

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Puck on Pegasus, by H.
Cholmondeley-Pennell**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUCK ON PEGASUS ***

Puck on Pegasus.

W. H. Stoddard & Pennington

Illustrated by

Wm. M. Paton & Linnell.

Doyle & Johnson



PUCK ON PEGASUS:

BY

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY

LEECH, PHIZ, PORTCH, AND TENNIEL.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

FOURTH EDITION,

COMPLETELY REVISED AND ENLARGED.

LONDON:

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE:

AND

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

1862.





PUCK ON PEGASUS

By H. Cholmondeley Pennell

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With a Frontispiece By George Cruikshank

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PUCK ON PEGASUS.

"Those that Hobgoblin call you, and swee Puck
You do their work, and they shall have good luck,
Are not you he?"———

Midsummer Nights Dream.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The custom of inditing a preface is one which is perhaps more honoured in the breach than in the observance: nevertheless, I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without returning my hearty thanks and acknowledgments to my Critics, and the Press generally, for the indulgent consideration I have received at their hands, and for the discriminating advice, of which, in revising this edition, I have gladly availed myself. Many of the minor pieces-introduced in the first instance principally as vehicles for illustrations have been omitted, and others of a somewhat less trivial character substituted.

These alterations have, to a certain extent, modified the original design of the book, as conveyed by its title; but the unexpectedly flattering reception accorded to the two most serious poems, the "Night Mail North," and the "Derby Day," (the former having been quoted at length in nine Reviews) led me to think that the change might not be disadvantageous.

I have had on the whole but few hard knocks to complain of; certainly fewer than, considering the nature of some of the poems, I had reason to expect. For these adverse criticisms, which were no doubt the expression of the genuine opinions of their writers, I bear no grudge. As the Author of "The Season" pointedly phrases it, I could "have escaped censure only by escaping notice."

WEYBRIDGE,

20 May, 1862.



THE NIGHT MAIL NORTH

(Euston Square, 1840.)



OW then, take your seats! for Glasgow
and the North;
Chester!—Carlisle!—Holyhead,
and the wild Frith of Forth.
Clap on the steam, and sharp's
the word
"You men in scarlet cloth:—
"Are there any more passengers,
For the Night.. Mail.. to the North!"
Are there any more passengers?

Yes three-but they can't get in,
Too late, too late!-How they bellow and knock,
They might as well try to soften a rock
As the heart of that fellow in green.
For the Night Mail North? what Ho—
(No use to struggle, you can't get thro')
My young and lusty one—
Whither away from the gorgeous town?—
"For the lake and the stream and the heather brown,
"And the double-barrell'd gun!"
For the Night Mail North, I say?—

You with the eager eyes—
You with the haggard face and pale?—
'From a ruin'd hearth and a starving brood,
"A crime and a felon's gaol!"
For the Night Mail North, old man?—
Old statue of despair—
Why tug and strain at the iron gate?
"My daughter!!" Ha! too late, too late,
She is gone, you may safely swear;
She has given you the slip, d'you hear?
She has left you alone in your wrath,—
And she's off and away, with a glorious start,
To the home of her choice, with the man of her heart,
By the Night Mail North!

Wh——ish R——ush
Wh——ish r——ush.——
"What's all that hullabaloo?
"Keep fast the gates there—who is this
"That insists on bursting thro'?"

A desp'rate man whom none may withstand,
For look, there is something clench'd in his hand—
Tho' the bearer is ready to drop—
He waves it wildly to and fro,
And hark! how the crowd are shouting below—
"Back!"—
And back the opposing barriers go,
"A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer Ho!
"In the Queen's name—
"STOP.
"Another has confessed the crime."

Whish—rush—whish—rush—
The Guard has caught the flutt'ring sheet,
Now forward and northward! fierce and fleet,
Thro' the mist and the dark and the driving sleet,
As if life and death were in it;
'Tis a splendid race! a race against Time,—
And a thousand to one we win it.
Look at those flitting ghosts—
The white-arm'd finger posts—
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We're going a mile a minute!

A mile a minute—for life or death—
Away, away! though it catches one's breath,
The man shall not die in his wrath:
The quivering carriages rock and reel—
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!
The thundering crank, and the mighty wheel!—

Are there any more pasengers
For the Night.. Mail.. to the North?

From the forest shade primeval,
Piggey-Wiggey look'd out at her;
He, the very Youthful Porker—
He, the Everlasting Granter—
Gazed upon her there, and wonder'd!
With his nose out, rokey-pokey—
And his tail up, curley-wurley—
Wonder'd what on earth the row meant.
Wonder'd what the girl was up to—
What the deuce her little game was?

And she floated down the river,
Like a water-proof Ophelia—
For her crinoline sustained her!!



(Swan and Edgar's Life-Preserver.)



THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

By L —d M—l— y.

TOLD BY AN ANCIENT GLADIATOR TO HIS GREAT

GRANDMOTHER.

I.



ARGE Heenan of Benicia,
By ninety-nine gods he
 swore,
That the bright Belt of
 England
Should grace her sons
 no more.

By ninety-nine he swore it,
And named the "fisting" day.—
East and west and south and north
Sir Richard Mayne rode wildly forth
His cohorts to array!

II.

East and west and south and north
The smart Detectives flew—
South and north and east and west
They watch'd the long day thro'.
West and south—east and north—
The word went flashing by,
"Look out for Sayers and Heenan,
"Policemen—mind your eye!"

III.

Sir Robert's azure heroes
Look'd out uncommon keen,
From park and plain and prairie,
From heath and upland green;
From Essex fens and fallows,
From Hampshire—dale and down—
From Sussex' hundred leagues of sand,
To Shropshire's fat and flow'ry land
And Cheshire's wild and wasted strand,
And Yorkshire's heather brown;—
And so, of course, the fight came off
A dozen miles from Town.

IV.

Then first stept out great Heenan,
Unmatch'd for breadth and length;
And in his chest it might be guess'd,
He had unpleasant strength.
And to him went the Sayers
That look'd both small and thin,
But well each practised eye could read
The Lion and the Bull-dog breed,—
And from each fearless stander-by
Arose that genuine British cry,
"Go in, my boy,—and win!"

V.

And he "went in"—and smote him
Through mouth-piece and through cheek;
And Heenan smote him back again
Into the ensuing week;
Full seven days thence he smote him
With one prodigious crack,
And th' undaunted Champion straight
Discern'd that he was five feet eight,
When flat upon his back:—
Whilst a great shout of laughter
Rang from the Yankee pack.

VI.

As springs the Whitworth bullet
Out sprang the Champion then,
And dealt the huge Benician
A vast thump on the chin;
And thrice and four times strongly
Drove in the shatt'ring blow;
And thrice and four times waver'd
The herculean foe;
And his great arms swung wildly,
Like ship-masts, to and fro.

VII.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard on either side,
Whilst feint, and draw, and rally,
The cautious Bruisers tried;
And long they spared and counter'd,
Till Heenan sped a thrust
So fierce and quick, it swept away
Th' opposing guard like sapling spray,—
And for the second time that day
The Champion bit the dust.

VIII.

Short time lay English Sayers
Upon the ground at length,
Short time his Yankee foeman
Had triumph in his strength;
Right to the eye he smote him
And his soul went with the blow—
Such blow no other hand could dash
Such blow no other arm could smash—
The giant tottered low;
And for a space they spong'd his face,
And thought the eye would go.

IX.

Time's up!—Again they battle;
Again the strokes" fly free;
But Sayers' right arm—that arm of pride—
Now dangles pow'rless by his side,

Plain for all eyes to see;
And thro' that long and desp'rate shock—
Two mortal hours on the clock—
By sheer indomitable pluck
With his *left hand* fought he!

X.

With his left hand he fought him,
Though he was sore in pain,—
Full twenty times hurl'd backward,
Still pressing on again!
With his left hand he fought him,
Till each could fight no more;
Till Sayers could scarcely strike a blow,
Till Heenan could not see his foe—
Such fighting England never knew
Upon her soil before!

XI.

They gave him of the standard
Gold coinage of the realm,
As much as one stout guardsman
Could carry in his helm;
They made him an ovation
On the Exchange hard by,—
And they may slap their pockets
In witness if I lie.

XII.

And ev'ry soul in England
Was glad, both high and low,
And books were voted snobbish,
And "gloves" were all the go;
And each man told the story,
Whilst ladies' hearts did melt,
How Sayers, the British Champion,
Did battle for the Belt.

XIII.

And still, when Yankees swagger
Th' almighty "stars and stripes,"
And put eternal bunkum
Into their neighbours' pipes,—
With joke and gibe and banter
Long shall the tale be told,
How stout Tom Sayers kept the Belt
And Yankee Doodle sold!



THE PETITION



H! pause awhile, kind gentleman,
Nor turn thy face away;
There is a boon that I must ask,
A pray'r that I would pray.
Thou hast a gentle wife at home?
A son—perchance like me—
And children fair with golden hair
To cling around thy knee?
Then by their love I pray thee,
And by their merry tone;
By home, and all its tender joys,
Which I have never known,—
By all the smiles that hail thee now;
By ev'ry former sigh;
By ev'ry pang that thou hast felt
When lone, perchance, as I,—
By youth and all its blossoms bright,
By manhood's ripen'd fruits,
By Faith and Hope and Charity—
Yer'll let me clean yer boots!



(A Brush with the S. B. Brigade.)



HOW THE DAUGHTERS COME DOWN AT DUNOON

(By R—b—t S—th—y.)

"There standyth on the one tide of Dunoon, a hill or moleock of passynge steepnesse, and right slipperie withal; wherepon in gaye timet, ye youths and ye maidens of that towne do exceedingly disport themselvet and take their pleasaunce; runnyng both uppe and downe with great glee and to the much endangerment of their fair nekkes."

Kirke's Memoirs



OW do the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon?

Daintily:—
Gingerly
Tenderly;
Fairily;
Glidingly,
Slidingly,
Slippingly
Trippingly
Skippingly
Clippingly!—

Dashing and flying,
And clashing and shying,
And starting and bolting,
And darting and jolting,
And rushing and crushing,
And leaping and creeping,
And tottering and staggering,
And lumbering and slithering,

And hurrying and skurrying,
And worrying and flurrying,
Feathers a-flying all—bonnets untying all—
Crinolines rapping and flapping and slapping all,
Balmorals dancing and glancing entrancing all,—

Feats of activity—
Nymphs on declivity—
Mothers in extacies—
Fathers in vextacies—

Lady-loves whisking and frisking and clinging on
True-lovers puffing and blowing and springing on,
Flushing and blushing and wriggling and giggling on,
Teazing and pleasing and wheezing and squeezing on,
Everlastingly falling and bawling and sprawling on,
Rumbling and tumbling and grumbling and stumbling
on,

Any fine afternoon,
About July or June—
That's just how the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon!

Whilst the *Big-Tin-Kettle* and the 'heavy metal'
His hash for to settle took the liberty to spake;—

"Shure'twas most ongracious, not to say owdacious,
And enough to bring the water to their eyes,
To take the loaves and fishes from the chilthren's dishes
And bestow the Royal Bounty in such wise.

"If so be that noble Er-rls and infarior chur-rls
Has parties they don't love and daresen't bate,
Let them squeeze their purses to choke off the curses
And not foist their verses on the Public State!
'Twas worse than jobbery, and a right down robbery,
For to give the ruffian fifty pounds a year,—
Becase the swate nobilities were dhreading his civilities,
And ould Lord Lonsdale in a state of bodily fear.

"Themselves despiting, there was Carlisle writing,
And Brougham inditing of saft-sardering notes,
And Viscount Palmerston a-chuckling at the harm he's
done,
And dipping his fingers in the county votes.—
'Twould be a wrong entirely, to be remimber'd direly,
If the scribbling blackguard on 'the List' was placed,
And should the Legislature support the crature
Then for sartin shure the counthry was disgraced!"

So the papers thunder'd, and the people wonder'd
Whose nose had blunder'd into this hornet's nist;
And the Queen, Heav'n bless her! the Roy'1 Rehdresser,
Struck Close's name out of the Civil List
Och! then, what a rowing and a rubadub-dow-ing
And universal crowing fill'd the air,
With a gin'ral hissing,—but Lord Pam was missing,
And making for the house-top by the garret-stair!

THE DU CHILLU CONTROVERSY

(After the "Snapping Turtle.")



AVE you read B. P. Du Chaillu?
Chaillu of the Big Baboon?
He who slew the fierce Gorilla
In the Mountains of the Moon?

All day long that injured party
Rested on the boughs his chin;
Strangling spifflicated niggers
Just to keep his biceps in.

Nightly several score of lions
Yielded up their worthless lives;
And there was a cry in Mickbos,
For the King had lost his wives.

Wrathful was the sable monarch
At their unexpected hops;
For the brute had cook'd the gruel
Of the Nymphs who cook'd the chops!

Thro' this land of death and danger,
Mandrake-swamp and stagnant fen,—
Where the spiders look like asses,
And the asses grow like men,—

Where the Shniego-Bmouvé sitteth
Hairless underneath his hat,
And a white man is a dainty
Irresistible if fat,—

Where the alligator gambols—
Whale like—in the black lagoon;—
Went unscathed B. P. Du Chaillu,
Chaillu of the Big Baboon!

Found the Shniego-Bmouvé squatting,
Hairless, 'neath the tropic moon
Saw the spiders—saw the asses—
(When he gazed in the Lagoon)—

Twigg'd the Crocodile stupendous,
Winking with ferocious eye,—
Met the Cannibals—the feasters
On cold missionary pie;—

Shot, and bagg'd, the fierce Gorilla,
To the music of the drum,—
Heard, fifteen miles off, his roaring,
Mellow'd to a gentle—hum!

What, you doubt me! gen'rous public,
Hear me swear it's no take in—
Owen says the throat's a larynx,
And look here's the beggar's skin!

ADVERTISEMENT

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OST, stolen, or stray'd!—During Satur—
day's fog—
A confoundedly ugly terrier dog.
Coat short, fore-legs long, color mud—
dyish black.

(Item—bites freely:)—no hair on the
back:—
Whoso brings the above to Old-Lady Place East,
Will be rewarded!! (*by getting rid of the beast*).



OUR SWEET RECRUITING SERGEANTS.

*"Down before his feet she knelt,
Her locks of gold Ml o'er her."*

Edward and Philippa.



COME look from the window with me,
Charley love,
They are marching this way thro' the
gloom;

With clatter of steel,
And echoing peal,
And a ringing reverb'rating hum
As they come;—
'Tis the tuck of the Volunteer drum!

'Tis the tuck of the Volunteer drum,
Charley love.

Our own Volunteers, Caro mine,—
See, now their arms glance!
"Front form!—left—advance!"—

As the long column wheels into line
It's divine
To watch how their bayonets shine.

From village and town they have drawn,
Charley love,
They've gather'd from lowland and height,—
Their lasses have braced
The swords to their waist,

And armed them for England and Right,
and to fight
For the banner that's waving to night.

Gallant hearts! they are bound to our own,
Charley love,
They are link'd by each tie that endears,—
By hopes and by pray'rs—
By smiles and by tears—
Long, long ring those shouts in our ears!
Hark, three cheers—
Three times three for our brave Volunteers!

Adieu! the bright pageant grows dark,
Charley love,
Their ranks are beginning to fade—
The last glimmer dies—
There's a mist in my eyes!—
Their voices come faint thro' the shade,
I'm afraid
That's good night to our Rifle Brigade!



SONNET
TO HIMSELF.



FF! off! thou art an ass, thou art
an ass,
"Thou man of endless words and
little sense,
"Of pigmy powers and conceit im—
mense—
"Thou art a Donkey!
Take a bit of grass?"
Oh, Martin! Oh, my Tupper! thus exclaims
A groveling Age, grown envious of thy fames,—
Thy boundless sonnets, and Proverbial bays:
Blest Silence! lovéd Silence! thou art Heavn!—
(See my remarks in "Sonnet 47")—
Yet will I breathe my pleasant Poems forth
Innumerable. Hundreds more—ay tens
Of thousands! Sweet ethereal rhymes,
I hold ye here! and hug ye—all the lot;—
A monstrous pile of quintessential rot!!



DERBY DAY



H! who will over the Downs
with me?"
Over Epsom Downs, and away—
The Sun has got a tear in his
eye,
And the morning mists are light
and high;—
We shall have a splendid day.

And splendid it is, by all that's hot!—
A regular blaze on the hill;
And the turf rebounds from the light-shod heel



And the tapering spokes of the delicate wheel
With a springy-velvety sort of a feel
That fairly invites "a spill."
Splendid it is; but we musnt stop,
The folks are beginning to run,—
Is yonder a cloud that covers the course?
No, it's fifty thousand—man and horse—
Come out to see the fun.

So—just in time for the trial spurt;
The jocks are cantering in,—
We shall have the leaders round in a crack,
And a hundred voices are shouting "back,"
But nobody stirs a pin!
There isn't a soul will budge
So much as an inch from his place,
Tho' the hue of the Masters scarlet coat
Is a joke compared to his face.
To the ropes! to the ropes!"—Now stick to your
hold;—
A breezy flutter of crimson and gold,
And the crowd are swept aside,—
You can see the caps as they fall and rise
Like a swarm of variegated flies
Coming glittering up the ride;
To the ropes, for your life!" Here they come—there
they go—"
The exquisite graceful things!
In the very sport of their strength and pride;
Ha! that's the Favourite—look at his,
It suggests the idea of wings:
And the glossy neck is arched and firm
In spite of the flying pace;
The jockey sticks to his back like glue,
And his hand is quick and his eye is true,
And whatever skill and pluck can do
They will do to win the race.
The colt with the bright broad chest,
Will run to win to day—
There's fame and fortune in every bound
And a hundred and fifty thousand pound
Staked on the gallant Bay!
"Theyre off!"....
And away at the very first start,
"Hats down! hats down in front!
"Hats down, you sir in the wide-awake!"—
The tighten'd barriers quiver and shake
But they bravely bear the brunt.
A hush, like death, is over the crowd;
D'you hear that distant cry?—
Then hark how it gathers, far and near,
One rolling, ringing, rattling cheer
As the race goes dashing by,
And away with the hats and caps in the air,
And the horses seem to fly...
Forward! forward! at railway speed,
There's one that has fairly taken the lead
In a style that can scarce miscarry;
Oyer and on, like a flash of light,
And now his colours are coming in sight,
Favourite! Favourite!—scarlet and white—
He'll win, by the Lord Harry!!

If he can but clear the Corner, I say,
The Derby is lost and won—
It's an awful shave, but he'll do the trick,
Now! Now or never—he's passing it quick.—

He's round!...

No, he isn't; he's broken his neck,
And the jockey his collar bone:
And the whirlwind race is over his head,
Without stopping to ask if he's living or dead,—
Was there ever such rudeness known?
He fell like a trump in the foremost place—
He died with the rushing wind on his face—
At the wildest bound of his glorious pace—
In the mad exulting revel;
He left his shoes to his son and heir,
His hocks to a champagne dealer at Ware,
A lock of his hair
To the Lady-Mare,
And his hoofs and his tail——to the——!



AH, WHO?



HO comes so damp by grass and
grave,
At ghastly twilight hour;
And bubbles forth his pois'nous
breath
On ev'ry shudd'ring flow'rî
Who dogs the houseless wanderer
Upon the wintry wold;
And kisses—with his frothy lips—
The clammy brow and cold?



Who, hideous, trails a slimy form,
Betwixt the moonlight pale;
And the pale, fearful, sleeping face?
Our little friend—the Snail.



"DAILY TRIALS."

By a Dyspeptic.

UNCH, sir? Yes-ser, Pickled Salmon
Cutlets Kidneys Greens and"—
"Gammon!
Have you got no wholesome



meat, sir?
Flesh or fowl that one can
eat, sir?"
"Eat, sir? Yes-ser, on the dresser
Pork, sir"—"Pork, sir, I detest, sir"—
"Lobsters?"
"Are to me unblest, sir"—
"Duck and Peas?"
"I can't digest, sir"—
'Roe, sir?"

"No, sir!"
"Fish, sir?"
"Pish, sir!"

Sausage?"

"Sooner eat the dish, sir—
Hath a puppy charms for Briton?
Can the soul rejoice in kitton?"

"Shrimps, sir? Prawns, sir? Crawfish? Winkle?
Scallops ready in a twinkle?
Wilks and Cockles, Crabs to follow!"
"Heav'ns, *nothing* I can swallow!
Waitar!"

"Yes-sar."
"Bread for twenty.

I shall starve in midst of plenty!"



HOW WE GOT TO THE BRIGHTON REBLEW

H, Brighton's the place



For a beautiful face,
And a figure that gracefully made is;
And so far as I know
There's none other can show,
At the right time of year—say November or so—
Such a bevy of pretty young ladies.

Such blows on the Down!
Such lounges thro' Town!
Such a crush at Parade and Pavilion!

Such beaches below!
(Where people don't go),
Such bathing!—Such dressing, past Madame Tussaud!—
No wonder it catches the Million!

For bustle and breeze
And a sniff of salt seas
Oh, Brighton's the place!—not a doubt of it;—
But instead of post-chaise
Or padded coupes
If you had to get there a la excursionaise—
(Which Trench
Says is French
For a seat on a bench,
With an even toss up if you frizzle or drench)—
I think you'd be glad to keep out of it!

With their slap dash, crack crash,
And here and there a glorious smash,
And a hundred killed and wounded,—
It's little our jolly Directors care,
For a Passenger's neck if he pays his fare,
So away you go at a florin a pair,
The signal whistle has sounded!
Off at last
An hour past
The time, and carriages tight-full;
Why this should be
We can't quite see,
But of course it's all a part of the spree,
And it's really most delightful!
Crush, pack—
Brighton and back—
All the way for a shilling,—
What'prentice cit
But doesn't admit
Tho' ten in a row is an awkwardish fit,
At the price it's exceedingly filling!

(Chorus of Passengers.)

Crash, crack—
Brighton and back—
All the way for a shilling,—
Tho' the pace be slow
We're likely to go
A long journey before we get back d'you know,
The speed's so remarkably "killing"!

Ho! "slow" you find?
Then off, like the wind—
With a jerk that to any unprejudiced mind

Feels strongly as if it had come from *behind*—
Away like mad we clatter;
Bang—slap,—bang—rap,—
"Can't somebody manage to see what has hap—?"
There goes Jones's head!—no, it's only his cap!—
Jones, my boy, who's your hatter?

Slow it is, is it? jump jolt,
Slithering wheel and starting bolt,
Staggering, reeling, and rocking,—
Now we're going it!—jolt jump,
Whack thwack, thump bump,—
It's a mercy we're all stuck fast in a lump,
The permanent way is shocking!

Away we rattle—we race—we fly!—
Mrs. Brown is certain she's going to die,
'We've our own ideas on that point, you and I)
But this pitching will make evry one ill,—
Screech scream—groan grunt—
Express behind, and Luggage in front,—
If we have good luck we may manage to shunt
Before we get into the tunnel!

(Chorus of Passengers.)

Jump, jolt—
Engines that bolt—
Brighton and back for a shilling—
Jolt jump—but we've children and wives,
Jump jolt—who value our lives,
Jump—and you won't catch one here again who survives
The patent process of killing!

(Chorus of Directors.)

With our slap dash, crack crash,
And here and there a glorious smash
And a hundred killed and wounded!—
It's little we jolly directors care
For a passenger's limbs if he pays his fare,
So away you go at a florin the pair,
The signal whistle has sounded!!

SCHOOL "FEEDS."



Y, there they sit! a merry rout
As village green can show,
That were such woful little wights
A summer hour ago.

Such woful weary little wights!
And precious hungry too—
And now they look like sausages
All smiling in a row.

For they have fed on dainty fare

This blazing August day,
And ate—as only people eat
When *other* people pay!

A pyramid of roasted ox
Has vanish'd like a shot;
Plum puddings, brobdiguag, have gone
The second time, to pot;

Devoted fowls have come to grief,
With persecuted geese;
And ducks (it is a wicked world!)
Departed life in peas.

My Lord and Lady Bountiful
Have done the civil thing,—
The lady patrons of "the turf"
Have waited in the "ring;"

The Grand Comptroller of the cake
Can hardly hold the knife;
The milk-and-water Ganymede
Is weary of his life;

Yet still the conflict rages round!
But now there comes a lull—
The edge of youthful appetite
Is waxing somewhat dull—
And fat Fenetta bobs, and says,
"No, thank ye, mam,—I'm 'ful'!"

Alone amid the festive throng
One tiny brow is sad!
One cherub face is wet with grief—
What ails you little lad?

Why still with scarifying sleeve
That tearful visage rub?
Ah! much I fear, my gentle boy,
You don't enjoy your grub!

You're altogether off your feed,
Your laughing looks have fled,—
Perhaps some little faithful friend
Has punch'd your little head?

You miss some well remembered face
The merry rout among?

The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
The neck to which you clung?
A brothers voice? a sister's smile?
Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue?
Here, on a sympathetic breast,
Your tale of suff'ring pour.
Come, darling! tell me all—"Boo-hoo;—
"I can't eat any more!"



LORD HOLLYGREENS COURTSHIP

(BY MRS. E. B. BR—N—G.)

A POET WRITES TO HIS FRIEND. Place—BEDLAM. Time—PROBABLY "SATURDAY NIGHT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

"Dear my friend, and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit o'er you;

"Down the purple of this chamber, tears should scarcely run at will." (!!!) Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."



O Ho, Ha Ha, He He—Hum!!!! O,
 Charley, let me weep adown your
 Manly bosom! o'er that chamber, tears
 must surely run ad libi.—
 I'm a victim! friend and pitcher!—done incontinently
 brown—your
 Poet is immensely diddled by a—but *narrabo tibi*:—
 (There's a Lady, * who writes verses, in the true spas—
 modic metre,—
 Better writes she, certes, better than all women with—
 out end:

Writes full darkly:—I defy all Bards alive or dead to
 beat her

At a nubibustic stanza that no man can comprehend—
 Her sublime afflatus had I, and her noble scorn of
 rhyming,

I could write you something tallish—should make
 Lindley Murray suffer,—

Would she "lean her spirit" o'er me, in this rhympo—
 leptic climbing, **

I would paint My Courtship in a style would make

you stare, Old Buffer!)—

** I cannot forego this opportunity of paying my humble tribute of admiration to the genius and accomplishments of Mrs. Barrett Browning, whose lamented death has occurred since the above effusion first appeared in print; and I do so the more readily as I fear lest lines which were written in mere gaité de cour may possibly have been construed into a serious attack upon works, the general and undoubted merits of which I should be the first to acknowledge.*

*** "Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the muses— "And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star." —Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

You know, Charley, 'where I saw my Marianne (first) in
Belgravia;
And (*secundo*) how I loved her, with more love than
kith and kin do:
(*Tertio*) how I won,—and wed her,—yestermorn; and
her behaviour
You shall hear in five words—last night she exodus'd
BY THE WINDOW!!=

O! my Charley, you remember, on that cold fifth of
November,
As we saunter'd slowly Eastward, with the weed between
our lips;
How we spied a damsel beauteous, lymphomatically
duteous,
(I.E. cook at Number 7, scrubbing of the kitchen steps).

Charley, you and I remember, on that bright fifth of
November,
How she knelt there like a statue,—knelt bare-armèd
in the breeze,—
Whist her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the
pavement,
And her virginal white vesture flutter'd, reef d-wise, to
the knees.

Spell-bound in the road behind her, paused the Hurdy—
Gurdy Grinder,
Strangling in his wild excitement, Jumping Jimmy the
baboon;
Whilst the Genius of the Organ, fascinated by her
Gorgon
Beauty, stood enraptured—captured—playing madly out
of tune.

Then with her blue eyes entrancing, and her taper ankle
glancing,
And her rounded arms akimbo resting on her dainty
waist;
She half turn'd,—and turning threw me one glance
"utterly to undo me"—
(Well, you know'twas me she look'd at, Charley, and
she show'd her taste!)

Evermore my soul beguiling, in arch silence she kept
smiling—
And my heart within my bosom, pretematurally hopp'd;
Still as near I drew, and nearer, she grew fair and yet
more fairer (!)—
On both knees upon the pavement (Miles's bags, my
Boy) I dropp'd.



Then—but why should I confide you, what you know as
well as I do?
How she look'd up like an angel, (I can see her figure still!)

"I am yours, sir, if you'll take me—if you'll marry me
and make me

"A fine Lady, like my Missis:"—how I cried, "By
Jove, I WILL!"

How thenceforward ev'ry morning, wet and wind and
weather scorning,
By the steps of Number 7, punctual as the clock I past,—
How my love grew daily stronger—strength'ning as the
days grew longer—
Till my Marianne consented, and we named the day at
last.

How my Queen of Cake and Curry volunteer'd a
muffin-worry,
How I fondly made my advent somewhat ere the
moment due,—
And on going to the cupboard, like a second Mother
Hubbard,
Found the same, not "bare," but fill'd with six feet one
of Horse Guards Blue.

"Monster!'tis my only brother!"—"Silence, Madam—
you're another:
"Come out of your cupboard, Lobster! come out, gallant
Corporal Brown,—
"Slave! (I said) base Kitchen-creeper! (said I) I will
stop your peeper!
"I will tap your claret, Lobster,—I'll—"



—but here he knock'd me down.
 How, still chain'd by Love the Fetterer, spite of cupboard
 and etcetera,
 To Cremome one night I took her, in a "Pork Pie"
 highly killing;
 Purvey'd buns and ices satis, and a sherry-cobbler
 —gratis!
 (Tho' you know I do not, Charley, love to sep'rate from
 a shilling)—

How, when ev'rything was paid for; fun and fireworks
 only stay'd for;
 And my belle amie had eaten ev'rything that she was able;
 Whilst the Resonant Steam-Dragon* (that's the tea—
 pot), and the flagon
 Of Lymphatic Cow (that's milk), stood smiling on the
 arbor table,—

"Might she just step out and find her parasol she'd left
 behind her?"

"Whilst I kindly pour'd the tea out, and the cream that
 look'd so yellow?"—

* "She has halls and she has castles, and the resonant Steam-Eagles Follow far on the direction of her little dove-like hand." *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*.

Yellow? Ha, ha! who could think it!—She never came
 back to drink it:—
 I fell flooded in a Brown. * (study, understood, Old Fellow).

How my love withstood this trial, (toughish there is no
 denial)
 Soul-subdued by her low pleading, satin-tongued, soap—
 soft as silk,—
 Not a saint his heart could harden, thus so sweetly
 ask'd for pardon:—
 I suck'd in the obvious crammer kindly as my mother's
 milk.

Soh! (I said)—and then forgave her: and she promised
to behave her—
Self in future like an angel (which she did, and show'd
her wings)
And I fancied yestermorning (fool) that my reward was
dawning,—
So it was—and with a vengeance! (fool again) But
some one rings?—

* . . . "I fell flooded in a dark."— *Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

'Twas a cruel thing—but funny?—her eloping ere her
Honey—



Moon'd scarce risen?—cutting, very,—and for me the
world is dead.
Slightly crushing to my hopes is this performance on the
ropes! Miss
Marianne *suspensa scalis*—(would t'were sus. per col.
instead!)
Ass that I was to be wedded!—Wonderfully wooden—
headed!
I'm a wiser man now, Charley,—*certes*, up to snuff—but
sadder,—
Oh, the fickle little Hindoo! *Facilis descensus* window!
Oh—that bell again! what's this?— A Bill
OF £5 FOR THE LADDER!



LAY OF THE DESERTED INFLUENZED

(How you speak through your Dose)



O, doe, doe!
I shall dever see her bore!
Dever bore our feet shall rove
The beadows as of yore!
Dever bore with byrtle boughs
Her tresses shall I twide—
Dever bore her bellow voice
Bake bellody with bide!
Dever shall we lidger bore,
Abid the flow'rs at dood,
Dever shall we gaze at dight
Upod the tedtder bood!

Ho, doe, doe!
Those berry tibes have flowd,
Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful! by owd!

Ho, doe, doe!
I shall dever see her bore,
She will forget be id a bonth—
Bost probably before.
She will forget the byrtle boughs,
The flow'rs we pluck'd at dood,
Our beetigs by the tedtder stars,
Our gazigs od the bood.
Ad I shall dever see agaid
The Lily ad the Rose;
The dabask cheek! the sdowy brow!
The perfect bouth ad dose!
Ho, doe, doe!
Those berry tibes have flowd—

Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful!! by owd!!



I'VE LOST MY -----



EELER! hast thou found my treasure,—
Hast thou seen my vanish'd Fair?
Flora of the raven ringlets,
Flora of the shining hair?
Tell me quick, and no palaver,
For I am a man of heat—
Hast thou seen her, X 100?
Hast thou view'd her on thy beat?

Mark'd, I say, her fairy figure
In the wilderness of Bow?
Traced her lilliputian foot-prints
On the sands of Rotten Row?

Out, alas! thou answ'rest nothing,
And my senseless anger dies;
Who would look for "speculation"
In a boil'd potato's eyes?

Foggy Peeler! purblind Peeler!
Wherefore walk'st thou in a dream?—
Ask a plethoric black beetle
Why it walks into the cream!

Why the jolly gnats find pleasaunce
In your drowsy orbs of sight,—
Why besotted daddy long-legs
Hum into the nearest light,—

'Tis his creed, "*non mi ricordo*,"
And he wanders in a fog;
As that other peel, her—
Baceous, wanders in your glass of grog;—

Ah, my Flora! (graceless chit!) O
Pearl of all thy peerless race!

Where shall fancy find one fit, O
Fit to fill thy vacant place?
Who can be the graceful ditt-o
Ditto to that form and face?

Hence, then, sentimental twaddle!
Love, thy fetters I will fly—
Friendship is not worth a boddle,
Lost, alas! I've lost—my Skye.



THE VIII CRUSADE.

(Preach'd by Puck ye Poete against Paint and Pommade.)



DO you wish that your face should
be fair?
That your cheek should be rosy
and plump?
Morning noontide and night
Take a dip in the bright
Wave that flows from the spout of
the pump,—
From a Pump!—
Not a dump
Do we care for the lily
Pick'd in Piccadilly,
Or grown by the "Camphorate Lump."

Do you sigh for ambrosial hair?
For clustering ringlets to match?

Little goose!
To the deuce
With pommades—learn the use
Of the BRUSH, and you'll soon have a thatch
That shall 'catch'
The moustachio'd amasser
Of Rowland's Macassar,
(At twenty-five shillings a batch).

Is it ivory teeth you desire?
A set that no dentist may trammel?
To Rowland's O-dont-o
Cry, "No that we won't O!
"It softens the precious enamel!"
(That Schamyl
Sends packing, confound it,
To the Sultan Mahound. (It
'S *au naturel*, perch'd on a Camel))

Then toy not with powder and paste!
Sweet nymphs, they are deadliest foes;
No Piver persuade you—
No Rowland invade you—
In peace let each dimple repose
Where it grows!
When he shows
You his Kalydor Lotion
Reply "We've a notion
"It takes all the skin off one's nose!"
(As he goes)
Add "There's nothing can beat your's
"For blist'ring the features
"But, 'Atkinson's Milk of the Rose!'"



IN MEDIÆVOS.



If you love to wear
 An unlimited extent of hair
 Push'd frantically back behind a pair
 Of ears, that all asinine comparison defy—
 And peripatate by star light
 To gaze upon some far light
 Till you've caught an aggravated catarrh right
 In the pupil of your frenzy rolling eye,—
 Or if you're given to the style
 Of that mad fellow Tom Carlyle,
 And fancy all the while, you're taking "an earnest view" of things;
 Making Rousseau a hero,
 Mahomet better than Nero,
 And Cromwell an angel in ev'rything except the wings:
 Or if you write sonnets,
 In (and out of) Time and on its
 Everlasting "works of art and genius" (cobweb wreath'd!)
 And fly off into rapture
 At some villanous old picture
 Not one atom like nature
 Nor any human creature, that ever breath'd,—
 Some Amazonian Vixen
 Of indescribable complexion
 And *hideous* all conception to surpass;
 And actually prefer this abhorrence
 To a lovely portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence—
 Why then—I think that you must be an Ass!



FIRE!

"Away there, to the east—
 "Towards the Surrey ridge,—
"I see a puff of dunnish smoke
 "Over the Southwark Bridge:"—
A single curl of murky mist
 That scales the summer air:
And the watchman wound his listless way
 Slow down the turret stair.

London! that deck'st thyself with wave-won spoils,
Sea-gather'd wealth—Spires, palaces,
 And temples high;
Well might thy goodly burgesses exclaim
 "See this—and die! *—
"See these great streets; survey these monster marts;
 "The lordly'Changes of our merchant kings;—
"Behold this Thames, with all its flutt'ring breast
 "Brave with white wings.—

"Wharves, stately with warehouses—
"Docks, with a world's treasure-chest in bail—
 "What hand shall touch ye?
 "What rash foe assail?"

"Fire! to the eastward—Fire!
 A hurrying tramp of feet,—
A sickly haze that wraps the town
 Like a leaden winding-sheet,—
A smothering smoke is in the air—
 A crackling sound—a cry!—
And yonder, up over the furnace pot
That smokes like the smoke of the Cities of Lot,

There's something fierce and hissing and hot
That licks the very sky!

** The Italians have a proverb, "See Naples, and die"*

Fire! fire! ghastly fire!
It broadens overhead;
Red gleam the roofs in lurid light
The Heav'ns are glowing-red.
From east to west—from west to east!—
Red runs the turbid Thames—
"Fire! fire! the engines! fire!
"Or half the town's in flames—
"Fire———"
A raging, quivering gulf...
A wild stream, blazing by...
Red ruin... fearful flaming leaps...
White faces to the sky....

"The engines, Ho! back for your lives!"
And out the Firemen dash'd;
"Stand clear in front! room, townsmen, room!"—
Like lightning thro' the gath'ring gloom
The swarthy helmets flash'd:
Stand from the causeway—Horse and Man!—
Back, while there's time for aid—

Back, gilded coach!—back, lordly steed S—
There's fear and fate hangs on their speed,
And life and death and daring deed,

Room for the Fire Brigade!

COUNT CABOUR.

In Memoriam.

Weep, Italy, weep!
For the sun of thy dawning,
Now set in midday:
For the flower of thy morning,
In bloom pass'd away.
On his brow be the laurel,
Fame's smile on his sleep,—
But weep for thy Hero,
Weep, Italy, weep!

Weep, Italy, weep!
For thy great one departed—
The eloquent breath:
For the strong, the high hearted,
Now silent in death.
For the lion-like courage;
The eye of the lynx;
The wisdom that baffled
The Gallican sphinx;
That humbled the pride
Of the priesthood of Rome;
Thy falchion abroad,

And thy buckler at home;
In whose life thou wert first,
And the last on whose lip,—
For thy Patriot—Statesman—
Weep, Italy, weep!

Weep, Italy! weep—
And the loud cannon's rattle
Make mourn for the brave—

For the light of thy battle,
Cold-querch'd in the grave!
For the daring that conquer'd
By Mincio's flood;
That wiped out each slave-stain
In Austrian blood;
That swept the red eagle
From Gaeta's steep,—
For his Country's Avenger
Let Italy weep!

Yes, Italy! weep!
For the arm that has righted
Thy wrongs and thy shame;
For the hand that has lighted
Bright Liberty's flame:
That took from thee—Scorning!
That left thee—Renown!
Thy long scatter'd jewels
Gave back to thy crown,—
That nerved thee to conquer,
That taught thee to keep,
For the man that has saved thee
Weep, Italy, weep!

THE WELL OF TRUTH



'T WAS sunset—(much ill-usèd hour,
And Southey swears it's yellow!)—

And so I lay and smoked the weed—
Immaculate Havannah!—
And watch'd a spider nobbling flies
In an artistic manner.

And mused in speculative vein
On England, and her story;
Why Palmerston was dubb'd a Whig,
And Derby was a Tory;—

Which diff'ring Poets tell you
Is ev'ry shade from green to red,
Why Manchester detested war,
And cottons took delight in;
Why Cobden's voice was all for peace,

And Horsman's all for fighting;—

Why England sent out Bibles' store,
To teach our pig-tail'd brother;
And gave him Gospel with one hand,
And Opium with the other;—

And why the Church was always poor,
And Lawyers lived in clover,
And why my tailor made me pay
His last.. account.. twice... over...

And why———

Perhaps it was the scent
That hover'd round my bow'r?

Perhaps it was the flies that haunt
That soul-subduing hour?

Or else those interesting gnats,
Which sting one so severely,
Made dreamy music round my head,
Until I slept—or nearly:—

But lo! I floated on a pool,
Beneath a monstrous funnel,
Whose crowning disc shone faint above,
Like sun-light thro' a tunnel;

And forms and faces quaint and strange
Swept by me ev'ry minute;
And ev'ry breast transparent lay
And had a window in it.

Then sudden thro' my mind it flash'd—
What mania could have got'em—
The place was truth's historic well,
And I—was at the bottom!

And first I mark'd a sombre man *
Of aspect wondrous saintly,
Whose pious eyes look'd shock'd and good,
If Sin but whisper'd faintly;

** Sir John Paul.*

And every Sunday in the plate,
His clinking gold was given
With such an air—the righteous vow'd
His alms had conquer'd Heaven!

And such his godly wrath'gainst all
Who betted, swore, or liquor'd,—
Old women said around his head
An Angel halo flicker'd.

But looking through his heart I saw
A blank, dark, moral torpor,—
And while he gave his princely alms
He cursed the needy pauper.

And all men grovell'd at his feet
With coax, and crawl, and wheedle;—

But I thought of Dives' burning tongue
And the parabolic needle.
And next I spied a priestly band,
In cassock, cope, and mitre,
Who diff'ring slightly from the Church,
Lent all their wits to spite her,—
With some who thought church-music gave
The Devil grievous handles;
And some who lit Polemic War
By lighting altar-candles;

And one who held a certain place
Most probable to get to,
Unless he preach'd in a scarlet cloak
And pray'd in a *falsetto!*—

But *one* thing I could plainly read,
On ev'ry breast displaying;—
The rev'rend men took more delight
In quarrelling than praying!

They pass'd—and lo! an Hebrew youth,
To ebon locks confessing,
The sturdy yeomanry of Bucks
In honey'd phrase addressing.

And so enthusiastic wax'd
The sleek bucolic charmer;
As if his body, soul, and brains,
Had all been born a farmer.

And he felt "glad" and "proud," he said,
To meet his friends again—
"His valued friends!"—and in his heart
He wished himself in Spain;—

Of all spots in the world, he said,
To see them *there* he'd rather,—
And inly sent them ev'ry one
To Jericho—or farther.

And so he gave their right good health—
And off it went in toppers;
And call'd them "Men and Patriots,"
And in his heart "Clodhoppers."—

And then—with very blindest smiles—
From self and boon carousers,
Gave prizes to some model louts,
And one *a pair of trousers!!* *

** Vide "Times" of 4 Nov. 1857, giving an account of the meeting of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association.*

And as he cried "Take, fine old man,
"These best of merit's brandings,"—
He thought "Was ever such a Calf
"On such thin understandings!"
Just then roll'd by, so bluff and bold,
A tar—from truck to kelson—
And prophesied such vast exploits,
Men cried—"Another Nelson!"
"You'll see," quoth he, "*I'll* shortly be
"In Heav'n or Cronstadt reckon'd"—

But never meant to chance the *first*,
Or go too near the *second*.

And then I lost him in the crowd,
Nor could the question try on;
If I'd heard the voice of Balaam's ass
Or the roar of Britain's lion;

But when I thought what bumping things
The hero had been saying,
I felt I knew what Gray must mean
By the din of battle *braying*.—



“HEARD YE THE DIN OF BATTLE BRAY?”

Gray's 'Bard.'”



PERILS OF THE FINE ARTS.

OOD gracious, Julia! wretched girl,
What horror do I see?
What frantic fiend has done the
deed
That rends your charms from
me?
Those matchless charms which like
the sun
Lit up Belinda Place—



What fiend, I ask, in human mask
Has dared to black your face?
Your cheeks that once out-bloom'd the rose
Are both of ebon hue;
Your chin is green—your lips are brown—
Your nose is prussian blue!
This mom the very driven snow
Was not so stainless pure,—
And now, alack! you're more a black,
Than any black-a-more.
Some wretch has painted you! Oh, Jove,
That I could clutch his throat!—
That I could give his ears a *cuff*,
Who gave your face a *coat*:
If there is justice in the land—
But no:—the law is bosh:
Altho' it's tme you're black and blue
That remedy "won't wash."

Revenge, I say!—yet hold, no rage—
I will be calm, sweet wife—
Calm—*icy* calm———Speak, woman, speak,
That I may have his life!!
Who did the deed?—
"Oh! Charles, 'twas *you*!
"Nay, dearest, do not shrink—
"This face and chin!—I've wash'd it in
"Your Photographic Ink!"



A PORTRAIT (AFTER BLACK-ALL).

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT (IRISH) BRIGADE

(Not by A—f—d T—y—n.)



OUTWARD Ho—Here we go!—
O'er the wave onward,
Out from the Harbor of Cork
Sail'd the Six Hundred!
Sail'd like Crusaders thence,
Burning for Peter's pence,—
Burning for fight and fame—
Burning to show their zeal—
Into the gates of Rome,
Into the jaws of Hell,
(It's all the same)

March'd the Six Hundred!
"Barracks, and tables laid!
Food for the Pope's Brigade!"
But ev'ry Celt afraid,
Gazed on the grub dismay'd—
Twigg'd he had blunder'd;—
"Who can eat rancid grease?
Call *this* a room a-piecc?" *
"Silence unseemly din,
Prick them with bayonets in."—
Blessed Six Hundred!
Waves ev'ry battle-blade.—
"Forward! the Pope's Brigade!"—
Was there a man obeyed?
No—where they stood they stay'd,
Tho' Lamoriciere pray'd,
Threaten'd, and thunder'd,—

** A room for each man, and a table furnished from the fat of the land, were among the inducements reported to have been held out to the "Pope's own."*

"Charge!" Down their sabres then
Clash'd, as they turn'd—and ran—
Sab'ring the empty air,
Each of one taking care,—
Here, there, and ev'rywhere
Scatter'd and sunder'd.

Sick of the powder smell,
Down on their knees they fell;
Howling for hearth and home—
Cursing the Pope of Rome—
Whilst afar shot and shell
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Captured, alive and well,
Ev'ry Hibernian swell,
Came back the tale to tell;
Back from the states of Rome—
Back from the gates of Hell—
Safe and sound ev'ry man—
Jack of Six Hundred!

When shall their story fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
Nobody wonder'd.
Pity the fools they made—
Pity the Pope's Brigade—

WUS, EVER WUS



US! ever wus!—By freak of Puck's
My most exciting hopes are dash'd;
I never wore my spotless ducks
But madly—wildly!—they were
 splash'd.

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
To gaze upon the starry sky;
But some unpleasant beetle came,
And charged into my pensive eye:

And oh! I never did the swell
In Regent-street, amongst the beaus,
But smuts the most prodigious fell,
And always settled on my Nose!

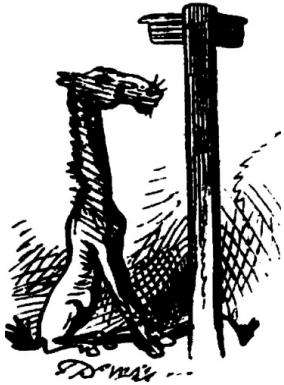


A SETTLER FOR AN IMIGRANT.



TOO BAD, YOU KNOW.

(New Year's Eve, '58.)



T was the huge metropolis
 With fog was like to choke;
It was the gentle cabby—
 horse
His ancient knees that
 broke;—
And, oh, it was the cabby-man
 That swore from ear to ear,
And did vituperate his eyes
 Considerably severe,
If any swell should make him stir
 Another step that year!

Then up and spake that bold cabman,
 Unto his inside Fare,—
"I say, you Sir,—come out of that!—
 "I say, you Sir in there—

"Six precious aggrawatin miles
"I've druv to this here gate,
"And that poor injer'd hanimal
 "Is in a faintin state;

"There aint a thimblefull of shine,
 "The fog's as black as pitch,—
"I'm flummox'd'tween them posteses
 "And that most 'ateful ditch.

"So bundle out! my'oss is beat;
 "I'm sick of this'ere night;—
I say, you Sir in there,—hear?—
 He's bolted—blow me tight!"



"THE DAYS THE THING."

Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—
W-Waterloo Place? yes you
T—Take the first tut—tut—tut—turning
that faces you,—
Lul—left, and then kuk—kuk—kuk,—kuk—
kuk—kuk—keep up Pell Mell'till you
See the Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—
Zounds, Sir, you'll get there before I
can tell it you!



THE LAST CHARGE OF WATERLOO (PLACE.)



GHOSTRIES.



Did you never hear a rustling,
 In the corner of your room;
 When the faint fantastic fire-light
 Served but to reveal the gloom?
 Did you never feel the clammy
 Terror, starting from each pore,
 At a shocking
 Sort of knocking
 On your chamber door?

Did you never fancy something
 Horrid, underneath the bed?
 Or a ghastly skeletonian,
 In the garret overhead?

Or a sudden life-like movement,
 Of the *Vandyke*, grim and tall?
 Or that ruddy
 Mark, a bloody
 Stain upon the wall?

Did you never see a fearful
 Figure, by the rushlight low,
 Crouching, creeping, *crawling* nearer—
 Putting out its lingers—SO.
 Whilst its lurid eyes glared on you
 From the darkness where it sat—
 And you *could* not,
 Or you *would* not,
 See it was the cat?



"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

IR Toby was a portly party;
Sir Toby took his turtle
 hearty;
Sir Toby lived to dine:
Chateau d'Iquen was his fort;
Bacchus would have backt his
 port;
He was an Alderman in short
Of the very first water—and wine.

An Alderman of the first degree,
But neither wife nor son had he;
He had a daughter fair:
And often said her father, "Cis,
"You shall be dubb'd 'my Lady,' Miss,
"When I am dubb'd Lord Mayor.

"The day I don the gown and chain,
"In Hymen's modern Fetter-Lane
"You wed Sir Gobble Grist;
"And whilst with pomp and pageant high
"I scrape, and stut, and star it by
"St. George's in the East, you'll try
"St. George's in the West."

Oh vision of paternal pride!
Oh blessed Groom to such a Bride!
 Oh happy Lady Cis!
Yet sparks won't always strike the match,
And she may chance to miss her 'catch,'
 Or he may catch—a *miss!*



Such things do happen, here and there,
When Knights are old, and Nymphs are fair,
 And who can say they don't?
When Worldly takes the gilded pill,
And Dives stands and says "I will,"
 And Beauty says "I WONT!"

Sweet Beauty! Sweeter thus by far—
Young Goddess of the silver star,
 Divinity capricious!—
Who would not barter wealth and wig,
And pomp and pride and *otium dig*,
For Youth—when 'plums' weren't worth a fig
 And Venus smiled propitious?

Alas! that beaux will lose their spring,
And wayward belles refuse to 'ring,'
 Unstruck by Cupid's dart!
Alas that—must the truth be told—
Yet oft'ner has the archer sold
The 'white and red,' to touch the 'gold,'
 And Diamonds trump'd the Heart!

That luckless heart! too soon misplaced!—
Why is it that parental taste
On sagest calculation based
 So rarely pleases Miss?
Let those who can, the riddle read;
For me, I've no idea indeed,
 No more, perhaps, had Cis.

It might have been she found Sir G.
Less tender than a swain should be,—
 Young—sprightly—witty—gay?—
It might have been she thought his hat
Or head too round or square or flat
 Or empty—who can say?

What Bard shall dare? Perhaps his nose?—
A shade too pink, or pale, or rose?—
His cut of beard, wig, whisker, hose?—
 A wrinkle?—here—or there?—
Perhaps the *preux chevalier's* chance,
Hung on a word or on a glance,
 Or on a single hair!

I know not! But the Parson waited,
The Groomsmen swore, the Bridegroom rated,
 Till two o'clock or near;—
Then home again in rage and wrath,
Whilst pretty Cis— was rattling North
 With Jones the Volunteer!



ODE TO HAMPSTEAD.



H Hampstead! cool oasis!
(No longer 'green,' alas)—
Where once a week, on Sunday,
The Cockneys go to grass;

Where spurs the bold Apprentice
Up the astonish'd ride,
Pursued by mild suggestions
Of room to spare inside;
Where Donkey-boys still flourish,
Unawed by Martin's Act,
The lash that drives a squadron
Promiscuously whackt;—

Upon whose hills the dust-wreath
Comes down like the simoom,
Beneath whose slopes the winkle
Has a perennial bloom,—

And whose once chrystal waters
Present the sort of look
The sea did when the savages
Plunged in for Captain Cook;—

I love thee still!—Tho' tarnish'd
Is ev'ry blade and leaf,
Tho' Highgate Fields are bitterness,
And Belsize Park is grief,—

Tho' Brick-kilns are not lovely,
And Railways banish rest,
And Omnibi are hateful
And Hansom Cabs unblest,—

Tho' Pic-nics take the place of Cows,
Tho' Geese are abdicating,
Tho' Boys usurp the haunts of Fish
And Ice-carts spoil the skating;—

I love thee still!—Thy benches,
When no East wind assails,—
Thy turf, sweet to recline upon—
When unengross'd by snails,—

Oh! never may thy blooming heath
By Wilson be enclosed;

Still on thy lawn let fairy feet
Disport them unopposed;
I love thee, yes I love thee still!—
Yet must I fain confess
That ev'ry time I gaze above
Thy spreading chimney-pots, my love
Grows beautifully less!



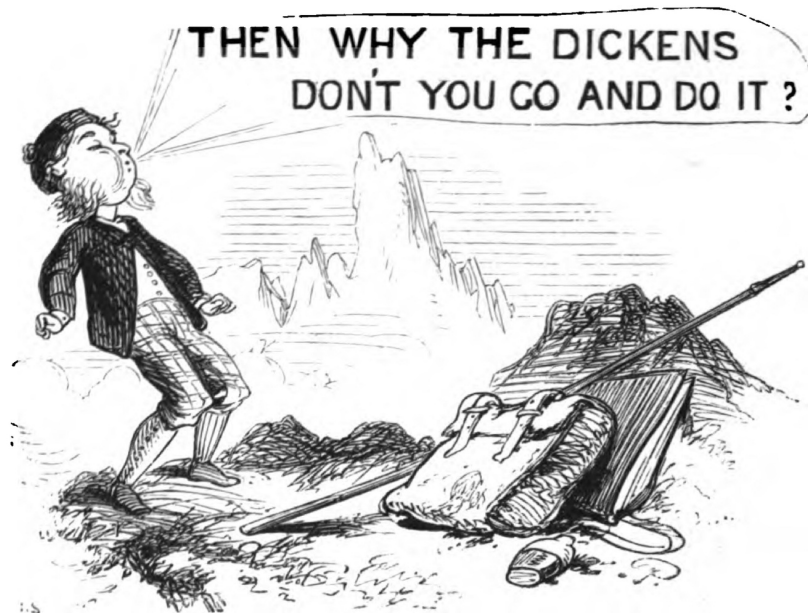
OUR TRAVELLER.



F thou wouldst stand on Etna's
burning brow,
With smoke above, and roaring
flame below;
And gaze adown that molten
gulf reveal'd,
Till thy soul shudder'd and thy
senses reel'd.—

If thou wouldst beard Niag'ra in his pride,
Or stem the billows of Propontic tide;
Scale all alone some dizzy Alpine "haut,"
And shriek "Excelsior!" amidst the snow.—

Wouldst tempt all deaths, all dangers that may be,—
Perils by land, and perils on the sea,—
This vast round world, I say, if thou wouldst view it,—



CHINESE PUZZLES.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

In the name of Fo,
Thus saith the shadow of Nobody.



ROM many a dark delicious ripple
The Moonbeams drank ethereal tippie;
Whilst over Eastern grove and dell
The perfumed breeze of evening fell,
And the young Bulbul warbling gave
Her music to the answering wave.
But not alone the Bulbul's note
Bade Echo strike her silver lute,
Nor fell the music of her dream
Alone on waving wood and stream;
For thro' the twilight blossoms stray'd,
Enamour'd youth, and fairy maid;
And mingled with her warblings lone
A voice of sweet and playful tone.

"And ah!" the gentlest accents said,
"You bid me name the Task;
"But if you love me as you vow,
"Then give me what I ask!

"No quest for errant knight have I,
"No deed of high emprise;
"No giant Tartars to be slain,
"In homage to my eyes."

"Oh, take my life!" her lover cried,
"Nor break this dream of bliss;
"Take house, or head, or lands, or fame—
"Take evry thing but *this*,—

"To gaze upon those silken braids
"Unenvious be my part;
"I could not steal one golden tress,
"To bind it round my heart.

"Tho' all the pearls of Ind were strung
"Upon a single hair,
"I would not cut the shiner off,—
"I wouldn't, Za', I swear."

The lady laughed a careless laugh,—
"While downward flows the river,
"The lover who bids for Zadie's heart
"And hand must make up his mind to part
With the Gift, or part for ever!"

"Remorseless Nymph!" exclaimed the youth,
"Thus stick'ling for a curl,—
"Delilah was a joke to you.
"Excruciating girl;—

"Sole Empress of the breast of Fi,
"What *can* the object be,
"For you to get a Lock for which
"You ne'er can get a Key?

"Just think, if I should wear a wig,
"How would you like me, Zadie?
"I'm sure you'll give it up, my sweet,
"Do—there's a gentle Lady!"

The Maiden laugh'd a silv'ry laugh;—
"The white stars set and shiver;
"The lover who bids for Zadie's heart
"And hand, must make up his mind to part
"With the Gift—or part for ever"

ETCETERA.



HE stars were out on the lake,
The silk sail stirr'd the skiff;
And faint on the billow, and fresh on the breeze,
The summer came up thro' the cinnamon trees
 With an odoriferous sniff.
 There was song in the scented air,
And a light in the listening leaves,—
The light of the myriad myrtle fly,
When young Fo-Fum and little Fe-Fi

Came forth to gaze upon the sky—&c.!

Oh! little Fe-Fi was fair,
With the rose in her raven hair!
From her almond eyes, and celestial nose,
To the tips of her imperceptible toes &c.

Fo-Fum stood tall I wis,
(May his shadow never be less!)
A highly irresistible male,
The ladies turn'd pale
At the length of his nail
And the twirl of his unapproachable tail &c.

"Now listen, Mooo-mine, my Star!
My life! my little Fe-Fi;
For over the blossom and under the bough
There's a soft little word that is whispering now
Which I think you can guess if you try!
In the bosom of faithful Fum,
There's a monosyllabic hum,—
A little wee word Fe-Fi can spell,
Concluding with 'E,' and beginning with 'L,' &c."

"Oh! dear, now what can it be?
That little wee word Fo-Fum?
That funny wee word that sounds so absurd
With an 'E' and an 'L' and a 'Hum!'
A something that ends with an E?—
It must be my cousin So-Sle?

"Or pretty Pe-Pale
Who admired your tail?—
I shall never guess what it can be
I can see
That is spelt with an L and an El
I never shall guess, if I die—
Fo-Fum, sir, I'm going to cry!—
Oh, dear how my heart is beginning to beat!
Why there's silly Fo-Fum on his knees at my feet," &c.

Deponent knoweth not,
History showeth not,
If the lady read the riddle;
And whether she found
It hard to expound—
As the story ends in the middle.

Was gallant Fo-Fum
Constrain'd to succumb
To the "thrall of delicious fetters,"—
Or pretty Fe-Fi
Induced to supply
The text of the missing letters?

Oh, no one can tell!
But this extract looks well,
Faute de mieux (e. g. "want of a betterer")—
"Received: by Hang-Hi,
"From Fo-Fum, for Fe-Fi,
"A thousand dollars" &c!

WHAT THE PRINCE OF I DREAMT.



DREAMT it! such a funny
 thing
 And now it's taken wing:
I s'pose no man before or
 since
Dreamt such a funny thing.

It had a monkey—in a trap—
 Suspended by the tail:
Oh! but that monkey look'd distress'd,
 And his countenance was pale.

And he had danced and dangled there;
Till he grew very mad:
For his tail it was a handsome tail
And the trap had pinch'd it—bad.

The trapper sat below, and grinn'd;
His victim's wrath wax'd hot:—
He bit his tail—and fell—and kill'd
The trapper on the spot:—

It had a pig—a stately pig;
 With curly tail and quaint:
And the Great Mogul had hold of that
 Till he was like to faint.

So twenty thousand Chinamen;
 With three tails each at least:
Came up to help the Great Mogul
 And took him round the waist.
And so, the tail slipp'd through his hands;
 And so it came to pass;
That twenty thousand Chinamen
Sat down upon the grass:—
It had a Khan—a Tartar Khan—
 With tail superb, I wis:
And that fell graceful down a back
 Which was consider'd his.

And so, all sorts of boys that were
 Accursed, swung by it:
Till he grew savage in his mind
 And vex'd, above a bit—

And so, he swept his tail, as one
 Awak'ning from a dream:
And those abominable ones
Flew off into the stream—

And so, they hobbled up and down,
Like many apples there:

Till they subsided—and became
Amongst the things that were:—

And so it had a moral too;
That would be bad to lose:
"Whoever takes a *tail* in hand
Should mind his p's and *queues*."

I dreamt it!—such a funny thing!
And now it's taken wing;
I s'pose no man before or since
Dreamt such a funny thing!



CASE IN LUNACY.

AS any one read the great lunacy case?
The case that's Lock'd, and Labell'd, and
Laced



With a Tissue of lies, and a Docket of 'waste,'
And a golden Key, the reverse of chased,
 (Tho' hunted thro' the Hilary)—
Has any one read how the Law can hound,
And badger, and bully a man, 'till it's bound
 A mortgage on ev'ry acre of ground
 And robb'd him of sixty thousand pound—
 Without being put in the pillory?

Has any one read—does any one know—
If he marries a wife who's not quite *comme il*,
And a handsome estate should inherit,—
What a suit of chancery can effect,
To strip him, even of self-respect,
Hold him up to scorn contempt; and neglect,
And ruin him, body and spirit?

Has any one read—mark'd—weigh'd—the worth
Of a common name and a kindred birth,
A Brother's—Uncle's—love upon earth,
 To the love that is filthy lucre's?
How day after day, without being hurt,
A man can drag his own flesh thro' the dirt
For a thousand pounds at his Broker's?

Yes, ev'ry one's read—we all of us know—
What man's 'first friend* could become his worst foe,
Bring him up in the way he ought not to go,—
 Then lie, to make him a beggar;—
Turn him loose upon Town without guardian or friend,—
Lay traps in his paths lest they happen'd to mend,—
Set spies to note ev'ry shilling he'd spend—
Ev'iy pitiful pound he might borrow or lend,—
And dip his fingers in slime without end—
We can guess who cuts such a figure!

A GIGGLE FOR "EXCELSIER"



HE shades of night had fallen (at
When from the Eagle Tavern pass'd
A youth, who bore, in manual vice,
A pot of something monstrous nice—
 'X—X:' Haw haw!

His brow was bad:—his young eye scann'd
The frothing flaggon in his hand,
And like a gurgling streamlet sprung
The accents to that thirsty tongue,
 X—X: Haw haw!

In happy homes he saw them grub
On stout, and oysters from a tub,—
The dismal gas-lights gleam'd without,
And from his lips escaped a shout,
 "X—X: Haw haw!"

"Young man," the Sage observed, "just stay,
"And let me dip my beak, I say—
"The pewter is deep, and I am dry!"
"Perceiv'st thou verdure in my eye?
"X—X? Haw haw!"

"Oh stop," the maiden cried, "and lend
"Thy beery burden here, my friend—"
Th' unbidden tear regretful rose,
But still his thumb tip sought his nose;
"X—X? Haw haw!"

"Beware the gutter at thy feet!
"Beware the Dragons of the street!
"Beware lest Thirsty Bob you meet!"
This was the ultimate remark;
A voice replied far thro' the dark,
"X—X? Haw haw!"

That night, by watchmen on their round,
The person in a ditch was found;
Still grasping in his manual vice
That pot—once fill'd with something nice.—
X—X: Haw haw!!



A FRAGMENT.

(After T—s H—d.)



I.

LIFE! what depths of mystery
hide
In the oceans of Hate and the
rivers of Pride,
That mingle in Tribulation's
tide,
To quench the spark,
Vitality!

What chords of Love and "bands" of Hope,
Were "made strong" (without the use of rope)
In the Thread—Individuality.

Life! what a web of follies and fears,
Pleasures and griefs, sighs, smiles and tears,
Are twined in the woof that Mortality's shears
Must be everlastingly thinning,—
What holes for Physician Death to darn,
Are eternally spun in the wonderful yam
That the Fates are eternally spinning!

Life! what marvellous throbs and throes
The alchemy of Existence knows;
What "weals within wheels" (and woes without *wohs*!)
Give sophistry a handle;
Though Hare * himself could be dipp'd in the well
Where Truth's proverbial waters dwell,
It would throw no more light on the vital spell
Than a dip in the Polytechnic bell,
Or the dip—a ha'penny candle!

Alas! for the metaphysical host;
The wonderful wit and wisdom they boast,

* C. J. Hare, author of "Guesses at Truth."

When the time arrives they must give up the ghost,
Become quite phantasmagorical,—
And it's found at the last that they know as much
Of the secret of LIFE—as they do of Dutch—
Or, if a lame verse may borrow a crutch,
As was known by the Delphic Oracle.

Into being we come, in ones and twos,
To be kiss'd, to be cuff'd, to obey, to abuse,
Each destined to stand in another's shoes
To whose heels we may come the nighest;
This turns at once into Luxury's bed,
Whilst that in a gutter lays his head,
And this—in a house with a wooden lid
And a roof that's none of the highest.

We fall like the drops of April show'rs,
Cradled in mud or cradled in flow'rs,
Now idly to wile the rosy hours,
And now for bread to importune;

Petted, and fêted, and fed upon pap
 One prattler comes in for a fortune, slap—
 And one—a "more kicks than ha'pence chap"—
 For a slap—without the fortune!



Who hasn't heard of the infant squall?
 Sharper, shriller, and longer than all
 The Nor'-wester squalls, that may chance to befall
 At Cape Horn, as nauticals tell us;
 And who,—oh who?—hasn't heard before
 The dulcet tones of the infant roar?
 Ear-piercing in at the drawing room door—
 Down-bellowing, right thro' the nursery floor—
 Like a hundred power bellows?

Alas! that the very rosiest wreath
 Should ever be twined with a thorn beneath!
 Forth peeping, from purple and damask sheath,
 In a manner quite anti-floral;
 And startling, as when to that Indian root
 The traveller stretches his hand for the fruit,
 And a crested head comes glittering out
 With a tongue that is somewhat forkèd no doubt,
 And a tail—that has quite a moral!
 And who'd have believed that diminutive thing
 Just form'd as you'd say, to kiss and to cling,
 Would ever have opened, except to sing,
 Those lips, that look so choral?

Behold the soft little struggling ball!
 With rosy niouth ever ready to squall,
 Kicking and crowing and grasping "small,"
 At its Indiarrabber dangle,—
 Whilst tiny fists in the pillows lurk
 That are destined perhaps for fighting the Turk,

And doing no end of mangling work,
Or perhaps, for working a mangle!

'Tis passing strange, that all over the earth
Men talk of the "stars" that "rule" at their birth,
For little such dazzling sponsors are worth,
Whate'er Cagliostro may say;
Tho' all the Bears in the heav'ns combined—
Mars, Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter shined,
In our glitt'ring horoscope, we shall find
Most men who are bom of woman kind
Are born in the *milky-way*.

In the milky-way! ev'ry mother's son;
From the son of a lord, to the 'son of a gun,'
Of colors, red, brown and yellow and dun,
An astonishing constellation;
From the black Papouse of the Cape de Verd,
The cream of Tartar, and scum of Kurd,
To the son and heir of Napoleon the Third,
Who sucks—to the joy of a Nation!
And that puny atom may happen to claim
The yeiy first round on the Ladder of Fame,
At the general conflagration.

The squeaky voice may be heard ere long
In the shout of the battle, deep and strong,
Like the brazen clash of a mighty gong
That has broken loose from tether;
Whilst many a hardy bosom quails
And many a swarthy visage pales
At the griffin clutch of those tender nails
As they come to the "scratch" together.

But well says a poet of rising fame,*
That to hint at an 'infantile frailty's' a shame
For the Baby-days have come round the same
To us all, and we can't but confess'em;

** F. Locker, Author of London Lyrics, &c.*

When the brawny hands, that can rend an oak,
Went both into Mammy's mouth for a joke!—
And the feet that stand like the solid rock,
Were "tootsies pootsies, bless'em!"

When to howl was the only accomplishment rife
In our 'tight little bundle' of wailing and strife,
And pap was the summum bonum of life,
To a mouth in perpetual pucker;
When "Ma" was a semi-intelligent lump,
Possess'd by a mania for making us "plump,"
And "Nus" was an inexhaustible pump
With an everlasting "sucker."

Yet, laugh if we will at those baby-days,
There was more of bliss in its careless plays,
Than in after time from the careful ways
Or the hollow world, with its empty praise,
Its honey'd speeches, and hackney'd phrase,
And its pleasures, for ever fleeting,—

And more of sense in its bald little pate,

On its own little matters of Church and State,
Than in many a House of Commons' debate,
Or the "sense" of a Manchester meeting!

And laugh as we may, it would make us start,
Could we read the depths of its mother's heart,—
Or imagine one twenty-thousandth part
Of the feelings that stir within it;
What a freight that little existence bears
Of pallid smiles and tremulous tears,
Of joys never breathed into mortal ears,
Griefs that the callous world never hears,
Suffring that only the more endears,
And love, that would reach into endless years,
Snuff' d out, it may be, in a minute!

Would you look on a mother in all her pride?
Her radiant, dazzling, glorious pride?—
Then seek yon garret—leaden-eyed—
And thrust the mouldering panel aside—
The door that has nothing to lock it,—
And the walls are tatter'd, and damp, and drear,
And the light has a quivering gleam, like fear,
For the hand of Sickness is heavy here
And the lamp bums low in the socket.

Mid rags, and want, and misery, piled,
A woman is watching her stricken child,
With a love so tender, a look so mild,
That the patient little sufferer has smil'd—
A smile that is strangely fair!—
And lo! in that chamber, poverty-dyed,
A mother in all her dazzling pride—
A glorious mother is there!

And the child is squalid, and puny, and thin,—
But HUSH—hush your voice as you enter in!
Nor dare to despise, lest a deadly sin
On your soul rest unforgiven;—

Perchance, oh scornful and worldly-wise,
A Shakespeare dreams in those thoughtful eyes—
A Newton looks out at the starry skies—
Or a prison'd angel in calm surprise
Looks back to its Heaven!

II.

Life, life! a year or two more,
And the Bark has launch'd from the quiet shore
To the restless waves that bubble and roar,
Where the billow never slumbers,—
And the storms of fate have caught in the sail,
And the sharks are gathering thick on his trail,
Like a New Edition of Jonah's whale—
That is coming out in Numbers!*

III.

Tempus, time,—fugit, flies!
And the ship returns with a gallant prize,
A fairy Craft of diminutive size,
Or perhaps with a huge Three-decker;

He has sailed from the matrimonial shore,
With a 'breeze' at starting, and 'squalls' before,
And he's married a Blue, or he's wed to a Bore,
Or perhaps—to my Lady Pecker!

FINIS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

MORNING POST.

"'Puck on Pegasus' is at the same time the handsomest and cheapest book of the kind that we have ever seen.... Puck, as he careers through the world on his mad horse, shoots arrows of the pleasantest raillery, dipped in Eau de Cologne rather than gall, at the follies of the season, the artistic foibles of literary celebrities, and the affectations of all classes, high and low. The wee, mocking urchin indites a sonnet in the style of Martin Tupper, mimics Mrs. Browning, trills a song of *In-the-water* after the fashion of Longfellow; and, with the aid of a black cat, stirs up 'a shocking sort of knocking at your chamber door,' that reminds the beating heart of Edgar Poe. He induces Tennyson to write the *Charge of the Light (Irish) Brigade* and gives us a lay of *The Fight for the Championship* by Lord Macaulay. Some of the youngster's capers are certainly unjustifiable; but extravagant mirth is never severely judged when it expresses itself in easy running verses, the music of which is as sweet as their rhymes are ingenious and unexpected. Moreover, though Mr. Pennell's muse respects neither the age nor fame of those whom he satirises, he never forgets gentlemanly consideration for the feelings of his readers. A joke that would bring a blush to a maiden's cheek, or a sarcasm aimed at the inoffensive, are not to be found in his poems. Nor do we draw attention to the prevailing lightness of his muse in a spirit of condemnation, but rather of regret that the fine feeling and pathetic force manifested in the treatment of his two finest pieces/ the *Night Mail North*, and the *Derby* should have inspired him less frequently than mere gaiety of heart.... The rhythm and rugged swing of the *Night Mail North*, will give the reader a taste of Mr. Pennell's higher qualities."

SATURDAY REVIEW.

"— Mr. Pennell's parodies and imitations are certainly above the average; they are at times, it is true, somewhat unequal, but there is a good deal of vigorous and healthy versification scattered throughout the volume."... "He has, moreover, studied with considerable advantage what is vulgarly termed the art of 'selling,' more properly described as a species of bathos. Barham, of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, as well as Hood and Bon

Gaultier, excelled greatly in this. Such pieces usually give scope for some pretty writing at their commencement, which the reader may accept seriously or ironically as he should feel disposed. The absurdity or satire is condensed generally into the last one or two lines. Mr. Pennell's stanzas headed *Ah / Who*, are among his most neat and amusing efforts of this character."... "No doubt the works of Hood have exercised a considerable influence on Mr. Pennell's versification; and in this school he may be fairly considered to have enrolled himself.

"The *Derby Day* is one of the most spirited sketches in this volume. The first three lines of our extract are excellent in their way, and have a fine healthy *élan* about them. The absence of the word 'trump' would render them eligible for quotation in much higher poetical company. The next verse, of a decidedly lower order, may still be given as a very fair reproduction of Hood's peculiar style and humour. Our author is telling how the Derby favourite breaks his neck in the race:—

'He fell like a trump in the foremost
place—
He died with the rushing wind on his
face—
At the wildest bound of his glorious
pace—

In the mad exulting revel
He left his shoes to his son and heir,
His hocks to a champagne-dealer at Ware,
A lock of his hair
To the Lady-Mare,
And his hoofs and his tail to the—!

"There are also to be found some prettyish bits of descriptive verse, of which the following may be quoted, from the so-called song of *In-the-Water* with Longfellow's metre preserved:—

'Down into the water stept she,
Down into the tranquil nver,

Like a red deer in the sunset—
 Like a ripe leaf in the autumn!
 Ever from her lips of coral,
 From her lips like roses snow-fill'd,
 Came a soft and dreamy murmur,
 Softer than the murm'ring river!
 Sighs that melted as the snows melt,
 Silently and sweetly melted.'

"We should advise Mr. Pennell, on the first available occasion, to disem—barrass himself here of the stock-in-trade 'lips of coral.' This passage would be materially improved by the omission. Again, in the *Night Mail North*, our author seems at home in his subject, and writes with considerable effect

"Tis a splendid race I a race against
 Time,—
 'The quivering carriages rock and reel,
 Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding
 steel!
 And a thousand to one we win it.
 Look at those flitting ghosts—
 The thundering crank, and the mighty
 The white-arm'd finger-posts— wheel!—'

If we're moving the eighth of an inch, Isay,
 We're going a mile a minute!...'

"The last line but one is powerful enough, and the best in the extract. There is plenty of poetry in railways and steam engines; and now that other mines of inspiration are growing somewhat exhausted, we cannot see why a new shaft should not be run in this direction. Many of our readers may find, besides these extracts, much that is clever and amusing in 'Puck on Pegasus.'"

"To be funny without being vulgar, to tell a story with gestures and yet not become a buffoon, to parody a poet and yet retain the flavour of his real poetry, to turn all the finest feelings of the heart into fun, and yet not to be coarse or unfeeling, is not granted by Apollo to every writer of humorous poems."... "Mr. Pennell is an excellent parodist, an ingenious punster, a reviver and modifier of existing systems of fun, a vigorous worker of veins of humour not yet carried for enough."... "Of all the poems, we like best the *Night Mail North*, which has a singular weird power about it that takes a hold on the imagination.... *Lord Jolly Green's Courtship* is a well-written parody on a well-known poem of Mrs. Browning. Next best is, perhaps, the *Sayers and Heenan Fight*, a very vigorous imitation of Lord Macaulay's *Coman Ballads*. There is a great rush and gallop about the *Derby Day*; the lines at the end are- not unworthy of Hood's playful thoughtfulness."

EXAMINER.

"There is, without doubt, a good deal of humorous verse in this gaily got up and cleverly illustrated volume.... But there are better things than slang versides in Mr. Pennell's book, and more striking lines than those which are printed in black letters. The *Derby Day* offers a favourable example of a popular subject well treated, in which the scene is vividly and often poetically depicted. The *Fight for the Championship*, written in imitation of Lord Macaulay's *Horatius*, is also very well done.... The measure of the author's power may, however, be taken from the poem entitled *The Night Mail North*, one of the best things the book contains.... Let Mr. Pennell trust to the original strength that is in him, and he may bestride his 'Pegasus' without fear."

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

"When a gentleman means to be absurd, and at the same time can support his pretensions to amuse his readers with cleverness, we know how to accost him. 'Puck on Pegasus' is full of those eccentricities which make one laugh in spite of oneself, or in unison with oneself, according as one takes it up in a grave or a gay humour. It reminds one of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* of some years ago.... The illustrations are capital, as they were likely to be considering whose they are."

ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD.

"Mr. Pennell's 'Puck' is gay, rattling, and really clever, something in the *Bon Gaultier* style... full of fun... very smart."

BELL'S LIFE.

"An admirable drawing-room table *brochure*, and is certain to have a run."

ARMY AND NAYY GAZETTE.

"No one will be wearied with these verses.... We have seldom seen a book more completely suitable to a drawing-room table. Mr. Pennell has avoided Puck's sometimes offensive characteristic."

WELDON'S REGISTER.

"Mr. Pennell's 1 Puck on Pegasus' is one of the most amusing books of verse that we have fallen in with for many a day."

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

"... There is a high talent in *The Thread of Life*, showing that Mr. Pennell can do much finer work whenever he may desire to soar above mere trifling."

PRESS.

"Mr. Pennell writes so well that we wish he would take the trouble to write better. He possesses humour and the 'fatal facility' of rhyming.... The *Night Mail North* and the *Derby Day* are the two best poems."

ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

"Easy running verses, the music of which is as sweet as their rhymes are ingenious and unexpected."

COURT CIRCULAR.

"This is certainly one of the cleverest productions of the day, and gives the clearest evidence of the genius of its author in almost every page."

LONDON REVIEW.

"...The popularity the work has already obtained, serves to show that the author's desires have been crowned with success."

ORIENTAL BUDGET.

"Mr. Pennell has caught the spirit, as well as the style, of the different poets he imitates, while his lines have an elegance, mid a sly bo-peep sort of beauty.... The nick-names and mock climax in the song of *In-the—Water*, are in their way inimitable imitations.... The Author, however, gives proofs of far higher powers than those of mimicry."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUCK ON PEGASUS ***

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