gorged on all they gave,—and oh
The difference to him!

—A. S. M.

Leigh Hunt.

FRANCESCA DE RIMINI.

But when the dance was o'er and arm in arm
(The full heart beating against the elbow warm),
We passed into the great refreshment hall,
Where the heaped cheesecakes and the comfits small
Lay, like a hive of sunbeams, to burn
Around the margin of the negus urn:
When my poor quivering hand you fingered twice,
And with inquiring accents whispered "Ice,
Water, or cream?" I could no more dissemble,
But dropped upon the couch all in a tremble.
A swimming faintness misted o'er my brain,
The corks seemed starting from the brisk champagne,
The custards fell untouched upon the floor,
Thine eyes met mine. That night we danced no more.

—WILLIAM AYTOUN.

Byron.

THE ROUT OF BELGRAVIA.

The Belgravians came down on the Queen in her hold,
And their costumes were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their jewels was like stars on the sea,
As their chariots rolled proudly down Piccadill-ee.

Like the leaves of *Le Follet* when summer is green,
That host in its glory at noontide was seen ;
Like the leaves of a toy-book all thumb-marked and worn,
That host four hours later was tattered and torn.

For the rush of the crowd, which was eager and vast,
Had rumpled and ruined and wrecked as it passed ;
And the eyes of the wearer waxed angry in haste,
As a dress but once worn was dragged out at the waist.

And there lay the feather and fan side by side,
But no longer they nodded or waved in their pride ;
And there lay lace flounces and ruching in slips,
And spur-torn material in plentiful strips.

And there were odd gauntlets and pieces of hair ;
And fragments of back-combs and slippers were there ;
And the gay were all silent, their mirth was all hushed,
Whilst the dewdrops stood out on the brows of the crushed.

And the dames of Belgravia were loud in their wail,
And the matrons of Mayfair all took up the tale ;
And they vow as they hurry unnerved from the scene,
That it's no trifling matter to call on the Queen.

—JON DUAN.

THE MAID OF CLAPHAM.

Maid of Clapham ! ere I part,
Tell me if thou hast a heart !
For so padded is thy breast,
I begin to doubt the rest !
Tell me now before I go,
Ἆρτ Ϛου ἀλλ μαδε ὑπόρνῶ ?

Are those tresses thickly twined
Only hairpinned on behind ?
Is thy blush which roses mocks
Bought at three and six per box !
Tell me, for I ask in woe,
Ἆρτ Ϛου ἀλλ μαδε ὑπόρνῶ ?

And those lips I seem to taste
Are they pink with cherry-paste ?
Gladly I'd the notion scout,
But do those white teeth take out ?
Answer me, it is not so,
Ἆρτ Θοῦ ἀλλ μαδε υπόρνῶ ?

Maid of Clapham ! come, no larks !
For thy shoulders leave white marks,
Tell me ! quickly tell to me
What is really real in thee ?
Tell me, or at once I go,
Art thou all made up or no ?

—Jon Duan.

Twelfth Cake is the monarch of sweetness ;
They crowned him long ago,
With images bright and sugar as white
As a diadem of snow.

The halfpenny bun with sugar done,
And a portrait in chalk of the Queen,
The image may take of a true Twelfth Cake,
But its treachery soon will be seen.

The homely plum may do for some
Who for cheapness a shift would make,
When covered with frost, at a moderate cost ;
But it's not a true Twelfth Cake.

Oh, never trust to a showy crust,
With images gaudily decked,
Lest under the paint you find there *aint*
The richness you did expect.

The pound cake, I'm told, confined in a mould,
Will forms fantastic take ;
But look at me, unfettered and free,
A regular round Twelfth Cake.

—*Punch*, 1844.

Catherine Fanshawe.

COCKNEY ENIGMAS ON THE LETTER H.

I dwells in the Herth and I breathes in the Hair ;
If you searches the Hocean you'll find that I'm there ;
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But tho' on this Horb I am destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel ;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas !
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass,

I resides in a Hattic and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habsent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art,
But look and you'll see in the Heye I appear,

Only 'ark and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the
Hear ;
Tho' in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox !),
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning ! and mark,
Tho' I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth—have with Fysic no power ;
I dies in a Month, but comes back in a Hour.

—HORACE MAYHEW, *Comic Almanack*, 1850.

Hemans.

THE MULE.

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
For the land he would not tread ;
They tied an halter round his neck
And whacked him on the head.
Yet obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the sea to rule,
A creature of the old pack brood,
A stubborn steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore, but he would not go
Until he felt inclined,
And though they thundered blow on blow
He altered not his mind.
The ship's boy to his master came,
"The varmint's bound to stay,"
And still upon that old mule's hide
The sounding lash made play.

His master from the shore replied,
"The ship's about to sail,
And as all other means you've tried
Suppose you twist his tail;
I think that that will make him land."
The ship's boy, brave and pale,
The nearer drew with outstretched hand
To twist that old mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind,
The boy, oh! where was he?
Ask of the softly-blowing wind,
The fishes in the sea.
For a moment not a sound was heard,
And that mule he winked his eye,
As though to say to him who'd gone,
"How was that for high?"

THE THYROID GLAND.

"We hear thee speak of the thyroid gland,
But what thou say'st we don't understand;
Professor, where does that acinus dwell?
We hashed our dissection and can't quite tell,
Is it where the mascula lutea flows,
And the suprachordial tissue grows?"
"Not there, not there, my class!"

"Is it far away where the bronchi part,
And the pneumogastric controls the heart?
Where endothelium encardium lines,
And a subpericardial nerve intertwines?

Where the subpleural plexus of lymphatics expand?
Is it there, Professor, that gruesome gland?"
"Not there, not there, my class!"

"I have not seen it, my gentle youths,
My myxœdemia, I'm told, it soothes.
Landois says stolidly, 'functions unknown';
Foster adopts an enquiring tone.
Duct does not lead to its strange recess.
Far below the vertex, above the pes,
It is there, I am told, my class!"
—R. M., *Nature*, January 18, 1894.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They sucked their pap-spoons side by side,
They filled one house with shines—
Their graves are lying severed wide,
By many railway lines.
The same nurse tied the plain night-cap
At evening on each brow;
She gave each naughty child a slap—
Where are those screamers now?

One, by the broad-guage line which goes
To Exeter, is laid.
They ran into a luggage train
And mincemeat of him made.

The Eastern Counties line hath one—
He sleeps his last long sleep
Near where an engine chose slap off
A viaduct to leap.

Another went from Euston Square
By an ill-fated train ;
They buried him at Coventry,
With others of the slain.
And one —'neath her an axle broke,
And stayed life's running sand—
She perished on the Dover line—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they lie, who played
At hop-scotch in the court,
Who after every cab that passed
Cried " Whip behind ! " in sport :
Who played upon the nigger-bones,
And jumped Jim Crow with glee—
Oh, steam ! if thou wert everywhere,
Where would poor mortals be ?

—*The Man in the Moon, vol. ii.*

Southey.

THE SHORE.

How do the Cheap Trippers
Come down to the shore ?

. . . .

From their sources they wend
In the squalid East-end ;

From Whitechapel
Surge and grapple
Its 'Arries and its Carries,
Through court and through lane,
They run and they shout,
For awhile till they're out,
By their own special train,
And thence at departing,
All bawling at starting,
They drink and they feed,
And away they proceed
Through the dark tunnels,
'Mid smoke from the funnels,
Where they shriek in their flurry,
Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry,
Now singing and smoking,
Now practical joking,
Till, in this rapid ride
On which they are bent,
They reach the sea-side
And make their descent.

The excursion crowd strong
Then plunges along,
Running and leaping,
Over rocks creeping,
Kissing and flinging,
Kiss-in-the-ringing,
Pulls at the whiskey,
Making them frisky,
Smiting and fightin',

A thing they delight in—
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with their sound.

. . . . .

Sea-weeding and feeding,
And mocking and shocking,
And kissing and missing,
And skipping and dipping,
And drinking and winking,
And wading and bathing,
Shell-picking and sticking
In mud-holes and kicking,
And going a-rowing,
And fishing and wishing,
And roaming and gloaming,
Sight-seeing and tea-ing,
And larking and sparking,
Love-making and taking
To beering and jeering,
Donkey-riding and hiding,
And squeaking and seeking.

. . . . .

And galloping and walloping,
And wandering and maundering,
Uncoating and boating and floating,
Upsetting and getting a wetting,
And crying and drying and spying,
Immersing, dispersing and cursing,
And meeting and greeting and seating and eating,

And fuddling and muddling and huddling and puddling.
And so never ending, but always descending,
The Cockneys for ever and ever are wending
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar,—
And thus the Cheap Trippers come down to the shore!

—*Punch*, 1880.

Moore.

"TO A GENT."

Believe me if all those ridiculous charms
Which I see on thy watch guard to-day,
Were to-morrow locked up at the Lombardy Arms,
Thine uncle's advance to repay,
Thou would'st still look the snob which this moment thou art
(Let thy vanity think what it will),
For those blazing red buttons, that shirt-front so smart,
And those studs prove thy gentishness still.

—*Punch's Almanack*, 1855.

When he who adores thee has left but the fame
Of his one little weakness behind,
Oh! say wilt thou smile when they mock at his name,
Thou, to boredom so sweetly resigned?

Nay, weep, and however my face may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For, though I have often been shut up by them,
I have always found patience in thee.

To buttonhole thee was my constant delight,
Every cock-and-bull story was thine,
Each mare's nest I found I exposed to thy sight,
To my twaddle thine ear thou'dst incline.
Oh ! blest be thy kindness which hearing would give
To my fulsomest fiddle-de-dee,
The great race of Buttonhole-Bores could not live,
Were it not for Pill-Garlics like thee !

EVENING BELLES.

Those evening belles, those evening belles,
How many a tale their costume tells
Of Fashion, in its latest show,
Reviving modes of long ago.

Our grandmothers have passed away,
Yet in their habits girls look gay,
As, in last-century gowns, the swells
To dinner take the evening belles.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Fashion's caprices will go on ;
A century hence what now repels
Will serve to deck the evening belles.

Come rest on this gridiron, my own dear æsthete,
Though the herd may condemn, 'tis a true High Art seat;
These, these are the contours Art yearns to create,
A leg that is spindly, a back that is straight.

Oh, where is the taste that is worthy to name
Loves not the stiff lines of this cast-iron frame?
I know not, I ask not, if ease they impart,
I but know they are true to the canons of Art.

Do they call it all corners? They know not the bliss
Of the angular style in a seat such as this,
In furnishing firmly High Art I'll pursue,
And I'll crouch on my gridiron couch till all's blue.

—*Punch.*

A FEW MUDDLED METAPHORS.

BY A MOORE-OSE MELODIST.

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes recede!
I never loved a tree or flower
That didn't trump its partner's lead.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its dappled hide,
But when it came to know me well,
It fell upon the buttered side.

I never taught a cockatoo
To whistle comic songs profound,
But, just when "Jolly Dogs" it knew,
It failed for ninepence in the pound.

I never reared a walrus cub
In my aquarium to plunge,
But, when it learned to love its tub,
It placidly threw up the sponge!

I never strove a metaphor
To every bosom home to bring
But—just as it had reached the door——
It went and cut a pigeon's wing!

—Tom Hood, Jr.

DEFEATED MANŒUVRES.

"The Marquis is *not* to be won, Mamma;
My advances he seems to shun, Mamma!
I appeal to you
What *am* I to do?
Oh, tell me what's next to be done, Mamma."

"Have you sat by his Lordship's side, my child?
And every blandishment tried, my child?
Have you heaved deep sighs
And looked in his eyes
And adroitly flattered his pride, my child?"

"O yes, and I've done even more, Mamma :
Things I never have done before, Mamma ;
For I fainted quite
In his arms last night,
As we stood on the sea-girt shore, Mamma !"

"If the man is proof against *that*, my child,
Why the sooner he takes his hat, my child,
Between you and me,
The better 'twill be.
For you see he's not such a flat, my child !"

—ANON.

The minstrel boy through the town is known,
In each quiet street you'll find him,
With his master's organ—it is ne'er his own,
And his monkey led behind him.
"Straw laid down !" cries the minstrel boy,
"Some sick man here needs quiet ;
'Bobbin' Around' will this house annoy,
At any rate I'll try it !"

The minstrel grinds and his victims pay ;—
To his claims he forced compliance !
To the poet's study then he takes his way—
To the men of art and science.
And cries, "My friends, in vain you'd toil
At books, at pen, or easel ;
One roving vagabond your work shall spoil,"—
He plays "Pop Goes the Weasel."

—WILLIAM BROUGH.

Hood.

I remember, I remember
  The day that I was born,
When first I saw this breathing world,
  All naked and forlorn.
They wrapped me in a linen cloth,
  And then in one of frieze ;
And tho' I couldn't speak just then,
  Yet I contrived to sneeze.

I remember, I remember
  Old ladies came from far ;
Some said I was like mother dear,
  But others thought like Pa ;
Yet all agreed I had a head,
  And most expressive eyes ;
The latter were about as large
  As plums in Christmas pies.

[On the occasion of an inebriated "swell" being expelled from the Prince of Wales' Theatre by P. C. 22 Z.]

Take him up tendahly,
Lift him with caah ;
Clothes are made slenderly
Now, and will taah !

Punch not that nob of his,
Thus I imploah ;
Pick up that bob of his,
Dwopped on the floah !

Pwaps he's a sister,
Pwaps he's a bwother,
Come to the play with him—
Let 'em away with him—
One or the other.

Ram his hat lightly,
Yet firmly and tightly,
Ovah his head.
Turn his coat-collah back,
Get his half-dollah back.
22 Z.

I remember, I remember,
The pipe that I first drew,
With red-waxed end and snowy bowl,
It perfect was and new.
It measured just four inches long,
'Twas made of porous clay ;
I found when I began to smoke
It took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
In fear I struck a light ;
And when I'd smoked a little time,
I felt my cheeks grow white.
My nervous system mutinied,
My diaphragm uprose,
And I was very—very ill
In a way you may suppose.

I remember, I remember,
The very rod he got,
When father, who discovered me,
Made me exceeding hot.
He scattered all my feathers then,
While, face down, I reclined ;
I sat upon a cold hearthstone
I was so warm behind.

I remember, I remember,
I viewed the rod with dread,
And silent, sad and supperless,
I bundled off to bed.
It was a childish punishment
And now 'tis little joy
To know that, for the self-same crime,
I wallop my own boy.

—*Cope's Tobacco Plant*, 1875.

TO AN UTTER STRANGER.

(*With whom the bard had bumped heads at a corner.*)

Our heads have met and, if thine smarts
Like mine, you hope they won't again.
Friends who saw the painful scene
Laughed till laughter grew a pain.
I only know we bumped them once,
I only know we looked insane :
Our heads have met (mine seemed in parts),—
I hope they'll never meet again.

Then we fell, but lent a hand
To raise each other from the wet,
My head's altered form above
Prevents my hat from fitting yet.
Friends no doubt we seemed to be,
And pardon begged in phrases set:
Our heads have clashed, but still mine smarts,—
I would our heads had never met.

Poe.

THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

Once it happened I'd been dining, on my couch I slept reclining,
And awoke with moonlight shining brightly on my bedroom floor,
It was in the bleak December, Christmas night as I remember,
But I had no dying ember, as Poe had, when near the door,
Like a gastronomic goblin just beside my chamber door
Stood a bird,—and nothing more.

And I said, for I'm no craven, "Are you Edgar's famous raven,
Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up with Lenore?"
Then the bird uprose and fluttered, and this sentence strange he uttered,

"Hang Lenore," he mildly muttered; "you have seen me once before,
Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely once before,
I'm the Goose—and nothing more."

Then he murmured "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady,
Straight he leapt upon my bed. I simply gave a stifled roar;
And I cried "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose-Club I was winner,
'Tis a memory of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four.
Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past four."
Quoth he hoarsely, "Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back; but tell me, Goose, is
This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a bore?
For goose-flesh I will no more 'ax,' if you'll not sit on my thorax,
Go try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat is sore,
You speak gruffly, though too plainly, and I'm sure your throat is sore."
Quoth the nightmare, "Eat no more!"

"Goose!" I shrieked out, "leave, oh leave me,"
surely you don't mean to grieve me,
You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance
must be o'er;
Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, com-
fort surely comes to-morrow,
Some relief from those I'd borrow at my doctor's
ample store."
Quoth the goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a nightmare
still is sitting
With me all the night emitting words that thrill my
bosom's core,
Now throughout the Christmas season, while I lie
and gasp and wheeze, on
Me he sits until my reason nothing surely can
restore;
I am driven mad and nothing surely can restore,
While that Goose says "Eat no more!"
—*Punch*, 1881.

THE CANNIBAL FLEA.

It was many and many a year ago
In a District called E. C.,
That a monster dwelt whom I came to know
By the name of Cannibal Flea,
And the brute was possessed with no other thought
Than to live—and to live on me!

I was in bed, and he was in bed
In the District named E. C.,
When first in his thirst so accurst he burst
Upon me, the Cannibal Flea,
With a bite that felt as if someone had driven
A bayonet into me.

And this was the reason why long ago
In that District named E. C.
I tumbled out of my bed, willing
To capture the Cannibal Flea,
Who all the night until morning came
Kept boring into me !
It wore me down to a skeleton
In the District hight E. C.

From the hour I sought my bed—eleven—
Till daylight he tortured me—
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know
In that District named E. C.)
I so often jumped out of my bed by night
Willing the killing of Cannibal Flea.

But his hops they were longer by far than the hops
Of creatures much larger than he—
Of parties more long-legged than he ;
And neither the powder nor turpentine drops,
Nor the persons engaged by me,
Were so clever as ever to stop me the hop
Of the terrible Cannibal Flea.

For at night with a scream, I am waked from my dream
By the terrible Cannibal Flea;
And at morn I ne'er rise without bites—of such size!—
From the terrible Cannibal Flea.
So I'm forced to decide I'll no longer reside
. . In the District—the District—where he doth abide,
The locality known as E. C.
That is postally known as E. C.

—Tom Hood, Jr.

'Twas more than a million years ago,
Or so it seems to me,
That I used to prance around and beau
The beautiful Annabel Lee.
There were other girls in the neighbourhood
But none was a patch to she.

And this was the reason that long ago,
My love fell out of a tree,
And busted herself on a cruel rock;
A solemn sight to see,
For it spoiled the hat and gown and looks
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

We loved with a love that was lovely love,
I and my Annabel Lee
And we went one day to gather the nuts
That men call hickoree—

And I stayed below in the rosy glow
While she shinned up the tree,
But no sooner up than down kerslup
Came the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And the pallid moon and the hectic noon
Bring gleams of dreams for me,
Of the desolate and desperate fate
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And I often think as I sink on the brink
Of slumbers' sea, of the warm pink link
That bound my soul to Annabel Lee ;
And it wasn't just best for her interest
To climb that hickory tree.
For had she stayed below with me,
We'd had no hickory nuts may be
But I should have had my Annabel Lee.

—STANLEY HUNTLY.

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

Hear the fluter with his flute—
Silver flute.
Oh, what a world of waiting is awakened by its toot!
How it demi-semi-quavers
On the maddened air of night,
And defieth all endeavours
To escape the sound or sight
Of the flute, flute, flute,
With its tootle-tootle-toot—

With reiterated tootings of exasperating toots,
The long protracted tootelings of agonizing toots
Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
Flute, flute, flute,
And the wheezings and the spittings of its toot.
Should he get that other flute—
Golden flute.
What a deep and deadly anguish will its presence institoot !
How his eyes to Heaven he'll raise
As he plays
All the days,
How he'll stop us on our ways
With its praise !
And the people, oh, the people
That don't live up in the steeple,
But inhabit Christian parlours,
Where he visiteth and plays,—
Where he plays, plays, plays,
In the cruellest of ways.
And thinks we ought to listen
And expects us to be mute,
Who would rather have an ear-ache
Than the music of his flute—
Of his flute, flute, flute
And the tootings of its toot,—
Of the toos wherewith he tootleth the agonizing toot
Of the flute, flewt, fluit, floot,
Phlute, phlewt, phlewght,
And the tootle-tootle-tooing of its toot.

N. P. Willis.

KEREN-HAPPUCH.

The comforters of Job had come and gone.
They were anhungered ; for the eventide
Sank over Babylon and smokes arose
From pottage cooked in palace and in tent.
Then Keren-happuch, from her lordly bower
Of gem-like jasper and the porphyry floors,
Swept by the satins of her trailing robe,
Came forth and sat beside her father Job,
And gave him comfort 'mid his painful boils
And scraped him with a potsherd ; and her soul
Rebelled at his unlovely misery,
And from her lips that parted like a cleft
Of ripe pomegranates o'er their ruby teeth,
Broke forth a wail :

"Alas for thee ! my sire !
And for the men and maidens of thy train,
And for thy countless camels on the plain,
More than thou didst require ;
Thou might'st have sold them at the morning dawn
For heavy gold : at even they were gone !

"And they who dressed my hair
With agate braids and pearls from Samarcand
Have died ; there is no handmaid in the land
To make my visage fair :

Unpainted and unpowdered, lo! I come,
Gray with the ashes of my gorgeous home!

"Yea, thou and I are lone:
The prince who wooed me fled in haste away
From thine infection; hungered here I stray,
And find not any bone;
For famished cats have ravaged shelf and plate.
The larder, like my heart, is desolate!

"And it is very drear,
My sire, whose wealth and beauty were my pride,
To see thee so disfigured at my side,
Nor leech nor poultice near,
To save thy regal skin from later scars;
Yea, thou art loathsome by the light of stars!

"Go, hie thee to thy room,
And I will gather marjoram and nard,
And mix their fragrance with the cooling lard,
And thus avert thy doom.
A daughter's sacrifice no tongue can tell:
The prince will stay away till thou art well!"

—Diversions of the Echo Club.

Longfellow.

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING.

From his shoulder Hiawatha
Took the camera of rosewood,
Made of sliding, folding rosewood;

Neatly put it all together.
In its case it lay compactly,
Folded into nearly nothing;
But he opened out the hinges,
Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
Like a complicated figure
In the Second Book of Euclid.
This he perched upon a tripod—
Crouched beneath its dusky cover—
Stretched his hand enforcing silence—
Said "Be motionless, I beg you!"
Mystic, awful was the process.
All the family in order
Sat before him for their pictures:
Each in turn as he was taken,
Volunteered his own suggestions,
His ingenious suggestions.
First the Governor, the Father:
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar;
And a corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left-hand;
He would keep his right-hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempests.
Grand, heroic was the notion:

Yet the picture failed entirely :
Failed, because he moved a little.
Moved, because he couldn't help it.
Next, his better half took courage ;
She would have her picture taken.
She came dressed beyond description,
Dressed in jewels and in satin
Far too gorgeous for an empress.
Gracefully she sat down sideways,
With a simper scarcely human,
Holding in her hand a bouquet
Rather larger than a cabbage.
All the while that she was sitting,
Still the lady chattered, chattered,
Like a monkey in the forest.
"Am I sitting still?" she asked him.
"Is my face enough in profile?
Shall I hold the bouquet higher?
Will it come into the picture?"
And the picture failed completely.
Next the son, the Stunning-Cantab :
He suggested curves of beauty,
Curves pervading all his figure,
Which the eye might follow onward,
Till they centred in the breast-pin.
He had learnt it all from Ruskin,
(Author of "The Stones of Venice,"
"Seven Lamps of Architecture,"
"Modern Painters," and some others) ;
And perhaps he had not fully
Understood the author's meaning ;

But, whatever was the reason,
All was fruitless, as the picture
Ended in an utter failure.
Next to him the eldest daughter:
She suggested very little,
Only asked if he would take her
With her look of "passive beauty."
Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left-eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils.
Hiawatha, when she asked him,
Took no notice of the question,
Look'd as if he hadn't heard it;
But, when pointedly appealed to,
Smiled in his peculiar manner,
Coughed and said it "didn't matter,"
Bit his lip and changed the subject.
Nor in this was he mistaken,
As the picture failed completely.
So in turn the other sisters.
Last the youngest son was taken:
Very rough and thick his hair was,
Very round and red his face was,
Very dusty was his jacket,
Very fidgety his manner.
And his overbearing sisters
Called him names he disapproved of:
Called him Johnny, "Daddy's darling,
Called him Jacky, "Scrubby school-boy."

And, so awful was the picture,
In comparison the others
Seemed, to his bewildered fancy,
To have partially succeeded.
  Finally my Hiawatha
Tumbled all the tribe together,
("Grouped" is not the right expression),
And, as happy chance would have it,
Did at last obtain a picture
Where the faces all succeeded:
Each came out a perfect likeness.
Then they joined and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As "the worst and ugliest picture
They could possibly have dreamed of.
Giving one such strange expressions—
Sullen, stupid, pert expressions.
Really anyone would take us
(Anyone that did not know us)
For the most unpleasant people!"
(Hiawatha seemed to think so,
Seemed to think it not unlikely.)
All together rang their voices,
As of dogs that howl in concert,
As of cats that wail in chorus.
  But my Hiawatha's patience,
Unaccountably had vanished,
And he left that happy party.
Neither did he leave them slowly,
With the calm deliberation,
The intense deliberation

Of a photographic artist:
But he left them in a hurry,
Left them in a mighty hurry,
Stating that he would not stand it,
Stating in emphatic language
What he'd be before he'd stand it.
Hurriedly he packed his boxes:
Hurriedly the porter trundled
On a barrow all his boxes:
Hurriedly he took his ticket:
Hurriedly the train received him:
Thus departed Hiawatha.

—LEWIS CARROLL.

THE BIRDS AND THE PHEASANT.

I shot a partridge in the air,
  It fell in turnips, "Don" knew where;
For, just as it dropped, with my right,
  I stopped another in its flight.

I killed a pheasant in the copse,
  It fell among the fir-tree tops;
For though a pheasant's flight is strong,
  A cock, hard hit, cannot fly long.

Soon, soon afterwards, in a pie,
  I found the birds in jelly lie;
And the pheasant, at a fortnight's end,
  I found again in the "carte" of a friend.

—*Punch.*

FLIGHT.

I.

Suddenly, joyfully,
  Leaving the Row,
The London belle
  Is beginning to go.

Cover the couches,
  And shut out the light ;
Calls cease in the morning,
  And parties at night.

Closed are the windows,
  And out is the fire ;
The knockers are silent—
  All footmen retire.

No groom in the chambers,
  No porter in hall !
Dust and brown holland
  Reign over all.

II.

The Season is ended
  And closed like the Play ;
And the Swells that adorned it
  Vanish away.

Dim grow its dances ;
  Forgotten they'll be,
Like the ends of cigars
  Thrown into the sea.

Squares lapse into silence,
The railways are full,
The windows are papered,
The West-End is dull.

Fewer and fewer
The people to call ;
Sweeps and the charwoman
Reign over all.

—*Punch.*

Tell us not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real, life is earnest!"
Single blessedness a fib ;
Man thou art, to man returnest,
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts are light and gay ;
Still like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding-marches all the day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a heroine,—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
  Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
  Hoping for the spouse and head.

Lives of married folks remind us
  We can live our lives as well,
And departing, leave behind us
  Such examples as will tell.

Such examples that another,
  Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
  Seeing shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
  With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
  And each one a husband get.

—PHŒBE CARY.

A PSALM OF BURIAL.

Tell me not with words inflated
  Bodies were not meant to burn;
For the moo-cow when cremated
  Doth to "frosted-silver" turn.

Not the graveyard, not interment
  Is the cheapest, healthiest way ;
But to rob the worm preferment
  Finds with cultured men to-day.

Lights of learning all have told us
  We can shunt the gloomy pall,
And when churchyards will not hold us,
  Roast our flesh for funeral.

Let us, then, keep time with culture :
  " Earth to earth " is out of date—
Leave no carrion for the vulture,
  Spurn the sexton and cremate.

—*Moonshine*, 1884.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Night was fast falling on the scene,
As through the crowd on village green
There passed a youth who. once or twice,
Said as he stopped to eat an ice,
" Excelsior ! "

" Climb not the pole," the old man said,
" The grease will spoil your trousers, Ned."
With upward glance the youth replied :
" The mutton at the top is tied,
" Excelsior ! "

" O stay ! " the maiden said and sighed,
" And take me for a donkey ride ! "

He grasped the pole and in reply
He softly murmured with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware!" a withered crone cried out,
"Take care, take care what you're about,"
Far up the pole they heard him pant,
As though his breath was rather scant,
"Excelsior!"

Just as he neared the prize he stopped,
Then, quick as falling star, he dropped,
He lay upon the ground and groaned,
Yet still in feeble accents moaned,
"Excelsior!"
—*Truth*, 1880.

Bret Harte.

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE.

BY BRED HARD.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark,
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee

Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The ordinary B. A. degree.

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had a most innocent eye.

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came
And Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared";
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U.,
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchæ ;
A subject Tom partially knew.

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made,
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U.,
And he gazed upon me ;
I observed " This won't do " ;
He replied, " Goodness me ;
We are fooled by this artless young person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few

Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the subject he "partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek.
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student in Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian states,
And we found in his palms which were hollow
What are frequent in palms,—that is dates.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

—A. C. HILTON.

Tennyson.

LOWESBY HALL.

Here at least I'll stay no longer, let me seek for some abode,
Deep in some provincial country far from rail or turnpike road ;
There to break all links of habit and to find a secret charm
In the mysteries of manuring and the produce of a farm,
To deplore the fall of barley, to admire the rise of peas,
Over flagons of October, giant mounds of bread and cheese ;
Never company to dinner ; never visitors from town,
Just the parson and the doctor (Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown).
Drops the heavy conversation to an after-dinner snort,
And articulation dwindles with the second flask of port.

—Bromley Davenport.

Tennyson stood in the wet,
And he and his publishers met,
The publishers cursing and swearing,
And they said : " O Tennyson, tell us,
Have you anything good to sell us ?

The public mind it enrages
To read such bosh by pages,
"The Victim" was little better
And oh! that "Spiteful Letter"!
They spoke, their poor hair tearing,
Tennyson's poems rehearsing,
Publishers cursing and swearing,
Tennyson swearing and cursing.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children on Twelfth Night, all mirth and laughter,
Obliged to take two powders the day after,
Two strangers meeting at a morning call.
Two lovers waltzing at a country ball.
Two mouths to feed upon an income small.
Two "lists to be retained" of various things
Washed out of town to save home's direst curse.
Two babies quite too much for one young nurse;
So flies the time of life on rapid wings.

—*The Man in the Moon*, 1848.

TO AN IMPORTUNATE HOST.

(*During dinner and after Tennyson.*)

Ask me no more: I've had enough Chablis;
The wine may come again and take the shape
From glass to glass of "Mountain" or of "Cape,"
But my dear boy, when I have answered thee,
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give,
I love not pickled pork, nor partridge pie ;
I feel if I took whiskey I should die !
Ask me no more—for I prefer to live :
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : unless my fate is sealed,
And I have striven against you all in vain.
Let your good butler bring me " Hock " again :
Then rest, dear boy. If for this once I yield,
Ask me no more.

Home they brought her lap-dog dead,
Just run over by a fly ;
Jeames to Buttons winking said,
" Won't there be a row, oh, my ! "

Then they called the flyman low,
Said his baseness could be proved,
How she to the Beak should go—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Said her maid (and risked her place),
"In the 'ouse it should have kept,
Flymen drives at such a pace——"
Still the lady's anger slept.

Rose her husband, best of dears,
Laid a bracelet on her knee,
Like a playful child she boxed his ears—
" Sweet old pet !—let's have some tea."
—SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward !
Into an awful ditch
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
  They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
  Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
  From the Old Hundred !

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
  While his mind wandered ;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high :
Theirs but to gasp and cry
  Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
  Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang nor well,

Drowning the sexton's bell,
  While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Sounding fresh keys to bear
  Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
  Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
  Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought:
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
  Not the Old Hundred.

Hot, hot, hot
  Is the blistering breath of June,
And I would that my throat could utter
  An anti-torridness tune.

O well for the Esquimau
  That he sits on a cake of ice!
O well for the Polar bear
  That he looks so cool and nice!

But the scorching heat pours down
And blisters both head and feet!
And O for a touch of vanished frost,
Or the sound of some hail and sleet.

WANDERERS.

As o'er the hill we roamed at will,
My dog and I together,
We marked a chaise, by two bright bays,
Slow-moved along the heather:

Two bays arch-necked, with tails erect,
And gold upon their blinkers,
And by their side an ass I spied;
It was a travelling tinker's.

The chaise went by, nor aught cared I;
Such things are not in my way:
I turned me to the tinker, who
Was loafing down a by-way.

I asked him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged; I rightly judged
The stare said "Where I can, Sir."

I asked him if he'd take a whiff
Of 'bacco; he acceded;
He grew communicative too
(A pipe was all he needed),
Till of the tinker's life I think
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town,
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in town,
I've rings for buddin' Sally,
That sparkle like those eyes of hern;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes;
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses.

"I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloomed, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows:

"But out again I come, and shew
My face, nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow
But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I, "The sun has slipt behind the hill,

And my Aunt Vivian dines at half past six."
So in all love we parted ; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

—CALVERLEY.

A LAUREATE'S LOG.

(*Rough-weather notes from the New Birthday-Book.*)

MONDAY.

If you're waking, please don't call me, please don't call me, Currie dear,
For they tell me that to-morrow toward the open we're to steer !
No doubt, for you and those aloft, the maddest merriest way,—
But I always feel best in a bay, Currie,
I always feel best in a bay.

TUESDAY.

Take, take, take ?
What will I take for tea ?
The thinnest slice—no butter
And that's quite enough for me.

WEDNESDAY.

It is the little roll within the berth
That, by and by, will put an end to mirth,
And, never ceasing, slowly prostrate all.

THURSDAY.

Let me alone ! What pleasure can you have
In chaffing evil? Tell me, what's the fun
Of ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All you, the rest, you know how to behave
In roughish weather ! I, for one
Ask for the shore—or death, dark death,—
I am so done.

FRIDAY.

Twelve knots an hour ! But what am I ?
A poet with no land in sight,
Insisting that he feels "all right,"
With half a smile and half a sigh.

SATURDAY.

Comfort ? Comfort scorned of lubbers ! Hear this truth the Poet roar,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering days on shore.
Drug his soda lest he learn it when the foreland gleams a speck
In the dead unhappy night, when he can't sit up on deck !

SUNDAY.

Ah ! you've called me nice and early, nice and early, Currie dear !
What ? Really in ! Well, come, the news I'm precious glad to hear ;

For though in such good company I willingly
would stay—
I'm glad to be back in the bay, Currie,
I'm glad to be back in the bay.

—*Punch*, 1883.

FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL HOTEL."

Waiter! I am supper-sated, I am dying for a
doze:
Let me sleep; and when you want me, play upon
me with the hose.

'Tis the room and all around it, where we supt the
night before;
And the only sole survivor is my friend upon the
floor.

I have seen the swart Ojibway swallow vitriol for
sport,
And the almond-eyed duennas dance a jig to pipes
of port:

I have seen the double Dutchman play such fiery
pranks with gin,
That the juniperian berries sprang, in springtime,
from his skin.

I have seen the cow-like Lascar chew his alcoholic
cud,
And the grand old alligator wallow in unfathomed
mud.

I have travelled east on business, I have wandered
west for fun :
And I hold the doughty walrus daintier than the
railroad bun.

But a tongue of tougher metal, or a throat of wider
bore,
I have never yet encountered than my friend's
upon the floor.

—*The Old Country.*

Browning.

TWO SIDES.

(*Browning's.*)

Love-making, how simple a matter ! No depths to
explore,
No heights in life to ascend—no disheartening
before—
No affrighting hereafter. Love will be love ever-
more.

(*Ours.*)

Love-making, how awful a matter ! We've been
there before :
The father determined we shouldn't—the mother
watching the door ;
Till even the girl was affrighted, and wrote us to
see her no more.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER TO ISLINGTON.

When Chancellor Dizzy had ceased his confab,
Two Members of Parliament rushed for a cab.
"First Hansom!" they shouted from Westminster Hall;
"Cab!" echoed a peeler who ran at the call.
At their knees the door clanged and they sank on the seat,
While the vehicle galloped up Parliament Street.

Not a word to each other: they knew in the chair
M. A. President Beales would be tearing his hair;
When a block or a wagon compelled them to stop,
To cabby they screamed through the hole in the top;
Encouraged by reins and a whip that could crack,
On galloped the broken-kneed, whistling old hack!

'Twas latish at starting, but when they drew near
The outskirts, smart servants were fetching the beer.
In Holborn a yellow 'bus got in their way,
And close to Gray's Inn they were stopped by a dray;
But from Islington's steeple they heard the clock chime,
So O'Donoghue chuckled "Bedad, we're in time."

But on they went galloping, gallant M. P.'s,
Though Pentonville Hill tried the horse's old knees.

'Twas silly of boys and bystanders to laugh !
'Neath the wheels broke the brittle macadam like chaff.
In the Liverpool Road was a dazzle of light,
So, "Gallop !" cried Taylor, "the Hall is in sight."

"How they'll cheer us !" but all in a moment the hack
Fell neck and crop over and rolled on his back,
And then were the Members in pitiful plight,
With the news that would drive the League mad with delight,
While the knowing old cab-driver sat on the head
Of the horse that lay sprawling apparently dead.

For he flung off his coat when he jumped from his seat,
And uttered some words—which we need not repeat—
Unfastened the traces and pulled at the ear,
And the nose and the tail of this "horse without peer,"
Kicked and thrashed, cursed and swore, any noise bad or good,
Till at length to the Hall the cab galloped and stood.

And the Members will ever remember the sound
Of the shouts as the platform they climbed from the ground ;

For no voice but was shouting stentorian "Hears,"
And the speakers were greeted with volleys of cheers,
While the President voted that thanks from them all
Should be theirs who had brought the bad news to the Hall!

HOME TRUTHS FROM ABROAD.

I.

"Oh! to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning" in despair;
There's a horrible fog i' the heart o' the town,
And the greasy pavement is damp and brown;
While the rain-drop falls from the laden bough,
In England—now!

II.

"And after April when May follows,"
How foolish seem the returning swallows.
Hark! how the east wind sweeps along the street,
And how we give one universal sneeze!
The hapless lambs at thought of mint-sauce bleat,
And ducks are conscious of the coming peas.
Lest you should think the Spring is really present,
A biting frost will come to make things pleasant,

And though the reckless flowers begin to blow,
They'd better far have nestled down below ;
An English spring sets men and women frowning,
Despite the rhapsodies of Robert Browning.

—*Punch*, 1883.

Swinburne.

BRANDY AND SODA.

Mine eyes to mine eyelids cling thickly,
My tongue feels a mouthful and more,
My senses are sluggish and sickly,
To live and to breathe is a bore.
My head weighs a ton and a quarter,
By pains and by pangs ever split,
Which manifold washings with water
Relieve not a bit.

My longings of thirst are unlawful.
And vain to console or control.
The aroma of coffee is awful,
Repulsive the sight of the roll,
I take my matutinal journal,
And strive my dull wits to engage,
But cannot endure the infernal
Sharp crack of its page.

What bad luck my soul had bedevilled,
What demon of spleen and of spite,
That I rashly went forth and I revelled
In riotous living last night ?

Had the fumes of the goblet no odour
That well might repulse or restrain?
O insidious brandy and soda.
Our Lady of Pain!

Thou art golden of gleam as the summer
That smiled o'er a tropical sod,
O daughter of Bacchus, the bummer,
A foamer, a volatile tod!
But thy froth is a serpent that hisses,
And thy gold as a bale-fire doth shine,
And the lovers who rise from thy kisses
Can't walk a straight line.

I recall with a flush and a flutter
That orgy whose end is unknown;
Did they bear me to bed on a shutter.
Or did I reel home all alone!
Was I frequent in screams and in screeches?
Did I swear with a forcèd affright?
Did I perpetrate numerous speeches?
Did I get in a fight?

Of the secrets I treasure and prize most
Did I empty my bacchanal breast?
Did I buttonhole men I despise most,
And frown upon those I like best?
Did I play the low farmer and flunkey
With people I always ignore?
Did I caracole round like a monkey?
Did I sit on the floor?

O longing no research can satiate—
No aim to exhume what is hid!
For falsehood were vain to expatiate
On deeds more depraved than I did;
And though friendly faith I would flout not,
On this it were rash to rely,
Since the friends who beheld me, I doubt not.
Were drunker than I.

Thou hast lured me to passionate pastime
Dread goddess, whose smile is a snare!
Yet I swear thou hast tempted the last time—
I swear it; I mean what I swear!
And thy beaker shall always forbode a
Disgust 'twere not wise to disdain,
O luxurious brandy and soda,
Our Lady of Pain.

—HUGH HOWARD.

IF.

If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow—
If Thames would always glitter,
And joy would ne'er retreat,
If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
  Behind a fellow's chair,
When easy-going sinners,
  Sit down to Richmond dinners,
And life's sweet stream flows straighter—
  By Jove, it would be rare,
If care were not the waiter
  Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
  And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
  Through a convenient gateway,
Then down the year's long gradient
  'Twere sad to be enticed,
If wit were always radiant,
  And wine were always iced.

—MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE GARDEN OF CRITICISM.

Blunt beyond brute or Briton,
  Crowned with calm quills she stands,
Who gathers all things written,
  With cold unwriting hands.
Her pampered praise is sweeter
Than friends', who fear to greet her,
To poetlings that meet her
  From many schools and lands.

She waits for each and other,
  She will not heed their prayer,
That she was such another
  As those before her chair ;
Dazed with dim dreams of dollars,
Masters and slaves and scholars,
With dank and dubious collars,
  And sad superfluous hair.

To each she giveth sentence,
  To some, perchance, rewards,
Or rules to ripe repentance
  With snows of stern regards.
Before her Fame sinks shaken—
Pale poets tempest-taken,
Sweet Shakespeare boiled to Bacon,
  Red strays of ruined bards.

She is not sure of gleaning
  By threat, or call, or curse,
The curious crumbs of meaning
  That rugged rhymes may nurse
Sighing that song should canker
Her heart begins to hanker
For pages even blanker
  Than blank Byronic verse.

From too much love of Browning,
  From Tennyson she rose,
And sense in music drowning
  In sound she seeks repose.

Yet joys sometimes to know it,
And is not slow to show it,
That even the heavenliest poet
  Sinks somewhere safe to prose.

Then Rhyme shall rule o'er Reason,
  And Swinburne over Time,
And panting poets seize on
  Each continent and clime ;
Aching alliteration,
Infantine indignation,
Eternal iteration
  Wrapt in eternal rhyme.

—R. L. B.

TO THE CHESHIRE CAT.

Green eye-balls that gleam like a station,
  When the signals are lit for the night ;
Fierce whiskers and fierce exultation
  Of a grin full of feline delight ;
Swift questions and affable sallies,
  Dark answers that never make plain ;
And a form that fades wholly and rallies
      To vanish again.

Nine lives have thy brethren and sisters,
  But thy lives will be ninety times nine,
For thy genius is true gold that glisters,
  And thy rhymes shall be deathless as mine.

The right of thy race has grown hoary
On the symbols of kingship to gaze ;
Thou hast *grinned* at the crown and its glory,
And then gone thy ways.

O creature untamed, yet domestic !
O name that makes cheeses taste well !
O mirth fully mouthed and majestic,
Dost thou lodge in a dream or a dell ?
O purring and ponderous Presence !
O bright brindled birth of the years !
O pleasantest face in a pleasaunce,
Untarnished by tears !

Brief, brief is the pride of the Masher,
(For the Hare can it always be March ?)
And April will still be a splasher,
And vain are the splendours of starch.
In a region removed from these friskers,
Unruffled thou holdest thy reign ;
When the world has made wigs of thy whiskers,
Thy grin will remain.

The reigns of Aunt Sally and Croquet
Have passed and their titles sound sad ;
They are banished to lumber-rooms poky ;
New names make our girl-faces glad.
We have done with the masques that delighted
Our sires in the stalls of their youth ;
But we know that a joke once ignited
Is quenchless as truth.

The puns that were penned for a Robson
  Are pearls for a Terry to-day ;
They return as the numberless knobs on
  March boughs when the wind has his way.
Thou shalt stay with us longer than they do,
  Though the fads and the fashions fall brown,
When the sunflower has rest on its dado,
    And none laugh it down.

We prate of our rhyme and our reason,
  Thou art candid and cracked and content,
No word hast thou spoken in season ;
  Nor explained what thou ever hast meant.
O chief of a querulous quorum,
  When the last of the asses has passed
The planks of the Pons Asinorum,
    Thy smile shall still last.

Dost thou tell us secure in thy greenness,
  High up on thy free forest shelf,
" Take care of the sound, of its keenness ;
  And the sense will take care of itself " ?
That the bell must be more than the chiming,
  That the word must be more than the thought ;
And that reason must always be rhyming,
    At least that it ought ?

We shall learn how the baker counts dozens ;
  We shall learn whether day is not night ;
And our sisters, our aunts and our cousins,
  Why they like to be married in white ;

We shall learn if twice eight can make twenty,
We shall learn if the Thames will ignite,
And of all things conceivable, plenty
—And perfectly right.
—S. G. J., *The Student, Edinburgh.*

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN-TOWN.

Ay, 'twas here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
Atalanta did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply to my tenderest talk, "She had heard all that nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought
And the necklace and sash on,
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that the Empress had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my pearl of a Peri—
But, for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That "the place was so crowded and hot, and she couldn't abide that Dundreary."

Then I thought "'Tis for me
That she whines and she whimpers!"
And it soothed me to see

Those sensational simpers,
And I said "This is scrumptious!"—a phrase I had learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed "'Twill be said
I'm a fortunate fellow,
When the breakfast is spread,
When the topers are mellow,
When the foam of the bride-cake is white and the fierce orange-blossoms are yellow!"

O that languishing yawn!
O those eloquent eyes!
I was drunk with the dawn
Of a splendid surmise—
I was stung by a look, I was slain by a tear, by a tempest of sighs.

And I whispered "'Tis time!
Is not Love at its deepest?
Shall we squander Life's prime,
While thou waitest and weepest?
Let us settle it, License or Banns?—though undoubtedly Banns are the cheapest."

"Ah, my Hero!" said I,
"Let me be thy Leander!"
But I lost her reply—
Something ending with "gander"—
For the omnibus rattled so loud that no mortal could quite understand her.

—Lewis Carroll.

There is glee in the groves of the Galilean—
  The groves that were wont to be gray and glum—
And a sound goes forth to the dim Ægean,
  To Helen hopeless and Dido dumb—
The sound of a noise of a cab or carriage,
A rhythm of rapture, a mode of marriage.
Sing Hallelujah! Shout "Io Pæan!
  Hymen—O Hymen, behold they come."

What shall I sing to them? How shall I speak to them?
  Whose is the speech that a groom thinks good?
Oh! that awhile I might gabble in Greek to them—
  Gabble and gush and be understood,
Gush and glow and be understanded,
Apprehended and shaken-handed!
Yea, though a minute should seem a week to them,
  I would utter such words as I might or could!

For winter's coughs and cossets are over,
  And all the season of sniffs and snows,
The rheums that ravish lover from lover,
  The eyes that water, the nose that blows;
And time forgotten is not remembered,
And cards are wedded and cake dismembered,
And in the Abbey closed under cover
  Blooms and blossoms and breaks Love's rose.

Kissing the Heir, I saw him at my feet,
Wound round my finger, found him soft and sweet,

Made fast his feeble hands, dazzled his eyes,—
Like fishes' optics, no ways clear or wise.
With my best dresses made him find me fair—
Kissing the Heir!

Deep the resources drained by him and me,
Deep as Disraeli, or the deeper sea,
What wife could draw him thus for her and hers?
What charm have made him more for me disburse?—
Ah! if his guardian had not caught me there
Kissing the Heir!

—*The Hornet*, 1871.

Before the beginning of years,
There went to the making of man
Nine tailors with their shears,
A coupé and a tiger and span,
Umbrellas and neckties and canes,
An ulster,—a coat, and all that—
But the crowning glory remains,
His last best gift was his hat.

And the mad hatters took in hand
Skins of the beaver and felt,
And straw from the isthmus land,
And silk and black-bear's pelt:
And wrought with prophetic passion,
Designed on their newest plan,
They made in the height of fashion
The hat for the wearing of man.

BALLADE OF THE EIGHTS.

(*For those about to train.*)

The burden of hard training—eat away
Each morning at thy porridge and thy steak,
Cram down thy buttered eggs and whiting—yea,
Of marmalade unsparingly partake ;
Of port—a little, for thy stomach's sake
At night to wake thy strength and manly fire ;
Put from thee pipes and Wills his "Golden Flake."
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long journeys, when the coach
Runs on the bank with loud and wrathful cries,
And heaps thy head with heavy hard reproach,
Praying that Fate may overtake thine eyes
To their complete destruction in this wise :
"Bow ! when you finish, bring those hands up higher,
And as you're swinging [*language*] let them rise."
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much bumping—when the swing
Grows shorter than the swing of heretofore,
A burden without joy in quickening
Thy stroke from thirty-seven to two-score,
When those thou scornedst paddle on before,
And those thou mockedst at come nigh and nigher,
And curses reach thee from the further shore.
This is the end of every man's desire.

But when thy toil is over, take thy rest ;
And if thou hast a sweet and juicy briar,
Light it and cease from sadness, being blessed,
This is the end of every man's desire.

—*Punch*, 1894.

In stature the Manlet was dwarfish—
No burly big Blunderbore he :
And he wearily gazed on the crawfish
His Wifelet had dressed for his tea.
" Now reach me, sweet Atom, my gunlet,
And hurl the old shoelet for luck :
Let me hie to the bank of the runlet
And shoot thee a Duck ! "

She has reached him his minnikin gunlet :
She has hurled the old shoelet for luck :
She is busily baking a bunlet,
To welcome him home with his duck.
On he speeds, never wasting a wordlet,
Though thoughtlets cling closely as wax,
To the spot where the beautiful birdlet
So quietly quacks.

Where the Lobsterlet lurks and the Crablet
So slowly and creepily crawls :
Where the Dolphin's at home and the Dablet
Pays long ceremonious calls :
Where the Grublet is sought by the Froglet :
Where the Frog is pursued by the Duck :
Where the Ducklet is chased by the Doglet—
So runs the world's luck.

He has loaded with bullet and powder :
  His footfall is noiseless as air :
But the Voices grow louder and louder
  And bellow and bluster and blare.
They bristle before him and after,
  They flutter above and below,
Shrill shriekings of lubberly laughter,
    Weird wailings of woe !

They echo without him, within him :
  They thrill through his whiskers and beard :
Like a teetotum seeming to spin him,
  With sneers never hitherto sneered.
"Avengement," they cry, "on our Foelet !
  Let the Manikin weep for our wrongs !
Let us drench him from toplet to toelet
    With nursery-songs !

"He shall muse upon Hey ! Diddle ! Diddle !
  On the Cow that surmounted the Moon !
He shall rave of the Cat and the Fiddle,
  And the Dish that eloped with the Spoon :
And his soul shall be sad for the Spider,
  When Miss Muffet was sipping her whey,
That so tenderly sat down beside her,
    And scared her away !

"The music of Midsummer-madness
  Shall sting him with many a bite,
Till, in rapture of rollicking sadness,
  He shall groan with a gloomy delight :

He shall swathe him like mists of the morning,
In platitudes luscious and limp,
Such as deck, with a deathless adorning,
The Song of the Shrimp!

"When the Ducklet's dark doom is decided,
We will trundle him home in a trice:
And the banquet so plainly provided,
Shall round into rosebuds and rice:
In a blaze of pragmatic invention
He shall wrestle with Fate and shall reign:
But he has not a friend fit to mention,
So hit him again!"

He has shot it, the delicate darling!
And the Voices have ceased from their strife:
Not a whisper of sneering or snarling,
As he carries it home to his wife:
Then, cheerily champing the bunlet
His spouse was so skilful to bake,
He hies him once more to the runlet,
To fetch her the Drake!

—Lewis Carroll.

Miss C. Rossetti.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

My heart is like one asked to dine
Whose evening dress is up the spout,
My heart is like a man would be
Whose raging tooth is half pulled out,

My heart is like a howling swell,
Who boggles on his upper C ;
My heart is madder than all these—
My wife's mamma has come to tea.

Raise me a bump upon my crown,
Bang it till green in purple dies ;
Feed me on bombs and fulminates
And turncocks of a medium size.
Work me a suit in crimson apes,
And sky-blue beetles on the spree ;
Because the mother of my wife
Has come—and means to stay with me !

—*Judy.*

When I'm out dining, dearest,
Sit up not long for me ;
And if the wine do rack my head,
Let that not trouble thee :
Be a long glass on salver
With Schweppes and brandy set ;
This if thou wilt remember,
All else thou may'st forget.

I shall not shut the shutters,
Nor yet put up the chain ;
I shall not heed thy lecturing
On being late again :
My putting out the gaslight
Or not's an even bet ;
Haply I may remember,
Most likely may forget.

—*Judy.*

Ann Taylor.

THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY AN OUTCAST.

Who tucked me up in bed one night,
And cried, as she blew out the light
"Now, go to sleep, you little fright"?—
My Mother.

Who patted me upon the head,
And in the gruffest accent said:
"Get out, you oaf, and earn your bread"?—
My Father.

Who dropped on me a scalding tear,
Exclaiming, as she boxed my ear:
"The gallows is your doom, I fear"?—
My Sister.

Who gently asked me what I'd got,
And cried, while pocketing the lot:
"Be off, or else you'll get it hot"?—
My Brother.

Who with my locks would gently play,
And wrote me when she ran away:
"With such a fool I cannot stay"?—
My Wife.

Who stuck to me through thick and thin,
Then drew a bill and let me in,
Exclaiming: "What an ass you've been"?—
My Friend.

Who filled with tears my sorrow's cup,
By crying as she went to sup:
"Here, p'liceman lock this blackguard up"?—
My Aunt.

Who rescued me from out the dirt,
And said in accents harsh and curt,
"No more nor sixpence on this shirt"?—
My Uncle.

—*Judy.*

C. Wolfe.

THE BURIAL OF THE BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a frivolous note,
As the groom to the wedding we carried;
Not a jester discharged his farewell shot
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly that morning bright,
The leaves of our Prayer-books turning,
In the chancel's dimly religious light,
And tears in our eyelids burning.

No useless nosegay adorned his chest,
Not in chains but in laws we bound him;
And he looked like a bridegroom trying his best
To look used to the scene around him.

Few and small were the fees it cost,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the face of the lost
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hurried him home to be fed,
And tried our low spirits to rally,
That the weather looked very like squalls overhead
For the passage from Dover to Calais.

Lightly they'll talk of the bachelor gone,
And o'er his frail fondness upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck if they let him alone,
With his wife that the parson hath made him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we judged by the knocks which had now begun
That their cabby was rapidly tiring.

Slowly and sadly we led them down,
From the scene of his lame oratory ;
We told the four-wheeler to drive them to town,
And we left them alone in their glory.

—*Truth.*

Barry Cornwall.

Ride ! who rides
In a 'bus that taketh twelve insides ?
Ah ! who is this lady fine
That falls on this lap of mine ?

A lady is she,
As big as three,
I prefer her room to her company.

Smoke ! who smokes
To the great annoyance of other folks ?
Ah ! who is this snob so fine ?
A gent, Sirs ! a gent !
He comes with the noxious scent
Of tobacco, beer, and wine :
Far better that he
On the roof should be,
I prefer his room to his company.

—*Punch*, 1853.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE DYING VENDOR OF VEGETABLES TO HIS PALFREY OF JERUSALEM.

" Where art thou now ? Where art thou now ? my beautiful, my bold ;
And shall they take thee far away to green yards to be sold ?
O rather let them take the bed where now, alas, I lie,
Than seize on thee for debt or rent, my beautiful, my shy !

" They tell me they'll take care of thee—I know
what 'tis they mean,
A truss of hay in half a year, with thistle-tops
between.
O no! it shall not be thy fate, I'd rather, ere I'd
part,
Plunge deep, my mild and patient ass, this pitch-
fork in thy heart!

" Nay, do not turn aside thy nose and shake thine
honest ear,
Thy master's sense is wandering, but thou'st no
cause to fear;
But let me give thee one embrace, ere from the
world I go.
There! there! nay, do not shrink from me, my
terrified—my slow!

" Thou'st drawn with me, boy, many a year, the cart
along the streets:—
Put thine hoof on thy master's heart—thou feelest
how it beats!
But, oh! thine eyes benevolent, my anguished
feelings lull,
Farewell, my Jackass!—Oh, farewell—my beauti-
ful!—my dull!"

—*Punch*, 1843.

Lewis Carroll.

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY LOUISA CAROLINE.

N. B.—A *Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A *Husbandman* is a man in a low position of life, who supports himself by the use of the *plough.*

—*Johnson's Dictionary.*

The rain was raining cheerfully
As if it had been May,
The Senate-House appeared inside
Unusually gay;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done,
They wanted much to get away
To ride, or row, or run;
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep
Us here and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
In piles of blue and white,
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They could not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
  Beside these piles did stand ;
They wept like anything to see
  The work they had in hand :
"If this were only finished up,"
  Said they, "it would be grand ! "

"If seven D's, or seven C's,
  We gave to all the crowd,
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
  "That we could get them ploughed ? "
"I think so," said the Husbandman,
  "But pray don't talk so loud."

"Oh, Undergraduates ! come up,"
  The Vulture did beseech,
"And let us see if you can learn
  As well as we can teach ;
We cannot do with more than two,
  To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up
  And slowly took a seat ;
They knit their brows and bit their thumbs
  As if they found them sweet ;
And this was odd, because you know
  Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,
  "To talk of many things—

Of Accidence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings ;
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, Sir," the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do,"
"We thank you much," the Vulture said,
"Send up another two."

Two more came up and then two more,
And more and more and more ;
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor,
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

"I weep for you," the Vulture said,
"I deeply sympathize ! "
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

"I think," observed the Husbandman,
"We're getting on too quick ;
Are we not putting down the D's
A little bit too thick ? "
The Vulture said with much disgust,
"Their answers make me sick."

"Now, Undergraduates," he cried,
"Our fun is nearly done;
Will anybody else come up?"
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd ploughed them every one!
—A. C. HILTON.

Oscar Wilde.

MORE IMPRESSIONS.

BY OSCURO WILDGOOSE.

(*La Fuite des Oies.*)

To outer senses they are geese,
Dull drowsing by a weedy pool;
But try the impression trick. Cool! Cool!
Snow-slumbering sentinels of Peace!

Deep silence on the shadowy flood,
Save rare sharp stridence (*that means "quack"*),
Low amber light in Ariel track
Athwart the dun (*that means the mud*).

And suddenly subsides the sun,
Bulks mystic, ghostly, thrid the gloom,
(*That means the white geese waddling home*)
And darkness reigns! (*See how it's done?*)
—*Punch*, 1881.

O'Shaughnessy.

BLUE MOONSHINE.

BY O'PSHAWNESSY.

Mingled aye with fragrant yearnings,
  Throbbing in the mellow glow,
Glint the silvery spirit burnings,
  Pearly blandishments of woe.

Aye ! for ever and for ever,
  Whilst the love-lorn censers sweep,
Whilst the jasper winds dissever,
  Amber-like, the crystal deep.

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,
  Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,
Teach despairing crags to number
  Blue infinities of bliss ?

William Mee.

THE SONG OF THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND.

She's not what fancy painted her—
  I'm sadly taken in :
If some one else had won her, I
  Should not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round and shake my hand—
They tell me I am blest:
My case they do not understand—
I think that I know best.

They say she's fairest of the fair—
They drive me mad and madder.
What do they mean by it? I swear
I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?

Her taper fingers, it is true,
'Twere difficult to match:
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch?

—*Punch.*

Robert Southey.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak;
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;

Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

—LEWIS CARROLL.

SONGS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

O lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride.

MOTHER.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear
Sad songs were made so long ago, my dear?
This day I am to be a bride, you know,
Why sing sad songs were made so long ago?

CHILD.

O mother, lay your costly robes aside,
For you may never be another's bride.
That line I learned not in the old sad song.

MOTHER.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,
Play with the bridesmaids and be glad, my boy,
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD.

One father fondled me upon his knee.
One father is enough, alone, for me!

—C. LAMB.

Young gentlemen of England,
That only mind your ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
Young ladies try to please!
Give ear unto the Milliners,
And they will plainly show
How the waist must be laced,
By the Fashion-books to go.

She who'd attract attention
Must laugh at common sense,
For when one goes to choose a dress,
One mustn't mind expense;
Nor think how Pa will scold one,
Whene'er he comes to know
How he's let into debt,
By the Fashion-books to go.

What terrible privations
Young ladies must endure,
A lovely face and form of grace
From damage to secure?
Their appetites they must control,
Lest they too stout should grow,
And in vain strive and strain,
By the Fashion-books to go.

In days of bitter weather,
When winter doth enforce,
One cannot think of such a thing
As good thick boots, of course;
With instep undefended,
In rain and hail and snow,
All so bold one gets cold,
By the Fashion-books to go.

—*Punch*, 1846.

To catch a lover on the hip,
There's none like fair Babet-te!
You'd love to kiss her rosy lip,
But, ah! she'll never let 'ee!
Yet shall she wash my Sunday suit,
Tho' she my suit refuses,
For, oh! she washes far the best
Of all the blanchissooses!

For washing-day all round the year,
She ever sticks to one day;
She takes my linen Friday night,
And brings it back o' Monday!
When I bestow the lordly franc,
'Tis sweet to hear her "Thankee"—
She mends my hooks and darns my eyes,
And marks my pocky-hanky!

She calls the wandering button home,
However hard I cuss it;
She's good at collar and at cuff,
And truly great at gusset!

To catch a lover on the hip,
  There's none like fair Babet-te !
You'd love to kiss her rosy lip,
  But, ah ! she'll never let 'ee !
—HERMAN MERIVALE.

LOBSTER SALAD.

Take, take, lobsters and lettuces ;
Mind that they send you the fish that you order :
Take, take, a decent-sized salad-bowl,
One that's sufficiently deep in the border.
  Cut into many a slice
  All of the fish that's nice,
Place in the bowl with due neatness and order ;
  Then hard-boiled eggs you may
  Add in a neat array
All round the bowl, just by way of a border.

Take from the cellar of salt a proportion ;
Take from the castors both pepper and oil,
With vinegar, too—but a moderate portion—
Too much of acid your salad will spoil.
  Mix them together ;
  You need not mind whether
You blend them exactly in apple-pie order ;
  But when you've stirred away,
  Mix up the whole you may—
All but the eggs, which are used as a border.

Take, take, plenty of seasoning ;
A spoonful of parsley that's chopped in small pieces :
Though, though, the point will bear reasoning,
A small taste of onion the flavour increases.
As the sauce curdle may,
Should it ; the process stay,
Patiently do it again in due order :
For if you chance to spoil
Vinegar, eggs, and oil,
Still to proceed would on lunacy border.

—*Punch*, 1852.

THE GREAT KILT REFORM.

Oh, where, and oh, where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?
Oh, he's gone into the hospital with pains in every bone !
And it's oh ! in my heart, that I wish he'd breeks put on !

What clothes, oh, what clothes, did your Highland Laddie wear ?
Oh, his shoulders were well-covered, but his legs were left all bare ;
And it's oh ! how that part must have felt the wintry air !

Oh, why, and oh, why, was your Highland Lad not dressed ?
Oh, some people say with half his clothes a Highlander looks best ;
But it's oh ! in my heart, that I wish he'd wear the rest !

Suppose that his dress now your Highland Lad reform !
Oh ! I think 'twould be more decent and I know 'twould be more warm ;
And it's oh ! in my heart, how I wish he would reform !

Suppose and suppose that they make your Highland Lad
Wear decent coat and trousers 'stead of kilt and tartan plaid ?
Then it's oh ! in my heart, but just shouldn't I be glad !

Suppose and suppose that they keep the costume old ;
Oh ! this winter's so severe, I'm sure he'll catch his death of cold ;
And it's oh ! bless my heart ! how my Laddie would be sold !

—DIOGENES, 1854.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?
I'm going to be photographed, sir, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid ?
Yes, if you like it, she calmly said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

How do you live on it, my pretty maid ?
By selling my photos, she promptly said.

Then may I marry you, my pretty maid ?
If you've a title, perhaps—she said.

—*Punch*, 1878.

NEW SONG FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

Where are you going, Revolting Maid ?
As far as I may, fair Sir, she said.

Shall I go with you, Revolting Maid ?
You may follow—behind me, Sir ! she said.

What is your object, Revolting Maid ?
Emancipation, Sir ! she said.

Will you marry, Revolting Maid ?
Perhaps—on my own terms, Sir ! she said.

And what may those terms be, Revolting Maid ?
Absolute Liberty, Sir ! she said.

Then *I* sha'n't marry you, Revolting Maid !
Did anyone ask you, Sir ? she said.

—*Punch.*

THE TALE OF LORD LOVELL.

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key ;
His hat was wrecked and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperie.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell ?" she said;
"Oh, where have you been ?" said she :
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ash-barrel, pardie ?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said :
"And so late it cannot be ;
The clock struck one as I entered—
I heard it two times or three ;
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandmamma of the hoary head—
To anyone but me :
The door is not used to be opened
With a cigarette for a key."

—*Quips*, 1887.

The Pope he leads a happy life
Because he hasn't got a wife ;
And one to take he's not so flat,
He knows a trick worth two of that.
No shrill abuse his ear affrights
For stopping out too late at nights :
No curtain lectures damp his hopes ;
A happy lot must be the Pope's.

—Brough, 1848.

C. Kingsley.

Three fishers went gaily out into the north—
Out into the north ere the sun was high,
And they chuckled with glee as they sallied forth,
Resolved to capture the trout—or die.
For men will fish and men will lie,
About the fish they "caught on the fly,"
Their Sunday school lessons scorning.

Three fishers lay under the trees at noon,
And "blamed" the whole of the finny race,
For never a nibble touched fly or spoon,
And each sighed as he wet the hole in his face.
For men will fish and men will lie,
And the way they catch trout when nobody's nigh
Is something to tell—in the morning.

Three fishermen came into town at night,
And their speckled beauties were fair to see !
They talked of their sport with keen delight,
The envy of all the fraternity.

But men will fish and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they're sure to buy,
And never repeat in the morning.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27, 1885.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

They told him gently he was made
Of nicely tempered mud,
That man no lengthened part had played
Anterior to the flood.
'Twas all in vain ; he heeded not,
Referring plant and worm,
Fish, reptile, ape, and Hottentot,
To one primordial germ.

They asked him whether he could bear
To think his kind allied
To all those brutal forms which were
In structure Pithecoid ;
Whether he thought the apes and us
Homologous in form ;
He said Homo and Pithecus
Come from one common germ.

They called him "atheistical,"
"Sceptic" and "infidel."
They swore his doctrines without fail
Would plunge him into Hell.

But he, with proofs in no way lame
Made this deduction firm,
That all organic beings came
From one primordial germ.

That as for Noahchian flood,
'Twas long ago disproved,
That as for man being made of mud,
All by whom truth is loved,
Accept as fact, what, *malgré* strife,
Research tends to confirm—
That man, and everything with life,
Come from one common germ.

—*Tinsley's Magazine*, 1868.

A. A. Proctor.

THE LOST VOICE.

Seated at Church in the winter
I was frozen in every limb,
And the village choir shrieked wildly
Over a noisy hymn.

I know not what they were singing,
But while I was watching them
Our Curate began his sermon
With the sound of a slight "Ahem!"

It frightened the female portion
Like the storm which succeeds a calm,
Both maidens and matrons heard it
With a touch of inane alarm.

It told them of pain and sorrow,
Cough, cold, and neuralgic strife,
Bronchitis and influenza,
All aimed at our Curate's life.

It linked all perplexed diseases
Into one precious frame ;
They trembled with rage if a sceptic
Attempted to ask its name.

They have wrapped him in mustard plasters,
Stuffed him with food and wine,
They have fondled, caressed, and nursed him
With sympathy divine.

It may be that other Curates
Will preach in that Church to them,
Will there be every time, Good Heavens!
Such a fuss for a slight "Ahem"?

THE COLLEGE BED-MAKER'S SONG.

I make the butter fly, all in an hour ;
I put aside the preserves and cold meats,
Telling my master his cream has turned sour,
Hiding his pickles, purloining his sweets.

I never languish for husband or dower ;
I never sigh to see gyps at my feet ;
I make the butter fly all in an hour,
Taking it home for my Saturday treat.

—Sir G. O. Trevelyan.

The robe of other days has faded,
Its gloss has from it passed ;
For dust with little specks has shaded
The stuff too fine to last.
The robe of velvet made of cotton,
For wear much better pays ;
But, alas ! how shabby this I've got on,
The robe of other days !

The coat that is not worth a stiver,
An old and worn-out thing,
When touched with black and blue revivers,
Like a new one up will spring.
You may dye the coat of one that's needy,
Of stuff as coarse as baize ;
But the robe is done for when 'tis seedy,
The robe of other days.

GILBERT A. À BECKETT.

THE BEADLE'S DREAM.

I had a beat whereon the laziest brute
Might find repose,
A pound a week and every year a suit
Of brand-new clothes ;
A brass-nobbed cane, a hat with gold-lace band
Of breadth extreme,
A coat whose capes were numerous and grand.
It was a dream.