

A-89998

2/3/96

Cornell University Library
PR 4883.L2C3 1874

Carols of Cockayne.



3 1924 013 515 956

olin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.

BY

HENRY S. LEIGH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CONCANEN.



THE THIRD EDITION.

London:

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

1874.

G

MW

A. 89998

TO
TOM HOOD, ESQ^{R E.},

THESE VERSES ARE

Dedicated

BY

HIS FRIEND AND WORKFELLOW,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.



THE following trifles have already made their appearance in various periodicals. The limit of their pretension is obvious from their individual brevity and collective title; with few exceptions, they were intended simply as drawing-room songs. Without aspiring to the high level of the days when Praed, Bayly, Hood, Fitzgerald, Theodore Hook, and the two Smiths wrote for music, may I flatter myself that these Carols are at least equal in point of taste (if not in point of humour) to certain light and lively ballads that are at present popular through the medium of the music-halls?

	PAGE
A NURSERY LEGEND,	37
AN ALLEGORY,	39
OVER THE WATER,	41
AN UNAPPRECIATED CRICHTON,	44
ONLY SEVEN,	47
SEE-SAW,	49
A WILD HUNT,	51
A VERY COMMON CHILD,	55
CROOKED ANSWERS—	
1. VERE DE VERE,	58
2. MAUD,	60
A BEGGING LETTER,	62
A COCKNEY'S EVENING SONG,	65
ROMANTIC RECOLLECTIONS,	67
THE MAD GRANDPAPA,	70
SHÁBBY-GENTEEL,	73
CUPID'S MAMMÀ,	75
THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL,	77
LAYS OF MANY LANDS—	
1. COSSIMBAZAR,	79
2. SARAGOSSA,	81
3. CLARÈNS,	82
4. VENICE,	84

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
THE SEASONS,	85
BROKEN VOWS,	87
WHERE—AND OH! WHERE?	89
A FIT OF THE BLUES,	91
ROTTEN ROW,	93
A LAST RESOURCE,	95
WEATHERBOUND IN THE SUBURBS,	99
MIDAS,	101
TO A TIMID LEECH,	103
ANACREONTIC,	105
A CHILD'S TWILIGHT,	107
THE HOUSE ON THE TOP OF A HILL,	109
MEN I DISLIKE,	111
NOT QUITE FAIR,	113
WISDOM AND WATER,	114
'T WAS EVER THUS,	116
MY SONG,	117
BOW BELLS,	119
THE PLOT OF A ROMANCE,	122
THE SUBJECTS OF SONG,	124
AN OLD CYNIC,	126
THE NIGHTINGALE,	129
TO MY BRAIN,	132

	PAGE
WANTED, A SINGER,	133
ANTICIPATIONS,	135
THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES,	137
THE OLD WAG,	140
ETIQUETTE,	142
A PLAIN ANSWER,	145
IN A HUNDRED YEARS,	147
EVENING,	148
MY POLITICS,	150
THE MISERIES OF GENIUS,	152
A DAY FOR WISHING,	155
THE DILIGENCE DRIVER,	157
THE BALLAD OF THE BARYTONE,	159
SONGS OF THE SICK ROOM—	
1. COD LIVER OIL,	161
2. NIGHT AND MORNING,	162
3. GENERAL DEBILITY,	163
THE COMPACT,	165
THE VISION OF THE ALDERMAN,	169
EVENING DRESS,	172
WINE,	175
MY ULTIMATUM,	177
ALL ALONE,	179

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
"OH NIGHTS AND SUPPERS," ETC.,	181
THE WEATHER,	183
' ON CORPULENCE,"	185
THE MOONLIGHT SONATA,	188
OCCASIONAL VERSES—	
CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE,	195
TO A CERTAIN SOMEBODY,	199
THE LORD MAYOR'S APOTHEOSIS,	202
THE END OF AN OLD YEAR,	205



CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.



THE TWINS.



N form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reach'd an awful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being wash'd by nurse,
We got completely mix'd.

And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
 (Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christen'd *me*,
 And I got christen'd *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
 My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogg'd—
 For John turn'd out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
 To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were *me*,
 To prove that you were *you* ?

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
 Of my domestic life ;
For somehow my intended bride
 Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
 Absurd mistakes went on ;
And when I died—the neighbours came
 And buried brother John !

(Published with music by Messrs Cramer.)

UN PAS QUI COÛTE.

I 'VE a genius or a talent—I perceive it pretty clearly
 In pursuing an ambition or in climbing up a tree—
 For never *quite* attaining, but attaining *very nearly*
 To my aspiration's altitude, whatever it may be.
 'Tis a faculty that haunts me with an obstinate persistence,
 For I felt it in my boyhood, and I feel it in my prime,—
 All the efforts and endeavours I have made in my existence
 Have invariably ended “but a step from the sublime.”

As a boy I made a tender of my tenderest affection,
 In a lovely little sonnet to the fairest of the fair :
 (Though nothing but a youngster, I 've preserved the recollection
 Of her tyranny, her beauty, and the way she did her hair.)
 She was married, I remember, to a person in the City,—
 I consider'd him remarkably obtrusive at the time ;
 So I quitted my enslaver with a lofty look of pity,
 For I felt my situation “but a step from the sublime.”

Being confident that Cupid was a little gay deceiver,
 I forgot my disappointment in a struggle after Fame ;
 I had caught the rage of writing as a child may catch a fever,
 So I took to making verses as a way to make a name.

When I publish'd a collection of my efforts as a writer—
 With a minimum of reason and a maximum of rhyme—
 I am proud to say that nobody could well have been politer
 Than the critics, for they call'd it "but a step from the
 sublime."

I was laudably ambitious to extend my reputation,
 And I plann'd a pretty novel on a pretty novel plan;
 I would make it independent both of sin and of "sensation,"
 And my villain should be pictured as a persecuted man.
 For your BULWERS and your BRADDONS and your COLLINSES
 may grovel
 In an atmosphere of horror and a wilderness of crime;
 Twas for *me* to controvert them, and I did so in a novel
 Which was commonly consider'd "but a step from the
 sublime."

I have master'd metaphysics—I have mounted on the pinions
 Both of Painting and of Music—and I rather think I know
 Ev'ry nook and ev'ry corner of Apollo's whole dominions,
 From the top of Mount Parnassus down to Paternoster Row.
 I have had my little failures, I have had my great successes—
 And Parnassus, I assure you, is a weary hill to climb :
 But the lowest and the meanest of my enemies confesses
 That he very often thinks me "but a step from the sublime.

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

A LECTURE ON ELOCUTION.



YOU have read how Demosthenes walk'd
 on the beach,
 With his mouth full of pebbles, rehears-
 ing a speech—
 Till the shell-fish and sea-gulls pro-
 nounced him a bore,
 And the sea met his gravest remarks
 with a roar.

In fact, if you ever learnt Greek, you 'll confess
 That it's hardly the right kind of tongue to impress
 An intelligent lobster or well-inform'd crab,
 With the deepest respect for the Gift of the Gab.

Still Eloquence gives men a wonderful power,
And it often strikes me, after sitting an hour
At a lecture on something I don't understand,
That the Gift of the Gab is decidedly grand.
Indeed, I am frequently heard to declare,
If the Queen of the Fairies would answer my prayer,
I should instantly drop on my knees to Queen Mab,
Crying, Grant me, oh grant me, the Gift of the Gab.

If you 'd hear the true summit of Eloquence reach'd
Go to church when a charity-sermon is preach'd ;
Where, with hands in his pockets and tears in his eyes,
Ev'ry soft-hearted sinner contributes and cries.
I think, if you look in the plate, you'll opine
That the sermon you heard was uncommonly fine,
And that ev'ry Oxonian and ev'ry Cantab
Ought to cultivate early the Gift of the Gab.

But it's after a dinner at Freemasons' Hall
That the orator's talent shines brightest of all ;
When his eye becomes glazed and his voice becomes thick,
And he's had so much hock he can only say *hic!*
So the company leave him to slumber and snore
Till he's put in a hat and convey'd to the door ;

And he finds, upon reaching his home in a cab,
That his wife rather shines in the Gift of the Gab.

Then there's Gab in the senate and Gab at the bar,
But I fear their description would lead me too far ;
And (last but not least) there is Gab on the stage,
Which I couldn't exhaust if I sang for an age
But, if there are matters that puzzle you still,
You may take up an *Enfield* and go through a drill,
Which will teach you much more than a hurried confab
With regard to that art call'd the Gift of the Gab.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

LONG, long ago I had an aunt
Who took me to the play :
An act of kindness that I shan't
Forget for many a day.
I was a youngster at the time,
Just verging on my teens,
And fancied that it must be "prime"
To go *behind the scenes*.

I ventured to express the same
In quite a candid way,
And shock'd my aunt—a sober dame,
Though partial to the play.

'Twas just the moment when Macbeth
 (Whose voice resembled Kean's)
Had finished planning Duncan's death,
 And rushed *behind the scenes*.

I recollect that evening yet,
 And how my aunt was grieved ;
And, oh ! I never shall forget
 The lecture I received.
It threw a light upon the class
 Of knowledge that one gleans
By being privileged to pass
 His time *behind the scenes*.

The Heroine I worshipp'd then
 Was fifty, I should think ;
My Lord the commonest of men,
 My Lover fond of drink.
The Fairies I believed so fair
 Were not by any means
The kind of people one would care
 To meet *behind the scenes*.

I cannot boast that I enjoy
The stage-illusion still ;
I 'm growing far too old a boy
To laugh or cry at will.
But I can cast a critic's eye
On mimic kings and queens,
And nothing ever makes me sigh
To get *behind the scenes*.

Ah ! shallow boastings—false regrets !
The world is but a stage
Where Man, poor player, struts and frets
From infancy to age ;
And then leaps blindly, in a breath,
The space that intervenes
Between our stage-career and Death,
Who lurks *behind the scenes* !



“ WITH MUSICAL SOCIETY.”



LOOK'D for lodgings, long ago,
 Away from London's fogs and
 fusses ;
 A rustic Paradise, you know,
 Within a walk of trains or 'busses.
 I made my choice, and settled down
 In such a lovely situation !—
 About a dozen miles from town,
 And very near a railway-station.

Within my pastoral retreat
 No creditor, no care intruded ;
 My happiness was quite complete
 (The “ comforts of a home ” included).

I found the landlord most polite,
His wife, if possible, politer ;—
Their two accomplish'd daughters quite
Electrified the present writer.

A nicer girl than Fanny Lisle
To sing a die-away duet with,
(Say something in the Verdi style,)
Upon my life I never met with.
And yet I waver'd in my choice ;
For I believe I'm right in saying
That nothing equall'd Fanny's voice,
Unless it was Maria's playing.

If music be the food of Love,
That was the house for Cupid's diet ;
Those two melodious girls, by Jove,
Were never for an instant quiet.
I own that Fanny's voice was sweet,
I own Maria's touch was pearly ;
But music's not at all a treat
For those who get it late and early.

The charms that soothe a savage breast
Have got a *vice versa* fashion
Of putting folks who have the best
Of tempers in an awful passion :
And, when it reach'd a certain stage,
I must confess I couldn't stand it.
I positively swore with rage
And stamp'd and scowl'd like any bandit.

I paid my rent on quarter-day ;
Pack'd up my luggage in a hurry,
And, quick as lightning, fled away
To other lodgings down in Surrey.
I'm fairly warn'd—and not in vain ;
For one resolve that I have made is—
Not to be domiciled again
With any musical young ladies.



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I N the twilight of November's
Afternoons I like to sit,
Finding fancies in the embers
Long before my lamp is lit ;
Calling Memory up and linking
Bygone day to distant scene ;
Then, with feet on fender, thinking
Of the things that might have been.

Cradles, wedding-rings, and hatchments
Glow alternate in the fire.
Early loves and late attachments
Blaze a second—and expire.
With a moderate persistence
One may soon contrive to glean
Matters for a mock existence.
From the things that might have been.

Handsome, amiable, and clever—
With a fortune and a wife ;—
So I make my start whenever
I would build the fancy life.
After all my bright ideal,
What a gulf there is between
Things that are, alas ! too real,
And the things that might have been.

Often thus, alone and moody,
Do I act my little play—
Like a ghostly Punch and Judy,
Where the dolls are grave and gay—
Till my lamplight comes and flashes
On the phantoms I have seen,
Leaving nothing but the ashes
Of the things that might have been.



THE OLYMPIC BALL.



T'S a classical fact very few know
 (If any one knows it at all),
 That Jove once prevail'd upon Juno
 To issue her cards for a ball.

Olympus, of course, was delighted ;
 The notion was charming—so
 new !

And the whole of the gods were
 invited,

The whole of the goddesses too ;

Including a few lucky mortals,

Especially well known to fame,

(For Olympus ne'er open'd its portals,

Except to the *crème de la crème*.)

At eleven the guests were arriving,

All drest up remarkably grand ;

At midnight Apollo came driving

Full pelt, in a neat four-in-hand !

In passing Parnassus he'd popp'd in,
And brought on the Muses inside;
Minerva soor. afterwards dropp'd in,
And Vulcan, escorting his bride.
Lovely Venus was quite condescending,
(But chroniclers freely confess,
She was not in the habit of spending
Extravagant sums upon dress.)

The ball-room, one couldn't help feeling,
Was got up regardless of cost ;
And the satyrs and nymphs on the ceiling
Were worthy of ETTY or Frost.
The band that was hir'd for the dancers
(The best they could possibly get)
Look'd down with disdain on the "Lancers,"
And stuck to the "Court Minuet."
Young Ganymede carried round ices,
And Hebe (a pert-looking minx)
Cut the pineapple up into slices,
While Bacchus took charge of the drinks.

Terpsichore danced like a feather ;
In fact, the spectators agreed

That she and young Zephyr together
 Made very good partners indeed.
Then Momus began to grow witty ;
 The Graces oblig'd with a glee ;
While Pan sang a pastoral ditty,
 And Neptune a song of the sea !
Minerva sat pompously boring
 The Muses with blue-stocking talk ;
And Bacchus was put to bed snoring,
 Completely unable to walk.

An hour before daylight was shining
 The prudish Diana had flown
To the spot where Endymion was pining
 To meet her by moonlight alone.
The next to depart was Apollo,
 Who leapt on his chariot at seven :
No eye in Olympus could follow
 The track of his coursers through heaven !
The lamps were beginning to burn out,
 And sunshine was flooding the hall,
When the last who thought proper to turn out
 Drove homeward from Jupiter's ball.

THE TWO AGES.

FOLKS were happy as days were long
 In the old Arcadian times ;
 When Life seem'd only a dance and song
 In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
 Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
 As the pitiless years have roll'd,
 We 've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
 And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
 Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
 In the nineteenth century lambs at play
 Mean mutton, and nothing more.
 Our swains at present are far too sage
 To live as one liv'd of old :
 So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
 With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
 Heard news of his latest flame,

And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gage
Of their musical art, we're told ;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From Shepherdess up to Queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now Simplicity 's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of that old *régime*.
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year in the Age of Gold.

STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY.



T'S a singular fact that whenever I
order

My goblet of GUINNESS or bumper of
BASS,

Out of ten or a dozen that sport round
the border

Some fly turns a somersault into my
glass,

Oh! it's not that I grudge him the
liquor he's tasted,

(Supposing him partial to ale or to stout),
But consider the time irretrievably wasted
In trying to fish the small wanderer out.

Ah! believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful,
This habit which knocks even bluebottles up:

Just remember what CASSIO, on getting a skinful,
Observ'd about " ev'ry inordinate cup !"
Reflect on that proverb, diminutive being,
Which tells us " Enough is as good as a feast ;"
And, mark me, there's nothing more painful than seeing
An insect behaving so much like a beast.

Nay, in vain would you seek to escape while I'm talking,
And shake from your pinions the fast-clinging drops,
It is only too clear, from your efforts at walking,
That after your malt you intend to take hops.
Pray, where is your home? and oh! how shall you get there?
And what will your wife and your family think?
Pray, how shall you venture to show the whole set there
That PATERFAMILIAS is given to drink.

Oh, think of the moment when Conscience returning
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight ;
When the tongue shall be parch'd and the brow shall be burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night!
For the toast shall be dry, and the tea shall be bitter,
And all through your breakfast this thought shall intrude ;
That a little pale brandy and Seltzer is fitter
For such an occasion than animal food.

I have known, silly fly, the delight beyond measure—
The blissful sensation, prolong'd and intense—
The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure,
Of drinking at somebody else's expense.
But I own—and it's not without pride that I own it—
Whenever some friend in his generous way
Bids me drink without paying, I simply postpone it,
And pay for my liquor the whole of next day!

*(Published, with music, by Messrs Metzler and Co.,
Great Marlborough Street.)*



CHIVALRY FOR THE CRADLE.

NO. I.—THE ROMAUNT OF HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

'TIS midnight, and the moonbeam sleeps
 Upon the garden sward :

My lady in yon turret keeps

Her tearful watch and ward.

“ Beshrew me ! ” mutters, turning pale,
 The stalwart seneschal ;

“ What 's he that sitteth, clad in mail,
 Upon our castle wall ?

“ Arouse thee, friar of orders gray ;
 What, ho ! bring book and bell !

Ban yonder ghastly thing, I say ;
 And, look ye, ban it well.

By cock and pye, the Humpty's face ! ”—

The form turn'd quickly round ;
 Then totter'd from its resting-place—

* * * *

That night the corse was found.

The king, with hosts of fighting men,
Rode forth at break of day ;
Ah ! never gleam'd the sun till then
On such a proud array.
But all that army, horse and foot,
Attempted, quite in vain,
Upon the castle wall to put
The Humpty up again.

NO. 2.—A LEGEND OF BANBURY-CROSS.

STARTED my lord from a slumber and roar'd,
" Sirrah, go bring me my buckler and sword !
Saddle my steed ! Ere he next have a feed,
I' fackens, the brute will be weary indeed ;
For I and my gray must be off and away
To Banbury-Cross at the dawn of the day."

People came down unto Banbury town,
In holiday doublet and holiday gown ;
They muster'd in force, as a matter of course,
To see an old woman ride on a white horse.
Sir Thomas the May'r had been heard to declare
It was likely to prove an exciting affair.

Shouts of acclaim from the multitude came,
 And clapping of hands for that elderly dame ;
 Who, as history goes, had the newest of clothes,
 And rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Ting-a-ting, ting ! Ding-a-ding, ding !
 There was never beheld such a wonderful thing.

NO. 3.—THE BALLAD OF BABYE BUNTING.

THE Knight is away in the merry green wood,
 Where he hunts the wild rabbit and roe:
 He is fleet in the chase as the late Robin Hood—
 He is fleeter in quest of the foe.

The nurse is at home in the castle, and sings
 To the babe that she rocks at her breast :
 She is crooning of love and of manifold things,
 And is bidding the little one rest.

“ Oh, slumber, my darling ! oh, slumber apace !
 For thy father will shortly be here ;
 And the skin of some rabbit that falls in the chase
 Shall be thine for a tippet, my dear.”

A CLUMSY SERVANT.



NATURE, Nature ! you're enough
 To put a quaker in a huff
 Or make a martyr grumble,
 Whenever something rich and rare—
 On earth, at sea, or in the air—
 Is placed in your especial care
 You always let it tumble.

You don't, like other folks, confine
 Your fractures to the hardware line,

And break the trifles *they* break :

But, scorning anything so small,
 You take our nights and let them fall,
 And in the morning, worst of all,
 You go and let the day break.

You drop the rains of early Spring
 (That set the wide world blossoming) ;—
 The golden beams that mellow

Our grain towards the harvest-prime ;
You drop, too, in the autumn-time,
With breathings from a colder clime,
 The dead leaf, sere and yellow.

You drop and drop ;—without a doubt
You 'll go on dropping things about,
 Through still and stormy weather
Until a day when you shall find
You feel aweary of mankind,
And end by making up your mind
 To drop us altogether.



A NURSERY LEGEND.



H! listen, little children, to a proper
 little song
 Of a naughty little urchin who was
 always doing wrong :
 He disobey'd his mammy, and he
 disobey'd his dad,
 And he disobey'd his uncle, which
 was very near as bad.

He wouldn't learn to cypher, and he wouldn't learn to write,
 But he *would* tear up his copy-books to fabricate a kite ;
 And he used his slate and pencil in so barbarous a way,
 That the grinders of his governess got looser ev'ry day.

At last he grew so obstinate that no one could contrive
 To cure him of a theory that two and two made five ;
 And, when they taught him how to spell, he show'd his wicked
 whims
 By mutilating Pinnock and mislaying Watts's Hymns.

Instead of all such pretty books, (which *must* improve the mind,)
He cultivated volumes of a most improper kind ;
Directories and almanacks he studied on the sly,
And gloated over Bradshaw's Guide when nobody was by,

From such a course of reading you can easily divine
The condition of his morals at the age of eight or nine.
His tone of conversation kept becoming worse and worse,
Till it scandalis'd his governess and horrified his nurse.
He quoted bits of Bradshaw that were quite unfit to hear,
And recited from the Almanack, no matter who was near :
He talked of Reigate Junction and of trains both up and down,
And refer'd to men who call'd themselves Jones, Robinson, and
Brown.

But when this naughty boy grew up he found the proverb true,
That Fate one day makes people pay for all the wrong they do.
He was cheated out of money by a man whose name was Brown,
And got crippled in a railway smash while coming up to town.
So, little boys and little girls, take warning while you can,
And profit by the history of this unhappy man.
Read Dr Watts and Pinnock, dears ; and when you learn to spell,
Shun Railway Guides, Directories, and Almanacks as well !

AN ALLEGORY.

WRITTEN IN DEEP DEJECTION.



NCE, in the gardens of delight,
 I pluck'd the fairest, fullest rose ;
 But (while I prest its petals tight
 Against the threshold of my nose)
 That loathsome centipede, Re-
 morse,
 Invaded with a stealthy tread
 My nasal organ, and of course
 Soon reached the middle of my
 head.

That hideous tenant crawls and creeps
 About the chambers of my brain,
 He never pauses—never sleeps—
 Nor thinks of coming out again.

The movements of his hundred feet
Are gentler than the autumn breeze ;
But I dislike to feel him eat
My cerebellum by degrees.

With snuff, tobacco, Preston salts,
And various other potent smells,
I strive to fumigate the vaults
In which the devastator dwells.
I pull my hair out by the root—
I dash my head against the door—
It only makes the hateful brute
A trifle noisier than before.

Then tell me not that Joy's bright flow'r
Upon this canker'd heart may bloom,
Like toadstools on a time-worn tow'r,
Or dandelions on a tomb.
I mourn departed Hope in vain,
For briny tears may naught avail ;
You cannot catch *that* bird again
By dropping salt upon its tail !

OVER THE WATER.

LOOK always on the Surrey side
 For true dramatic art.
 The road is long—the river wide—
 But frequent busses start
 From Charing Cross and Gracechurch street,
 (An inexpensive ride ;)
 So, if you want an evening's treat,
 O seek the Surrey side.

I have been there, and still would go,
 As Dr Watts observes ;
 Although it's not a place, I know,
 For folks with feeble nerves.
 Ah me ! how many roars I've had—
 How many tears I've dried—
 At melodramas, good and bad,
 Upon the Surrey side.

Can I forget those wicked lords,
Their voices and their calves ;
The things they did upon those boards,
And never did by halves :
The peasant, brave though lowly born,
Who constantly defied
Those wicked lords with utter scorn,
Upon the Surrey side ?

Can I forget those hearts of oak,
• Those model British tars ;
Who crack'd a skull or crack'd a joke,
Like true transpontine stars ;
Who hornpip'd *à la* T. P. Cooke,
And sang—at least they tried—
Until the pit and gallery shook,
Upon the Surrey side ?

But best of all I recollect
That maiden in distress—
So unimpeachably correct
In morals and in dress—

Who, ere the curtain fell, became
The low-born peasant's bride :
(They nearly always end the same
Upon the Surrey side.)

I gape in Covent Garden's walls,
I doze in Drury Lane ;
I strive in the Lyceum stalls
To keep awake—in vain.
There's nought in the dramatic way
That I can quite abide,
Except the pieces that they play
Upon the Surrey side.



AN UNAPPRECIATED CRICHTON.



ONES has a party to-night,
 But there's no invitation for *me* to it.
 People are cutting me quite ;
 I shall pay a few visits and see to it.
 True, I've a thousand a-year,
 And am reckon'd the pink of propriety ;
 As to good-looking, *look here !*
 Yet I never get on in Society.

'Tis not as though I were shy,
 Or unmanner'd, or not introducible ;
 Lower-bred people than I
 Have triumphantly gone through the crucible.

Many get polish'd in time
At the cost of a little anxiety ;
What's *my* particular crime
That I never get on in Society ?

Dance ?—Well, I think I may say
I'm as graceful a partner as any one :
Sir, I could caper away
To a whistle—though simply a penny one.
Sing ?—I could give you a list
Of enormous extent and variety.
Play ?—Let me show you my wrist ;—
Yet I never get on in Society.

Hearing me talk is a treat,
When I take a discourse philosophic up,
During the tea, or repeat
Little anecdotes over my coffee-cup.
If you've a passion for puns,
I could feed you on *them* to satiety—
New and original ones ;
Yet I never get on in Society.

Two or three glasses of wine
Give a spur to good-humour and merriment ;
So that, wherever I dine,
I repeat the delightful experiment.
Not that I drink till I lapse
From the paths of the strictest sobriety ;
Still, now and then—why, *perhaps*—
Yet I never get on in Society !



ONLY SEVEN.

A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELL'D why a simple child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 Should utter groans so very wild,
 And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
 I ask'd her why she cried ;
 The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
 " I've got a pain inside !

" I thought it would have sent me mad
 Last night about eleven ;"
 Said I, " What is it makes you bad ?
 How many apples have you had ?"
 She answer'd, " Only seven !"

" And are you sure you took no more,
 My little maid ?" quoth I.

“ Oh ! please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie !”

“ If that’s the case,” I stammer’d out,
“ Of course you’ve had eleven ;”
The maiden answer’d, with a pout,
“ I ain’t had more nor seven !”

I wonder’d hugely what she meant,
And said, “ I’m bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

“ Now, if you don’t reform,” said I,
“ You’ll never go to heaven.”
But all in vain ; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
“ I ain’t had more nor seven.”

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow WORDSWORTH’S name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied ;
And so I’d better call my song,
“ Lines after ACHE-INSIDE.”

SEE-SAW.



ICKNESS and Health have been playing
 a game with me,
 Tossing me up, like a ball, to and fro.
 Pleasure and Pain did exactly the same
 with me,
 Treating me merely like something to
 throw.

Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday
 In a balloon that she happens to keep ;
 Then, as a damp upon rather a jolly day,
 Grief in a diving-bell bore me down deep.

Poverty courted me early—worse luck to her !—
 (Wealth would have made me a much better wife ;))
 Fool that I am, I was faithful and stuck to her ;
 She 'll cling to *me* for the rest of my life.

As for our children, we 'd better have drown'd them all ;
They, I believe, are the worst of our ills.
Is it a wonder I often *confound* them all,
Seeing that most of them chance to be *Bills* ?

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor,
Never drops in on us *now* for a chat.
Memory calls, though,—relentless inquisitor—
(Not that I feel very grateful for *that*.)
Hope was a liar—it's no use denying it—
Memory's talk is undoubtedly true :
Still, I confess that I like, after trying it,
Hope's conversation the best of the two.



A WILD HUNT.

“Can any one confidently say to himself that he has conversed with the identical individual, stupidest man now extant in London?”—T. CARLYLE.

I STARTED up and slammed the book ;
 I seized my hat and cane ;
 I sought the bell and summoned cook
 With all my might and main.
 My cook, she is a sober lass—
 Respectable, but slow :
 She wonder'd what had come to pass
 To set me ringing so.

Said I, “ My skiff is on the shore,
 My bark is on the sea ;
 And many suns may set before
 I can return to thee.
 Expect me back on Friday week ;
 I 'm not at home till then.
 Adieu, adieu ; I go to seek
 The Stupidest of Men ! ”

I travers'd London in my search,
 Careering to and fro,
From Barnsbury to Brixton Church,
 From Notting Hill to Bow.
"There's no such word as fail," said I :
 " I 'll seek my treasure still
From Brixton Church to Barnsbury,
 From Bow to Notting Hill !"

He went not by the penny-boat,
 The omnibus, or train ;
One hour on shore—the next afloat—
 I hunted him in vain.
And ever, as the days wore on
 In travels east and west,
I marvell'd where he *could* have gone,
 My own, my Stupidest.

I met, of course, with many men
 Whose brains were very small ;
I found a party, now and then,
 With nearly none at all.

I spoke to some who talk'd about
The weather and the crops ;
To others, much the worse, no doubt,
For alcohol or hops.

Alas ! in ev'ry deep, you know,
There is a deeper yet ;
Methought that I had sunk as low
As I was like to get.
Say, wherefore should I deign to dive
An atom deeper down ?
" My Man," said I, " if still alive,
Is hiding out of town."

The fret, the fever, and the fuss,
Were wearing out my brain ;
And so at last I hail'd a 'bus
To take me back again.
At home, securely re-install'd,
I rang for Mary Ann ;
She said a visitor had call'd—
A " stupid-looking man."

I question'd her, and cook's replies
Completely prov'd the case.
She said, " I never *did* set eyes
On such a silly face."
"Thrice welcome, Destiny !" I cried ;
" The moral that you teach :
'Tis thus Man travels far and wide
For things within his reach !'



A VERY COMMON CHILD.



REFLECTIVE reader, you may go
 From Chelsea unto outer Bow,
 And back again to Chelsea,
 Nor grudge the labour if you meet—
 In lane or alley, square or street—
 The child whom all the children greet
 As Elsie—little Elsie.

A pretty name, a pretty face,
 And pretty ways that give a grace
 To all she does or utters,
 Did Fortune at her birth bestow,
 When little Elsie's lot below—
 About a dozen years ago—
 Got cast among the gutters.

The Fates, you see, have will'd it so
 That even folks in Rotten Row
 Are not without their trials ;
 Whilst only those that know the ways
 Of stony London's waifs and strays
 Can fancy how the seven days
 Pass o'er the Seven Dials.

Suppose an able artizan,
 (A model of the "working man"
 So written at and lectur'd,)
 Amongst the fevers that infest
 His temporary fever-nest
 Should catch a deadly one—the rest
 Is easily conjectur'd.

'Twas hard, on father's death, I think,
 That Elsie's mother took to drink ;
 ('Twas harder yet on baby.)
 The reason, reader, *you* may guess,
 (*I* cannot find it, I confess)—
 Perhaps it was her loneliness ;
 Or love of gin, it *may* be.

So there was Elsie, all astray,
And growing bigger day by day,
 But growing none the better.
No other girl (in all the set
That looks on Elsie as a pet)
But knows at least the alphabet,
 And Elsie—not a letter.

Well, reader, I had best be dumb
About the future that may come
 To this forlorn she-urchin.
Her days are brighter ones *pro tem.*,
So let her make the most of them,
Amidst the labyrinths that hem
 Saint Giles's ugly Church in.



CROOKED ANSWERS.

(Dedicated to the Laureate.)

No. 1.—VERE DE VERE.



THE Lady Clara V. de V.
 Presents her very best regards
 To that misguided Alfred T.
 (With one of her enamell'd cards).
 Though uninclin'd to give offence,
 The Lady Clara begs to hint
 That Master Alfred's common sense
 Deserts him utterly in print.

The Lady Clara can but say,
 That always from the very first
 She snubb'd in her decisive way
 The hopes that silly Alfred nurs'd.

The fondest words that ever fell
From Lady Clara, when they met,
Were "How d'ye do? I hope you're well!"
Or else "The weather's very wet."

To show a disregard for truth
By penning scurrilous attacks,
Appears to Lady C. in sooth
Like stabbing folks behind their backs.
The age of chivalry, she fears,
Is gone for good, since noble dames
Who irritate low sonneteers
Get pelted with improper names.

The Lady Clara cannot think
What kind of pleasure can accrue
From wasting paper, pens, and ink,
On statements the reverse of true.
If Master Launcelot, one fine day,
(Urged on by madness or by malt,)
Destroy'd himself—can Alfred say
The Lady Clara was in fault?

Her Ladyship needs no advice
 How time and money should be spent,
 And can't pursue at any price
 The plan that Alfred T. has sent.
 She does not in the least object
 To let the "foolish yeoman" go,
 But wishes—let him recollect—
 That he should move to Jericho.

No. 2.—MAUD.

NAY, I cannot come into the garden just now,
 Tho' it vexes me much to refuse :
 But I *must* have the next set of waltzes, I vow,
 With Lieutenant de Boots of the Blues.

I am sure you'll be heartily pleas'd when you hear
 That our ball has been quite a success.
 As for *me*—I've been looking a monster, my dear,
 In that old-fashion'd guy of a dress.

You had better at once hurry home, dear, to bed ;
 It is getting so dreadfully late.

You may catch the bronchitis or cold in the head
If you linger so long at our gate.

Don't be obstinate, Alfy ; come, take my advice—
For I know you 're in want of repose.
Take a basin of gruel (you 'll find it *so* nice)
And remember to tallow your nose.

No, I tell you I can't and I shan't get away,
For De Boots has implor'd me to sing.
As to *you*—if you like it, of course you can stay ;
You were always an obstinate thing.

If you feel it a pleasure to talk to the flow'rs
About "babble and revel and wine,"
When you might have been snoring for two or three hours,
Why, it's not the least business of mine.



A BEGGING LETTER.



MY DEAR TOMORROW,
 I can think
 Of little else to do,
 And so I take my pen and ink
 To drop a line to you.
 I own that I am ill at ease
 Respecting you to-day :
 Do let me have an answer, please :
Répondez, s'il vous plait.

I long to like you very much,
 But that will all depend
 On whether you behave "as such,"
 (I mean, dear, as a friend).

I'll set you quite an easy task
At which you are *au fait* ;
You'll come and bring me what I ask ?
Répondez, s'il vous plait.

Be sure to recollect your purse,
For be it understood
Though money-matters might be worse,
They're very far from good.
So, if you have a little gold
You care to give away—
But am I growing over-bold ?
Répondez, s'il vous plait.

A little—just a little—fame
You must contrive to bring,
Because I think a poet's name
Would be a pleasant thing
Perhaps, though, as I've scarcely got
A single claim to lay
To such a gift, you'd rather not ?
Répondez, s'il vous plait.

Well, well, 'Tomorrow, you may strike
A line through what's above :
And bring me folks that I can like
And folks that I can love.
A warmer heart—a quicker brain—
I'll ask for, if I may:
Tomorrow, shall I ask in vain?
Répondez, s'il vous plait.



A COCKNEY'S EVENING SONG.

FADES into twilight the last golden gleam
 Thrown by the sunset on upland and stream ;
 Glints o'er the Serpentine—tips Notting Hill—
 Dies on the summit of proud Pentonville.

Day brought us trouble, but Night brings us peace ;
 Morning brought sorrow, but Eve bids it cease.
 Gaslight and Gaiety, beam for a while ;
 Pleasure and Paraffin, lend us a smile.

Temples of Mammon are voiceless again—
 Lonely policemen inherit Mark Lane
 Silent is Lothbury—quiet Cornhill—
 Babel of Commerce, thine echoes are still.

Far to the South—where the wanderer strays
Lost among graveyards and riverward ways,
Hardly a footfall and hardly a breath
Comes to dispute Laurence—Pountney with Death.

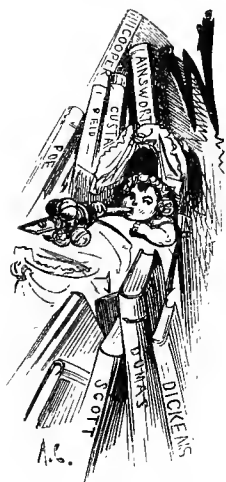
Westward the stream of Humanity glides ;—
'Busses are proud of their dozen insides.
Put up thy shutters, grim Care, for to-day—
Mirth and the lamplighter hurry this way.

Out on the glimmer weak Hesperus yields !
Gas for the cities and stars for the fields.
Daïsies and buttercups, do as ye list ;
I and my friends are for music or whist.



ROMANTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

I.



HEN I lay in a cradle and suck'd a coral,
I lov'd romance in my childish way ;
And stories, with or without a moral,
Were welcome as ever the flow'rs in
May.

For love of the false I learnt my spelling,
And brav'd the
perils of ———



While matters of fact
were most repelling,
Romance was plea-
sant as aught

could——



II.

My reading took me to desert islands,
 And buried me deep in Arabian Nights ;
 SIR WALTER led me amongst the Highlands,
 Or into the thickest of Moslem fights.
 I found the elder DUMAS delightful—
 Before the sun had eclips'd the ——
 And HARRISON AINSWORTH finely frightful,
 And FENIMORE COOPER far from ——



III.

A few years later I took to reading
 The morbid stories of EDGAR POE—
 Not healthy viands for youthful feeding
 (And all my advisers told me so).
 But, healthy or not, I enjoy'd them vastly ;
 My feverish fancy was nightly ——
 Upon horrible crimes and murders ghastly
 Which sent me terrified off to ——



IV.

Well ; what with perils upon the prairies,
 And haunted ruins and ghosts in white,
 And wars with giants and gifts from fairies,
 At last I came to be craz'd outright.
 And many a time, in my nightly slumbers,
 Bearing a glove as a lady's ——
 I held the lists against countless numbers,
 After the style of the darkest ——



V.

I am chang'd at present ; the olden fever
 Has left my brain in a sounder state ;
 In common-place I 'm a firm believer,
 And hunt for figure and fact and date.
 I have lost a lot of my old affection,
 For books on which I was wont to ——
 But still I can thrill at the recollection
 Of mystery, magic, and martial ——



THE MAD GRANDPAPA.



ISTEEN, little girls and boys ;
 Listen, one and all !
 Put away those nasty toys—
 Mary, hold that horrid noise—
 Willy, drop your ball !
 Come and listen, if you can,
 To a bald but good old man.

Charley, if I call you twice,
 I shall box your ears !

Grandpapa has something nice
 In the shape of good advice
 For his little dears :
 Simple maxims for the young.
 Mary, *will* you hold your tongue ?

Folks will teach you when at school--

“ Never tell a lie ! ”

Nonsense : if you 're not a fool
You may always break the rule,

But you must be sly ;

For they 'll whip you, past a doubt,
If they ever find you out.

“ Little boys,” they say, “ should be

Seen but never heard ! ”

Rubbish : what can people see
In an ugly brat if he

Never says a word ?

Talk, then, if you feel inclin'd ;
Talking shows the active mind.

Folks will tell you, “ Children *must*

Do as they are bid ; ”

But you understand, I trust,
That the rule is quite unjust

To a thoughtful kid :

For, if once brute force appears,
How about Free-will, my dears ?

Folks say, " Children should not let
Angry passions rise."
Humbug ! When you 're in a pet
Why on earth should you regret
Blacking some one's eyes ?
Children's eyes are made, in fact,
Just on purpose to be black'd.

I, when young, was green enough
Blindly to obey
All the idiotic stuff
That an old pedantic muff
Taught me day by day ;—
And, you see—at eighty-five
I'm the biggest fool alive !



SHABBY-GENTEEL.

WHEN I last had the pleasure—one day in the City—
 Of seeing poor Brown, I was forcibly struck
 By his alter'd appearance, and thought, What a pity
 To see the old fellow so down on his luck,
 From the crown of a hat that was horribly seedy
 To shoes that were dreadfully down at the heel
 He suggested a type of the poor and the needy—
 A sketch at full length of the shabby-genteel.

There were holes in his gloves—his umbrella was cotton—
 His coat was a faded invisible green ;
 And in prominent bulbs, through the trowsers he'd got on,
 The marks of his knees, or *patellæ*, were seen.
 But it seem'd above all inexpressibly painful
 To notice the efforts he made to conceal—
 By a tone partly nervous and partly disdainful—
 The fact of his looking so shabby-genteel.

“ How is business ? ” I ask'd him ;—“ and what are you doing ? ”

To tell you the truth I decidedly had
A belief that the trade he had last been pursuing
(Whatever its nature) had gone to the bad.
His reply was a sigh :—it was little good urging
The questions afresh, for I could not but feel
That he saw not a prospect of ever emerging
Above the dead-level of shabby-genteel.

When we parted I sunk into gloomy reflection—
A state of the mind that I hate, by the way—
And I gave my Brown-studies a moral direction—
Though, put into poetry, morals don't pay.
Here's the truth I evolved, if I quite recollect it :
Frail Fortune one day, by a turn of the wheel,
May despatch you or me, sir, when least we expect it,
To march in the ranks of the shabby-genteel.



CUPID'S MAMMA.



HE waits with Cupid at the
wing—

The transformation is ap-
proaching ;—

She gives the god, poor little
thing,

Some final hints by way of
“coaching.”

For soon the merry motley
clown—

Most purely practical of
jokers—

Will bring the pit and gallery
down

With petty larcenies and
pokers.

No Venus—anything but *that*.

Could Fancy, howsoever flighty,

Transform the mother of this brat
To aught resembling Aphrodite ?
No Venus, but the daily sport
Of common cares and vulgar trials ;
No monarch of a Paphian court—
Her court is in the Seven'Dials.

She taught young Love to play the part—
To bend the bow and aim the arrows
Those arms will never pierce a heart.
Unless it be a Cockney sparrow's.
Alas, the Truthful never wooed
The Beautiful to fashion Cupid ;
But, in some sympathetic mood,
Perhaps the Ugly wooed the Stupid.

Is Cupid nervous ? Not a bit ;
Love seeks no mortal approbation.
Stalls, boxes, gallery, and pit
May hiss or cheer the transformation.
Mamma looks anxious and afraid
While parting with her young beginner,
Whose little wages, weekly paid,
Will pay her for a weekly dinner.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

WHEN KING DICK the lion-hearted, pack'd his luggage
up and started,

(*Vide* HUME and SMOLLETT *passim*) for a trip to Palestine,
Tall young men, though half unwilling to accept the offer'd
shilling,

Left their wives and little children, and enlisted in the line.

Wot ye well that there was grieving when those tall young men
were leaving ;

Wot ye well that there was business being done in locks of
hair ;

Wot ye well that rings were broken, and presented as a token,
By the noblest of the noble to the fairest of the fair.

Said a soldier, on the shady side of forty, to a lady

Who was buckling on his burgonet, his breastplate, and his
brand ;

“ By my halidom, I 'd rather, as a husband and a father,

Stop at home than go crusading in that blessed Holy Land.”

“ Yes, I know as well as *you*, dear, it’s the proper thing to do,
dear ;

And I ’m not afraid of fighting, (as I think I said before ;)
But it ’s not without emotion that I contemplate the notion
Of a trip across the channel in a British man-of-war.

“ No, it ’s not at all a question of alarm, but indigestion ;
Not the lances of the Paynim, but the passage in the gale,
When the awful cry of ‘ Steward ’ from the windward and the
leeward,
From a hundred lips arises, when a hundred lips are pale ! ”

“ Yes, I know you ’re very sickly, ” said his lady, rather quickly ;
But you ’ll take a cup of sherris or a little Malvoisie,
When you get as far as Dover ;—and when once you ’re half-
seas over, .
Why you ’ll find yourself as jolly as you possibly can be. ”

So her lord and master started, just a trifle chicken-hearted,
And, it may be, just a trifle discontented with his lot ;
But whether he got sick, or felt the better for the liquor
That his lady recommended, this deponent sayeth not.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

No 1. COSSIMBAZAR.



COME fleetly, come fleetly, my hookabadar,
For the sound of the tam-tam is heard from
afar.

“Banoolah! Banoolah!” The Brahmins
are nigh,
And the depths of the jungle re-echo their
cry.

Pestonjee Bomanjee!

Smite the guitar;

Join in the chorus, my hookabadar.

Heed not the blast of the deadly monsoon,
Nor the blue Brahmaputra that gleams in the moon.

Stick to thy music, and oh ! let the sound
Be heard with distinctness a mile or two round.

Famsetjee Jeejeebhoy !

Sweep the guitar.

Join in the chorus, my hookábadar.

Art thou a Buddhist, or dost thou indeed
Put faith in the monstrous Mohammedan creed ?
Art thou a Ghebir—a blinded Parsee ?
Not that it matters an atom to me.

Cursetjee Bomanjee !

Twang the guitar.

Join in the chorus, my hookabadar.



NO. 2. SARAGOSSA.



EPITA, my paragon, bright star of Arragon ;
 Listen, dear, listen ; your Cristobal sings.
 From my cot that lies buried a short way
 from Lerida
 Love and a *diligence* lent me their wings.
 Swift as a falcon I flew to thy balcony.
 (Is it bronchitis ? I can't sing a bar.)
 Greet not with merriment Love's first experi-
 ment ;
 Listen, Pepita ! I've brought my *catarrh*.

Manuel the matador may, like a flat, adore
 Donna Dolores · I pity his choice,
 For they say that her governor lets neither lover nor
 Any one else hear the sound of her voice.
 Brother Bartolomé (stoutish Apollo) may
 Sigh for Sabina—you 'll pardon this cough ?—
 And Isabel's votary, Nunez the notary,
 Vainly—(That sneeze again ? Loved one, I'm off !)



No. 3. CLARENS.

AKE Lemman woos me with its crystal
face—

(That observation is the late Lord
Byron's)

And Chillon seems a damp unpleasant
place—

(Where Bonnivard, poor soul, got
clapt in irons.)

Beside me Vevey lies, romantic town,
(I wish the weather were not quite
so damp,)

And, not far distant, Alpine summits
frown—

(Ah, just what I expected. That's the cramp !)

Before the blast are driven the flying clouds—

(And I should like to blow a cloud as well)

The vapours wrap the mountain-tops in shrouds—

(I left my mild cheroots at the hotel.)

Dotting the glassy surface of the stream,

(Oh, here 's a cigarette—my mind 's at ease,)

The boats move silently as in a dream—

(Confound it ! where on earth are my fusees ?)

Methinks in such a Paradise as this,

(Thank goodness, there 's a clodhopper in sight,)

To live were ecstasy, to die were bliss.

(Could you oblige me, Monsieur, with a light ?)

I could live pure beneath so pure a sky—

(The rain 's completely spoilt my Sunday coat,)

And sink into the tomb without a sigh—

(There 's the bell ringing for the *table d'hôte*.)



No. 4. VENICE.



PEED; gondolier, speed, o'er the
 lonely lagoon,
 To the distant piazetta
 Where dwells my Minetta,
 Lest envious Aurora surprise us too
 soon.

Sing, gondolier, sing, with a heart
 full as mine—

Though thy larynx be wheezy
 And singing 's not easy

Whilst guiding a vessel so tub-like as thine.

Cease, gondolier, cease ; 'twas an exquisite air—

But we 've reach'd the Rialto,

So hand me that paletôt ;

And tell me, my gondolier, what is thy fare ?

THE SEASONS.

THE smiling Spring is too light a thing—
 Too much of a child for me.

No trace in her face of the ripen'd grace

That a lover would love to see.

Hers are the showers—but half the flowers

Hang back for her sister's call.

Amongst the seasons, for divers reasons,

The Spring is the worst of all.

I dread the Summer, the next new-comer;

Because of her changeful forms :

She merits my praise for her cloudless days,

But my wrath for her fearful storms.

There are flames in her love from the fires above,

And her kisses like lava fall.

Amongst the seasons, for various reasons,

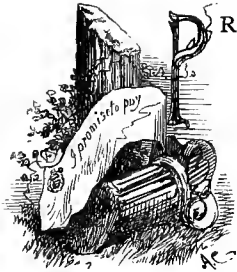
The Summer is worst of all.

The Autumn drear glides into a year
With the moan of an injured ghost.
Then shiver and fall the brown leaves all,
And the woods are in rags almost.
She comes and flings on blossoming things
A shadow of shroud and pall.
Amongst the seasons, for several reasons,
The Autumn is worst of all.

The Winter is good, be it understood,
For scarcely a single thing :
Although it is prime at the Christmas time
To revel and dance and sing.
It is full of such ills as tradesmen's bills.
And its pleasures are scant and small.
Amongst the seasons, for many good reasons,
The Winter is worst of all.



BROKEN VOWS.



PROMISES are lightly spoken ;
 Vows on which we blindly build
 (Utter'd only to be broken)
 Go for ever unfulfill'd.
 Oft betray'd, but still believing—
 Duped again and yet again—
 All our hoping, all our grieving
 Warns us, but it warns in vain.

From the cradle and the coral—
 From the sunny days of youth—
 We are taught a simple moral,
 Still we doubt the moral's truth.
 When a boy they found me rather
 Loth to do as I was bid.
 "I shall buy a birch," said father—
 Broken vows! He never *did*.

Grown extravagant, when youthful,
 In my tailor's debt I ran ;

He appear'd about as truthful
In his talk as *any* man.
Let me tell you how he sold me :
“ Look you, Mr What 's-Your-Name,
I shall summons *you*,” he told me—
But the summons *never came!*

Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
In a very loving way ;
And I stole a kiss—another—
Then another—then a lot.
“ Fie !” she said, “ I 'll tell my mother.”
Idle words ; she told her not.

When a party who dislikes me
Promises to “ punch my head,”
’Tis an empty phrase, it strikes me,
They are words too lightly said.
Not since Disappointment school'd me,
Have I credited the truth
Of the promises that fool'd me
In my green and gushing youth.

WHERE—AND OH! WHERE?

WHERE are the times when—miles away
 From the din and the dust of cities—
 Alexis left his lambs to play,
 And wooed some shepherdess half the day
 With pretty and plaintive ditties?

Where are the pastures daisy-strewn
 And the flocks that lived in clover;
 The Zephyrs that caught the pastoral tune
 And carried away the notes as soon
 As ever the notes were over?

Where are the echoes that bore the strains
 Each to his nearest neighbour:

And all the valleys and all the plains
Where all the nymphs and their love-sick swains
Made merry to pipe and tabor ?

Where are they gone ? They are gone to sleep
Where Fancy alone can find them :
But Arcady's times are like the sheep
That quitted the care of Little Bo-Peep,
For they've left their tales behind them !



A FIT OF THE BLUES.



Y deep cerulean eyes are full of tears,
 And bluely burns my melancholy
 taper :
 How dimly every azure line appears
 To be imprinted on my bluish
 paper.

My casement opens on the blue, blue sky,
 The cobalt of the dawn already lightens
 The outer east—and yet small joy have I
 That Luna fades and that Aurora brightens.

Oh that the morning light could bring for me
 One hour amidst the blue-bells and the heather !—
 One hour of sojourn on the wide blue sea,
 In crystal calmness or in stormy weather !

Oh that the "freshness of the heart" could fall
Once more upon my spirit, and could kindly
Bring back again the days when first of all
I read my *Blue Beard* and believed it blindly !

One cure there is for all the ills that make
Existence duller than a blue-book's pages :—
A strong blue-pill is just the thing to take
For indigestion in the early stages.



ROTTEN ROW.

THERE'S a tempting bit of greenery—of *rus in urbe*
scenery—

That's haunted by the London "upper ten ;"
Where, by exercise on horseback, an equestrian may force back
Little fits of *tedium vitæ* now and then.

Oh ! the times that I have been there, and the types that I have
seen there

Of that gorgeous Cockney animal, the "swell ;"
And the scores of pretty riders (both patricians and outsiders)
Are considerably more than I can tell.

When first the warmer weather brought these people all together,
And the crowds began to thicken through the Row,
I reclined against the railing on a sunny day, inhaling
All the spirits that the breezes could bestow.

And the riders and the walkers and the thinkers and the talkers
Left me lonely in the thickest of the throng,
Not a touch upon my shoulder—not a nod from one beholder—
As the stream of Art and Nature went along.

But I brought away one image, from that fashionable scrimmage,
Of a figure and a face—ah, *such* a face !
Love has photograph'd the features of that loveliest of creatures
On my memory, as Love alone can trace.

Did I hate the little dandy in the whiskers, (they were sandy,)
Whose absurd salute was honour'd by a smile ?
Did I marvel at his rudeness in presuming on her goodness,
When she evidently loathed him all the while ?

Oh the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that I have tasted,
Since the day (it seems a century ago) '
When my heart was won *instantly* by a lady in a canter,
On a certain sunny day in Rotten Row !

A LAST RESOURCE.



LONE on India's burning plain,
 Beneath a banyan tree,
 A mortal many hours had lain
 In ceaseless agony.
 Mosquitoes with a constant buzz
 Came flocking round their prize :
 (It varies—the mosquito does—
 In appetite and size.)

But, though it varies as to form,
 And varies as to thirst,
 In Asia, (where the nights are warm,)
 The small ones are the worst.

Anon their victim waved his arm
 To scare them from their feed ;
 But found, alas ! that their alarm
 Was very brief indeed.

Then other remedies he sought,
 But still he sought in vain ;
 Until a wild and witching thought
 Came flashing through his brain.
 At once he started bolt upright
 Against the banyan tree,
 And, in the silence of the night,
 “ Now, listen all !” said he.

“ I 've had enough of these attacks—
 Enough and rather more !”
 (His voice had now begun to wax
 Much louder than before.
 The hearers trembled, one and all ;
 Dead stillness reign'd around :
 You might have heard a needle fall
 The hush was so profound.)

“ When I was living far away—
 Across the briny deep—
I laid me down one summer day
 To try to go to sleep ;
When, lo ! as I began to see
 A prospect of repose,
There straightway came a humble-bee
 Who buzz’d about my nose.

“ I ever was a patient man ;
 I take a certain pride
In suffering as best I can
 Whatever ills betide.
But this was *not* a thing to bear ;
 So rising in my wrath,
I slew the monster then and there
 Upon the table-cloth.

“ The moral of my tale, methinks,
 ’Tis needless to declare.
I wish to take my forty winks :
 Disturb me if ye dare.

The first who interferes with *me*
Imperils life and limb ;
For as I did unto the bee
I mean to do to *him !*"

Again he glanced upon the crew,
And laid him down to rest.
Irresolute and pallid grew
Their bravest and their best.

* * * *

Next morning when the sunlight gleam'd
Upon the earth and sea,
That unmolested youth still dream'd
About the humble-bee.



WEATHERBOUND IN THE SUBURBS.

THE air is damp, the skies are leaden ;
 The ominous lull of impending rain
 Presses upon me, and seems to deaden
 Every sense but a sense of pain.

Hopes of getting again to London
 Lapse into utter and grim despair ;
 Shall I do my verses or leave them *undone* ?
 I don't know, and I don't much care.

I sit in a silence broken only
 Now and again by the wandering breeze,
 A breeze in the garden, wandering lonely,
 Or playing the fool with shivering trees.

I have slept all night—should I call it sleeping?—
Out of all sound but the pattering drops
Against the pane, and the wild wind keeping
Revelry up in the chimney-tops.

I want the hum of my working brothers—
London bustle and London strife—
To count as one in three million others ;—
How can I *live* away from life?



MIDAS.



N Lemprière—bewitching book—
 I've read and read the story
 olden,
 Which tells us of the king who
 took
 That fatal fancy to the golden.
 The monarch, by a simple touch,
 Transmuted anything *instante*.
 (Since then the times have alter'd
 much,
 And only *Tempora mutantur*.)

His palace roof was raised on high
 By pillars bright with golden glory ;—
 (No modern publisher could buy
 One column of this classic story.)

His pamper'd pages quite cut out
 The pages from the "Wealth of Nations:"
 They had gilt edges, past a doubt,
 And lots of *Doré* illustrations.

But Midas very soon, they say,
 Knelt down and—driven to distraction—
 Implored the gods to take away
 Their awful gift of aurifaction.
 'Twas hunger that induced remorse;
 The king was at the point of starving.
 (For gilding had become, of course,
 The instant consequence of carving.)

Do all I will, I cannot bring
 My faith to credit such a fable;
 Although a *cheque's* a common thing
 To turn to gold when one is able.
 But gold, as far as I can learn,
 (And here the story seems a "whopper!")
 Gets changed to silver in its turn,
 And silver in its turn to copper.

TO A TIMID LEECH.

NAY, start not from the banquet where the red wine foams
for thee—

Though somewhat thick to perforate this *epidermis* be ;
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites, to linger at the brink ;
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty creature,
drink !

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still be thine !
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian bubbles wink,
'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty creature, drink !

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong side up,
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest from the cup.

I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot think
Thou wouldst spurn the oft-repeated call : Drink, pretty crea-
ture, drink !

While I watch'd thy patient struggles, and imagined thou wert
coy,

'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused the proffer'd
joy.

I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never shrink—
Now, once again the banquet calls : Drink, pretty creature
drink !



ANACREONTIC.

(FOR A CAVALIER TEA-PARTY.)



A.C.

Y, marry ! With glee I abandon the
 bottle ;
 But, mark me, not all your philo-
 sopher's, up
 From quaint MASTER MILL to an-
 tique ARISTOTLE,
 Shall make me turn tail on the
 saucer and cup.
 Drink, roysterers all ; and, ifegs !
 while I utter
 The praises of tea, let the burden resound.
 Let those who prefer it have plain bread and butter ;
 For *me*, lads, I warrant the *toast* shall go round.

Chorus.—Let those. &c.

H

Dull knaves who delight in the worship of BACCHUS
 May jeer at our joys in their pestilent way,
 Pert fools that love Sherris perchance may attack us ;
 What boots it, my bully boys ? Drink and be gay.
 Adzooks, let the braggarts go sleep in the gutter ;
 Carouse ye, so long as Bohea can be found ;
 Let those who prefer it have plain bread and butter ;
 For *me*, lads, I warrant the *toast* shall go round.

Chorus.—Let those, &c.

Odsbodikins ! Tea is the soul and the sinew
 Of all the gay gallants that fight for the king ;
 Long, long on the throne may our monarch continue,
 To laugh at the French and bid rebels go swing.
 Drink, drink to our flag, boys ; for ages shall flutter
 In glory and honour that standard renown'd.
 Let those who prefer it have plain bread and butter ;
 For *me*, lads, I warrant the *toast* shall go round.

Chorus.—Let those, &c.

A CHILD'S TWILIGHT.

CHILD.

THE sun drops down in the deep, deep west
As a ball sinks into a cup ;
And the moon springs rapidly up from rest
As a Jack-in-the-box leaps up.

Now falls the shadow and comes the dark,
And the face of the world is hid ;
Like the men and the beasts in a Noah's ark
When they slumber beneath its lid.

So' softly—slowly—the silence creeps
Over earth and all earthly things,
That it leaves Mankind like a doll that sleeps
With nothing to touch the springs.

MOTHER.

Ah! would that never the stars might shine—
Like Heaven's kaleidoscopes—
Upon lids less innocent, love, than thine
Less innocent joys and hopes.



THE HOUSE ON THE TOP OF A HILL.

A NEWGATE BALLAD.



HERE'S a structure whose battle-
ments gloomily frown
From the brow of a moun-
tainous height ;
And the people go up and the
people go down
By that mansion from dawn
until night.
I viewed it with terror in in-
fancy's days,

I've a latent respect for it still ;
Many sentiments thrill me whenever I gaze
At the House on the Top of a Hill.

Permission to enter that fortress I find
Can be got from a judge now and then,

Through a letter of recommendation that 's sign'd
By a dozen respectable men.
You have merely to put a friend out of the way,
Or abstract the contents of his till,
To make yourself heartily welcome, they say,
At the House on the Top of a Hill.

There is lodging and board for the destitute poor,
With a diet nutritious though cheap ;
And at evening they kindly make sure of your door,
Just in case you should walk in your sleep.
There 's a medical man to attend on the guests,
And a chaplain who strives to instil
The most laudable sentiments into their breasts
At the House on the Top of a Hill.

Ev'ry guest has a private apartment ;—in fact,
It 's a kind of luxurious hotel,
Where a man who commits any praiseworthy act
Can be treated remarkably well.
Nay ; it 's better than many hotels you can find,
For they never present any bill ;
But they patch you up *gratis* in body and mind
At the House on the Top of a Hill.

MEN I DISLIKE.

OF all the bores whom now and then
 Society permits
 To speak to literary men,
 And mix among the wits,
 The worst are those that *will* devote
 Their little minds to anecdote.

I often listen (more or less)
 To muffs of many kinds—
 Including people who possess
 Encyclopædic minds :
 But oh ! the biggest muff afloat
 Is he who takes to anecdote.

I like the man who makes a pun,
Or drops a deep remark ;
I like philosophy or fun—
A lecture or a lark ;
But I despise the men who gloat
Inanely over anecdote.

I quake when some one recollects
A " little thing " he heard,
And, while he tells the tale, expects
A grin at every word.
Can any one on earth promote
Good fellowship through anecdote ?

Ah me ! I 'd rather live alone
Upon a desert isle,
Without a voice except my own
To cheer me all the while,
Than dwell with men who learn by rote
Their paltry funds of anecdote !

NOT QUITE FAIR.



SUMMER and spring the lovely rose,
 Unconscious of its beauty, blows—
 Condemn'd, in summer and in spring,
 To feel no pride at blossoming.

The hills, the meadows, and the lakes,
 Enchant not for their own sweet sakes:
 They cannot know, they cannot *care*
 To know, that they are thought so fair.

The rainbow, sunset, cloud, and star,
 Dream not how exquisite they are.
 All dainty things of earth and sky
 Delight us—but they know not why.

But I—a poet—who possess
 The power of loving loveliness,
 May ask, (and I may ask in vain,)
 “Why *am* I so intensely plain?”

WISDOM AND WATER.

FIELDS are green in the early light,
When Morning treads on the skirts of Night;
Fields are gray when the sun's gone west,
Like a clerk from the City in search of rest.
"Flesh," they tell us, "is only grass;"
And that is the reason it comes to pass
That mortals change in a life's long day
From the young and green to the old and gray.

Not long since—as it seems to me—
I was as youthful as youth could be:
Cramming my noddle, as young folks do,
With a thousand things more nice than true.

Now this noddle of mine looks strange,
With its plenty of silver—and no small change !—
Surely I came the swiftest way
From the young and green to the old and gray.

Though the day be a changeful thing
In winter and summer, autumn and spring ;
Days in December and days in June
Both seem finish'd a deal too soon.
Twilight shadows come closing in,
And the calmest, placidest hours begin :
The closing scenes of the piece we play
From the young and green to the old and gray.



'T WAS EVER THUS.



I NEVER rear'd a young gazelle,
 (Because, you see, I never tried ;))
 But, had it known and loved me well,
 No doubt the creature would have died.
 My rich and aged uncle JOHN
 Has known me long and loves me well,
 But still persists in living on—
 I would he were a young gazelle.

I never loved a tree or flower ;
 But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
 The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
 Would soon have wither'd it away.
 I've dearly loved my uncle JOHN,
 From childhood till the present hour,
 And yet he *will* go living on—
 I would he were a tree or flower !

MY SONG.

I LEARNT a simple bit of rhyme—
 An easy air to sing;—
 I thought the ditty at the time
 A rather funny thing.
 Of course, as I was green and young,
 My judgment might be wrong;
 Still, folks applauded when I sung
 My only comic song.

'Twas all about a Cavalier
 Who finds a pair of gloves,
 Which implicate, it's very clear,
 The lady whom he loves.
 That knight incontinently sends
 That lady to Hong-Kong—
 And thereupon abruptly ends
 My only comic song.

'Twas most successful in its way,
For I could understand
Enough of harmony to play
Upon a Collard's grand.
My voice (though never very sweet,
And never very strong)
Possess'd sufficient force to treat
My only comic song.

One evening, anxious to impress
The lady of my choice,
I took some pains about my dress
And more about my voice.
But lo ! a miserable man
(My rival all along)
Stept in before me, and began
My only comic song.

BOW BELLS.



T the brink of a murmuring brook

A contemplative Cockney reclined ;
And his face wore a sad sort of look,
As if care were at work on his mind.

He sigh'd now and then as we sigh

When the heart with soft sentiment
swells ;

And a tear came and moisten'd each eye

As he mournfully thought of Bow Bells,

I am monarch of all I survey !

(Thus he vented his feelings in words)—

But my kingdom, it grieves me to say,

Is inhabited chiefly by birds.

In this brook that flows lazily by
I believe that *one* tittlebat dwells,
For I saw something jump at a fly
As I lay here and long'd for Bow Bells.

Yonder cattle are grazing—it's clear
From the bob of their heads up and down;—
But I cannot love cattle down here
As I should if I met them in town.
Poets say that each pastoral breeze
Bears a melody laden with spells;
But I don't find the music in these
That I find in the tone of Bow Bells.

I am partial to trees, as a rule;
And the rose is a beautiful flower.
(Yes, I once read a ballad at school
Of a rose that was wash'd in a shower.)
But, although I may doat on the rose,
I can scarcely believe that it smells
Quite so sweet in the bed where it grows
As when sold within sound of Bow Bells.

No ; I've tried it in vain once or twice,
And I've thoroughly made up my mind
That the country is all very nice—
But I'd much rather mix with my kind.
Yes ; to-day—if I meet with a train—
I will fly from these hills and these dells ;
And to-night I will sleep once again
(Happy thought!) within sound of Bow Bells.



THE PLOT OF A ROMANCE.

AY ! there they stood on the self-same spot,
And, it might be, the self-same day ;
But one was thinking and one was not,
In exactly the old, old way.

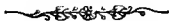
Let the proud Earl feast in his gilded halls,
But the sound of a maniac's curse
Rings ever and aye round the castle-walls
That shelter the grim Fitz-Urse.

For the gory head of a patriot sire
Shall smile on a long-lost son,
Ere an island home shall be girt with fire,
And a victory lost and won.

There's an empty chair in the ingle-nook,
And a trivet against the wall ;
There's a ghastly stain in the Domesday book,
And a mystery shroudeth all.

Old Peter the Beadsman breathes a sigh
As he passes the churchyard lone,
Where the bones of the best and the bravest lie,
All under a milk-white stone.

But winter and summer there lies a blot
On the scutcheon of grim Fitz-Urse ;
And the two stood there, on the self-same spot,
As I said in the opening verse.



THE SUBJECTS OF SONG.



MULETEER! my Muleteer!
 you haunt me in my slumber!
 Through ballads (oh, so many!)
 and through songs (oh, such
 a number!):

You scale the Guadarrama—
 you infest the Pyrenees,
 And trot through comic operas
 in four and twenty keys.
 I hum of you, and whistle too;
 I vainly try to banish

The million airs that you pervade in English, French, and
 Spanish.

I hold your dark Pepitas and your mules immensely dear,
 But *you* begin to bore me, O eternal Muleteer!

O Gondolier ! my Gondolier ! pray quit the Adriatic ;
That cold lagoon will make me soon incurably asthmatic.
Enough of barcarolling when the moon is in the skies ;
I 'm sick of the Rialto and I hate the Bridge of Sighs.
Your craft may suit, on summer nights, the songster or the
dreamer ;
But, both for speed and elegance, give *me* the penny steamer.
Your city is romantic, but your songs begin, I fear,
To pall upon me sadly, O eternal Gondolier !

O Cavalier ! my Cavalier ! for ages and for ages
You 've glared upon me darkly out of scores of title-pages :
I 've join'd in all your battles, in your banquets, and your loves
(Including one occasion when you found a pair of gloves :)
I 've seen you kiss and ride away—most cowardly behaviour !
But then, to damsels in distress I've seen you act the saviour.
You 're vastly entertaining ; but I fancy that I hear
A deal too much about you, O eternal Cavalier !

AN OLD CYNIC.

IS CUPID quite the rosy god
That poets try to make him out?
I've known him two-score years and odd,
And, frankly, I begin to doubt.
He has his prizes, I have heard;
I *know* he has his blanks as well:
In fact, I think, upon my word,
Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!

Is PLUTUS quite the hero-king
That money-worms would have us think?
And is there, truly, anything
Of music in the metal's clink?

Perhaps you have a heart and brain,
 And have a heart and brain *to sell!*
 If not—I think 'tis pretty plain
Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!

Is BACCHUS quite the handsome rake—
 The gay and fascinating youth—
 That poets paint him when they take
 Poetic licences with truth?
 When fever'd pulses come with day,
 And headaches at your breakfast-bell,
 I rather fancy that you 'll say,
Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!

And is APOLLO quite so kind
 As people say, to all his sons?
 I think that now and then you 'll find
 He rather starves his younger ones.
 To play the lyre is pretty hard;
 It's harder still to play it well.
 Depend upon it, brother bard,
Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!

Of course you can afford to burn
A rushlight, if the stakes be large ;
(And when you look for some return
In money for your rushlight's charge.)
But will you lose or will you gain ?
That 's somewhat difficult to tell ;
And, if you *lose*, it 's very plain
Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle !



THE NIGHTINGALE.



T was the love-lorn PHILOMEL—
 The sweetest bird that sings ;
 And o'er my spirit came the spell
 That all sad music flings.
 Then—fashioning to tender words
 That wordless fairy-tale—
 “ Sing on,” I cried, “ oh, bird of
 birds,
 Melodious Nightingale !”

Her sorrow pierced me through
 and through ;
 And, though the village-chime
 A while ago had stricken two,
 I took no note of time.

But somehow, ere the clock told three,
I felt my ardour fail ;
For sleep came fighting hard in me
Against the Nightingale.

An hour I lay and listen'd still
To that ecstatic voice,
(Nct working out my own sweet will,
But Mr HOBSON'S choice.)
" This melancholy strain," said I,
" Is very like a wail !"
Eftsoons I raised a bitter cry
Of " Hang the Nightingale !"

The village-clock had sped its round,
The village-clock struck five,
And still I found my sense of sound
Remorselessly alive.
I knew my efforts at repose
Would be of small avail,
Unless I rose and donn'd my hose,
And slew the Nightingale.

No way but one. I had a gun
With which, in former years,
Great execution I had done
Amongst the Volunteers ;
And, while a friendly moonbeam came
And lighted hill and dale,
I loaded—took a deadly aim—
And—*exit* Nightingale !



TO MY BRAIN.

(A LAST APPEAL.)

I.

REFRACTORY again,
 My little—not exactly busy—B?
 Well, *you're* a beauty, any one can see,
 To call yourself a brain !

II.

I've tried repeated raps,
 As Mr HOME and other media do ;
 But there 's no getting spirits out of *you* ;—
 You 're out of *them*, perhaps ?

III.

It's not an easy thing
 To grow poetic on a winter night,
 So come along and let us take a flight
 For the Pierian Spring

WANTED, A SINGER.



H ! sing me a song of the wild, wide sea,
 Of the peril of rocks and storms—
 How mariners bold as bold can be
 Face Death in a hundred forms
 Methinks—whenever I hear you sing—
 That I rather should relish that kind
 of thing.

Nay, fashion the verse to a knightly
 strain,
 And sing of some warlike band ;
 Of chivalry seeking a battle-plain
 And perishing sword in hand.

I feel—whenever I hear you sing—
 So decided a taste for that kind of thing.

But can you not carol a heart-felt lay,
On the pleasures and pains of love—
A melody soft as a breeze in May,
And pure as the skies above?
I think—whenever I hear you sing—
That there *may* be a charm in that kind of thing.

Come, chirrup me gaily a drinking-stave,
Of the bowl and its deep delights—
A hymn to old BACCHUS, the god that gave
Such mirth to our festive nights.
But stop—why trouble yourself to sing,
As I *know* I am good at that kind of thing?



ANTICIPATIONS.

I AM thirty to-day, and my health
 Will be drunk at our family party,
 Where prophecies touching my wealth
 And my fame will be fluent and hearty.
 Then Fancy, excited by themes
 That are born of the wine and the dinner,
 May bring back belief in the dreams
 That I dream'd as a hopeful beginner.

Ah ! my ballads, my songs, how I've yearn'd
 For the time to collect you and edit
 A book that perhaps would have earn'd,
 Not a name, but a *quantum* of credit.
 I'd christen it "Sweets for the Sweet,"
 Or "The Lyrics and Lays of a Lover ;
 And *Simmonds's Poems Complete*,
 Should be printed in gold on the cover.

I have long'd for the pleasures that gold
Can procure—and I freely confess it :
(For avarice grows, we are told,
As the *ipsa pecunia crescit*.)
If I had but a fortune—oh, *then*
I could finish my course pretty gaily,
With lots of the cleverest men
In my circle to dine with me daily.

I should give up my bachelor life
When I met with a girl to adore me :
With riches and fame and a wife,
What a path would be open before me !
My bliss would be trebly secure,
And my future unclouded and sunny.
She'd love me for love, I am sure :
And, if *not*, she could love me for money !

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.



HAVE a friend in Eaton Place—
 A very wealthy man—
 Whose house is one I love to grace
 As often as I can.
 His meats are always of the best,
 His wines are rich and rare ;
 A footman, elegantly drest,
 Keeps watch behind my chair.

I like the meats—I love the wine—
 (For, give me leave to say,
 'Tis very seldom that I dine
 In that expensive way.)

But what is gold and silver plate,
And what is dainty fare ?
They cannot make me tolerate
The man behind my chair.

Perchance I venture on a pun,
A quip, or else a crank ;
Amongst my auditors is one
Whose face remains a blank.
I hear the table in a roar,
Loud laughter fills the air ;
But no—it simply seems to bore
The man behind my chair.

I talk about my Lady This,
Or else my Lady That ;
Sometimes an Honourable Miss
Comes in extremely pat.
I quote the Earl of So-and-So,
Of Such-and-Such a square ;
But, socially, I feel below
The man behind my chair.

Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch :
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
From all my fellow-men but one
I hide my loss of hair :
He sees it though ; I cannot shun
The man behind my chair.

Some day, should Fortune only smile
Upon my low estate,
I mean to feed in such a style
As few can emulate.
Should ever such a lot be mine,
I solemnly declare
That I will banish, when I dine,
The man behind my chair.



THE OLD WAG.

AIR—"Gee, ho, Dobbin!"

I ACHIEVED my success, as a young diner-out,
 Through my great conversational talents, no doubt;
 For of humour and wit I was blest with a store,
 And I kept the whole table, by JOVE, in a roar
 With my waggery, ah!
 My waggery, oh!
 How the company grinn'd at my waggery, oh!

You could never extort a remark out of *me*
 Which was not overflowing with quaint repartee.
 And, when people thought proper to cavil or carp
 At a notion of *mine*—I was down on them sharp

With my waggery, ah !

My waggery, oh !

For I crush'd them at once with my waggery, oh !

Among persons of genius the tone that I took
Was a mixture of JERROLD and THEODORE HOOK.

And a great fund of anecdote, varied in style,

I employ'd among duffers to get up a smile

At my waggery, ah !

My waggery, oh !

There was often a yell at my waggery, oh !

But those days of delight are for ever gone by,

And I can't get a meal by my wit, if I try,

For care and old age, I am sorry to say,

Have destroy'd my high spirits, and bolted away

With my waggery, ah !

My waggery, oh !

I shall never see more of my waggery, oh !



ETIQUETTE.



MONTH ago I bought a book,
 Brimful of good advice,
 ('Twas labell'd sixpence, but they took
 A somewhat smaller price.)
 The cover carried signs of age,
 But ne'er can I forget
 The name upon the title-page—
 'Twas "Hints on Etiquette."

You can't conceive the change of tone
 That volume wrought in me ;
 Or what an alter'd man I've grown,
 From what I used to be.

This mark'd improvement in my ways
Compels me to regret
I never heard in earlier days
Of "Hints on Etiquette."

'Tis true I cling to Bass's pale,
But I redeem the fault,
By asking for "a glass of ale,"
Not "half a pint of malt."
Of old the pewter pot conferr'd
A zest on "heavy wet ;"
But that was long before I heard
Of "Hints on Etiquette."

When dining out, in early life,
I often used to stoop
To taking peas up with my knife,
And asking twice for soup.
I'm fast improving, though I doubt
If I am perfect yet
In all the feeding-laws set out
In "Hints on Etiquette."

I don for evening parties now
The whitest of cravats ;
The blackest suit ; and, on my brow
The neatest of crush-hats.
And yet, I was the oddest kind
Of guy you ever met,
Before I chanced to give my mind
To " Hints on Etiquette."



A PLAIN ANSWER

(TO A CIVIL QUESTION.)



BRIGHT creature of impulse, you bid
me be gay.

I would gladly adopt the suggestion,
But candour compels me sincerely to say
That I don't like the tone of your ques-
tion.

In a voice that recalls the soft murmur
of bees,

And in syllables sweet as their honey,
You say "Mamma wishes to know, if you please,
When you mean to begin to be funny?"

To-night, giddy child, when I enter'd the room
My inducement, believe me, was only
A hope that the wine-cup and dance might illumine
For one evening a life that is lonely.

In this region of pleasure my clouded career
May be thought for a time pretty sunny ;
I'll join in the valse or the banquet, my dear,
But I *cannot* begin to be funny.

Go, tell your Mamma that the sun *may* arise
On a day when my cares shall have left me ;
When Time shall once more have brought back, as he
flies,
All the hopes of which Time has bereft me.
Yes, the day may arrive that shall see me content
With my share of health, talent, and money :
Then, fitly to hail that auspicious event,
I will try to begin to be funny !



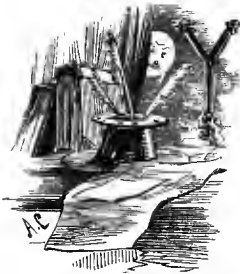
IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

AN extra smile or a burst of tears—
 A fine to-day or a dull to-morrow—
 A taste more joy or a drop more sorrow—
 All the same in a hundred years.

A thousand hopes or a thousand fears—
 A lifetime sad or a lifetime wasted—
 A cup drain'd empty or left untasted—
 All the same in a hundred years.

If things were thus, as one often hears,
 I'd seize the pleasure, I'd leave the sorrow—
 Enjoy to-day and defy to-morrow—
 All the same in a hundred years.

EVENING.



E birds, beneath your little wings
 Go hide your little heads ;
 For oh ! the pleasantest of things
 On earth are feather-beds.
 Go, seek your pens, my little sheep,
 (And slumber while ye may ;)

My own will rob me of my sleep
 Until the purple day.

Shine on above the chimney-pots,
 O placid Evening Star :
 While gazing at you *à la* WATTS,
 “ I wonder what you are.”

You rose on Eden, happy place!
And still your smiles relieve
The woes and wants of ADAM'S race,
Delightful Star of Eve.

The nightingales are all about—
Their song is everywhere—
Their notes are lovely (though they 're out
So often in the air),
The zephyr, dancing through the tops
Of ash and poplar, weaves
Low melodies, and scarcely stops
To murmur, "By your leaves!"

Night steeps the passions of the day
In quiet, peace, and love.
Pale Dian, in her tranquil way,
Kicks up a shine above.
Oh, I could bless the hour that brings
All deep and dear delight,
Unless I had a lot of things
To polish off to-night.

MY POLITICS.

WHEN I look at our present condition,
And gather the state of the realm
From the names that adorn Opposition
And those of our men at the helm ;
I acknowledge that, after perusing
My *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Star*,
'Tis a task not a little confusing
To find what my politics are.

By an ultra-Conservative journal
I'm told that we're all to give thanks
For a Ministry quite as paternal
As any from Liberal ranks.

By the next, in as urgent a manner,
I'm warn'd against going so far
As to mount the Conservative banner,
Whatever my politics are.

It is easy to draw my deduction—
The papers explain at a glance,
That the Tories are all for obstruction—
The Liberals all for advance.
But, in spite of the Press and its drilling,
If I live to the age of old PARR,
I shall never be able or willing
To say what my politics are.



THE MISERIES OF GENIUS.



IS thine to share, O lady fair,
 The throng's ignoble strife—
 The rout, the ball, the banquet-
 hall,
 And Fashion's empty life.
 Be thine the wiles and hollow
 smiles
 That Wealth to Beauty pays,
 But envy not the poet's lot
 In our prosaic days.

O lady bright, the sleepless night—
 The vigil of despair,
 And, worse than all, the critic's gail
 Are not for thee to bear.
 The town's *élite* is at thy feet,
 And Folly lisps thy praise ;

Oh, envy not the poet's lot
In our prosaic days.

Mine eyes are blue—Byronic hue !—
I turn my collar down ;
Methinks I wear the longest hair
Of any bard in town.
Yet, bitter fact, my looks attract
The public's mocking gaze :
Oh, envy not the poet's lot
In our prosaic days.

I cannot find one lofty mind,
One publisher of sense ;
And so my rhymes are oftentimes
Brought out at *my* expense.
I could not *sell*—I know it well—
Ten copies of my lays ;
Oh, envy not the poet's lot
In our prosaic days.

Ah, lady mine, dost seek to twine
A coronal of song?

Trust him who knows what heavy woes
To poesy belong.
Forget the fame that gilds the name
Of one who wins the bays ;
And envy not the poet's lot
In our prosaic days.



A DAY FOR WISHING.



CANNOT mind my wheel to-
day—

The weather is as hot as
blazes ;

I wish that I could get away
To anywhere you like, and play
Among the buttercups and
daisies.

I wish I had a silly book
(Most easily fulfill'd of wishes)
To read beside a crystal brook—
Or else a rod, a line, a hook,
And lots of gentles for the fishes.

I wish that I were lying, prone
And idle, where the trees are shady—
Contemplative and quite alone,
Or talking in an undertone
To some beloved and lovely lady.

But, though I feel to-day a call
For reading silly books, or fishing,
Or idling where the trees are tall,
Or making love—yet, most of all,
I wish I knew the good of wishing.



THE DILIGENCE DRIVER.

PABLO PUIG is a family man,
 A Catholic staunch and a Catalan.
 Her Majesty's mails he hath to drive ,
 His oaths are many, his horses five.

Alerte, caballitos !

Master is he of a clumsy craft,
 Cranky forward and cranky aft ;
 A thing of a weird and ogglesome kind,
 Cab in the front and 'bus behind.

Alerte, caballitos !

Yet Pablo Puig in his inmost soul
 Is fond of his calling, upon the whole ;
 Many might think it *infra dig.*,
 But there 's little of pride in Pablo Puig.

Alerte, caballitos !

His visage is dark, his garb grotesque,
And he wears a touch of the picturesque,
A certain *chic* which possibly springs
From his horror of soap and of such-like things.

Alerte, caballitos!

To him there is little or no romance
In the mountain border of Spain and France;
But how he would wonder and stare, poor man,
At a moment's view of a Pickford's van.

Alerte, caballitos!



THE BALLAD OF THE BARYTONE.



A SIMPLE barytone am I—
 A thing of light and joy ;
 And peacefully my days go by
 As when I was a boy.
 Of Rank and Fame let worldlings dream,
 They have no charms for *me* .

Far, far above them I esteem
 My own—my upper G.

Oh music ! sure thou dost belong
 To soft Italia's clime,
 Where Life and Love and sunny Song
 Seem ever in their prime.

The feebler ballads of the North
Are much too cold for me ;
'Tis not for these I summon forth
My own—my upper G.

I love the Bacchanalian strain
In which Parisians deal ;
And that which dark-eyed sons of Spain
Attempt in Old Castille.
No matter from what favour'd spot
The melody may be ;
Provided it transcendeth not
My own—my upper G.

It greets me in my festal hours,
It brings my gloom relief ;
It sprinkles life with loveliest flowers
And plucks the sting from grief.
I'd smile at poverty and pain ;
I'd welcome death with glee—
If till the last I might retain
My own—my upper G !

SONGS OF THE SICK ROOM.

No. 1. COD LIVER OIL.

ON the bleak shore of Norway, I've lately been told,
 Large numbers of cod-fish are found,
 And the animals' livers are afterwards sold
 At so many "pfennigs" per pound ;
 From which is extracted, with infinite toil,
 A villainous fluid called cod-liver oil !

Now, I don't mind a powder, a pill, or a draught—
 Though I mingle the former with jam—
 And many's the mixture I've cheerfully quaff'd,
 And the pill I have gulp'd like a lamb.
 But then I envelop my pills in tin-foil,
 And I can't do the same with my cod-liver oil !

In the course of my lifetime I've swallow'd enough
To have floated a ship of the line,
And it's purely the fault of this horrible stuff
That I've ceased to enjoy ginger wine.
For how can you wonder to see me recoil
From a liquor I mix'd with my cod-liver oil?

There are few deeds of daring from which I should quail—
There are few things I'd tremble to do—
But there's one kind of tonic that makes me turn pale,
And quite spoils my appetite, too ;
But, you see, just at present, I've got none to spoil—
So I don't mind alluding to cod-liver oil !

No. 2. NIGHT AND MORNING.

THEY brought to my couch (I had not slept a wink,
For brooding all night on my ills)
A neat-looking bottle of something to drink,
And a neat-looking box full of pills.

A neat-looking label attracted my sight,
The neck of the bottle adorning,
Saying, "Please to take two of the pills every night
And a sixth of the draught in the morning."

After slowly perusing these words once or twice,
In a deeply contemplative way,
I exclaim'd, what a volume of useful advice
Does this one little sentence convey!
My friends, though to-day may seem cloudless and bright,
Neglect not to-morrow's dark warning;
And oh! while you're taking the pills of to-night,
Forget not the draught in the morning!

No. 3. GENERAL DEBILITY.

MY cheeks are pale, mine eyes are weak,
I've cramp in every joint;
My jaws are toothless, and my beak
Is fractured—near the point.

In youth, by falling from a tree,
I broke my boyish spine ;
And never yet did mortal see
Such hideous legs as mine.

In early life my skull was crack'd,
By tumbling down a drain,
And ever since my head is rack'd
With agonising pain.

But though misfortunes thickly come,
This thought consoles my mind—
If I had not been deaf and dumb,
Perhaps I should be blind.



THE COMPACT.



A DARK German legend survives to this day,

Which relates to a Göttingen student,
 Who came by his talent for music, they say,
 At a much higher price than was prudent.
 I'd rather not mention the bargain he made,—
 But his playing was reckon'd so clever
 As even to put Doctor Liszt in the shade,
 And extinguish Herr Thalberg for ever.

My hero was anxious his rivals should see
 How completely he beat them all hollow ;
 So he sent round his cards for æsthetics and tea,
 With some meerschaums and music to follow.

Then round his respected mahogany met
All the wisdom of Göttingen city ;
And History mentions that one of the set
(*Not* a German) was decently witty.

Of course the disputing and noise was immense,
As is always the case with deep thinkers ;
But I hear that the tea showed its excellent sense,
By agreeing with most of its drinkers.
Then the music began, and the guests open'd fire,
With fugues, and sonatas, and such-like ;
Which are things that we Englishmen don't much admire,
Though they're just what the Germans and Dutch like.

Our hero stepp'd forth, and his countenance shone
With that mixture of stern resolution
And graceful reserve that a martyr puts on,
When he walks to his own execution.
He turn'd back his cuffs and he put back his hair,
And, after these grave preparations,
Sat down and perform'd an original air,
With a dozen superb variations.

When he fancied his audience was growing more warm,
And the interest rapidly height'ning,
He treated the room to an improvised storm,
With abundance of thunder and lightning
It seemed as if peal after peal rent the sky,
With a rumbling sepulchral and hollow ;
And fierce lurid flashes pour'd forth from on high,
With a speed that no mortal could follow.

Of course such a state of affairs could not last,
And the player at length made his mind up,
By a whirlwind of octaves play'd furious and fast,
To bring the display to a wind-up.
He finish'd his piece and look'd modestly round,
Expecting loud cheers and *encoring* ;—
Imagine his utter disgust when he found
Every soul in the company snoring.

He summon'd his tempter in fury, they say,
And accused him of treacherous dealings,
In selling him powers that were quite thrown away,
Amongst wretches who hadn't got feelings.

“ Well, I own,” said the Fiend, “ they are not well-behaved,
But you ’re certainly one of the flat sort
If you fancy that Christians who hope to be saved
Would be partial to *music of that sort!*”



THE VISION OF THE ALDERMAN.



AN Alderman sat at his festive board,
 Quaffing the blood-red wine,
 And many a Bacchanal stave outpour'd
 In praise of the fruitful vine.
 Turtle and salmon and Strasbourg pie,
 Pippins and cheese were there ;
 And the bibulous Alderman wink'd his
 eye,
 For the sherris was old and rare.

But a cloud came over his gaze eftsoons,
 And his wicked old orbs grew dim ;
 Then drink turn'd each of the silver spoons
 To a couple of spoons for *him*.
 He bow'd his head on the festive board,
 By the gaslight's dazzling gleam :
 He bow'd his head and he slept and snored,
 And he dream'd a fearful dream.

For, carried away on the wings of Sleep,
His spirit was onward borne,
Till he saw vast holiday crowds in Chepe
On a Ninth November morn.
Guns were booming and bells ding-dong'd,
Ethiop minstrels play'd ;
And still, wherever the burghers throng'd,
Brisk jongleurs drove their trade.

Scarlet Sheriffs, the City's pride,
With a portly presence fill'd
The whole of the courtyard just outside
The hall of their ancient Guild.
And, in front of the central gateway there,
A marvellous chariot roll'd,
(Like gingerbread at a country-fair
'Twas cover'd with blazing gold.,

And a being array'd in pomp and pride
Was brought to the big stone gate ;
And they begg'd that being to mount and ride
In that elegant coach of state.

But, oh ! he was fat, so ghastly fat
Was that being of pomp and pride,
That, in spite of many attempts thereat,
He *couldn't* be push'd inside.

That being was press'd, but press'd in vain,
Till the drops bedew'd his cheek ;
The gilded vehicle rock'd again,
And the springs began to creak.
The slumbering alderman groan'd a groan,
For in vision he seem'd to trace
Some horrible semblance to *his own*,
In that being's purple face.

And " Oh ! " he cried, as he started up ;
" Sooner than come *to that*,
Farewell for ever the baneful cup
And the noxious turtle fat ! "—
They carried him up the winding-stair ;
They laid him upon the bed ;
And they left him, sleeping the sleep of care,
With an ache in his nightcapp'd head.

EVENING DRESS.



LIKE to spend an evening out
 In music and in mirth ;
 I think a party is about
 The finest fun on earth :
 And if I rarely patronise
 The gay and giddy throng,
 'Tis not, my friend, that I despise
 The revel, dance, and song :
 But I 've a dread I can't express
 Of going out in Evening Dress.

I'm partial to the British stage ;
 And—spite of its decline—
 The Drama, from a tender age,
 Has been a love of mine.

You ask me why I seldom go,
And why I always sit
In one distinct, unvaried row—
(The second of the pit) ;
'Tis not because it costs me less,
But all along of Evening Dress.

I hate the habits which denote
The slave to Fashion's rule ;
I hate the black, unwieldy coat
Which makes one look a fool.
I execrate the Gibus hat
(Collapsing with a spring),
The shiny boots, the white cravat,
And nearly everything
That 's worn by dandies who profess
To be *au fait* in Evening Dress.

My braces break—a button goes—
My razor gives a slip,
And cuts me either on my nose
Or else upon my lip ;

Or, while I 'm cabbing to the place,
A lot of mud or dirt
Gets plaster'd either on my face,
Or else upon my shirt.
In fact, I always make a mess
Of that confounded Evening Dress.



WINE.

A SCIENTIFIC DRINKING SONG.

GO, bring me the goblet that maddens my soul :
 Where the sulphate of copper lurks deep in the bowl ;
 Where the saccharine matter tastes richly intense,
 And the brain-turning alcohol threatens the sense.
 Deleterious acids, I laugh ye to scorn,
 For one alkali kills ye, when taken at morn ;
 And I know that a towel tied wet round my brow,
 May demolish the headache that hangs o'er me now.

No matter what vintage—no matter what name—
 To the brave Bacchanalian all wines are the same :
 For the best of Champagne and the mildest of Cape
 Are alike manufactured from juice of the grape.

What matters it whether the North or the South
May have yielded its blood for the epicure's mouth ?
What matters it whether the East or the West
May have sent the rich fluid that gladdens this breast ?

Amidst Burgundy's hills or the plains of Bordeaux
May the national fruit long continue to grow.
May the art of fermenting improve day by day,
And the vatt'ing take place in its usual way.
And, oh ! may the heads of our State persevere
In their efforts to crush the rude stimulant, Beer.
By providing Great Britain the means to import
A superior claret at ninepence a quart !



MY ULTIMATUM.



HO speaks to me of "giving up,"
 Or thinks about despairing?
 Who says the bitter in his cup
 Is bitter past the bearing?
 For *me*, I feel the thing to do
 (Let Fate be hard or tender)
 Is—like *La Garde* at Waterloo—
 To die and not surrender.

What struggles I myself have had ;
 Escapes how very narrow !
 My first affray was with a lad
 Who bore a bow and arrow.

If I should ever meet again
That young and old offender,
I see my course before me plain—
To die and not surrender.

In youth I ran a race to snatch
A laurel from Apollo,
Whom very few contrive to catch
Though very many follow.
Amid the throng in search of song—
With bards of either gender—
E'en yet I pant and limp along,
To die and not surrender.

I strove with Plutus day and night,
But left the field in dudgeon ;
And now I wage a fiercer fight
With Tempus, old curmudgeon.
Go on, Destroyer ; *you* destroy,
But Art shall be the mender.
“ Gray hair ? ” I 'll get a wig, old boy,
Or *dye* and not surrender !

ALL ALONE.

A LAY OF THE MORTE SAISON.

MY Brown has gone away to Greece,
 My Robinson to Rome ;
 My Jones was off to-day for Nice,
 And I am still at home.
 One friend is on the Tiber,
 Another on the Rhone,
 The third a *bock*-imbiber—
 And I am all alone.

The Row is dull as dull can be ;
 Deserted is the Drive ;
 The glass that stood at eighty-three
 Stands now at sixty-five.
 The summer days are over ;
 The town, ah, me ! has flown
 Through Dover or to clover—
 And I am all alone.

I hate the mention of Lucerne,
Of Baden and the Rhine ;
I hate the Oberland of Berne,
And Alp and Apennine.
I hate the wilds of Norway,
As here I sit and moan—
With none to cross my doorway—
For I am all alone.

Brick streets do not a prison make,
Nor hollow squares a cell ;
And so for Memory's pleasant sake,
I'll bear my sorrows well.
My lyre may lose the gladness
That mark'd its former tone ;
But, oh ! respect my sadness—
For I am all alone.



“OH NIGHTS AND SUPPERS,” ETC.



FATE grant us again such a meeting
 Of music, and wisdom, and wit—
 Where Mirth may make sure of a
 greeting,
 And Care of a notice to quit.
 With our long and yet fast-flying
 nights,
 And with six clever dogs for a
 quorum—
 We still may revive the delights
 Of our *Noctes cænæque deorum*.

Long nights, to be long recollected ;
 Short nights, can I shortly forget,
 How punning went mad, and infected
 The soberest brains in our set ; - -

How the quips and the cranks running round
 Put a stopper to mental decorum ;—
 How Laughter was monarch, and crown'd
 At our *Noctes cænæque deorum* ?

Not always in lightness, however,
 Our nights and our suppers were spent ;—
 At times we could cease to be clever,
 Could speak with a nobler intent.
 And an eloquence fresh from the heart
 (Not unworthy the Senate or Forum)
 Bore often a prominent part
 In our *Noctes cænæque deorum*.

Our circle was rarely completed
 Without one musician at least,
 So Melody came to be treated
 As welcomest fare at the feast.
 From the breathings of Italy's lyre
 Up to fugues *à la mode Germanorum*,
 We'd plenty to hear and admire
 At our *Noctes cænæque deorum*.

THE WEATHER.

I HAVE my share of common sense,
 But no imagination :
 I never made the least pretence
 To shine in conversation.
 I dare not stray in any way
 An inch beyond my tether ;
 And, when I 've nothing else to say,
 I talk about the weather.

When MARY ANN and I go out
 I long to play the lover,
 But what on earth to talk about
 I never can discover.
 I blush to say I often show
 The whitest kind of feather,
 And stammer out, " Look here, you know—
 Let 's talk about the weather."

I've run a bill at Mr SNIP'S
For articles of raiment ;
He always has upon his lips
A hint about its payment.
Whenever Mr SNIP and I
Are left alone together,
You can't imagine how I try
To talk about the weather.

I go to parties now and then,
But never find it answer :
I'm forced to mix among the men
Because I'm not a dancer,
I merely put on evening dress—
White kid and patent leather—
On purpose that I may express
My thoughts about the weather.



“ON CORPULENCE.”



THE town's in a panic, from peer to mechanic,
 Since BANTING has issued his *Tract*
for the Times;
 That queer publication made such a
 sensation,

That corpulence *now* seems the greatest of crimes.
 Folks fancy good feeding a proof of ill breeding,
 And stick to low diet through thick and through thin,
 Till they find that their best coats, and trousers, and waistcoats,
 Are perfectly “done for,” if not “taken in.”

Each day it grows harder to find a good larder,
And lean diners-out will, of course, suffer most ;
For those who are thinnish won't care to diminish
What little they've got for the sake of the host.
But the House of Correction will grant them protection,
(Supposing Society starves them outright,)
Where pickers and stealers and such evil dealers
Are feasted like aldermen morning and night.

Sincerely I pity our friends in the City,
And Mansion-House banquets cut short in their prime,
Where, 'mid roses and myrtle, the love of mock-turtle
" Now melts into sorrow, now maddens to crime."
If I were a sheriff, I'd never be terrified
Into adopting this Barmecide tone ;
For I'd throw up my station in *their* corporation
Before they induced me to part with *my own!*

If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead of pale ale ;
Look down with an utter contempt upon butter,
And never touch bread till it's toasted—or stale.

You must sacrifice gaily six hours or so daily
To muscular exercise, outdoor and in ;
While a very small number devoted to slumber
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and *thin!*



THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

(BY A MUSICAL MANIAC.)



FIRST MOVEMENT.

L AZILY, cloudlets, over the Moon,
(Veiling little, if aught ye veil)
Vapours across the starlight strewn,
Sail for ever, if *thus* ye sail.
Idle breezes out of the West,
Let them linger in phantom forms.
Night, be still as an infant's rest ;
Banish the darkness, chain the storms.

Hush, my spirit, be calm as Night ;
Sorrow is calm, but it is not peace.
Heralds of tempest, over the light,
Storm-clouds hurry and will not cease.
Eyes are dim that were bright and blue,
Hands were warm that are long since cold ;
Both lie under the shading yew,
Both lie under the churchyard mould.

SECOND MOVEMENT.

THE Elves ! the tiny tricksy Elves ;
They love to treat their dainty selves,
To dancing in the night-time.
'Tis twelve o'clock—the fairy hour ;
For hark ! the sounds from yonder tow'n
Inform me that 's the right time.

Here comes the laughing, rabble rout ;
See, see—they frisk around, about,
In every kind of antic.

And there's the king—the queen—the court—
The clergy, and the common sort—
All absolutely frantic.

My goodness gracious, here's a game !
I'm so delighted that I came
 To brood upon my sorrow.
A melancholy muff I've been ;
But, after this delightful scene,
 I'll come again to-morrow.

LAST MOVEMENT.

HURRICANE signals gather apace
Thickly over the pale moon's face ;
Masses of blackness looming forth,
South'ard and eastward, west and north,
Wild wind veering, ever and aye,
Over the compass—over the sky.
Mutter of thunder, lurid gleams,
Rain that clashes in deluge-streams.

Over the wheat-fields, over the stiles,
Two-and-a-quarter of English miles.
Boots that cannot exclude the wet ;
Clothes the thinnest that cash can get.
Far away, in the homely cot,
Stands my gingham—the best I've got.
Never so much as a Macintosh ;
Never a cape, or an odd galosh !

(Chord in the minor, FF.)





OCCASIONAL



VERSES.



CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

(A REMINISCENCE OF "DAVID GARRICK" AND "THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.")



ONCE upon an evening weary,
 shortly after Lord Dundreary
 With his quaint and curious hum-
 our set the town in such a roar,
 With my shilling I stood rapping
 —only very gently tapping—
 For the man in charge was napping
 —at the money-taker's door.
 It was Mr Buckstone's playhouse,
 where I linger'd at the door ;
 Paid half price and nothing
 more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about September—
 Though it might have been in August, or it might have been
 before—

Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow;
 For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,
 And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor;
 (I have been so once before.)

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
 If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before;
 For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking
 With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er and o'er;
 Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er;
 Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no
 longer,

“Miss,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore.
 Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the
 goodness

To inform me if this drama is from Gaul's enlighten'd shore?”
 For I know that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore;
 Adaptations—nothing more!

So I put the question lowly : and my neighbour answer'd slowly,
 " It's a British drama wholly, written quite in days of yore.
 'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,
 And the music is delicious, though the dialogue be poor !"
 (And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was* poor :
 Very flat, and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew center'd
 In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore.
 And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music ; so I mutter'd
 To my neighbour, " Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.
 Who's that rare and radiant maiden ? Tell, oh, tell me ! I implore."
 Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore !"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
 " Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more ;
 Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appear'd so sorrow laden
 In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door ?"
 (With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door.)
 Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore."

* * * * *

I've her photograph from Lacy's ; that delicious little face is
 Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),

And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls
From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second-floor.
(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second-floor.)
Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"



TO A CERTAIN SOMEBODY.

(DEDICATED TO MISS E. FARREN, LATE OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.)



ALL hail, my BEST and BELLINGHAM,
Olympic brother-bards !

I am sorry that the critics have
been down upon ye lately.

Permit me to present ye both my very
best regards,

And to tell ye that I count myself
indebted to ye greatly.

I will enter to your credit all the talent ye may claim ;
For the sake, my BEST and BELLINGHAM, of Little What's-her-
name.

I have yielded, I confess it, quite a dozen times before
 To the fatal fascinations of the darlings of the Drama.
I have idolised my WILTON, I have loved my NELBY MOORE ;
 And I see a host of others in a sort of panorama,
Reaching downwards to MISS THINGAMY—an evanescent flame,
Whom I sacrificed a month ago for Little What's-her-name.

The man who takes the money for my shillingworth of pit
 Has an aggravating habit of alluding to the weather ;
And I never fail to notice, from the corner where I sit,
 That the feminine attendants take to whispering together.
The fiddlers in the orchestra do very much the same ;
For they *know* that I'm the worshipper of Little What's-her-
 name.

I met her, quite promiscuous, a week or two ago ;
 To see her was to recognise—young Love's a pretty tutor—
She was affably conversing with a man I didn't know ;
 But I fancied, in my jealousy, 'twas probably her suitor.
It *might* have been a relative ; but was it not a shame
That I couldn't breathe my sentiments to Little What's-her-
 name ?

I should like to make a tender of my heart and of my hand,
(For it strikes me that at present I have nothing else to proffer ;)
But since I 've neither intellect nor money at command,
She would probably insult me by declining such an offer.
It's not so much the intellect—if Fortune, fickle dame,
Would grant me only opulence and Little What 's-her-name.

Will she read this emanation of a long-endured despair
With a particle of pity or an atom of emotion ?
Will she linger for a moment o'er the verses that declare
All the fondness and the fulness of a Nobody's devotion ?
I should seek no other honour—I should ask no higher fame
Than a corner in the memory of Little What 's-her-name.



THE LORD MAYOR'S APOTHEOSIS.

A CIVIC ODE.



ALDERMAN HALE — though slightly
pale—

Seem'd nevertheless determined
To do his duty on Lord Mayor's Day ;
So he wash'd his face in a careful way
(Though he hated anything like display),
And he brush'd his hair—of a brownish gray.
His robe was scarlet, and people say,
That its edges were thickly ermined.

But let us leave him for a while,
And hurry to Guildhall,
Where stout police (in single file),
In tight cravat and shiny tile,
Parade before the gloomy pile—
Right stalwart men and tail.

See, in their garb of modest green,
 Around the court-yard stand
Our Volunteers ! Ah, ne'er, I ween,
Were truer, braver warriors seen,
To fight for Alderman or Quèen,
 And guard our native land.

Tis twelve o'clock ; the bells of Bow are clanging in the steeple,
While visible anxiety prevails among the people.
The cannons in St James's Park announce the noontide hour ;
And the time is also mention'd by the cannons at the Tower.

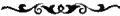
It comes : the wish'd-for pageant comes ! Observe the mailed
 knights.

Observe the squires who follow them (in somewhat seedy tights).
Observe the noble chargers, too. Methinks I've heard it said,
That E. T. Smith doth furnish them at three-and-six a head.

Make way there for the Volunteers!—make way there for the
Band!

Their home is on the battlefield; their march is “In the Strand.”
Make way, too, for the Aldermen, recumbent in their coaches,
And make more way *than ever* for the *gingerbread* approaches!

Then, from all the people there,
A shout arose and rent the air—
“Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Fill him with turtle,
And crown him with myrtle,
And long live the Great Lord Mayor!!!”



THE END OF AN OLD YEAR.

“The Old Year lies a-dying.”

“*L'E Roi est mort!*” is mutter'd round the bed ;
 “Long live the King!” we cry in louder chorus :
 We know that, when a year is lying dead,
 A year is all before us.

To-night a dozen months of joy and care,
 Of ancient fellowships and new bissenions.
 Are left behind us ; and the frosty air
 Is thick with good intentions.

We scarcely heed the lessons of the sun—
His daily risings and his daily settings ;
But, when our *years* are setting one by one
We sum up all regrettings.

Let us recall the losses, not the gains,
Of many a yesterday we spent in sorrow
And count upon the pleasures, not the pains
Of many a bright to-morrow.

'Tis well that we should meet the coming year
And what it brings us with a bold reliance ;
That we should show a faith without a fear—
A trust with no defiance.

'Tis well—since all humanity must brave
The doubtful current of Time's mighty river—
To throw ourselves upon its yawning wave
Without a craven shiver.

To-night we end one chapter of a book—

From every page some weighty moral gleaning ;

And, when the story closes, we may look

To find the Author's meaning.







A LIST OF BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY
CHATTO & WINDUS,
74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

THE FAMOUS FRASER PORTRAITS.
MACLISE'S
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

With Notes by the late WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

Edited, with copious Notes, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. The volume contains 83 SPLENDID AND MOST CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS, now first issued in a complete form. In demy 4to, over 400 pages, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

"Most interesting."—*Saturday Review*.

"Not possible to imagine a more elegant addition to a drawing-room table."—*Fun*.

"One of the most interesting volumes of this year's literature."—*Times*.

"Deserves a place on every drawing-room table, and may not unfitly be removed from the drawing-room to the library."—*Spectator*.

74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

NEW FINE-ART GIFT-BOOK.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A Selection from its Pictures, by CLAUDE, REMBRANDT, CUYP, Sir DAVID WILKIE, CORREGGIO, GAINSBOROUGH, CANALETTI, VANDYCK, PAUL VERONESE, CARACCI, RUBENS, N. and G. POUSSIN, and other great Masters. Engraved by GEORGE DOO, JOHN BURNET, WILLIAM FINDEN, JOHN and HENRY LE KEUX, JOHN PYE, WALTER BROMLEY, and others. With descriptive Text. A NEW EDITION, from the Original Plates, in columbier 4to, cloth extra, full gilt and gilt edges, 42s. [Nearly ready.]

THE WORKS OF

JAMES GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST.

With the Story of his Life and Times, and full and Anecdotal Descriptions of his Engravings. Edited by THOS. WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated with 83 full-page-Plates, and very numerous Wood Engravings. Demy 4to, 600 pages, cloth extra, 31s. 6d.

"High as the expectations excited by this description [in the Introduction] may be, they will not be disappointed. With rare exception, no source of information has been neglected by the editor, and the most inquisitive or exacting reader will find ready gathered to his hand, without the trouble of reference, almost every scrap of narrative, anecdote, gossip, scandal, or epigram, in poetry or prose, that he can possibly require for the elucidation of the caricatures."—*Quarterly Review*.

"The publishers have done good service in bringing so much that is full of humour and of historical interest within the reach of a large class."—*Saturday Review*.

"One of the most amusing and valuable illustrations of the social and polished life of that generation which it is possible to conceive."—*Spectator*.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS.

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, 1800—1870. By WILKIE, CONSTABLE, J. M. W. TURNER, MULREADY, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, MACLISE, LESLIE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, ANSDALL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, EYRE CROWE, FAED, MADOX BROWN. All Engraved in the highest style of Art. With Notices of the Artists by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 21s.

COURT BEAUTIES OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

From the Originals in the Royal Gallery at Windsor, by Sir PETER LELY. Engraved in the highest style of art by THOMSON, WRIGHT, SCRIVEN, B. HOLL, WAGSTAFF, and T. A. DEANE. With Memoirs by Mrs. JAMESON, Author of "Legends of the Madonna." Imperial 4to, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 21s.

"This truly beautiful and splendid production is equally a gem among the Fine Arts and in Literature."—*Quarterly Review*.

MATT MORGAN'S DESIGNS.

THE AMERICAN WAR:

CARTOONS by MATT MORGAN and other Artists, illustrative of the late Great Civil War in America. Now first collected, with Explanatory Text. Demy 4to, illustrated boards, 7s. 6d.

COMPANION TO THE "HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS."

Advertising, A History of, from the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, Biographical Notes, and Examples of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON. Crown 8vo, with Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]

Æsop's Fables, translated into Human Nature, in 24 quarto Plates, designed and drawn on the wood by CHARLES H. BENNETT. With descriptive Text. An entirely New Edition. Crown 4to, beautifully printed in colours, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. [*Nearly ready.*]

Amusing Poetry. A Selection of Humorous Verse from all the Best Writers. Edited, with a Preface, by SHIRLEY BROOKS. A New Edition, in fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, and gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"This is a capital selection of songs, ballads, and miscellaneous poems. It is by no means a collection of comic poetry, though there are comic pieces here and there. The selected pieces are by established favourites—Dibdin, Cunningham, Scott, Colman, Hood, Hook, Shirley Brooks, Tennyson, &c., &c."—*Literary World*.
"The book will be generally acceptable."—*Echo*.

Anacreon. Illustrated by the Exquisite Designs of GIRODET. Translated by THOMAS MOORE. Bound in Etruscan gold and blue, 12s. 6d.

* * * *A beautiful and captivating volume. The well-known Paris house, Firmin Didot, a few years since produced a miniature edition of these exquisite designs by photography, and sold a large number at £2 per copy. The Designs have been universally admired by both artists and poets.*



Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers in the Civil War, 1642. SECOND EDITION, Corrected and considerably Enlarged. Edited, with Notes, by EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A. 4to, half-Roxburghe, 7s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]



Art of Amusing.

A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades, intended to amuse everybody, and enable all to amuse everybody else. By FRANK BELLEW. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

*** One of the most entertaining hand-books of amusement ever published.

Awful Crammers.

A New American Joke Book. Edited by TITUS A. BRICK, Author of "Shaving Them." Fcap. 8vo, with numerous curious Illustrations, 1s.

UNIFORM WITH MR. RUSKIN'S EDITION OF "GRIMM."



Bechstein's As Pretty as Seven, and other Popular German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM. 100 Illustrations by RICHTER. Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

*** One of the most delightful books for children ever published. It is, in every way, a Companion to the German Stories of the Brothers Grimm. The quaint simplicity of Richter's engravings will charm every lover of legendary lore.

Biglow Papers. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. The Best Edition, with full Glossary, of these extraordinary Verses. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS.

Artemus Ward,

Complete. The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD, now first collected. Crown 8vo, with fine Portrait, facsimile of handwriting, &c., 540 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

*** Comprises all that the humourist has written in England or America. Admirers of Artemus Ward will be glad to possess his writings in a complete form.*



Artemus Ward's

Lecture at the Egyptian Hall, with the Panorama. Edited by the late T. W. ROBERTSON, Author of "Caste," &c., and E. P. HINGSTON. Small 4to, exquisitely printed, bound in green and gold, with NUMEROUS TINTED ILLUSTRATIONS, 6s.

Artemus Ward: his Book. With Notes and Introduction by the Editor of the "Biglow Papers." One of the wittiest books published for many years. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

The *Saturday Review* says:—"The author combines the powers of Thackeray with those of Albert Smith. The salt is rubbed in by a native hand—one which has the gift of tickling."

Artemus Ward: his Travels among the Mormons and on the Rampage. Edited by E. P. HINGSTON, the Agent and Companion of A. WARD whilst "on the Rampage." Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

*** Some of Artemus's most mirth-provoking papers are to be found in this book. The chapters on the Mormons will unbend the sternest countenance. As bits of fun they are IMMENSE!*

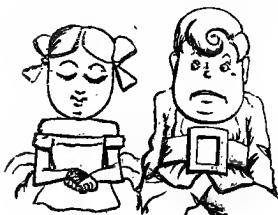
Artemus Ward's Letters to "Punch,"

Among the Witches, and other Sketches. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

*** The volume contains, in addition, some quaint and humorous compositions which were found upon the author's table after his decease.*

Artemus Ward among the Fenians:

with the Showman's Experiences of Life at Washington, and Military Ardour at Baldinsville. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 6d.



Babies and Ladders:

Essays on Things in General. By EMMANUEL KINK. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated by W. S. GILBERT, &c. Picture wrapper, 1s.

Bayard Taylor's Di-

versions of the Echo Club. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

Boccaccio's Decameron; or, 'Ten Days'

Entertainment. Now fully translated into English, with Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by STOTHARD'S Engravings on Steel. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

Booksellers, A History of. Full Accounts

of the Great Publishing Houses and their Founders, both in London and the Provinces, the History of their Rise and Progress, and of their greatest Works. By HARRY CURWEN. Crown 8vo, over 500 pages, with frontispiece and numerous Portraits and Illustrations, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.



HEADPIECE USED BY WILLIAM CAXTON.

"In these days, ten ordinary Histories of Kings and Courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good History of Booksellers."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

"This stout little book is unquestionably amusing. Ill-starred, indeed, must be the reader who, opening it anywhere, lights upon six consecutive pages within the entire compass of which some good anecdote or smart repartee is not to be found."—*Saturday Review*.

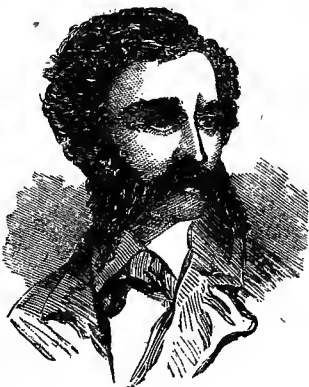
"Mr. Curwen has produced an interesting work."—*Daily News*.

"The 'History of Booksellers' will not merely repay perusal, but ought to have a permanent place on library shelves."—*Court Circular*.

BRET HARTE'S WORKS.

Widely known for their Exquisite Pathos and Delightful Humour.

Bret Harte's Complete Works, in Prose and Poetry. Now First Collected. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 650 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.



Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Stories. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Bret Harte's That Heathen Chinee, and other Humorous Poems. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Sensation Novels Condensed. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s. 6d.

*** A most enjoyable book, only surpassed, in its special class, by Thackeray's Burlesque Novels.*

Bret Harte's Lothaw; or, **The Adventures of a Young Gentleman in Search of a Religion**. By Mr. BENJAMINS (*Bret Harte*). Fcap. 8vo, curiously illustrated, 6d.

Bret Harte's East and West. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Bret Harte's Stories of the Sierras, and other Sketches. With a Wild Story of Western Life by JOAQUIN MILLER, Author of "Songs of the Sierras." Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Book of Hall-Marks ; or, Manual of Reference for the Goldsmith and Silversmith. By ALFRED LUTSCHAUNIG, Manager of the Liverpool Assay Office. Crown 8vo, with 46 Plates of the Hall-Marks of the different Assay Towns of the United Kingdom, as now stamped on Plate and Jewellery, 7s. 6d.

. *This work gives practical methods for testing the quality of gold and silver. It was compiled by the author for his own use, and as a Supplement to "Chaffers."*

Booth's Epigrams : Ancient and Modern, Humorous, Witty, Satirical, Moral, and Panegyric. Edited by the Rev. JOHN BOOTH, B.A. A New Edition. Pott 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Boudoir Ballads : Vers de Société. By J. ASHBY STERRY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, and gilt edges, 6s. [*In preparation.*]

Brewster's (Sir David) More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. A NEW EDITION, in small crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, with full-page Astronomical Plates, uniform with Faraday's "Chemical History of a Candle." 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir D.) Martyrs of Science. NEW EDITION, small cr. 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, with full-page Portraits, uniform with Faraday's "Various Forces of Nature." 4s. 6d.

COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS.

Broad Grins. My Nightgown and Slippers, and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN the Younger. Now first collected, with Life and Anecdotes of the Author, by GEORGE B. BUCKSTONE. With Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, 500 pp., 7s. 6d.

NEW BOOK FOR BOYS.

Conquest of the Sea: A History of Divers and Diving, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By HENRY SIEBE. Profusely Illustrated with fine Wood Engravings. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

"We have perused this volume, full of quaint information, with delight. Mr. Siebe has bestowed much pains on his work ; he writes with enthusiasm and fulness of knowledge."—*Echo.*

"Really interesting alike to youths and to grown-up people."—*Scotsman.*

"Equally interesting to the general and to the scientific reader."—*Morning Advertiser.*

Bright's (Rt. Hon. J., M.P.) Speeches
on Public Affairs of the last Twenty Years. Collated with the best Public Reports. Royal 16mo, 370 pages, cloth extra, 1s.

Byron's (Lord) Letters and Journals,
with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, complete in one thick volume of 1060 pp. Twelve fine full-page Plates. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. It contains, indeed, no single passage equal to two or three which we could select from the Life of Sheridan; but, as a whole, it is immeasurably superior to that work. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and, when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner. It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty. It has evidently been written, not for the purpose of showing—what, however, it often shows—how well its author can write, but for the purpose of vindicating, as far as truth will permit, the memory of a celebrated man who can no longer vindicate himself. Mr. Moore never thrusts himself between Lord Byron and the public. With the strongest temptations to egotism, he has said no more about himself than the subject absolutely required. A great part, indeed the greater part, of these volumes consists of extracts from the Letters and Journals of Lord Byron; and it is difficult to speak too highly of the skill which has been shown in the selection and arrangement. . . . It is impossible, on a general survey, to deny that the task has been executed with great judgment and great humanity. When we consider the life which Lord Byron had led, his petulance, his irritability, and his communicativeness, we cannot but admire the dexterity with which Mr. Moore has contrived to exhibit so much of the character and opinions of his friend, with so little pain to the feelings of the living."—LORD MACAULAY, in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Carlyle (T.) on the Choice of Books.

With New Life and Anecdotes. Brown cloth, UNIFORM WITH THE 2s. EDITION OF HIS WORKS, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.

Celebrated Claimants, Ancient and Modern. Being the Histories of all the most celebrated Pretenders and Claimants from PERKIN WARBECK to ARTHUR ORTON. Fcap. 8vo, 350 pages, illustrated boards, price 2s.

"* * * This book is presented to the public at a time when popular attention is attracted to the subject of which it treats; but it is intended much less to gratify a temporary curiosity than to fill an empty page in our literature. In our own and in other countries Claimants have been by no means rare, and the author has spared no research to render his work as perfect as possible, and to supply a reliable history of those cases which are entitled to rank as causes célèbres. The book is put forward in the hope that, while it may serve to amuse the hasty reader in a leisure hour, it may also be deemed worthy of a modest resting-place in the libraries of those who like to watch the march of events, and who have the prudent habit, when information is found, of preserving a note of it.

Christmas Carols and Ballads. Selected
and Edited by JOSHUA SYLVESTER. A New Edition, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, extra gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK.

Cyclopædia of Costume; or, A Dictionary of Dress, Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and preceded by a General History of the Costume of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A., Somerset Herald.

This work will be published in Twenty-four Monthly Parts, quarto, at Five Shillings, profusely illustrated by Plates and Wood Engravings; with each Part will also be issued a splendid Coloured Plate, from an original Painting or Illumination, of Royal and Noble Personages, and National Costume, both foreign and domestic. The First Part is just ready.



IN collecting materials for a History of Costume of more importance than the little handbook which has met with so much favour as an elementary work, I was not only made aware of my own deficiencies, but surprised to find how much more vague are the explanations, and contradictory the statements; of our best authorities, than they appeared to me, when, in the plenitude of my ignorance, I rushed upon almost untrampled ground, and felt bewildered by the mass of unsifted evidence and unhesitating assertion which met my eyes at every turn.

During the forty years which have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of my "History of British Costume" in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," archæological investigation has received such an impetus by the establishment of metropolitan and provincial peripatetic antiquarian societies, that a flood of light has been poured upon us, by which we are enabled to re-examine our opinions and discover reasons to doubt, if we cannot find facts to authenticate.

That the former greatly preponderate is a grievous acknowledgment to make after assiduously devoting the leisure of half my life to the pursuit of information on this, to me, most fascinating subject. It is some consolation, however, to feel that where I cannot instruct, I shall certainly not mislead, and that the reader will find, under each head, all that is known to, or suggested by, the most competent writers I am acquainted with, either here or on the Continent.

That this work appears in a glossarial form arises from the desire of many artists, who have expressed to me the difficulty they constantly meet with in their endeavours to ascertain the complete form of a garment, or the exact mode of fastening a piece of armour, or buckling of a belt, from their study of a sepulchral effigy or a figure in an illumination; the attitude of the personages represented, or the disposition of other portions of their attire, effectually preventing the requisite examination.

The books supplying any such information are very few, and the best confined to armour or ecclesiastical costume. The only English publication of the kind required, that I am aware of, is the late Mr. Fairholt's "Costume in England" (8vo, London, 1846), the last two hundred pages of which contain a glossary, the most valuable portion whereof are the quotations from old plays, mediæval romances, and satirical ballads, containing allusions to various articles of attire in fashion at the time of their composition. Twenty-eight years have expired since that book appeared, and it has been thought that a more comprehensive work on the subject than has yet issued from the English press, combining the pith of the information of many costly foreign publications, and, in its illustrations, keeping in view the special requirement of the artist, to which I have alluded, would be, in these days of educational progress and critical inquiry, a welcome addition to the library of an English gentleman.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Clerical Anecdotes and Pulpit Eccentricities. Square 16mo, illust. wrapper, 1s. 4d.; cl. neat, 1s. 10d.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Complete in TWO SERIES: the FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR OF THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2,000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, two very thick volumes, 15s.; or, separately, 7s. 6d. per volume.



APPROACH OF BLUCHER: INTREPID ADVANCE OF THE FIRST FOOT.

*** The "Comic Almanacks" of George Cruikshank have long been regarded by admirers of this inimitable artist as among his finest, most characteristic productions. Extending over a period of nineteen years, from 1835 to 1853, inclusive, they embrace the best period of his artistic career, and show the varied excellences of his marvellous power. The late Mr. Tilt, of Fleet Street, first conceived the idea of the "Comic Almanack," and at various times there were engaged upon it such writers as THACKERAY, ALBERT SMITH, the Brothers MAYHEW, the late ROBERT BROUGH, GILBERT A'BECKETT, and, it has been asserted, TOM HOOD the elder. THACKERAY'S stories of "Stubbs' Calendar; or, The Fatal Boots," which subsequently appeared as "Stubbs' Diary;" and "Barber Cox; or, The Cutting of his Comb," formed the leading attractions in the numbers for 1839 and 1840.

Danbury Newsman. A Brief but Comprehensive Record of the Doings of a Remarkable People, under more Remarkable Circumstances, and Chronicled in a most Remarkable Manner. By JAMES M. BAILEY. Uniform with Twain's "Screamers." Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

"A real American humourist."—*Figaro*.

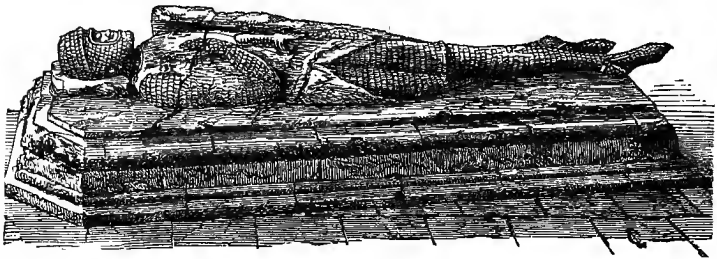


THE BEST GUIDE TO HERALDRY.

Cussans' Handbook of Heraldry; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS.; also, Rules for the Appointment of Liveries, &c., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with 360 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt and emblazoned, 7s. 6d.

*** This volume, beautifully printed on toned paper, contains not only the ordinary matter to be found in the best books on the science of Armory, but several other subjects hitherto unnoticed. Amongst these may be mentioned:—1. DIRECTIONS FOR TRACING PEDIGREES. 2. DECIPHERING ANCIENT MSS., ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHABETS AND FACSIMILES. 3. THE APPOINTMENT OF LIVERIES. 4. CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN HERALDRY, &c.*

VERY IMPORTANT COUNTY HISTORY.



Cussans' History of Hertfordshire.

A County History, got up in a very superior manner, and ranging with the finest works of its class. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts. Parts I. to VI. are now ready, price 21s. each.

*** An entirely new History of this important County, great attention being given to all matters pertaining to Family History.*

74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

UNIFORM WITH THE "CHARLES DICKENS EDITION."

Dickens: The Story
of his Life. By THEODORE TAYLOR, Author of the "Life of Thackeray." Uniform with the "Charles Dickens Edition" of his Works, and forming a Supplementary Volume to that Issue. Crown 8vo, crimson cloth, 3s. 6d.



"Anecdotes seem to have poured in upon the author from all quarters. . . Turn where we will through these 370 pleasant pages, something worth reading is sure to meet the eye."—*The Standard*.

Also Published:

THE "BEST EDITION" of the above Work, illustrated by Photographic Frontispiece of "Dickens as Captain Bobadil," Portraits, Facsimiles, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

UNIFORM WITH THE "CHARLES DICKENS EDITION."

Dickens' Speeches, Social and Literary, now first collected. Uniform with, and forming a Supplementary Volume to, the "CHARLES DICKENS EDITION." Crown 8vo, crimson cloth, 3s. 6d.

"His speeches are as good as any of his printed writings."—*The Times*.

Also Published:

THE "BEST EDITION," in crown 8vo, with fine Portrait by Count D'ORSAY, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Dickens' Life and Speeches. In One Volume, 16mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

"DON QUIXOTE" IN THE ORIGINAL SPANISH.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha. Nueva Edición, corregida y revisada. Por MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Complete in one volume, post 8vo, nearly 700 pages, cloth extra, price 4s. 6d.

Earthward Pilgrimage, from the Next World to that which now is. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Crown 8vo, beautifully printed and bound, 7s. 6d.

D'Urfey's ("Tom") Wit and Mirth;

OR, PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY: Being a Collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, Old and New. Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper Tune for either Voice or Instrument: most of the Songs being new set. London: Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head, over-against Catherine Street in the Strand, 1719.

An exact and beautiful reprint of this much-prized work, with the Music to the Songs, just as in the rare original. In 6 vols., large fcap. 8vo, antique boards, edges uncut, beautifully printed on laid paper, made expressly for the work, price £3 3s.

. The PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY have now retained their celebrity for a century and a half. The difficulty of obtaining a copy has of late years raised sets to a fabulous price, and has made even odd volumes costly. Considering the classical reputation which the book has thus obtained, and its very high interest as illustrative of the manners, customs, and amusements of English life during the half century following the Restoration, no apology is needed for placing such a work more within the reach of general readers and students by re-issuing it for the first time since its original appearance, and at about a tithe of the price for which the old edition could now be obtained.

For drinking-songs and love-songs, sprightly ballads, merry stories, and political squibs, there are none to surpass these in the language. In improvising such pieces, and in singing them, D'URFEY was perhaps never equalled, except in our own century by THEODORE HOOK. The sallies of his wit amused and delighted three successive English sovereigns; and while his plays are forgotten, his songs and ballads still retain the light abandon and joyous freshness that recommended them to the wits and beaux of Queen Anne's days. Nor can the warm and affectionate eulogy of Steele and Addison be forgotten, and D'URFEY may now take his place on the bookshelves of the curious, side by side with the other worthies of his age.

Ellis's (Mrs.) Mothers of Great Men.

A New Edition, with Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, over 500 pages, 6s.

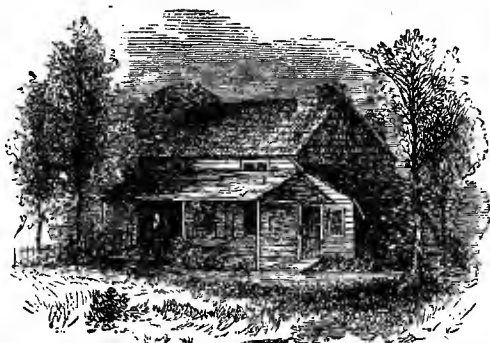
"Mrs. Ellis believes, as most of us do, that the character of the mother goes a long way; and, in illustration of this doctrine, she has given us several lives written in her charming, yet earnest, style. We especially commend the life of Byron's and Napoleon's mothers. . . . The volume has some solid merits."—*Echo*.

"This is a book which ought to be in the libraries of all who interest themselves in the education of women."—*Victoria Magazine*.

"An extremely agreeable and readable book, . . . and its value is not a little enhanced by Mr. Bromley's illustrations."—*Illustrated Dramatic News*.

Emanuel on Diamonds and Precious Stones; Their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain. A New Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Edgar Allan Poe's Prose and Poetical Works; including Additional Tales and his fine Critical Essays.



POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

With a Translation of CHARLES BAUDELAIRE'S "Essay." 750 pages, crown 8vo, fine Portrait and Illustrations, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

English Rogue (The), described in the Life of MERITON LATROON, and other Extravagants, comprehending the most Eminent Cheats of both Sexes. By RICHARD HEAD and FRANCIS KIRKMAN. A facsimile reprint of the rare Original Edition (1665-1672), with Frontispiece, Facsimiles of the 12 copper plates, and Portraits of the Authors. In Four Volumes, large foolscap 8vo, beautifully printed on antique laid paper, made expressly, and bound in antique boards, 36s.; or LARGE-PAPER COPIES, 60s. [*Nearly ready.*]

* * * *This singularly entertaining work may be described as the first English novel, properly so called. The same air of reality pervades it as that which gives such a charm to the stories written by Defoe half a century later. The interest never flags for a moment, from the first chapter to the last.*

As a picture of the manners of the period, two hundred years ago, in England, among the various grades of society through which the hero passes in the course of his extraordinary adventures, and among gipsies, beggars, thieves, &c., the book is invaluable to students.

The earlier portion of the book was considerably altered in later editions by Francis Kirkman. While preserving all the additions made by that writer, most of the omitted passages (sometimes among the most characteristic in the book) have been restored from the earliest edition, which is of the very greatest rarity, most of the copies having been destroyed, the year after its publication, in the Great Fire of London.

The later edition and the Second Part are of almost equal rarity. Owing to its wonderful run of popularity, the book has been so well read and well thumbed, that perfect copies are very seldom to be met with, and are then only to be obtained at an extravagantly high price. The present reprint may therefore be useful and acceptable to students of Early English Literature.

Early News Sheet.—The Russian Invasion of Poland in 1563. (*Memorabilis et perinde stupenda de crudeli Moscovitarum Expeditione Narratio, e Germanico in Latinum conversa.*) An exact facsimile of a contemporary account in Latin, published at Douay, together with an Introduction and Historical Notes and a full Translation. Only 100 copies printed. Large fcap. 8vo, an exact facsimile on antique paper, hardly distinguishable from the original, half-Roxburghe, price 7s. 6d.

Englishman's House, from a Cottage to a Mansion. A Practical Guide to Members of Building Societies, and all interested in Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON, Architect, Author of "Old English Mansions," &c.



Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged, with nearly 600 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 550 pages, cloth, 7s. 6d.

“* * This Work might not inappropriately be termed “A Book of Houses.” It gives every variety of house, from a workman's cottage to a nobleman's palace. The book is intended to supply a want long felt, viz., a plain, non-technical account of every style of house, with the cost and manner of building.”

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A. Crown 8vo, about 600 pages, cloth extra, 9s.

“* * The chapters are arranged under the following heads:—1. BAPTISMAL OR PERSONAL NAMES; 2. LOCAL SURNAMES; 3. OFFICIAL SURNAMES; 4. OCCUPATIVE SURNAMES; 5. SOBRIQUET SURNAMES, OR NICKNAMES.”

“Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field.”—*Times*.

Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle. Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition, edited by W. CROOKES, Esq., F.C.S., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with all the Original Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Various Forces of Nature. A New Edition, edited by W. CROOKES, Esq., F.C.S., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with all the Original Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Finish to Life in and out of London; or, The Final Adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic. By PIERCE EGAN. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, with Spirited Coloured Illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, 21s.

Flagellation and the Flagellants.—A History of the Rod in all Countries, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. W. COOPER, B.A. Second Edition, revised and corrected, with numerous Illustrations. Thick crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 12s. 6d.

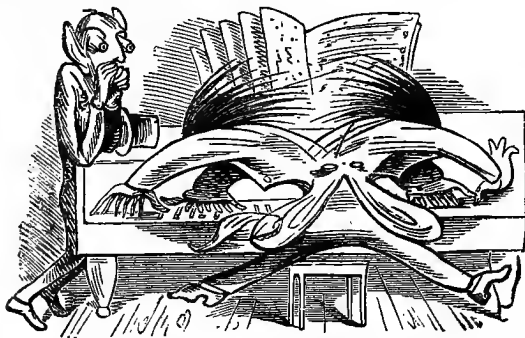
Fun for the Million :

A Gathering of Choice Wit and Humour, Good Things, and Sublime Nonsense, by DICKENS, JERROLD, SAM SLICK, CHAS. H. ROSS, HOOD, THEODORE HOOK, MARK TWAIN, BROUGH, COLMAN, TITUS A. BRICK, and a Host of other Humourists. With Pictures by MATT MORGAN, GILBERT, NAST, THOMPSON, CRUIKSHANK, Jun., BRUNTON, &c. In fcap. 4to, profusely illustrated, with picture wrapper, 1s.



Genial Showman; or, Show Life in the New World. Adventures with Artemus Ward, and the Story of his Life. By E. P. HINGSTON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, Illustrated by BRUNTON, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Fools' Paradise; with the Many Wonderful Adventures there, as seen in the strange, surprising Peep-Show of Professor Wolley Cobble. Crown 4to, with nearly 200 very funny Coloured Pictures, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.



THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE MUSIC LESSON.

Further Adventures in Fools' Paradise, with the Many Wonderful Doings, as seen in the Peep-Show of Professor Wolley Cobble. Crown 4to, uniform with the FIRST SERIES, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

RUSKIN AND CRUIKSHANK.



German Popular Stories.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series complete. Square crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.; gilt leaves, 7s. 6d.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, in a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—*Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.*

GIL BLAS IN SPANISH.

Historia de Gil Blas de Santillana.

Por LE SAGE. Traducida al Castellano por el PADRE ISLA. Nueva Edición, corregida y revisada. Complete in One Volume. Post 8vo, cloth extra, nearly 600 pages, price 4s. 6d.

Golden Treasury of Thought. The Best

Encyclopædia of Quotations and Elegant Extracts, from Writers of all Times and all Countries, ever formed. Selected and Edited by THÉODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, very handsomely bound, cloth gilt, and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

* * * *An attempt to put into the hands of the reader and student a more varied and complete collection of the best thoughts of the best authors than had before been made. It is not everybody who can get the original works from which the extracts are taken, while a book such as this is within the reach of all, and cannot be opened without finding something worth reading, and in most cases worth remembering.*

Great Condé (The), and the Period of

the Fronde: An Historical Sketch. By WALTER FITZPATRICK. Second Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

"Mr. FitzPatrick has given us a history that is pleasant to read: his style is incisive and picturesque as well as fluent. . . . The work is well done."—*Tablet*.
"The sketches of the characters and careers of the extraordinary men and women who lived, intrigued, governed, or strove to govern, are admirable for their lifelikeness."—*Morning Post*.

Greenwood's (James) Wilds of

London. With a Full Account of the Natives: being Descriptive Sketches, from the Personal Observations and Experiences of the Writer, of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Lambeth Casual." With Twelve full-page Illustrations by ALFRED CONCANEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]

Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar

Tongue. 1785. An un mutilated Reprint of the First Edition. Quarto, bound in half-Roxburghe, gilt top, price 8s.

* * * *Only a small number of copies of this vulgar, but very curious, book have been printed, for the Collectors of "Street Words" and Colloquialisms.*

COMPANION TO "THE SECRET OUT."

Hanky-Panky. A New and Wonderful Book of Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand; in fact, all those startling Deceptions which the Great Wizards call "Hanky-Panky." Edited by W. H. CREMER, of Regent Street. With nearly 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 4s. 6d.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By J. G. LELAND. The Complete Work, from the Author's revised Edition. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s.; in cloth, 1s. 6d.



Hatton's (Jos.)
Kites and Pigeons. A most amusing Novelette. With Illustrations by LINLEY SAMBOURNE, of "Punch." Fcap. 8vo, illustrated wrapper, 1s.

Haunted; or,
Tales of the Weird and Wonderful. A new and entirely original series of GHOST STORIES, by FRANCIS E. STAINFORTH. Post 8vo, illustrated, boards, 2s. [*Nearly ready.*]

Hawthorne's English and American
Note Books. Edited, with an Introduction, by MONCURE D. CONWAY. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s.; in cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hood's (Tom) New Story for Children, illustrated by WILLIAM BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES, is now in the Press, and will be ready early in October. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, uniform with "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Price 6s. [*Preparing.*]

Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Sketches of Irish Character. "WOOLING AND WEDDING," "JACK THE SHRIMP," "PETER THE PROPHET," "GOOD AND BAD SPIRITS," "MABEL O'NEIL'S CURSE," &c., &c. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood, by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., Sir JOHN GILBERT, W. HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK. 8vo, pp. 450, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.



"The Irish sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English Sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Hone's Scrap-Books: The Miscellaneous
Writings of WILLIAM HONE, Author of "The Table-Book," "Every-Day Book," and the "Year Book:" being a Supplementary Volume to those works. Now first collected. With Notes, Portraits, and numerous Illustrations of curious and eccentric objects. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. [Preparing.]

THE MOST COMPLETE HOGARTH EVER PUBLISHED.

Hogarth's Works : with Life and Anecdotal

Descriptions of the Pictures, by JOHN IRELAND and JOHN NICHOLS. The Work includes 150 Engravings, reduced in exact facsimile of the Original Plates, specimens of which have now become very scarce. The whole in Three Series, 8vo, cloth, gilt, 22s. 6d.; or, separately, 7s. 6d. per volume. Each Series is Complete in itself.



THE TALKING HAND.

"Will be a great boon to authors and artists as well as amateurs. . . . Very cheap and very complete."—*Standard*.

"For all practical purposes the three handsome volumes comprising this edition are equal to a collection of Hogarthian prints. We are quite sure that any one who adds this work to his library will be amply repaid by the inexhaustible charms of its facsimile prints."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

"The plates are reduced in size, but yet truthfully reproduced. The best and cheapest edition of Hogarth's complete works yet brought forward."—*Building News*.

"Three very interesting volumes, important and valuable additions to the library. The edition is thoroughly well brought out, and carefully printed on fine paper."—*Art Journal*.

Hogarth's Five Days' Frolic; or, Peregrinations by Land and Water. Illustrated with Tinted Drawings, made by HOGARTH and SCOTT during the Journey. 4to, beautifully printed, cloth, extra gilt, 10s. 6d.

* * * A graphic and most extraordinary picture of the hearty English times in which these merry artists lived.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' WORKS.

Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. An entirely New Edition of this Favourite Work. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s.; in cloth, neat, 1s. 6d.

Holmes' Poet at the Breakfast Table. From January to June. Paper cover, 1s.

Holmes' Professor at the Breakfast Table. A Companion Volume to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s.; cloth neat, 1s. 6d.

Holmes' Wit and Humour. Delightful Verses, in the style of the elder Hood. Fcap. 8vo, wrapper, 1s.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. The Entire Work, the Two Parts in One Volume, with all the Humorous Designs. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s.; cloth neat, 1s. 6d.

MR. HORNE'S EPIC.

Orion: An Epic Poem, in Three Books.

By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait-Frontispiece. TENTH EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

"Orion will be admitted, by every man of genius, to be one of the noblest, if not the very noblest poetical work of the age. Its defects are trivial and conventional, its beauties intrinsic and supreme."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Hunt's (Leigh) Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other charming Essays. With Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER, and Portrait supplied by the late THORNTON HUNT. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s. 4d.; cloth neat, 1s. 10d.

Hunt's (Robert)

Drolls of Old Cornwall; or, POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

*** "Mr. Hunt's charming book of the Drolls and Stories of the West of England."—*Saturday Review*.



Josh Billings: His Book of Sayings. With Introduction by E. P. HINGSTON, Companion of Artemus Ward when on his "Travels." Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Irish Guide.—How to Spend a Month

in Ireland. Being a complete Guide to the Country, with an Appendix containing information as to the Fares between the Principal Towns in England and Ireland, and as to Tourist Arrangements for the Season. With a Map and 80 Illustrations. By Sir CUSACK P. RONEY. A New Edition, Edited by Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 1s. 6d.



Jennings' (Hargrave)

One of the Thirty. With curious Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Jennings' (Hargrave)

The Rosicrucians: Their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers and Explanations of Mystic Symbols in Monuments and Talismans of Primeval

Philosophers. Crown 8vo, 300 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Jerrold's (Blanchard) Cent. per Cent.

A Story Written on a Bill Stamp. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

POSTHUMOUS WORK BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Jerrold's (Douglas) The Barber's

Chair, and other Stories. Now for the First Time published. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Crown 8vo, with Steel Plate Portrait from his Bust, engraved by W. H. MOTE, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

Jerrold's (Douglas) Brownrigg

Papers: The Actress at the Duke's; Baron von Boots; Christopher Snubb; The Tutor Fiend and his Three Pupils; Papers of a Gentleman at Arms, &c. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Edited by his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Joe Miller's Jests: the politest Repartees,

most elegant Bon-Mots, and most pleasing short Stories in the English Language. London: printed by T. Read, 1739. A Remarkable facsimile of the Original Edition. Demy 8vo, half-Roxburghe, price 9s. 6d.

Kalendars of Gwynedd. Compiled by

EDWARD BREESE, F.S.A. With Notes by WILLIAM WATKIN EDWARD WYNNE, Esq., F.S.A. Demy 4to, cloth extra, 28s.

Knowing Ones at Home: their Doings
at the Crystal Palace, at a Foresters' Fête, &c. Illustrated by
BRUNTON, MATT MORGAN, &c. Fcap. 4to, illust. wrapper, 1s.

Lamb's (Charles) Essays of Elia. Both
Series in One Volume. Paper cover, 1s. ; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Lamb (Mary & Charles): Their Poems,
Letters, and Remains. Now first collected, with Reminiscences and
Notes, by W. CAREW
HAZLITT. With
HANCOCK'S Portrait
of the Essayist, Fac-
similes of the Title-
pages of the rare
First Editions of
Lamb's and Cole-
ridge's Works, Fac-
simile of a Page of
the Original MS. of
the "Essay on Roast
Pig," and numerous Il-
lustrations of Lamb's
Favourite Haunts. Crown 8vo, cloth ex-
tra, 10s. 6d. ; LARGE-
PAPER COPIES 21s.



ROSAMUND GRAY'S COTTAGE.

"Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has published a very pretty and interesting little volume. It has many pictorial illustrations, which were supplied by Mr. Camden Hotten; and, above all, it contains a facsimile of the first page of Elia on 'Roast Pig.' It is well got up, and has a good portrait of Elia. There are also some letters and poems of Mary Lamb which are not easily accessible elsewhere."—*Westminster Review*.

"Must be consulted by all future biographers of the Lambs."—*Daily News*.

"Tells us a good deal that is interesting and something that is fairly new."—*Graphic*.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail to have its interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—*Standard*.

"Mr. Hazlitt's work is very important and valuable, and all lovers of Elia will thank him for what he has done."—*Sunday Times*.

"Will be joyfully received by all Lambites."—*Globe*.

Life in London; or, The Day and Night
Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. WITH THE
WHOLE OF CRUIKSHANK'S VERY DROLL ILLUSTRATIONS, in
Colours, after the Originals. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Literary Scraps. A Folio Scrap-Book of 340 columns, with guards, for the reception of Cuttings from Newspapers, Extracts, Miscellanea, &c. In folio, half-roan, 7s. 6d.

Little Breeches, and other Pieces (PIKE COUNTY BALLADS). By Col. HAY. Fcap. 8vo, illust. cover, 1s. 6d.

Little London Directory of 1677. The Oldest Printed List of the Merchants and Bankers of London. Reprinted from the Rare Original, with an Introduction by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. 16mo, binding after the original, 6s. 6d.

Longfellow's Prose Works, complete, including "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "Drift-wood," "On the Poets and Poetry of Europe." Edited, with Introduction, by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY. 800 pages, cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.



* * * The reader will find the present edition of Longfellow's Prose Writings by far the most complete ever issued in this country. "Outre-Mer" contains two additional chapters, restored from the first edition; while "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and the little collection of Sketches entitled "Driftwood," are now first introduced to the English public.

Lost Beauties of the English Language. An Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.



Madre Natura versus The Moloch of Fashion. A Social Essay. By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. FOURTH EDITION, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, red edges, price 2s. 6d.

"Bravo, Luke Limner! In this treatise, aptly and ably illustrated, the well-known artist scathingly exposes the evils of the present fashions—more especially of tight-lacing. Girls should be made to learn it by heart, and act on its precepts."—*Fun*.

"Agreeably written and amusingly illustrated. Common sense and erudition are brought to bear on the subjects discussed in it."—*Lancet*.

"A fanciful little volume. A thing to read, and in parts very amuslog."—*Judy*.

"Luke Limner's amusing and instructive book is calculated to do not a little good."—*Echo*.

Linton's (Mrs. E. Lynn) True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist. SIXTH EDITION, with a new Preface. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 4s. 6d.

"If such a man as Joshua Davidson was a mistake, then acted Christianity is to blame."—*Preface.* [Just ready.]

Log of the Water Lily, during Three Cruises on the Rhine, Neckar, Main, Moselle, Danube, Saone, and Rhone. By R. B. MANSFIELD, B.A. Illustrated by ALFRED THOMPSON, B.A. Fifth Edition, revised and considerably Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 5s.

Magician's Own Book. Ample Instructions for Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER, of Regent Street. Cloth extra, 200 Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Magna Charta. An exact Facsimile of the Original Document, preserved in the British Museum, very carefully drawn, and printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons elaborately emblazoned in Gold and Colours. A.D. 1215. Price 5s.; or, handsomely framed and glazed, in carved oak, of an antique pattern, 22s. 6d.

A full Translation, with Notes, printed on a large sheet, price 6d.

ENTIRELY NEW GAMES.

Merry Circle (The), and How the Visitors were entertained during Twelve Pleasant Evenings. A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. Edited by Mrs. CLARA BELLEW. Crown 8vo, numerous Illustrations, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

. *An excellent book to consult before going to an evening party.*

MR. MARSTON'S POEMS.

Song Tide, and other Poems. By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

"This is a first work of extraordinary performance and of still more extraordinary promise. The youngest school of English poetry has received an important accession to its ranks in Philip Bourke Marston."—*Examiner.*

"Mr. Marston has fairly established his claim to be heard as a poet. . . . His present volume is well worthy of careful perusal, as the utterance of a poetic, cultivated mind."—*Standard.*

"We have spoken plainly of some defects in the poetry before us, but we have read much of it with interest, and even admiration."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The book is undoubtedly the work of an original mind. . . . We have a new poet in our midst."—*Morning Post.*

MARK TWAIN'S WORKS.

AUTHOR'S CORRECTED EDITION.

Mark Twain's Choice Works. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations. 700 pages, cloth extra gilt, 7s. 6d.



Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad : The Voyage Out. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated wrapper, 1s.

Mark Twain's New Pilgrim's Progress : The Voyage Home. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated wrapper, 1s.

Mark Twain's Burlesque Autobiography, First Mediæval Romance, and on Children. Fcap. 8vo, illust. cover, 6d.

Mark Twain's Eye-Openers. A Volume of immensely Funny Sayings, and Stories that will bring a smile upon the gruffest countenance. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated wrapper, 1s.

Mark Twain's Jumping Frog, and other Humorous Sketches. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

"An inimitably funny book."—Saturday Review.

Mark Twain's Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe. (The "Innocents Abroad" and "New Pilgrim's Progress" in One Volume.) 500 pages, paper boards, 2s.; or in cloth, 2s. 6d.

Mark Twain's Practical Jokes ; or, Mirth with Artemus Ward, and other Papers. By MARK TWAIN, and other Humorists. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Mark Twain's Screammers. A Gathering of Delicious Bits and Short Stories. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Mayhew's London Characters: Illustrations of the Humour, Pathos, and Peculiarities of London Life. By HENRY MAYHEW, Author of "London Labour and the London Poor," and other Writers. With nearly 100 graphic Illustrations by W. S. GILBERT, and others. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"Well fulfils the promise of its title. . . The book is an eminently interesting one, and will probably attract many readers."—*Court Circular*.

Monumental Inscriptions of the West

Indies, from the Earliest Date, with Genealogical and Historical Annotations, &c., from Original, Local, and other Sources. Illustrative of the Histories and Genealogies of the Seventeenth Century, the Calendars of State Papers, Peerages, and Baronetages. With Engravings of the Arms of the principal Families. Chiefly collected on the spot by the Author, Capt. J. H. LAWRENCE-ARCHER. One volume, demy 4to, about 300 pages, cloth extra, 21s. [*Nearly ready.*]

Mr. Brown on the Goings-on of Mrs.

Brown. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Mr. Sprouts: His Opinions. Fcap. 8vo,

illustrated cover, 1s.

UNIFORM WITH "TOM D'URFEY'S PILLS."

Musarum Deliciæ; or, The Muses' Re-

creation, 1656; Wit Restor'd, 1658; and Wit's Recreations, 1640. The whole compared with the originals; with all the Wood Engravings, Plates, Memoirs, and Notes. A New Edition, in 2 volumes, post 8vo, beautifully printed on antique laid paper, and bound in antique boards, 21s. A few Large Paper copies have been prepared, price 35s.

* * * *Of the Poets of the Restoration, there are none whose works are more rare than those of Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith. The small volume entitled "Musarum Deliciæ; or, The Muses' Recreation," which contains the productions of these two friends, was not accessible to Mr. Freeman when he compiled his "Kentish Poets," and has since become so rare that it is only found in the cabinets of the curious. A reprint of the "Musarum Deliciæ," together with several other kindred pieces of the period, appeared in 1817, forming two volumes of Facetiæ, edited by Mr. E. Dubois, author of "The Wreath," &c. These volumes having in turn become exceedingly scarce, the Publishers venture to put forth the present new edition, in which, while nothing has been omitted, no pains have been spared to render it more complete and elegant than any that has yet appeared. The type, plates, and woodcuts of the originals have been accurately followed; the notes of the Editor of 1817 are considerably augmented, and indexes have been added, together with a portrait of Sir John Mennis, from a painting by Vanduyke in Lord Clarendon's Collection.*

Muses of Mayfair: Vers de Société of the Nineteenth Century. Embracing the best Society-Verses of the most important Writers of the last 80 years, including TENNYSON, BROWNING, SWINBURNE, ROSSETTI, JEAN INGELOW, LOCKER, INGOLDSBY, HOOD, LYTTON, C. S. C., LANDOR, HENRY S. LEIGH, and very many others. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL, Author of "Puck on Pegasus." Beautifully printed, cloth extra gilt, gilt edges, uniform with "The Golden Treasury of Thought," 7s. 6d.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S POEMS.

Music and Moonlight: Poems and Songs.

By ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY, Author of "An Epic of Women." Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"It is difficult to say which is more exquisite, the technical perfection of structure and melody, or the delicate pathos of thought. Mr. O'Shaughnessy will enrich our literature with some of the very best songs written in our generation."—*Academy*.

"The poet has put his soul into his work. The careful, artistic workmanship gives some of the shorter poems the finish of a gem. By the publication of this volume Mr. O'Shaughnessy will enhance a reputation that already stands high."—*Sunday Times*.

"The reader will be able to judge of the exquisite finish of the workmanship. In many senses Mr. O'Shaughnessy is indeed a master of the formal art of poetry. The present volume is sure to add to Mr. O'Shaughnessy's reputation, and by its many beauties of versification, style, and genuine poetic feeling, it cannot fail to charm a wide circle of admirers."—*Examiner*.

"The author of 'Music and Moonlight' has already attained something akin to supremacy in a certain sphere of art, and he can claim a place in the very front rank of modern English song writers; Mr. Rossetti is his only rival. The perfection of form in the lyric entitled 'Outcry' has not been surpassed in this century."—*Lloyd's Weekly News*.

An Epic of Women, and other Poems.

SECOND EDITION. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"Of the formal art of poetry he is in many senses quite a master; his metres are not only good,—they are his own, and often of an invention most felicitous as well as careful."—*Academy*.

"With its quaint title and quaint illustrations, 'An Epic of Women' will be a rich treat to a wide circle of admirers."—*Athenæum*.

"His verses are exceedingly beautiful; like a delicious melody."—*Examiner*.

Lays of France. (Founded on the "Lays of Marie.") SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

"As we have before remarked in noticing an earlier volume of his, this modern votary of Marie has, in imaginative power, keen intuition, and ear, a genuine claim to be writing poetry, as things go now. . . . And Mr. O'S. is also an accomplished master in those peculiar turns of rhythm which are designed to reproduce the manner of the mediæval originals."—*Saturday Review*.

Mystery of the Good Old Cause:

Sarcastic Notices of those Members of the Long Parliament that held Places, both Civil and Military, contrary to the Self-denying Ordinance of April 3, 1645; with the Sums of Money and Lands they divided among themselves. Small 4to, half-morocco, 7s. 6d.

Mystery of Mr. E. Drood. An Adaptation. By ORPHEUS C. KERR. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Napoleon III., the Man of His Time; from Caricatures. PART I. THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., as told by J. M. HASWELL. PART II. THE SAME STORY, as told by the POPULAR CARICATURES of the past Thirty-five Years. Crown 8vo, with Coloured Frontispiece and over 100 Caricatures, 7s. 6d.



* * * *The object of this Work is to give Both Sides of the Story. The Artist has gone over the entire ground of Continental and English Caricatures for the last third of a century, and a very interesting book is the result.*

Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1874. A Handbook for Visitors. By RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Demy 8vo, price 1s.

Old Prose Stories whence TENNYSON'S "Idylls of the King" were taken. By B. M. RANKING. Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s. ; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Original Lists of Persons of Quality;

Emigrants; Religious Exiles; Political Rebels; Serving Men Sold for a Term of Years; Apprentices; Children Stolen; Maidens Pressed; and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600-1700. With their Ages, the Localities where they formerly Lived in the Mother Country, Names of the Ships in which they embarked, and other interesting particulars. From MSS. preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, England. Edited by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. A very handsome volume, crown 4to, cloth gilt, 700 pages, 38s. A few Large Paper copies have been printed, price 60s.

[*Nearly ready.*]

THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Lieut.-Col. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM. Complete in 3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, with Portrait, price 6s. each.

George Chapman's Plays, Complete, from the Original Quartos, including those Plays in which he was only partly concerned. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, with Portrait Frontispiece, price 6s.

Christopher Marlowe's Works; Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Lieut.-Col. F. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, with Portrait, price 6s.

Philip Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WM. GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as You List." Edited by Lieut.-Col. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, with Portrait, price 6s.

OLD SHEKARRY'S WORKS.

Forest and Field: Life and Adventure in Wild Africa. By the OLD SHEKARRY. With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Wrinkles; or, Hints to Sportsmen and Travellers upon Dress, Equipment, Armament, and Camp Life. By the OLD SHEKARRY. A New Edition, with Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Parochial History of the County of Cornwall. Compiled from the best Authorities, and corrected and improved from actual Survey. 4 vols. 4to, cloth extra, £3 3s. the set; or, separately, the first three volumes, 16s. each; the fourth volume, 18s.

Plain English. By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, of the Gaiety Theatre. Crown 8vo, illust. cover, 1s. [*Preparing.*]

Private Book of Useful Alloys and Memoranda for Goldsmiths and Jewellers. By JAMES E. COLLINS, C.E. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d.



SEVENTH EDITION OF
Puck on Pegasus.

By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL. Profusely illustrated by the late JOHN LEECH, H. K. BROWNE, SIR NOEL PATON, JOHN MILLAIS, JOHN TENNIEL, RICHARD DOYLE, MISS ELLEN EDWARDS, and other artists. A New Edition (the SEVENTH), crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, price 5s.; or gilt edges, 6s.

“* * This most amusing work has received everywhere the highest praise as “a clever and brilliant book.”

“The book is clever and amusing, vigorous and healthy.”—*Saturday Review.*

“The epigrammatic drollery of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell’s ‘Puck on Pegasus’ is well known to many of our readers. . . . The present (the sixth) is a superb and handsomely printed and illustrated edition of the book.”—*Times.*

“Specially fit for reading in the family circle.”—*Observer.*

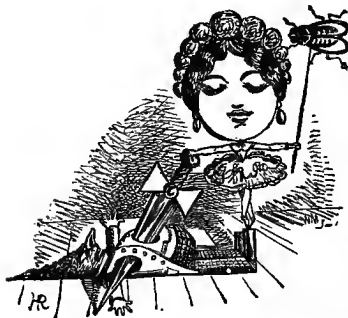
By the same Author.

Modern Babylon, and other Poems.
Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 4s. 6d.

"AN AWFULLY JOLLY BOOK FOR PARTIES."

Puniana: Thoughts

Wise and Otherwise. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY. Best Book of Riddles and Puns ever formed. With nearly 100 exquisitely Fanciful Drawings. Contains nearly 3000 of the best Riddles, and 10,000 most outrageous Puns, and is one of the most Popular Books ever issued. New Edition, small quarto, green and gold, gilt edges, price 6s.



"Enormous burlesque — unapproachable and pre-eminent. We think this very queer volume will be a favourite. We should suggest that, to a dull person desirous to get

credit with the young holiday people, it would be good policy to invest in the book, and dole it out by instalments."—*Saturday Review*.

By the same Author.

A Second Series of Puniana: Containing

nearly 100 beautifully executed Drawings, and a splendid Collection of Riddles and Puns, fully equal to those in the First Volume. Small 4to, green and gold, gilt edges, uniform with the First Series, price 6s. [Preparing.]



COMPANION TO "CUSSANS' HERALDRY." Pursuivant of Arms (the);

or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., F.S.A., Somerset Herald. To which are added, Essays on the BADGES OF THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK. A New Edition, enlarged and revised by the Author, illustrated with Coloured Frontispiece, five full-page Plates, and about 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, beautifully bound in cloth, with Emblematic Design, extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

IMPORTANT TO ALL INTERESTED IN MINES.

Practical Assayer: A Guide to Miners and Explorers. By OLIVER NORTH, of "The Field," "Mining Journal," &c. With Tables and Illustrative Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

* * * *This book gives directions, in the simplest form, for assaying bullion and the baser metals by the cheapest, quickest, and best methods. Those interested in mining property will be enabled, by following its instructions, to form a tolerably correct idea of the value of ores, without previous knowledge of assaying; while to the young man seeking his fortune in mining countries it is indispensable.*

"Likely to prove extremely useful. The instructions are clear and precise."—*Chemist and Druggist.*

"We cordially recommend this compact little volume to all engaged in mining enterprise, and especially to explorers."—*Mining and Monetary Review.*

"An admirable little volume."—*Mining Journal.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S DESIGNS.



Rabelais' Works. Faithfully translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 700 pages. Price 7s. 6d.

UNIFORM WITH "WONDERFUL CHARACTERS."

Remarkable Trials and Notorious

Characters. From "Half-Hanged Smith," 1700, to Oxford, who shot at the Queen, 1840. By Captain L. BENSON. With spirited full-page Engravings by PHIZ. 8vo, 550 pages, 7s. 6d.

* * *A Complete Library of Sensation Literature! There are plots enough here to produce a hundred "exciting" Novels, and at least five hundred "powerful" Magazine Stories. The book will be appreciated by all readers whose taste lies in this direction.*

UNIFORM WITH "THE TURF, CHASE, AND ROAD."

Reminiscences of the late Thomas

Assheton Smith, Esq. ; or, The Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman. By Sir J. E. EARDLEY WILMOT, Bart. A New and Revised Edition, with Steel-plate Portrait, and plain and coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Rochefoucauld's Reflections and

Moral Maxims. With Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE, and Explanatory Notes. Royal 16mo, elegantly printed, 1s. ; cloth neat, 1s. 6d.

Roll of Battle Abbey ; or, A List of the Prin-

cipal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Carefully drawn, and printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two feet, with the Arms of the principal Barons elaborately emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Price 5s. ; or, handsomely framed in carved oak of an antique pattern, 22s. 6d.

Roll of Caerlaverock, the Oldest Heraldic

Roll ; including the Original Anglo-Norman Poem, and an English Translation of the MS. in the British Museum. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. The Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. In 4to, very handsomely printed, extra gold cloth, 12s.

Roman Catholics in the County of

York in 1604. Transcribed from the Original MS. in the Bodleian Library, and Edited, with Genealogical Notes, by EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A., Editor of "Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, 1642." Small 4to, handsomely printed and bound, 15s.

* * *Genealogists and Antiquaries will find much new and curious matter in this work. An elaborate Index refers to every name in the volume, among which will be found many of the highest local interest.*

Ross's (Chas. H.) Unlikely Tales and Wrong-Headed Essays. Fcap. 8vo, with numerous quaint and amusing Illustrations, 1s.

Ross's (Chas. H.) Story of a Honey-moon. A New Edition of this charmingly humorous book, with numerous Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

Rump (The); or, An Exact Collection of the choicest POEMS and SONGS relating to the late Times, and continued by the most eminent Wits; from Anno 1639 to 1661. A Facsimile Reprint of the rare Original Edition (London, 1662), with Frontispiece and Engraved Title-page. In 2 vols., large fcap. 8vo, printed on antique laid paper, and bound in antique boards, 17s. 6d.; or, LARGE-PAPER COPIES, 30s.

. *A very rare and extraordinary collection of some two hundred Popular Ballads and Cavalier Songs, on all the principal incidents of the great Civil War, the Trial of Strafford, the Martyrdom of King Charles, the Commonwealth, Cromwell, Pym, the Roundheads, &c. It was from such materials that Lord Macaulay was enabled to produce his vivid pictures of England in the sixteenth century. To historical students and antiquaries, and to the general reader, these volumes will be found full of interest.*

School Life at Winchester College; or, The Reminiscences of a Winchester Junior. By the Author of "The Log of the Water Lily;" and "The Water Lily on the Danube." Second Edition, Revised, COLOURED PLATES, 7s. 6d.

Secret Out; or, One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing Room or "White Magic." By the Author of the "Magician's Own Book." Edited by W. H. CREMER, Jun., of Regent Street. With 300 Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

. *Under the title of "Le Magicien des Salons," this book has long been a Standard Magic Book with all French and German Professors of the Art.*

Shaving Them; or, The Adventures of Three Yankees. By TITUS A. BRICK. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Shelley's Early Life. From Original Sources. With Curious Incidents, Letters, and Writings, now First Published or Collected. By DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 440 pages, 7s. 6d.

* * * *The poet's political pamphlets, advocating Home Rule and other rights, are here for the first time given in a collected form.*

THE POCKET SHELLEY.



SHELLEY, FROM THE GODWIN SKETCH.

The Third Series, completing the Work, will shortly be ready.

Shelley's Poetical Works. Now First Reprinted from the Author's Original Editions. In Two Series, the FIRST containing "Queen Mab" and the Early Poems; the SECOND, "Laon and Cythna," "The Cenci," and Later Poems. Price of each Series, royal 16mo, 1s. 8d. illustrated cover, 2s. 2d. cloth extra.

"This edition will contain everything that Shelley published in his lifetime, as he first printed it, unmutated and untampered with; and everything of any value published after his death, which he would have wished to have had preserved. An appendix will contain some prose pamphlets never before printed with Shelley's works." — *Extract from Introduction.*

Signboards: Their

History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. SEVENTH EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"It is not fair on the part of a reviewer to pick out the plums of an author's book, thus filching away his cream, and leaving little but skim-milk remaining; but, even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not in the present instance pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—*The Times.*

* * * *Nearly 100 most curious illustrations on wood are given, showing the signs which were formerly hung from taverns, &c.*



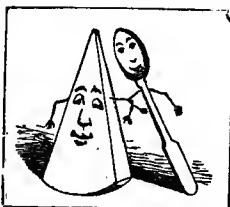
HELP ME THROUGH THIS WORLD!

Sheridan's (Richard Brinsley) Complete Works, with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c.; with a Collection of Sheridaniana. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with 10 beautifully executed Portraits and Scenes from his Plays, 7s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]

HANDBOOK OF COLLOQUIALISMS.

The Slang Dictionary:

Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. An ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged, containing upwards of a thousand more words than the last edition. Crown 8vo, with Curious Illustrations, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.



"Peculiarly a book which 'no gentleman's library should be without, while to costermongers and thieves it is absolutely indispensable.'"—*Dispatch*.
 THE WEDGE AND THE WOODEN SPOON.

"Interesting and curious. Contains as many as it was possible to collect of all the words and phrases of modern slang in use at the present time."—*Public Opinion*.

"In every way a great improvement on the edition of 1864. Its uses as a dictionary of the very vulgar tongue do not require to be explained."—*Notes and Queries*.

"Compiled with most exacting care, and based on the best authorities."—*Standard*.

"In 'The Slang Dictionary' we have not only a book that reflects credit upon the philologist; it is also a volume that will repay, at any time, a dip into its humorous pages."—*Figaro*.

CHARLES DICKENS' EARLY SKETCHES.

Sketches of Young Couples, Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen. By "QUIZ" (CHARLES DICKENS). With 18 Steel-plate Illustrations by "PHIZ" (H. K. BROWNE). Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d.

A KEEPSAKE FOR SMOKERS.

Smoker's Text-Book. By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L. Exquisitely printed from "silver-faced" type, cloth, very neat, gilt edges, 2s. 6d., post free.

WEST-END LIFE AND DOINGS.

Story of the London Parks. By JACOB LARWOOD. With numerous Illustrations, Coloured and Plain. In One thick Volume, crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

* * * *A most interesting work, giving a complete History of these favourite out-of-door resorts, from the earliest period to the present time.*

CHARMING NEW TRAVEL-BOOK.



"It may be we shall touch the happy isles."

Summer Cruising in the South Seas.

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. With nearly Thirty Engravings on Wood, drawn by WALLIS MACKAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

"** Chapters descriptive of life and adventure in the South Sea Islands, in the style made so popular by "The Earl and the Doctor."

"A remarkable book, which has a certain wild picturesqueness."—*Standard*.

"Idylls of the South Seas, by a Californian humourist. Poetical, amusing, delightful."—*Vanity Fair*.

"The author's experiences are very amusingly related, and, in parts, with much freshness and originality."—*Judy*.

"Mr. Stoddard is a humourist; 'Summer Cruising' has a good deal of undeniable amusement."—*Nation*.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S very droll full-page Illustrations, in Colours, after the Original Drawings. Comprising the well-known TOURS—1. IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE. 2. IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION. 3. IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. The Three Series Complete, with a Life of the Author by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, price 7s. 6d.

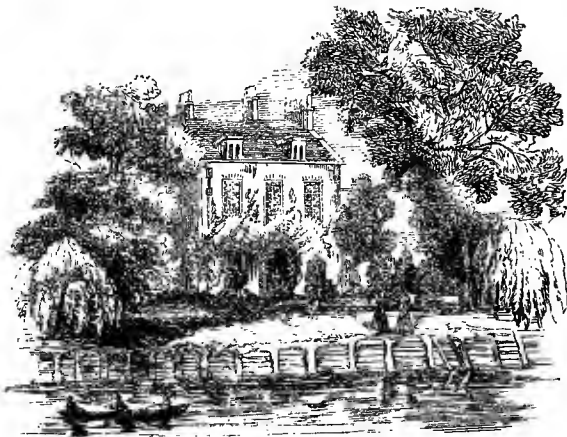
74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Theseus: A Greek Fairy Legend.

Illustrated, in a series of Designs in Gold and Sepia, by JOHN MOYR SMITH. With descriptive text. Oblong folio, price 7s. 6d.

Theodore Hook's Ramsbottom

Papers. Twenty-nine Letters, complete. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.



THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE, NEAR PUTNEY.

Theodore Hook's Choice Humorous

Works, with his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, PORTRAITS, FACSIMILES, and ILLUSTRATIONS. Crown 8vo, 600 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

. "As a wit and humourist of the highest order his name will be preserved. His political songs and *jeux d'esprit*, when the hour comes for collecting them, will form a volume of sterling and lasting attraction!"—J. G. LOCKHART.

74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

MR. SWINBURNE'S WORKS.

Bothwell: A Tragedy. By ALGERNON

CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, pp. 540, 12s. 6d.

"Mr. Swinburne's most prejudiced critic cannot, we think, deny that 'Bothwell' is a poem of a very high character. Every line bears traces of power, individuality, and vivid imagination. The versification, while characteristically supple and melodious, also attains, in spite of some affectations, to a sustained strength and dignity of a remarkable kind. Mr. Swinburne is not only a master of the music of language, but he has that indescribable touch which discloses the true poet—the touch that lifts from off the ground."—*Saturday Review*.

"It is not too much to say that, should he never write anything more, the poet has by this work firmly established his position, and given us a poem upon which his fame may safely rest. He no longer indulges in that frequent alliteration, or that oppressive wealth of imagery and colour, which gave rhythm and splendour to some of his works, but would have been out of place in a grand historical poem; we have now a fair opportunity of judging what the poet can do when deprived of such adventitious aid,—and the verdict is, that he must henceforth rank amongst the first of British authors."—*Graphic*.

"The whole drama flames and rings with high passions and great deeds. The imagination is splendid; the style large and imperial; the insight into character keen; the blank verse varied, sensitive, flexible, alive. Mr. Swinburne has once more proved his right to occupy a seat among the lofty singers of our land."—*Daily News*.

"A really grand, statuesque dramatic work. . . . The reader will here find Mr. Swinburne at his very best, if manliness, dignity, and fulness of style are superior to mere pleasant singing and alliterative lyrics."—*Standard*.

"Splendid pictures, subtle analyses of passion, and wonderful studies of character will repay him who attains the end. . . . In this huge volume are many fine and some unsurpassable things. Subtlest traits of character abound, and descriptive passages of singular delicacy."—*Athenæum*.

"There can be no doubt of the dramatic force of the poem. It is severely simple in its diction, and never dull; there are innumerable fine touches on almost every page."—*Scotsman*.

"'Bothwell' shows us Mr. Swinburne at a point immeasurably superior to any that he has yet achieved. It will confirm and increase the reputation which his daring genius has already won. He has handled a difficult subject with a mastery of art which is a true intellectual triumph."—*Hour*.

Chastelard: A Tragedy. Foolscap 8vo, 7s.**Poems and Ballads.** Foolscap 8vo, 9s.**Notes on "Poems and Ballads,"** and
on the Reviews of them. Demy 8vo, 1s.**Songs before Sunrise.** Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.**Atalanta in Calydon.** Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S WORKS—*continued.*

The Queen Mother and Rosamond.

Foolscap 8vo, 5s.

A Song of Italy. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Ode on the Proclamation of the

French Republic. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Under the Microscope. Post 8vo, 2s. 6d.

William Blake : A Critical Essay. With

facsimile Paintings, Coloured by Hand, after the Drawings by Blake and his Wife. Demy 8vo, 16s.

THE THACKERAY SKETCH-BOOK.

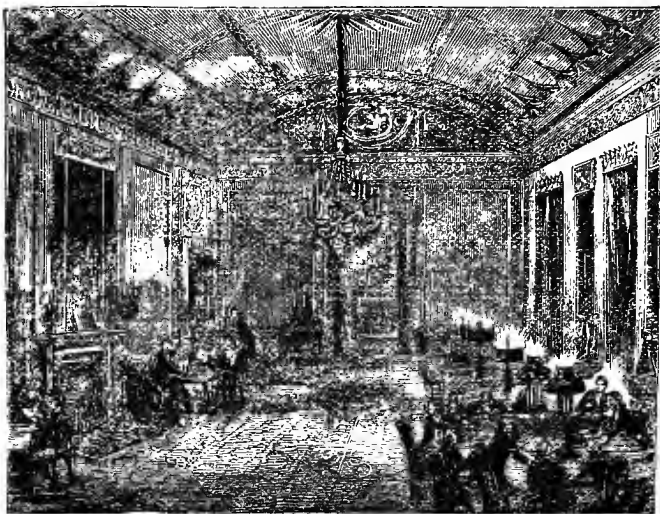
Thackerayana. Notes

and Anecdotes, illustrated by about Six Hundred Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Scenes and Characters in the books of his every-day reading. Large post 8vo, over 600 pages printed in clear type, with nearly 600 Wood Engravings, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED, from Thackeray's Original Drawings, made on the margins of his books, &c.; cloth extra, uniform with the Collected Edition of Thackeray's Works, and a Companion Volume to that series, 10s. 6d. [Nearly ready.



THACKERAY, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

"It is Thackeray's aim to represent life as it is actually and historically—men and women as they are, in those situations in which they are usually placed, with that mixture of good and evil, of strength and foible, which is to be found in their characters, and liable only to those incidents which are of ordinary occurrence. He will have no faultless characters, no demi-gods,—nothing but men and brethren."—DAVID MASSON.



THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT BROOKES'S.

Timbs' Clubs and Club Life in London. With ANECDOTES of its FAMOUS COFFEE HOUSES, HOSTELRIES, and TAVERNS. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. New Edition, with NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, drawn expressly. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 600 pages, 7s. 6d.

*** *A Companion to "The History of Sign-Boards."* It abounds in quaint stories of the Blue Stocking, Kit-Kat, Beef-Steak, Robin Hood, Mohocks, Scriblerus, One o'Clock, the Civil, and hundreds of other Clubs; together with Tom's, Dick's, Button's, Ned's, Will's, and the famous Coffee Houses of the last century.

"The book supplies a much-felt want. The club is the avenue to general society at the present day, and Mr. Timbs gives the *entrée* to the club. The scholar and antiquary will also find the work a repertory of information on many disputed points of literary interest, and especially respecting various well-known anecdotes, the value of which only increases with the lapse of time."—*Morning Post*.

Timbs' English Eccentrics and Eccentricities. Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impositions and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. An entirely New Edition, with about 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 600 pages, 7s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]

Taylor's History of

Playing Cards. With Sixty curious Illustrations. 550 pp., crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, price 7s. 6d.

** Ancient and Modern Games, Conjuring, Fortune-Telling, and Card Sharping, Gambling, and Calculation, Cartomancy, Old Gaming Houses, Card Revels and Blind Hookey, Picque and Vingt-et-un, Whist and Cribbage, Tricks, &c.



Vagabondiana; or, Anec-

dotes of Mendicant Wanderers through the Streets of London; with Portraits of the most remarkable, drawn from the Life by JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. With Introduction by FRANCIS DOUCE, and descriptive text. Reprinted from the original, with the Woodcuts, and the 32 Plates, from the original Coppers, in crown 4to, half Roxburghe, price 12s. 6d.

"LES MISÉRABLES."

Victor Hugo's Fantine. Now first pub-

lished in an English Translation, complete and unabridged, with the exception of a few advisable omissions. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

"This work has something more than the beauties of an exquisite style or the word-compelling power of a literary Zeus to recommend it to the tender care of a distant posterity: in dealing with all the emotions, passions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the Hall-mark of genius and the loving patience and conscientious labour of a true artist. But the merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty."—*Quarterly Review*.

Victor Hugo's Cosette and Marius.

Translated into English, complete, uniform with "Fantine." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Victor Hugo's Saint Denis and Jean

Valjean. Translated into English, complete, uniform with the above. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. [*Nearly ready.*]

Vyner's Notitia Venatica: A Treatise on Fox-Hunting, the General Management of Hounds, and the Diseases of Dogs; Distemper and Rabies; Kennel Lameness, &c. Sixth Edition, Enlarged. By ROBERT C. VYNER. WITH SPIRITED ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS, BY ALKEN, OF MEMORABLE FOX-HUNTING SCENES. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

. *An entirely new edition of the best work on Fox-Hunting.*

Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass.

The Complete Work, precisely as issued by the Author in Washington. A thick volume, 8vo, green cloth, price 9s.

"Whitman is a poet who bears and needs to be read as a whole, and then the volume and torrent of his power carry the disfigurements along with it and away. He is really a fine fellow."—*Chambers's Journal*.

Walton and Cotton, Illustrated.—The

Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G. With the whole 61 Plate Illustrations, precisely as in the royal 8vo two-volume Edition issued by Pickering. A new Edition, complete in One Volume, large crown 8vo, with the Illustrations from the original plates, printed on full pages, separately from the text.

[*Nearly ready.*]

Warrant to Execute Charles I. An

exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals, admirably executed on paper made to imitate the original document, 22 in. by 14 in. Price 2s.; or, handsomely framed and glazed in carved oak of antique pattern, 14s. 6d.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of

Scots. The Exact Facsimile of this important Document, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth and Facsimile of the Great Seal, on tinted paper, made to imitate the Original MS. Price 2s.; or, handsomely framed and glazed in carved oak of antique pattern, 14s. 6d.

Waterford Roll (The).—Illuminated Charter-Roll of Waterford, Temp. Richard II.

. *Amongst the Corporation Muniments of the City of Waterford is preserved an ancient Illuminated Roll, of great interest and beauty, comprising all the early Charters and Grants to the City of Waterford, from the time of Henry II. to Richard II. A full-length Portrait of each King, whose Charter is given—including Edward III., when young, and again at an advanced age—adorns the margin. These Portraits, with the exception of four which are smaller, and on one sheet of vellum, vary from eight to nine inches in length—some in armour, and some in robes of state. In addition to these are Portraits of an Archbishop in full canonicals, of a Chancellor, and of many of the chief Burgesses of the City of Waterford, as well as singularly curious Portraits of the Mayors of Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, figured for the most part in the quaint bipartite costume of the Second Richard's reign, though partaking of many of the peculiarities of that of Edward III. Altogether this ancient work of art is unique of its kind in Ireland, and deserves to be rescued from oblivion, by the publication of the unedited Charters, and of fac-similes of all the Illuminations. The production of such a work would throw much light on the question of the art and social habits of the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland at the close of the fourteenth century. The Charters are, many of them, highly important from an historic point of view.*

The Illuminations have been accurately traced and coloured for the work from a copy carefully made, by permission of the Mayor and Corporation of Waterford, by the late George V. Du Noyer, Esq., M.R.I.A.; and those Charters which have not already appeared in print will be edited by the Rev. James Graves, A.B., M.R.I.A., Hon. Sec. Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archaeological Society.

The work will be brought out in the best manner, with embossed cover and characteristic title-page; and it will be put to press as soon as 250 subscribers are obtained. The price, in imperial 4to, is 20s. to subscribers, or 30s. to non-subscribers.

Wonderful Characters: Memoirs and

Anecdotes of Remarkable and Eccentric Persons of Every Age and Nation. From the text of HENRY WILSON and JAMES CAULFIELD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Sixty-one full-page Engravings of Extraordinary Persons, 7s. 6d.

. *There are so many curious matters discussed in this volume, that any person who takes it up will not readily lay it down until he has read it through. The Introduction is almost entirely devoted to a consideration of Pig-Faced Ladies, and the various stories concerning them.*

Wright's (Andrew) Court-Hand Restored; or, Student's Assistant in Reading Old Deeds, Charters, Records, &c. Half Morocco, a New Edition, 10s. 6d.

. *The best guide to the reading of old Records, &c.*

Wright's History of Caricature and the Grotesque in Art, in Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Profusely illustrated by FAIRHOLT. Small 4to, cloth extra gilt, red edges, 21s.

Wright's Caricature History of the Georges (House of Hanover). With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.



"A set of caricatures such as we have in Mr. Wright's volume brings the surface of the age before us with a vividness that no prose writer, even of the highest power, could emulate. Macaulay's most brilliant sentence is weak by the side of the little woodcut from Gillray, which gives us Burke and Fox."—*Saturday Review*.

"A more amusing work of its kind was never issued."—*Art Journal*.

"It is emphatically one of the liveliest of books, as also one of the most interesting. It has the twofold merit of being at once amusing and edifying."—*Morning Post*.

Yankee Drolleries, Edited by G. A. SALA.

Containing ARTEMUS WARD'S BOOK; BIGLOW PAPERS; ORPHEUS C. KERR; JACK DOWNING; and NASBY PAPERS. 700 pp., 3s. 6d.

More Yankee Drolleries. Containing

ARTEMUS WARD'S TRAVELS; HANS BREITMANN; PROFESSOR AT BREAKFAST TABLE; BIGLOW PAPERS, Part II.; and JOSH BILLINGS; with Introduction by G. A. SALA. 700 pp., cloth, 3s. 6d.

A Third Supply of Yankee Drolleries.

Containing ARTEMUS WARD'S FENIANS; AUTOCRAT OF BREAKFAST TABLE; BRET HARTE'S STORIES; INNOCENTS ABROAD; and NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS; with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. 700 pp., cloth, 3s. 6d.

