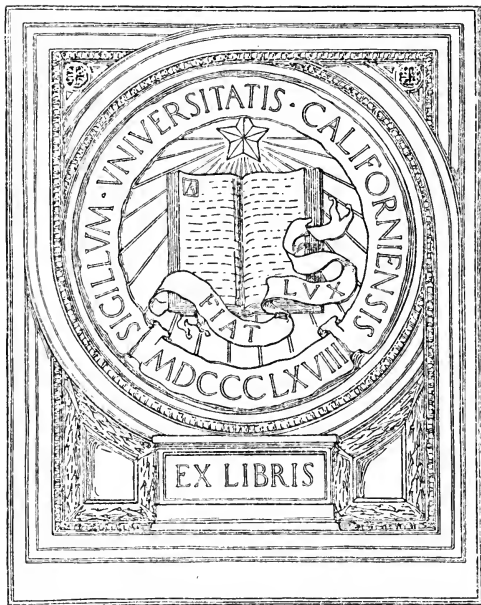


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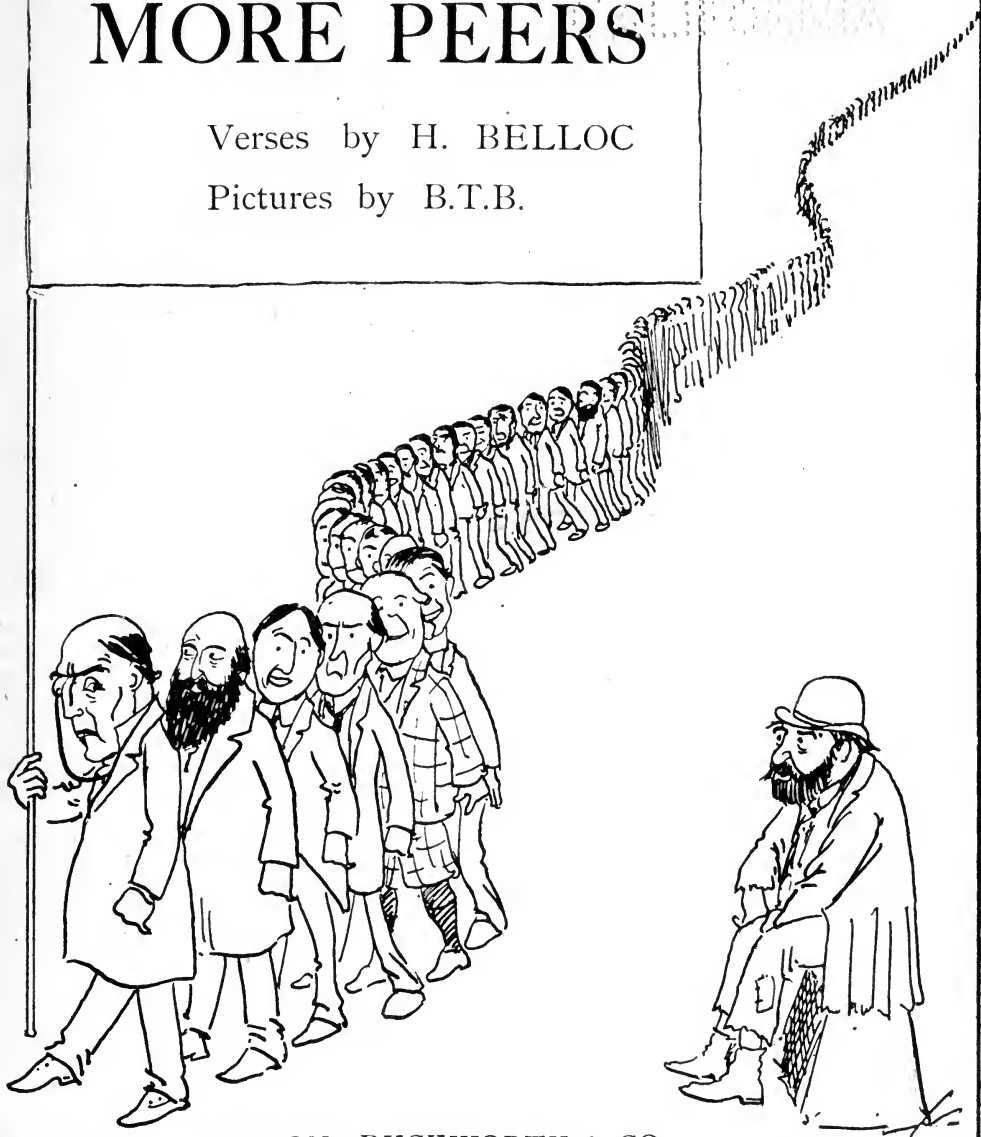
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# MORE PEERS

Verses by H. BELLOC

Pictures by B.T.B.



LONDON: DUCKWORTH & CO.

1912

TO THE  
ADMIRALTY

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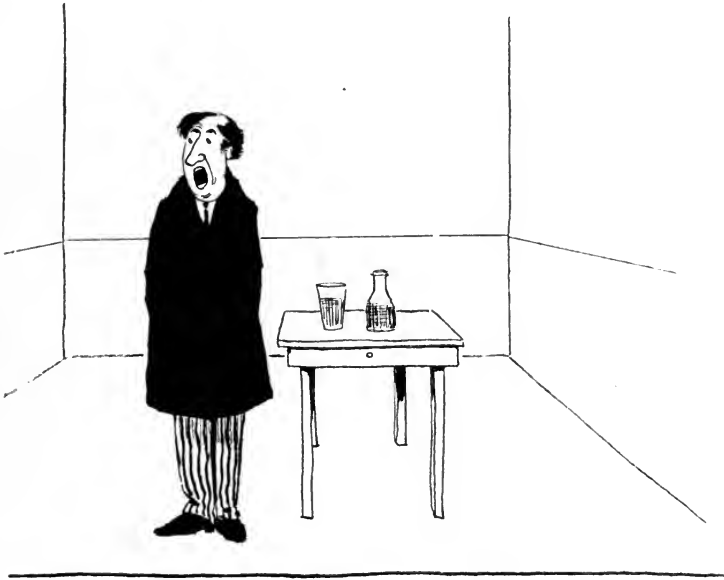


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# Lord Roehampton



During a late election Lord  
Roehampton strained a vocal chord  
From shouting, very loud and high,  
To lots and lots of people why  
The Budget in his own opin-  
-ion should not be allowed to win.

He



sought a Specialist, who said:  
“You have a swelling in the head:  
Your Larynx is a thought relaxed  
And you are greatly over-taxed.”

“ I am indeed! On every side!”  
The Earl (for such he was) replied



In hoarse excitement. . . . “Oh! My Lord,  
You jeopardize your vocal chord!”  
Broke in the worthy Specialist.  
“Come! Here’s the treatment! I insist!  
To Bed! to Bed! And do not speak  
A single word till Wednesday week,  
When I will come and set you free  
(If you are cured) and take my fee.”

On Wednesday week the Doctor hires  
 A Brand-new Car with Brand-new Tyres  
 And Brand-new Chauffeur all complete  
 For visiting South Audley Street.

\* \* \* \* \*

But what is this? No Union Jack  
 Floats on the Stables at the back!  
 No Toffs escorting Ladies fair  
 Perambulate the Gay Parterre.  
 A 'Scutcheon hanging lozenge-wise  
 And draped in crape appals his eyes  
 Upon the mansion's ample door,  
 To which he wades through



heaps of Straw,\*

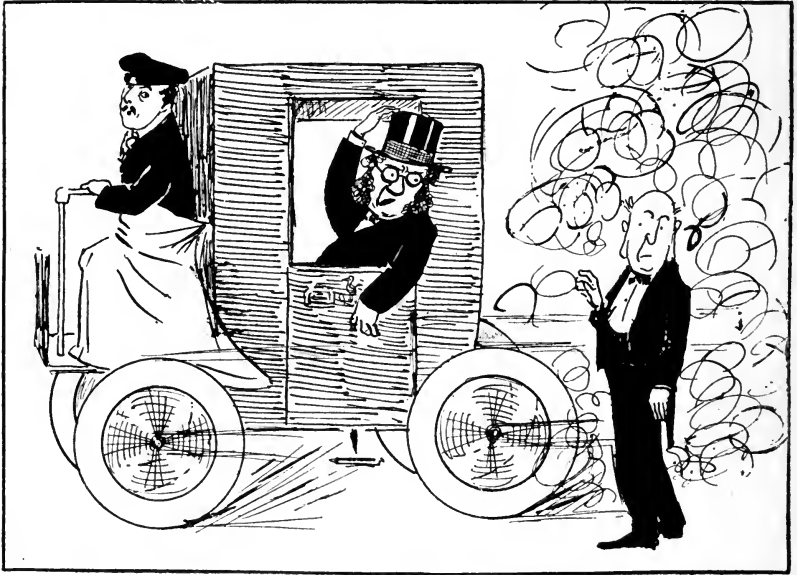
And which a Butler

\* This is the first and only time  
 That I have used this sort of Rhyme.



drowned in tears,  
On opening but confirms his fears:  
“Oh! Sir!—Prepare to hear the worst! . . .  
Last night my kind old master burst.  
And what is more, I doubt if he  
Has left enough to pay your fee.  
The Budget——”

With a dreadful oath,  
The Specialist,



denouncing both  
The Budget *and* the House of Lords,  
Buzzed angrily Bayswaterwards.

---

And ever since, as I am told,  
Gets it beforehand ; and in gold.



# Lord Calvin

Lord Calvin thought the Bishops should not sit  
As Peers of Parliament.



And *argued* it!  
In spite of which, for years, and years, and years,  
They went on sitting with their fellow-peers.

# Lord Henry Chase

What happened to Lord Henry Chase?  
He got into a

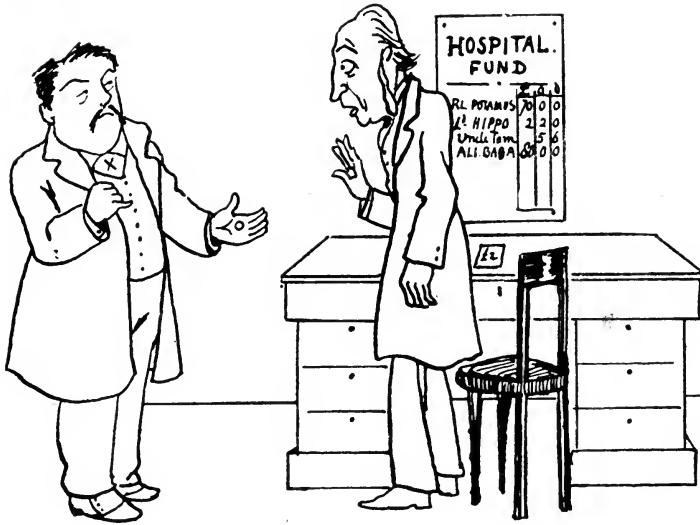


Libel Case!

*The Daily Howl* had said that he—  
But could not prove it perfectly  
To Judge or Jury's satisfaction:  
His Lordship, therefore,

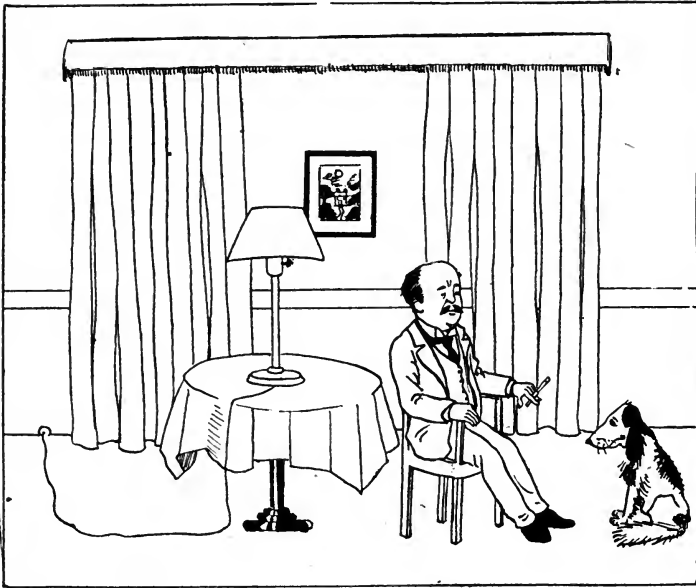


won the action.  
But, as the damages were small,



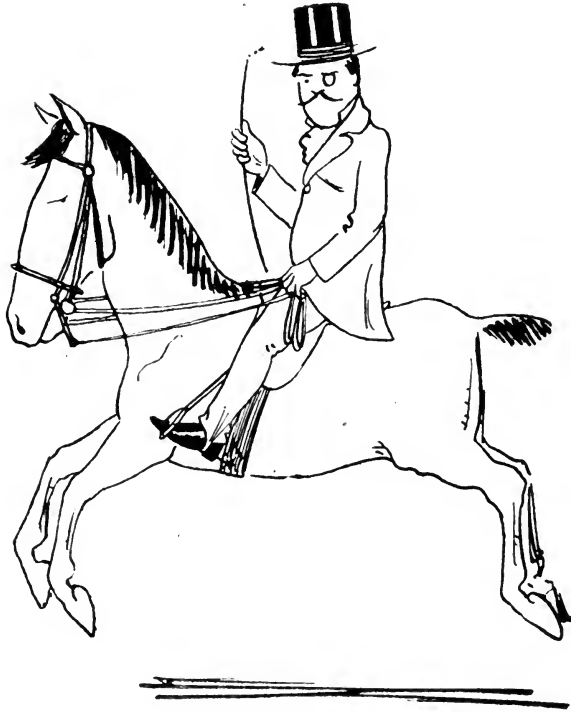
He gave them to a Hospital.

# Lord Heygate



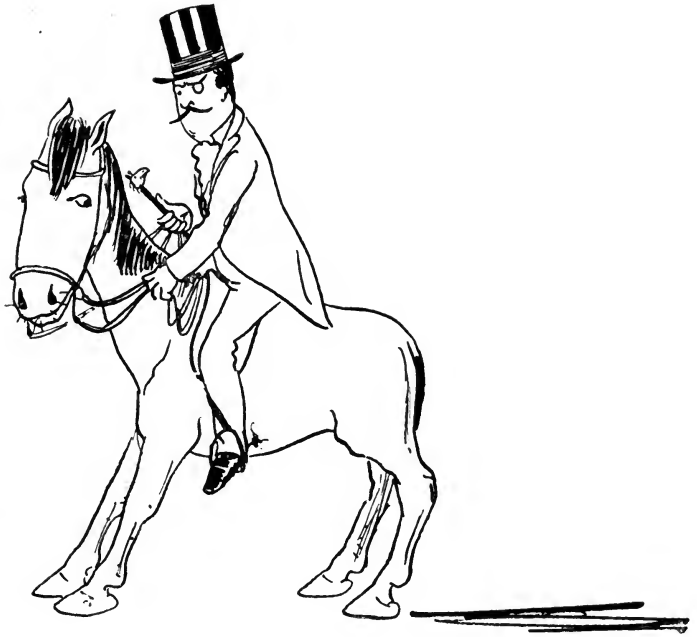
LORD HEYGATE had a troubled face,  
His furniture was commonplace—  
The sort of Peer who well might pass  
For someone of the middle class.  
I do not think you want to hear  
About this unimportant Peer,  
So let us leave him to discourse  
About LORD EPSOM and his horse.

# Lord Epsom



A Horse, Lord Epsom did bestride  
With mastery and quiet pride.  
He dug his spurs into its hide.

The Horse,



discerning it was pricked,

Incontinently



bucked and kicked,  
A thing that no one could predict !

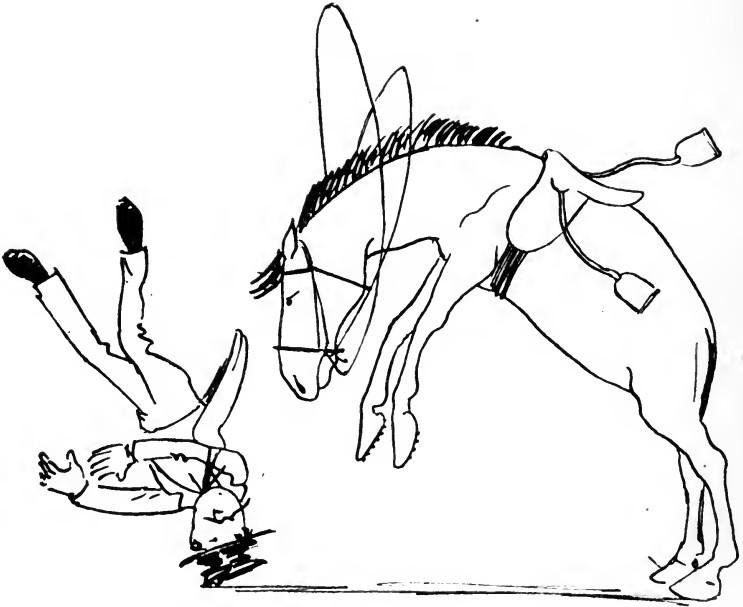
Lord Epsom clearly understood  
The High-bred creature's nervous mood,

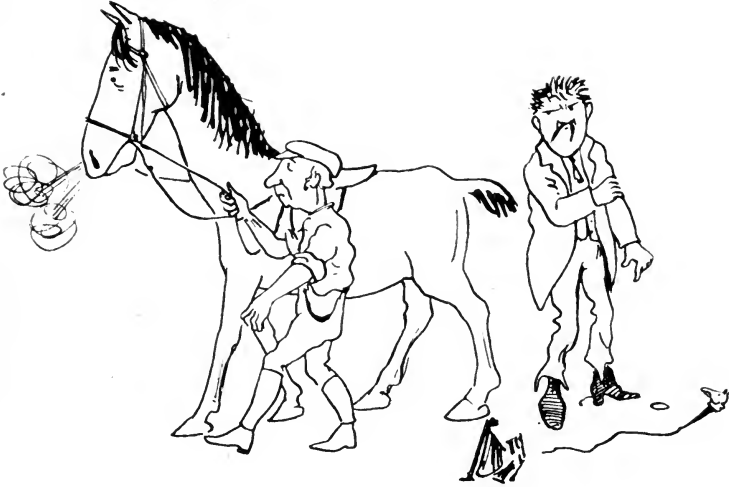




As only such a horseman could.

Dismounting,





he was heard to say  
 That it was kinder to delay  
 His pleasure to a future day

---

He had the Hunter led away.

# Lord Finchley



Lord Finchley tried to mend the Electric Light Himself.



It struck him dead : And serve him right !  
It is the business of the wealthy man  
To give employment to the artisan,

# Lord Ali-Baba

Lord Ali-Baba was a Turk  
Who hated every kind of work,  
And would repose for hours at ease  
With

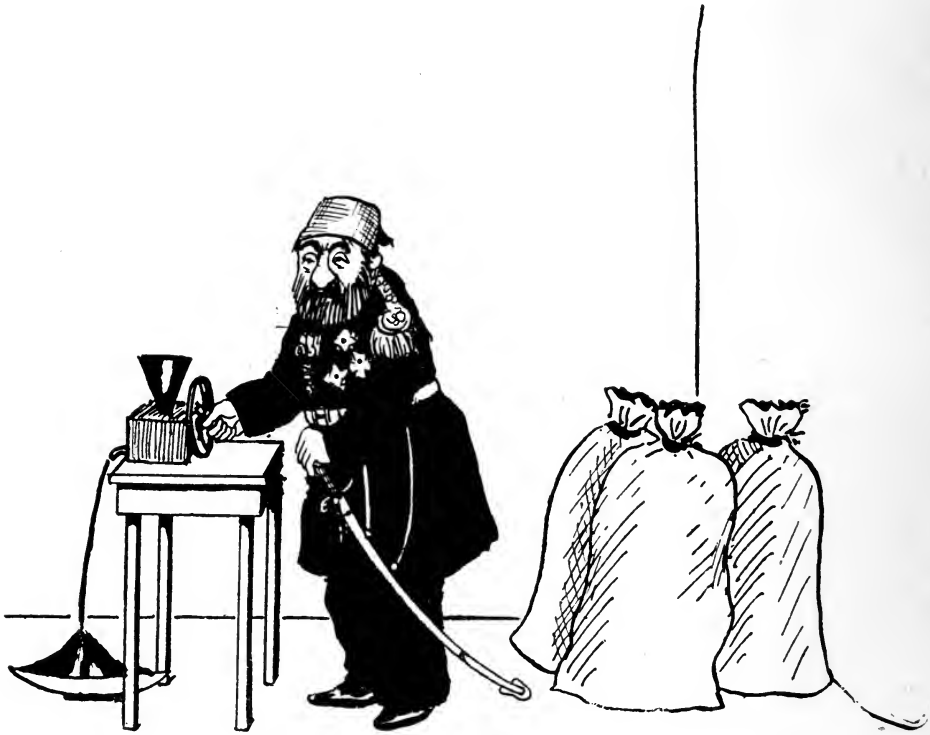


Hours seated on his knees.  
A happy life!—Until, one day



Mossoo Alphonse Effendi Bey  
(A Younger Turk: the very cream  
And essence of the New Regime)  
Dispelled this Oriental dream  
By granting him a place at Court,

High Coffee-grinder to the Porte,  
Unpaid :—

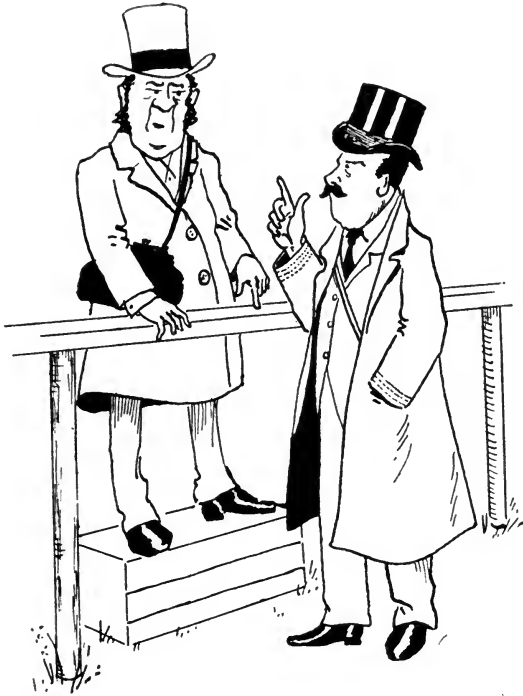


In which exalted Post  
His Lordship yielded up the ghost.



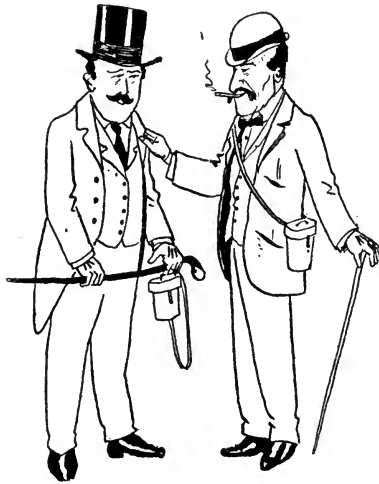
# Lord Hippo

Lord Hippo suffered fearful loss



By putting money on a horse  
Which he believed, if it were pressed,  
Would run far faster than the rest :  
For

someone who was in the know



Had confidently told him so.

But

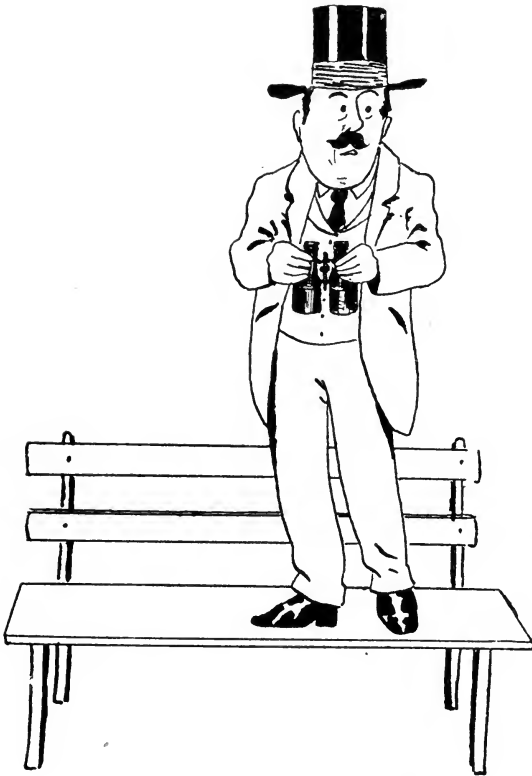


on the morning of the race

It only took

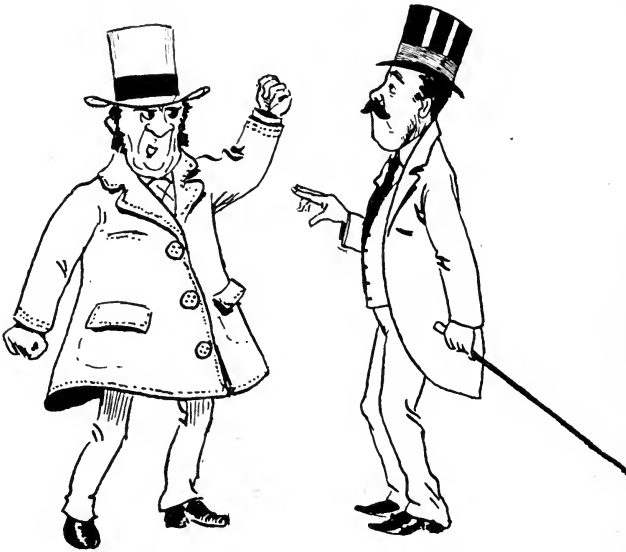


the *seventh* place !



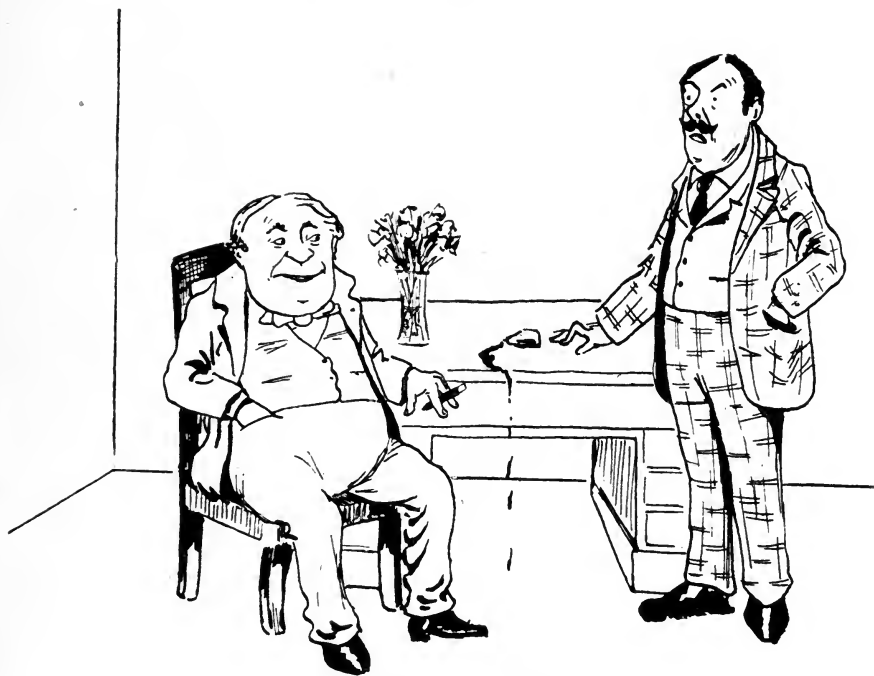
Picture the Viscount's great surprise !  
He scarcely could believe his eyes !

He sought the Individual who  
Had laid him odds at 9 to 2,  
Suggesting as a useful tip  
That they should enter Partnership  
And put to joint account the debt  
Arising from his foolish bet.



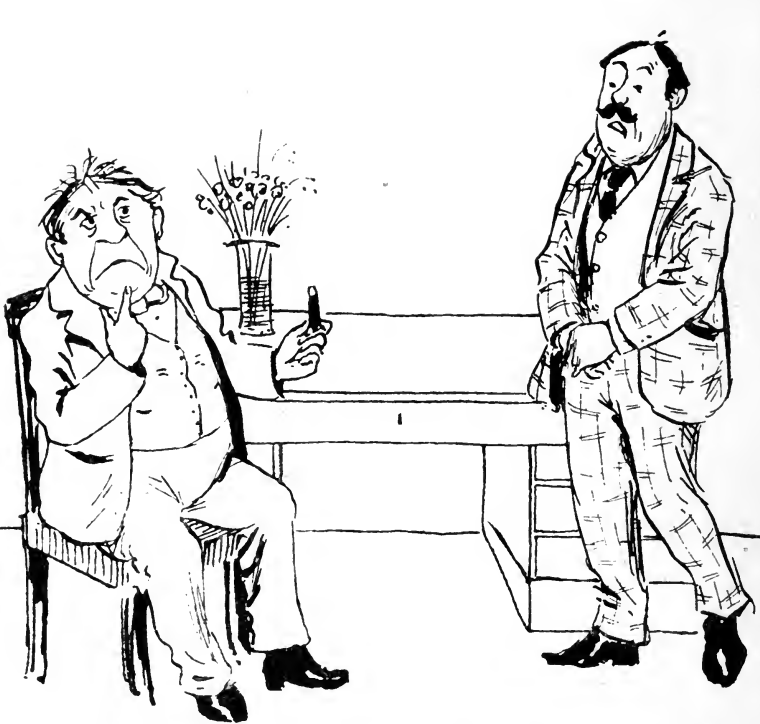
But when the Bookie—oh! my word,  
I only wish you could have heard  
The way he roared he did not think,  
And hoped that they might strike him pink!  
Lord Hippo simply turned and ran  
From this infuriated man.

Despairing, maddened and distraught  
He utterly collapsed and sought  
His sire,



the Earl of Potamus,  
And brokenly addressed him thus :  
“Dread Sire—to-day—at Ascot—I . . .”  
His genial parent made reply :  
Come! Come! Come! Come! Don't look so glum!  
Trust your Papa and name the sum. . . .

WHAT ?



. . . *Fifteen hundred thousand?* . . . Hum !  
 However . . . stiffen up, you wreck ;  
 Boys will be boys—so here's the cheque !”  
 Lord Hippo, feeling deeply—well,  
 More grateful than he cared to tell—  
 Punted the lot on Little Nell :—  
 And got a telegram at dinner  
 To say



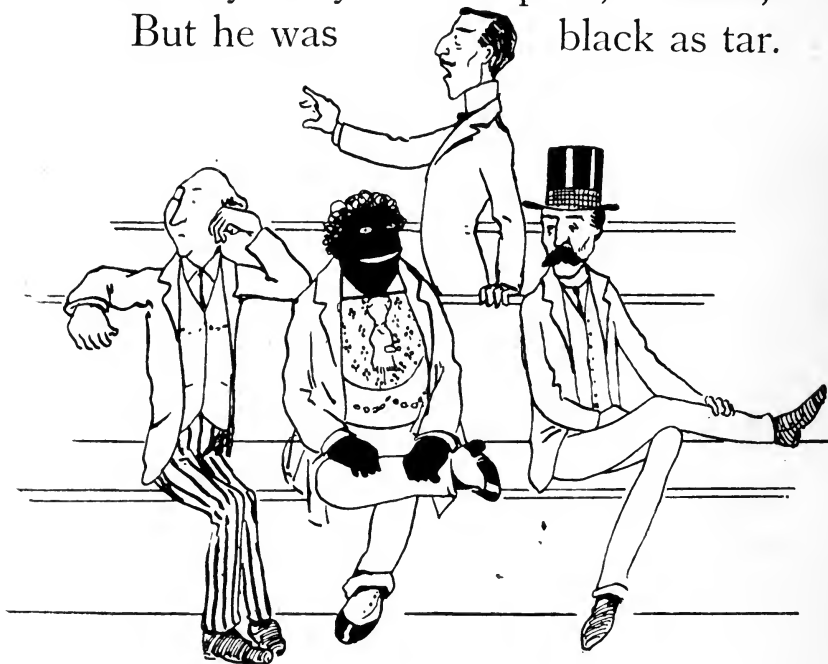


that he had backed the Winner !

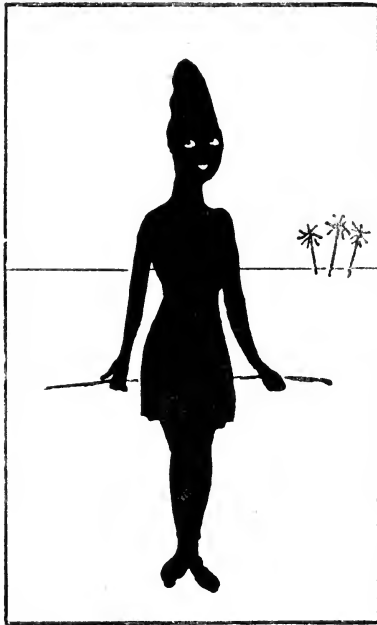
# Lord Uncle Tom

Lord Uncle Tom was different from  
What other nobles are.

For they are yellow or pink, I think,  
But he was black as tar.



He had his Father's debonair  
And rather easy pride :  
But his complexion and his hair



Were from the mother's side.

He often mingled in debate  
And latterly displayed

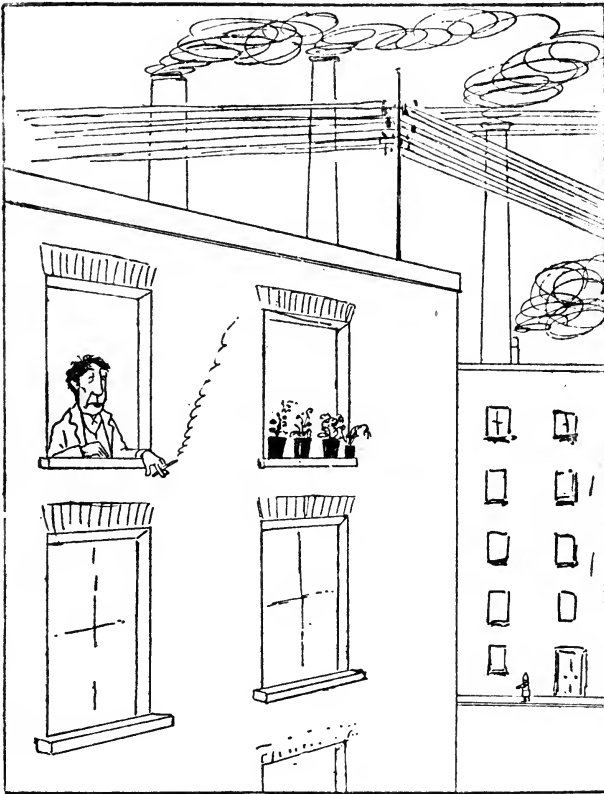


Experience of peculiar weight  
Upon the Cocoa-trade.

But now He speaks no more. The BILL  
Which he could not abide,  
It preyed upon his mind until  
He sickened, paled, and died.

# Lord Lucky

Lord Lucky, by a curious fluke,  
Became a most important duke.  
From living in a vile Hotel



A long way east of Camberwell

He rose, in less than half an hour,  
To riches, dignity and power.  
It happened in the following way :—  
The Real Duke went out one day  
To shoot with several people, one



Of whom had never used a gun.  
This gentleman (a Mr. Meyer  
Of Rabley Abbey, Rutlandshire),  
As he was scrambling through the brake,



Discharged his weapon by mistake,  
And plugged about an ounce of lead  
Piff-bang into his Grace's Head——  
Who naturally fell down dead,

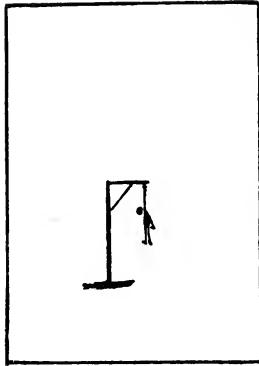
His heir, Lord Ugly, roared, "You Brute!



Take that to teach you how to shoot!"  
 Whereat he volleyed, left and right;  
 But being somewhat short of sight,  
 His right-hand Barrel only got  
 The second heir, Lord Poddleplot;  
 The while the left-hand charge (or choke)  
 Accounted for another bloke,  
 Who stood with an astounded air  
 Bewildered by the whole affair  
 —And was the third remaining heir.



After the



Execution (which  
Is something rare among the Rich)  
Lord Lucky, while of course he needed

Some



help to prove their claim,  
succeeded.  
—But after his succession, though  
All this was over years ago,  
He only once indulged the whim  
Of asking Meyer to lunch with him.

# Lord Canton

The reason that



the Present Lord Canton  
Succeeded lately to his Brother John  
Was that his Brother John, the elder son,  
Died rather suddenly at forty-one.

## The insolence of an Italian guide



Appears to be the reason that he died.

## Lord Abbott

Lord Abbott's coronet was far too small,  
So small, that as he sauntered down White Hall  
Even the youthful Proletariat  
(Who probably mistook it for a Hat)  
Remarked on its exiguous extent.



Here is a picture of the incident.









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