

STONE TALK

(ΑΙΘΟΦΩΝΗΜΑ):

BEING SOME OF THE

MARVELLOUS SAYINGS OF A PETRAL PORTION OF
FLEET STREET, LONDON,

TO ONE

DOCTOR POLYGLOTT, PH.D.,

BY

FRANK BAKER, D.O.N.

“Tolle, Lege.”—*St. Augustine.*

LONDON:

ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY.

1865.

LONDON :
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, 37, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

DEDICATION.

TO MY OLD FRIEND
THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE"
THESE LINES,
UNGENTLE AND UNGENTEEL,
ARE
REGRETFULLY DEDICATED,
HE BEING ONE
WHO, IN A SPIRITLESS AND CHARACTERLESS AGE,
HAS ENDEAVOURED,
HOWEVER UNSUCCESSFULLY OR SUCCESSFULLY,
TO INSTIL
SPIRIT AND CHARACTER.



STONE TALK

(ΔΙΘΟΦΩΝΗΜΑ).

—oo—

QUOTH Charley Wode, "Friend Polyglott,
Come, canny mon, and take your pot-
Luck at my house ; we'll have a chat
'Bout India, Indians, and all that !"

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., drinks
with a certain
No-shjre
squire,

Done ! not that I enjoy his tales,
Like M'Quhae's snakes with 'ternal tails
(Though better than old John-Bull stories
Of Whigs defunct and buried Tories),
Yet there's a charm within his wine
That masters stronger minds than mine, 10
And at his den you sometimes meet
With curry fit for man to eat—
With Tokay neat and Bordeaux good,
And Port unknowing of log-wood.

Reader, would'st read how much we ate
Of *entrées*, *entremets*, et cæc. ?

No ? Pass we on then. I'll but state,
For four good hours *en tête-à-tête*,
Like old sheep and young bull, we sat,
Striving in wine, smoking cheroots, 20

Talking of Lowrys, Reids, and Chutes,
 And other sun-baked Indian *croûtes*,
 Bummelows, Bungalows, and Banchoots.
 Eight was the zero of stagnation ;
 At nine began some conversation,
 At twelve a dash of disputation,
 Peppered with slight inebriation ;
 At two I rose, about to wend
 My ways, when, lo ! my No-shire friend
 Sank slowly down in sight of Port. 30
 I 'gan to whistle *Il s'endort* :
Mon oiseau jaune est endormi—
 Charley's as fou' as fou' can be.
 I feared to see the creature led
 Or carried to the nuptial bed :
 And, Heavens ! might *SHE* not be near,
 In cap, curl-papers, and night-gear ?
 I rang the bell—all slept—'twas late—
 Took hat, and softly ganged my gait.
 Now, let me tell you, reader, 't isn't 40
 Corporeal exercise most pleasant,
 When raw night-air, than pea-soup thicker,
 Adds fuel to the flames of liquor,
 Without a guide to steer your feet
 Through "mazy error" of square and street,
 And in the morning find you've strayed
 Into the station's "pendant shade."*
 Still roamed on I till reached a door
 Whence streamed the light in ruddy shower,
 And band proclaiming ball was there. 50
 'Twas three a.m. ; I'd time to spare ;

whom he
 leaves in liquor;

wanders
 about,

* "With mazy error under pendant shades."—F. B.

Stone Talk (Lithophonema).

3.

So, standing 'mid the vulgar crowd,
I watched the fair, the great, the proud
That hustled in, when glad surprise
Awaited these my languid eyes.

The pink silk hood Her head was on
Did make a sweet comparison
With brow as pure, as clear, as bright
As Boreal dawn on Polar night,
With lips whose crimson strove to hide
Gems all unknown to Oman's tide,*
With eyes as myosotis blue,
With cheeks of peachy down and hue,
And locks whose semi-liquid gold
Over the ivory shoulders rolled.

and beholds a
beauty.

60

Not "low" her dress, yet cunning eye
'Neath gauzy texture could descry
Two silvery orbs, that rose and fell
With Midland Sea's voluptuous swell,
Intoxicating to the brain

70

As flowers that breathe from Persian plain,†
Whereon to rest one moment brief
Were worth a life of pain and grief;
And, though fast closed in iron cage—
Venetian padlock of the age—
The poetry of motion told
Of all by envious flounce and fold
Concealed: each step of nameless grace
Taught glowing Fancy's glance to trace
A falling waist, on whose soft round
No lacing wrinkle might be found

80 Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., incon-
tinently falls in
love,

* The Persian Gulf, which produces the finest pearls.—
F. B.

† The wild Narcissus, whose scent is believed to be highly
aphrodisiac.—F. B.

(Nor waspish elegance affright
 Thorwaldsen's or Canova's sight),
 And rising hips and migniard feet—
 Ankle for Dian's buskin meet—
 Gastrocunemius—

Cease, Muse! to tell

The things my mem'ry holds too well.

I bowed before the Thing Divine
 As pilgrim sighting holy shrine,
 And straight my 'chanted spirit soared 90
 To dizzy regions late explored
 By Mister Hume—A.B.—C.D.*—all.

The rout yclept spiritual.

A church of emeralds I see!

An altar-tower lit brilliantly;

A steeple, too, the pave inlaid

With richest tints of light and shade;

A "deal of purple," arched pews;

And all the "blacks" methinks are
 "blues."

Now throngs the murex-robèd crowd, 100

A-chanting anthems long and loud,

And children, garbed in purest white,

Kneel with wreathed heads before the
 light.

I, too, am there, with "Thing Divine,"

Bending before the marble shrine,

While spirit-parson's sleepy drone

Maketh me hers and her my own.

When sudden on my raptured sight
 Falls deadly and discharming blight—

* "From Matter to Spirit." By C. D. With a Preface
 by A. B. London: Longmans. 1863.—F. B.

Such blight as Eurus loves to fling 110
 O'er gladsome crop in genial spring.
 Fast by the side of "Thing Divine,"
 By spirit-parson fresh made mine,
 In apparition grim—I saw
 The middle-aged British mother-in-law !!!

when he sees a
 mother-in-law,

* * * * *

The pink silk hood her head was on
 Did make a *triste* comparison
 With blossomed brow and green-grey eyes,
 And cheeks bespread with vinous dyes,
 And mouth and nose—all, all, in fine, 120
 Caricature of "Thing Divine."

Full low the Doppelgänger's dress*
 Of moire and tulle, in last distress
 To decorate the massive charms
 Displayed to manhood's shrinking arms ;
 Large loom'd her waist 'spite pinching stays,
 As man-o'-war in by-gone days ;
 And, ah ! her feet were broader far
 Than beauty's heel in Mullingar.
 Circular all from toe to head, 130
 Pond'rous of framework, as if bred
 On streaky loin and juicy steak ;
 And, when she walked, she seemed to shake
 With elephantine tread the ground.†
 Sternly, grimly, she gazed around,
 Terribly calm, in much flesh strong,
 Upon the junior, lighter throng, and runs.

* A person's "double," not inappropriately applied to one's wife's mother.—F. B.

† I have read something like this in "Our Old Home," by Nat. Hawthorne. London: Smith and Elder. 1863.—F. B.

And loudly whispered, "Who's that feller?"
 "Come! none of this, Louise, I tell yer!"
 And "Thing Divine" averted head, 140
 And I, heart-broken, turned and fled.

He then be-
 holds a Vision
 of Judgment,

And, flying, 'scaped my soul once more;
 But not this time, as erst, to soar
 Into Tranceland: deep down it fell,
 Like pebble dropped in Car'sbrooke* well,
 Till reached a place whose fit compare
 Was furnished lodgings 'bout Mayfair—
 In dire September's atmosphere,
 When Town is desert, dismal, drear—
 With box-like hall, a ladder stair, 150
 Small windows cheating rooms of air,
 With comforts comfortless that find
 Such favour in the island mind
 Bestuffed, and nicknack babery o'er,
 Of London blacks a copious store,
 Whilst legibly on the tight-fit
 "Respectability" was writ.

And last appeared on that dread stage
 That mother-in-law of middle age,
 Whose stony glare had strength to say, 160
 "Here lord am I! who dare me nay?"
 While voices dread rang in mine ear,
 "Wretch! thy eternal home is here:
 Though dread the doom, 'tis e'en too
 good

and faints.

For one that dines and drinks with Wode!"
 My heart was ice, my head swam round,
 I sank aniented on the ground.

* In the Isle of Wight: the learned in words derive it
 from Wight-gara-byrig.—F. B.

Stunned by the fall, awhile I lay
 Awaiting th' advent of the day,
 Or pervert of a cab ; but, no,
 Nor day would come nor cab would go
 By ; so, with m' elbows on my knees,
 I, blessing, sat, and groaned in glees,
 When sudden from the stony earth
 Gruff accents checked my dreary mirth :
 " Man ! I'm a stone in London streets !
 What clod of clay be you that sits
 O' top o' me with that broad base
 Of yours offending nose and face ?"

170

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., is ad-
 dressed by a
 stone,

I felt as if a corking-pin
 Were thrust my os coccygis in ;
 But, being, when in wineity,
 Addicted to divinity,
 Thus, musing, sat : " And so the stones
 Vocabulate in human tones !

180

Sermons in stones—*sermo, sermonis*—
 I see the drift ! some speech in stone is,
 A power occult and hidden deep,
 As spark within the flint asleep."

and moralizes,

Another bellow made me bound
 Giddily from the angry ground.
 I rubbed my eyes, as well I might,
 For mortal orbs ne'er saw such light.
 Up and adown the lengthy street,
 For tardy progress called the Fleet,
 The pave was quick with human heads
 And faces, whites, blacks, browns, and reds,
 All, all alive—all packed and stowed
 Like th' umbrellas of rain-wet crowd.
 So travellers tell at Afric court,
 Where scores of men are slain for sport,

190

when a won-
 drous spectacle
 is seen.

200

"Pol." having
sat upon a live
stone,

On clean-cut necks pates ranged in row
Out of the earth appear to grow,*
Or as Cabrera loved to place
His captives buried to the face,
And cracked their skulls with sportive bowls.

Amid that mob of cheeks and jowls

In infinite variety

But only one attracted me.

A very Hindu face was his

210

I rose from off : a tawny phiz,

Eyes almond-shaped and opaline,

Parrot-beaked nose, brow high and lean,

Clearly the high-caste Aryan,

thus
describes him ;

Maxillaries Turanian ;

A lipless mouth and lanky hair,

Vanishing chin *en Robespierre*,

Mustachio thin and beard as spare,

With careless scrutinizing leer,

And phantom of a vicious sneer :

220

Mixture of Duresse and Finesse

Was his physiognomy I guess.

Vexed by my stare, the thing uncouth

Wriggled its nose, puckered its mouth.

asks him who
he is,

Cried I, "Are ye a stone or man ?

Who buried ye alive like Pan-

dit, or the Jogeos that expose.

To canine insult reverend nose ?" †

The only answer was a scowl,

With a prolonged and angry growl,

230

* "Dahomey and the Dahomans," by Commander Forbes, R.N. Also "Trade and Travels in the Gulf of Guinea," by Dr. Smith.—F. B.

† Major Moor's "Hindoo Pantheon" will explain the meaning of these vivo-sepultures.—F. B.

Which seemed, methought, at length to take
The form of words. "For Brahma's sake!"

Cried I, "if you must speak, speak out!

Pray what are you, and what about?"

He groaned and muttered, "B'r sire at Mecca*— and receives a
Headstone of Yakub bin Rebecca †— dark reply.

Too bad! too bad!—ah! ah!—some day

Pay off old scores. Stare?—well you may!"

I quaked, the wretch, 'twas very clear,

If called in witness to appear 240

Against me, probably would try

To work me some foul injury;

And thus, to soothe his vicious rage,

I tried the Hebrew's counsel sage,

Called him the Temple's corner-stone,

Sphinx, Memnon, and Serapion;

Diana of th' Ephesians' joy,

And so forth.

Still, cold, careless, coy,

He held his peace and sometimes grumbled,

And, in strange tongues, some hard words

mumbled; 250.

But, by soft speech, the world-wise say,

From hearts of stone wrath melts away.

At length the face began to smile,

And laughed outright to see a tile

Hurled down upon the trottoir way

By some tom-cat in am'rous play.

The ghastly cachinnation o'er,

I found him milder than before;

At length, by
flattery, the
Stone is molli-
fied,

* The Black Stone at Mecca, believed by the Arabs to be a bit of the visible heavens fallen on earth.—F. B.

† The Rabbins assign high rank in the petral kingdom to Jacob's pillow-stone on the night of vision.—F. B.

And, though his words were somewhat coarse,
 As there was sense in his discourse 260
 I've ventured, Reader, hat to fling
 High up in book-craft's bruising ring,
 Peel me, shake hands, set to my task,
 And in fair field no favour ask.

and speaks out
 his grievances
 modern day.

(*Lapis loquitur.*)

“ Alas and oh ! oh and alas !
 How times and manners come and pass !
 Time was (before the Jew Peter,
 Quixote-like, rode down Jupiter
 And Company on keen and canty
 Apocalyptic Rosinante, 270
 With back well hunched and lance at rest
 In search of fame and eke of grist,
 Which saintly sinner e'er deems best
 Himself to grind, himself digest,
 Not leave to stones) mankind has gone
 Many a mile to buss a stone ;
 But now you are so clever grown,
 You know so much before unknown,
 There's not a boy would kiss the Pope's
 Petrels* for all his key-bunch opes, 280
 Or burn one tallow to as good a
 Pebble as e'er sat in Pagoda :
 You look on holy Salagram
 As if it were a silly sham ;
 You stick cigars in god Buddh's fists ;
 You hang your hats on Venus' wrists ;
 You dare to say of serpent stone
 ' 'Tis but a bit of rotten bone ;’

* Alluding, I suppose, to the petrous portion of the human bone.—F. B.

You scribble Brown on Odin's breast,
You break Egeria's nose in jest. 290

Oh you Saxon Iconoclasts !
Enjoy your sport whilst th' epoch lasts ;
Those stones (like damns) have had their
day,

You deem : we'll have one more I say.
This eve I heard a Savoy lad
(Alas ! poor Burk !) telling a cad,
His friend, ' I've drunk a pot o' beer
Off an Apollo Belvidere ;'
The other scalpel-meat forgot
Not to remark as off he shot 300
How great a thing had ' gone to pot ;'—
I only hope next time he gorges
Dinner, it may be at St. George's."

Here I broke in. " How comes it th' art
So manly a stone in brain and heart,
With mortal language, human passions,
Knowledge of manners, customs, fashions ?
How comes——"

I stopped : an ugly sneer
Made him far uglier appear ;
He held me with that angry frown, 310
And looked me up and stared me down ;
Then thus :

" Doth darkling bat's eye scan
The Pyramid's stupendous plan ?
And may your molish ken extend
To Nature's far, mysterious end ?
You breathe and move, you see and hear,
Smile, touch, and feel, lose hope and fear,
From which you're pleased to predicate
A category animate

The Stone
becomes very
Spinoza-like
and Pantheis-
tical, and

Anent yourselves, and this you lend 320
 To things that with your nature blend.
 But, pray, what sage hath yet been able
 To separate brute from vegetable ?
 And who the difference hath shown
 'Twixt lowest plant and highest stone ?
 Your kingdoms trine* make matters worse :
 Such mappings-out are wisdom's curse.
 Vainly division may diverse :
 All are but One—One Universe.
 The essence of existing things, 330
 The germ from which world-matter springs,
 All links in that eternal chain
 That girds the sky, the earth, the main,
 Whose nicest consequence between
 Nor joint nor gap was ever seen ;
 And Life—'tis but a ray of one
 Creation's vivifying sun,
 The Ens that is, was, and shall be,
 Through time untimed—eternity !”

“ Indeed,” gaped I ; “ how very strange ! 340
 Nought new they say 'neath sun's wide range !” †

“ No quoting, sir,” cried he, “ old saws,
 Of blundering th' effectual cause,
 Drowning Stupidity's own straws ;
 ‘ Nought new beneath the sun !’ a fact
 Of th' order fairly termed Abstract.
 While things be new to me and thee,
 What need care we how old they be !”
 He asked, and then, in accent strong,
 Trolled in mine ear the following song :— 350

* Viz., animal, vegetable, mineral.—F. B.

† “ No, nor under the grandson !” quoth George Selwyn.
 —F. B.

ends with the
 tale of his me-
 tamorphosis.

SONG.

(1)

“When last I was a Brahman man
My ardent fancy ever ran
From earth’s dull scene, Time’s weary round,
To realms eternal—heavenly ground ;

(2)

“And where by day my footstep trod
I felt the presence of a god :
Blue Krishna frolicked o’er the plain,
Varuna* skimmed the purple main,

(3)

“Gay Indra† spanned the crystal air,
And Shiva braided Durga’s hair
Where golden Meru ‡ rises high
His front to fan the sapphire sky ;

(4)

“And nightly in my blissful dreams
I sat by Ganga’s holy streams,
Where Swarga’s§ gate wide open lay
And Narga decked with lurid day.

(5)

“But, ah ! one thought escaped my mind :
I had no reck of kith or kind !
This drew upon me from above
The wrath of Kama, God of Love. 370

* *Oupavos*, originally nightly heaven, and presently, by analogy of the aqueous and the atmospheric, God of the Ocean.—F. B.

† Iris, the rainbow.—F. B.

‡ The Hindu Olympus.—F. B.

§ Swarga is one of the Hindu heavens, Narga one of the hells.—F. B.

(6)

“ I loved—yes, I ! Ah, let me tell
 The fatal charms by which I fell !
 Her form the tam’risk’s waving shoot,
 Her breast the cocoa’s youngling fruit ;

(7)

“ Her eyes were jetty, jet her hair,
 O’ershading face like lotus fair ;
 Her lips were rubies, guarding flowers
 Of jasmine dewed with vernal showers.

(8)

“ And yet this goddess drew her birth
 From vilest region of the earth. 380
 A Pariah’s widow !—better die
 Than ’dure such shame ! at first thought I.

(9)

“ But Kama drew his shaft of flame
 Up to the head with fatal aim ;
 The deadly weapon through me flew,
 Diffusing venom dire and new.

(10)

“ It boots not more ; you see me now
 The victim of a broken vow :
 Pass’d from the funeral pile, I found
 Myself a stone beneath the ground. 390

(11)

“ Dread change ! sad fate ! to line the street—
 A thing for tramp of boorish feet !
 How can I cease to grunt and groan,
 A Brahman once, and now a stone ?

(12)

“But ever and anon my tongue
With more than mortal strength is strung ;
Then must I tell, however coy,
All that befel Ram Mohun Roy.”*

He stopped. I listened to him, sore posed
To see the Ram thus metamorphosed. 400
At length it took effect that song,
Though many a trill made 't deadly long,
And yet, despite that length, it stole
Into my heart ; a tear would roll
Adown my cheek in bitterness.
I, too, my bygones must confess.

DIRGE.

“I also swore to love a face
And form where beauty strove with grace,
And raven hair, black varnished blue,
A brow that robbed the cygnet's hue, 410
Orbs that beshamed the fawnlet's eyne,
And lips like rose-buds damp with rain.
Ah ! where is she ? ah ! where are they—
The charms that stole my heart away ?

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., “reci-
procates.”

“She's fatten'd like a feather bed,
Her cheeks with beefy hue are red,
Her eyes are tarnished, and her nose
Affection for high diet shows ;

* N.B.—Must not be confounded with the modern Bengali philosopher of that name.—F. B.

The voice like music wont to flow
 Is now a kind of vaccine low. 420
 Cupid, and all ye gods above,
 Is this the thing I used to love !”

The Stone re-
 sumes the sub-
 ject, with his
 future hopes,

“Pass on,” cried he, in angry tone,
 “And leave we womankind alone.
 ’Twas my own fault. But, man, you see,
 I’ve not thrown off humanity
 When mem’ry pangs me on to hate
 Reminders of my human state.
 Yet so wills Fate. This era o’er,
 I shall become a grass or flower 430
 (The state which every noodle knows is
 Classic’ly termed Metempsychosis,
 Which sticklers for Latinization
 Prefer to call Soul-transmigration),
 And, rising through each gradual term,
 Reanimate me in the worm,
 And, passing him, ascend again
 Into the beast that roams the plain,
 Till, from the cow, that high’st degree,
 I claim once more Brahminity, 440
 When, haply ’scaping all temptation,
 I win the crown—Annihilation.
 Meanwhile, I cannot see why we
 Of you and yours despised should be.
 The pride of princes hoists them high,
 Paupers like poets* smite the sky !
 We both are sons of mother Earth ;
 But I’m a scion of antique birth,

meanwhile
 supporting the
 superiority of
 stone to clay
 (or man),

* As Horace says, “Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.”—
 F. B.

Whilst you, as all your sages say,
Are little clods of red-brown clay,* 450
Mere Pleistocene accumulations
That never learned your proper stations.
At least two thousand years ago
They cut me for a stone, I know,
By slow degrees and weary ; an
Operation Cæsarian
Tore me from old Dame Portland's flank,
Here to be ranged with lengthy rank
Of brotherhood, upon whose head
You things of mud are meant to tread. 460
But man hath taught himself to deem
Cream of creation—happy dream !
An ancient people said that we
Stones once renewed humanity,
Prayed by Deucalion and his wife
From mineral to mammalian life.
Anatomists, they say, have shown
Petrosity in human bone ;
And well I know we still are part
Of human head and manly heart. 470
But, though, methinks, the metal lead
Have cut us out of human head
(Phenomenon which came to pass
When human sponce got 'front of brass'),
Your hearts remain ours ever ; still
They do us nought but work our ill.
By Pyrrha ! but you are unwise
To treat apologies as lies,
And not attempt to recognise
The moral which the tale implies." 480

* Adamic theory.—F. B.

and, yielding to
"Pol.'s" re-
quest, speaks,
not as the
Ram, but as a
stone.

"Two thousand years, ypu say, are gone
Since first you found yourself a stone.
I wish you kindly would relate
Th' adventures of your petral state.
I long to know the career all
Of such intelligent mineral."

"One talks," said he, in softer tone,

"Willingly self not I alone ;

And, could we stones confabulate,
The Fleet would be in blockade state. 490

But, since you wish to hear my tale,
List till the marvel waxeth stale.

As old Ram Mohun Roy from me
Man hears not for a century.

No syllable of by-gone deed

From these my lips may now proceed ;

A stone of stones am I, and all

My talk must be petrifical :

Th' antiquity of family

Confers upon me high degree,— 500

Stone *versus* mud and mire and clay,

Ashes and dust, and live decay.

I teach the past—the future, too,

'Tis mine to spread for human view—

For 'old experience doth attain

To something of prophetic strain.

Ombharbhuvawara !"*

At the long word

The head sank down as if interred ;

No sight was seen, no sound was heard,

Save the Policeman on his beat, 510

Drowsily lounging down the street.

* The essence of the Vedas.—F. B.

So melt in morning's bright'ning hours
 The Fay Morgana's mirage bowers ;
 So, as the Arab thinks to gain
 The Brazen City's magic plain,
 Where towers and walls were seen to stand,
 He finds a field of burning sand.

"Some million centuries or so*—

The Stone's
 history phy-
 sical ;

I won't swear to an age or two —
 Have sped since, starting from my trance, 520
 I burst the ocean's hot expanse,
 And, scrutinising round me, threw
 Wild looks upon the novel view.
 Pray where were you at that dread time,
 When, cradled in my bed of lime,
 Delivered by Earth's siesmal throes,
 I to this world first showed my nose ?
 Why, *in essentiâ*—a logical
 Lie meaning you were not at all.
 'Tis true ; e'en I can't recollect 530
 When atomies did first collect,
 Compelled to general glomeration
 By inorganic gravitation ;
 Nor was it gi'n to me to see
 Those nuclei of nebulae
 Whence suns and stars and satellites
 Sprang like th' innumerable mites
 Which haunt a Stilton cheese ;—'tis true
 These things are known to us by you.
 Another epoch passed away 540
 Of centrifuge-attraction sway ;

* Thus here the "Vestiges of Creation" are fully confirmed by modern revelation. But we live in an age of great discoveries.—F. B.

When the Frigorics did contract
 Diffused mass to globe compact.
 I am too young to call to mind
 When primal crust began to bind
 Earth's cooling surface, when the sea
 Put forth zoophytic progeny,
 When land appeared in sandstone steeps
 And fishes swam the shrinking deeps,
 When giant forests strove to rise 550
 And sweet lymph fell from milder skies,
 Nor knew I even what was meant
 By organic law 'Development'—
 How, from the Monad's starting point,
 Began a chain whose latest joint
 Ever put forth another link,
 Till matter learned to speak and think ;
 How, 'scaped from the primeval sea,
 Grass became herb, herb shrub, shrub tree ;
 How fishes crawled to birds, and these 560
 To beasts (like you) by slow degrees.
 My infant intellect began
 T' act when the archetypes of man,
 Dawn of a still advancing day,
 Apes, sported o'er the marl and clay.
 " 'Tis very little that we owe
 To th' Indian Archipelago,
 Where I am told sprang you men, a
 Branch breed of the Quadrumana.
 Ah, what a sight were you when first 570
 By freak of matter Adam* burst
 Through Simian womb ! Scant then man's prate
 Of human nature's high estate.

wherein he
 abuses man-
 kind,

* Meaning not the Genesetic Adam, but the first human
 "produce of aggregation and fit apposition of matter."—F. B.

Yet, though his limbs with pile were
 rough,
 And though his tail was long enough
 (You smile, reformed orang-utang !
 Have I not seen th' appendage hang
 About your ends, till wear and tear
 Curtailed the terminating hair ?
 Type of the subtype Simiadæ ! 580
 King of the genus Chimpanzee !
 There ! feel the place ! 'tis even now
In loco if not *in statu quo*),
 Th' apesses treated with disdain—
 Half-handed thing with double brain,
 With brow protruding all before,
 Trachea formed to squeak and roar,
 With shortened arms and thumbless feet,
 Circular paunch, and rounded seat ;
 That chattered with such couthless sound, 590
 And walked, not crawled, upon the ground.
 Such your forefather. Yet, when he
 Was grown to lusty puberty,
 Superior ingenuity
 Taught him with score of apes to mate,
 And thus his kind to propagate.
 Nor ever dreamed the creature in
 Polygamy to spy a sin.
 Certes, in those days, abnormal cause
 Affected propagation's laws ; 600
 For even he, your sire, amazed,
 On his distorted offspring gazed,
 Self-asking when the things would cease
 To stalk like cranes and gab like geese.
 Now you have tales enough to hide
 Your origin and salve your pride

deriving man
 from monads
 and monkeys.

(E'en as the bastard Romans say
 Their founders' mother was *not* 'gay')—
 How man hath soul, and brute instinct,
 Making th' identical distinct; 610
 How human gab was heavenly gift,
 And not at first a clumsy shift
 T' express by varying sounds the vain
 Ideas that haunt idiotic brain;
 How language dropped right from the skies,
 Pali or Hebrew (each tribe tries
 To prove its own the primal speech);
 How deigned the Lord himself to teach
 The proper names of things to man :
 Wonderful wisdom ! precious plan !” 620
 Seeing his wrath, I thought it best
 To yield, and in mild tone suggest,
 “ True, Petrus ! true ; 'tis evident
 Socrates knew development.*
 So Moses, if I read him right,
 Made his first man hermaphrodite,†
 And learned Moslem scribes indite
 Long list of kings pre-Adamite ;
 And note we not in Hebrew tongue
 Ramash is an old snake or a long- 630
 tailed ape ‡ and so the Hanuman§
 Of Ind may equal any man——”

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., at-
 tempts to
 soothe him by
 a show of
 learning.

* Supposed to be foreshadowed in the Platonic doctrine of the “ archetypes existing previous to the world.”—F. B.

† Amply commented upon by the pious Mme. de Bou-
 rignon, by Mirabeau (*Erot. Bib.*), and by Lawrence, *Lectures*
 on Physiology, p. 168.—F. B.

‡ This is the opinion of the learned Dr. Adam Clarke,
 the Methodist, in his Polyglottal Commentary, which wants
 nothing but an elementary knowledge of language.—F. B.

§ The Hindu Monkey-god.—F. B.

“ Thanks for your etymologies,
Which, garnished with analogies,
Are mines of error. Pray don't quote
Hebrew to me ; of old I know 't
To be a lingo you admire,
Because it claims origin higher,
More mystic, than its Arab sire ;
Yet 'tis a pauper dialect,
Scant, clumsy, rude, such as select
Nations once civilized to speak
As modern Maniotes maim old Greek.*

and is grossly
insulted in the
matters of Ana-
logy, Etymo-
logy, and
Hebrew.

640

“ Enough of this ! How times are changed
Since all the tribes of Tellus ranged
Their own domains, so joyful when
Our mother Earth was clear of men ! ”
With a portentous Burleigh shake
Of head, he paused awhile to take
A breathing time, and thus pursued
The subject in his bitterest mood :

650

“ Now, man ! suppose the globe once
more
Had some convulsion as of yore—
Enough to exterminate the pest
Of nature and to spare the rest—
What a glad scene my mental eye
Through the dark future doth espy !
“ See granite, mica, gneiss, and talc
In spiritual voices talk :

The Stone ex-
ults over the
coming dis-
appearance
of man from
earth,

* “ Les Juifs firent donc, de l'histoire et de la fable moderne, ce que leurs fripiers font de leurs vieux habits : ils les retournent et les vendent comme neufs le plus chèrement qu'ils peuvent. ”—Voltaire, Dictionnaire Philosophique, Art. “ Abraham, ” Section II.—F. B.

'By the Tamim!* friend Adamantus, 660
 Those wretched worms no longer want us.
 Can't you, oh! can't you recollect
 How oft your brilliancy hath deckt
 The mummied breast of ancient maid,
 Whom every stout Hibernian blade
 Compared with you? So hard! so pure!
 So bright!—what is she now? Manure!'

“See oaks and elms, and thorns, and trees,
 All chattering in the evening breeze :
 'We're rid of men, the spiteful brutes,— 670
 Who now dare cut our harmless throats?
 Friend Quercus, recollect how oft
 You said the things were very soft
 To boast their hearts of oak! O Lud!
 The little vermin spawned of mud!
 The flimsy, frail, unlasting wretches,
 Hollow as canes, short-lived as vetches!'

“See, horses, asses, elephants,
 All hurry to their ancient haunts,
 Whilst each unto his neighbour says, 680
 'Four-footed dear! what jolly days
 Compared with those when wicked man
 Claimed as his right our hides to tan.
 With all their airs and graces, pray,
 By great Borak!† say what were they?
 Asses with curtailed ears—a sign
 Most manifest of wrath Divine!'

“Thus general nature, blessing, raises
 Its myriad voice in grateful praises.”

* Urim and Thummim vulgarly called, the Jewish stone oracle.—F. B.

† The miraculous quadruped that carried Mahomet to heaven.—F. B.

He groaned and looked most lachry-
mose 690
As he ran o'er earth's present woes,
Then, hemming twice or thrice with
might,
These words threw out to darksome night :

ODE.

“ Alas that life should come to this !
O for those days—those days of bliss
Amid the happy stones that fill
The precincts of my natal hill !
Delightful spot
Of shadowy glen and silvery rill,
Where soft wind blows, sweet birdies
thrill 700
The senses with unarty trill.
Ah, ne'er forgot
That place where 'twas my joy of old
To watch bright Morn her charms unfold
And evening suns rain showers of gold ;
And still I lay
Whilst deepening shadow closed around,
To silence hushing harsher sound,
Till, rising o'er the tufted mound,
Poured the moon's ray. 710
Far from the haunts of hateful men,
Not shackled in this iron den,
Ever, shall ever come again
That happy day ?
Ah, no ! my soul is callous, cold,
Recast in the rough world's hard mould :
Vice and sin's bitter streams have rolled

and mourns
the day when
he was an in-
nocent child-
stone.

O'er my dark heart,
 Whose innocency's charm is gone—
 Fled for ever, for aye undone : 720
 Gone——”

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., fires up
 at this general
 denunciation of
 his kind.

“By the stones! the lyre sublime
 Of Orpheus sang to walls sans lime!
 What sentiments! Ungodly thief,
 Wouldst steal away all man's belief
 In man? Wouldst impiously destroy
 Rational hope of heavenly joy?
 Wouldst, like the wicked boy at play,
 With every throw some poor thing slay?
 Pause, O profane! Draw thou not near!——”

“Prate to your purl, bepreach your
 beer ; 730

I have had enough, thou human mole!
 Of Jeremiad and Carmagnole :

The Stone
 replies by a vile
 insinuation,

I, fellow, am a mineral,
 And not a lying animal.”

“Hem!” quoth I; “quit the theme
 awhile

Since it appears to stir your bile :
 'Tis very evident you yield
 No willing ear to Chesterfield.

and “Pol.”
 asks if men
 never lie.

But, touching falsehood, tell me, pray,
 Do stones ne'er lie—is't this you say? 740
 Take Pharaoh's case : we know that he
 Died sputt'ring in the Suez sea ;
 And yet some fibbing Pyramid stones
 Venture t' assert his flesh and bones
 Were pickled, dried, and laid in salt
 In all the Pharaohs' family vault ;
 Not to quote certain bits of brick
 And plaster, with the which a wick-

ed 'Resident' * hath tried to show a
 Grave error in the flood of Noah, 750
 And Daniel's beasts hath dared to call,
 Like all his book, apochryphal
 By means of certain funny form
 Of Scripture known as 'cuneiform.'"

"Your wits, man, are again at fault,
 Or, rather, seem disguised in malt :
 We tell the lie involuntary—
 That is, what *you* put in *we* carry.
 Who ever saw epitaph true ?

The Stone
 argues that
 stones are more
 truthful than
 men.

But epitaphs are writ by you. 760
 E'en so Empedocles' pet birds
 Twittered in lies their master's words ;
 And, as for Pharaoh, I was not
 In Egypt at the time to note
 Facts as they were, not as you wrote ;
 Yet would I rather, by your leave,
 In stones than in your books believe."

"Facts, Stone, are stubborn things, 'tis said!"
 "'Facts stubborn things ?' thou leather-head !"
 Facts are chameleons, whose tint 770
 Varies with every accident :
 Each, prism-like, hath three obvious sides,†
 And facets ten or more besides.

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., quotes
 the proverb,
 "Facts are
 stubborn
 things,"

Events are like the sunny light
 On mirrors falling clear and bright
 Through windows of a varied hue,
 Now yellow seen, now red, now blue.

which the
 Stone dis-
 proves.

* This, I presume, alludes to a learned and gallant knight long resident at Bagdad.—F. B.

† Meaning, I suppose, the right, the wrong, and the mixed.—F. B.

Those mirrors are the minds no vice
 Obscures and dyes no prejudice ;
 And yet, however lucid, they 780
 Must, in some measure, stain the ray,
 And, in transmitting, must refract—
 I mean distort—the beam and fact,
 Because its pure effulgence pours
 Thro' Matter's dark or darkened doors.
 All other minds your common sense
 (If to such rarity you've pretence)
 Tells t' you that, intentionally
 Or not, they err most commonly.
 Facts, figures, and statistics claim 790
 For hardest lying highest fame."

"Pol." at-
 tempts to prove
 fact after the
 fashion of a
 modern divine,
 and is rebuked.

I laughed, and, forthwith raising thick-
 Soled boot, administered a kick,
 Asking if he considered
 That kick a fact. His brow waxed red
 (As sometimes *salon-savan* has
 The grace to do when proved an ass),
 And thus he cried, "Thou hast a style
 Of argument that stirs the bile :
 The venerable *ad captandum* 800
 Quibbles and quirks thrown out at random
 Against the high intelligent mind
 Of unbreech'd boy or small-girl-kind.*
 Sir, you confound the physical
 And moral worlds,—the actual
 And known with the unknown,—the tried
 With the untried : this I deride

* So the Rev. Sydney Smith proved at dinner to a
 sceptical Frenchman the existence of a deity by asking if the
 pie made itself—a style of argument much admired by Lady
 Holland.—*Minor*. F. B.

As merest folly. You deduce
 From this a formula to use
 In that creation : there's your wrong, 810
 Wherein you stand so stiff and strong."

"What, then, you mean to say, you ruthless wretch, there's no such thing as truth?"

"Truth, sir, 's a lady strangely made,
 As centaur, Pan, merman or maid ;
 In general, a Protean dame
 Never for two brief hours the same—
 Now throned in heaven, first of all
 Spirits hyper-angelical ;
 Now driven by sheer destitution 820
 To lend herself to prostitution ;
 And mainly, though good soul at heart,
 A 'heathen in the carnal part'*—
 That is to say, she can't resist
 Temptation when lewd men insist."

"This I deny!——"

"Well, well, the proof

Of pudding is its eating—oaf!
 Your mind is like the oyster-shells
 They use, as old Tavernier tells,
 For windows in the East. But these 830
 Remarks are but *par parenthèse*.
 Another illustration take :
 If, at this hour, an aged rake
 Should pass, he'd swear you're sitting here
 Waiting till friendly wife appear.
 Such is *his* fact: the doctors, mind,
 In sickness an excuse would find,

* Even as the great Pope says :—

"A sad, good Christian she at heart,
 A very heathen in the carnal part."—F. B.

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., excitedly asks
 concerning
 "Truth," and
 is answered.

While No. o of letter E
 Deems you as great a prig as he ;
 And I, e'en I, who see you're drunk 840
 As new-made comet or old punk,
 Can't, for the life of me, divine
 If you're disguised in beer or wine."

"Now you impugn physical fact!"
 "No, sir! I merely show how act
 Men's inner men. I but object
 To views of 'facts' which e'er affect
 Fact to the viewer, not the thing
 Itself. This is the source whence spring
 Those doubts and blunderings that show 850
 How little humans truly know.
 Why need I prove that each man's thought
 Is each man's fact, to others nought?
 Yet, mark me, no one dubitates
 Himself, or owns *he* errs. He rates
 Against his fellows' folly, they
 At his; and both are right, I say.
 How many a noted fact of old
 Was a known lie when first 'twas
 told?"

"Basta!" cried I, "thou minor prophet, 860
 Thy tenets yield nor joy nor profit.
 A better faith you cannot give;
 So leave me in my own to live!"

"Just as you like, 'tis you that
 proses
 Of truth and Adam, facts and Moses;
 And, as for metaphysics, Lord
 Help the old fool that coined the
 word!

Back to my tale :

When ancient Brut*

(The grandson of that pious put
Who, with his sire and wife and boy, 870
So bravely ran from burning Troy,
Doomed to toil, travel, and intrigue
By Juno and the Fates in league)
Had ploughed the seas in devious path,
A toy to adverse Neptune's wrath,
He landed in this isle, deposed
His household gods, and, somewhat posed
To give his huts appropriate name,
Selected 'Troynovant,' which same [880
Means, in old French, New Troy.† He died
(As most men do), and gratified
His heirs with an inheritance
Of wold and waste in wide expanse.
Some forty generations went
Ere great king Lud matured th' intent
To fence about his timber town
(Now 'august chamber of the crown')
With a stone wall. By 's high command
We all appeared—a goodly band,
Not by the power of fiddle drawn, 890
But borne on Britons' arms of brawn.
Commenced my political
Education (as it you call)
When barbarous Cassibelan
Before the conquering Roman ran,

The Stone's
history (poli-
tical).

* So the French are descended from Hector, and the Bretons from Tubal.—F. B.

† It is truly gratifying to find out all our old legends so historically valuable: the text should effectually gag all those "shallow infidels" whose notion of History is a mixture of Doubt and Denial.—F. B.

And ended with fat George—when Fate,
 In pity of my lowly state,
 To this my place promoted me—
 My present standing, sir, you see.

The Stone's
 history (moral
 and political)
 in the days of
 Boadicea ;

“ Now mark me when I tell where I 900
 First heard the thing men call a lie--
 An arrant lie. Didst ever see a
 Trustworthy account of Boadicea ?”

“ Why, not precisely ; but, as far
 As Markham* goes, I've read the war
 That noble woman waged (in car
 With scythes) against the pack of boast-
 ful dogs that seized our cliff-bound coast,
 Dared slay our Druids, slaver, spit on
 The freckled face of freeborn Briton, 910
 Nor feared audacious tricks to try on
 That noble beast the British Lion.”

“ What! are ye paid to do jaw-work,
 Like Sheridan or wordy Burke ?
 No ! Then do give the Deuce his dues
 When there's no object to refuse
 Justice. Plautinus, as I live,
 Was not one half the bandit Clive,
 Hastings, Dalhousie, or Napier 920
 Were, each within his proper sphere.
 Rome had no high philanthropic
 Maxims forbidding her to pick
 Quarrels or pretexts when her cash
 Ran low : she dealt no high-flown trash
 'Nent 'principles,' which, in your creed,
 Gipsying life appears to lead :
 Sent for when wanted, and, when not,
 Sans ceremony told to trot.

preferring the
 policy of Pagan
 Rome to Great
 Britain ;

* Mrs. Markham's "History of England."—F. B.

Rome had no faith that inculcates
Philanthropy to foreign states, 930
Making her fraternize (don't snigger !)
With red-skin, tawny, fair, and nigger.
Philanthropy, so pure and bright,
Makes pagan Hindu Christian knight.
(Kneel down, Sir Jung Bahadoor ; vow,
By the five products of the cow,*
To do thy knight's *devoir*, and be
Flower of Christian chivalry :
Sing ' *Dies iræ, dies illa*
Solvet Balneum in favillâ.' 940
That day of philanthropic wrath
To dust and ashes turned the Bath !)
Old Rome, sir, had no Exeter Hall,
Where ye, loved shepherds, meet to bawl
Politico-religion
To long-eared flocks that urge ye on :
Rome's crown and staff were helm and sword,
Armed with which tools her robber horde
Went forth, unrecking right and wrong,
To spare the weak, debel the strong.† 950
It ever was Rome's general rule
To rob the rich, to strip the fool.
And so do you. But *she* forgot
To plunder subjects ; *you* do not.
Lastly, she robbed her fellow-men
Like warrior—you like highwaymen.
She scorned to harm a fallen foe ;
You sit upon his breast and show

* Milk, curds, butter, and the two egesta, which are holy things.—F. B.

† "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."—F. B.

accusing Eng-
land of land-
stealing.

Your teeth, till, faint with fear and pain,
He lets his bag and baggage be ta'en. 960

The end, of course, was all the same ;
But *she* won fame and *you* win shame.
Thieves of the world, that spoil wholesale
And plunder on the largest scale !

Who so unblushed ye that you dare
To all the globe your crime declare †
Boast of your drum-beat circling earth
With—sorry sound !—its martial mirth ?
Boast that your bit of bunting brands
So many scores of stolen strands— 970

Stains with its blood the Orient seas,
And taints the Occidental breeze—
Like some ill-omened goblin haunts
Creation's Edens ? Such your vaunts ?
Your ' brave kind of expressions ' †* Most
Christian country, this your boast ?"

"Have you no proofs ?" cried I——

"Yes ! clear,"

Said he, "as e'er met eye or ear.
Look at th' unfortunate Chinese,
Who lost their Sycee and their teas 980

Because they showed some odium
To Fanqui's† filthy opium ;
See India, once so happy, now
In scale of nations sunk so low—
That lovely land to which were given
The choicest blessings under heaven,
Till ravening Saxon, like simoom,
With fire and sword brought death and doom,

* Bacon.—F. B.

† Foreign devil, as the Celestials appropriately term the
outer barbarians.—F. B.

And, lo! a wretched starv'ling brood
 From horse-dung picks disgusting food ;* 990
 Whilst, in the Commons, India's name
 Clears every bench to England's shame.
 Of old, the Red Man in the West,
 How different his lot, how blest,
 How happy in his wigwam home !
 By Saxon's poisonous pox and rum
 Now what a vile and ruined race !
 A few years more its every trace
 Will vanish clear from Earth's fair face,
 Except in books and by-gone tales 1000
 Of squaws, scalps, tomahawks, and trails.
 Witness th' old Turk, Mahomet Ali,
 Whom Malcolm† stuffed with many a lie,
 Striving in vain to make him deem
 You links 'twixt men and seraphim ;
 Yet scarce ten years had 'lapsed before
 You tried to seize his little store
 Of piastres, that the East might 'count
 You plunderers Lord Paramount,
 And kiss the hand outstretched to burk 1010
 Incipient feud 'twixt Turk and Turk.
 Had the Hawaiian known his fate,
 A hundred Cooks had slaked his hate,‡
 Each child had murd'rous hand imbrued
 In circumnavigating blood.
 O'er far Tasmania's sounding shore
 Of aborigines a score

* Which, if we may believe travellers, is often the case.—
 F. B.

† Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay.—F. B.

‡ Capt. Cook, the circumnavigator, was murdered for
 pulling down a hut that was under "taboo."—F. B.

Now wanders (where, some years ago,
 A hundred thousand souls could show),
 Australian-like, exterminate 1020
 By your corrosive sublimate.
 And now again your tricks you try
 On Japanese and Maori :
 Because they choose to live in peace,
 Nor lend a ready back to fleece,
 You arm yourselves with fire and steel
 Their towns to burn, their lands to steal,
 High raising the ennobling cry
 Of Cotton and Christianity ;
 And, armed with these, each man of sense 1030
 Ascribes his course to Providence,
 Favouring your pre-eminence,
 And purposing to occupy
 The globe with Anglo-Saxon fry—
 One marvels how ! one wonders why !
 Man, Rome might come to Britain's school
 And own herself a bungling fool !
 " Return we to this theme anon :
 I'll now enlighten you upon
 The subject of my lie ; you'll call 1040
 It, perhaps, unintentional.
 " Came Boadicea in her chariot
 (With scythes), between Susan and Harriet
 (Who had been kissed), tastily decked
 In woad with theatrical effect,
 T' harangue her blustering ruffian
 Tricoloured crew barbarian.

BOADICEA'S SPEECH.

The Stone then
 recites Boadicea's
 speech,

" ' Britons ! there stands the impious band
 That came from far Italian land,

From rich Rome's palaces and domes, 1050
To lord it o'er our hide-made homes:
Their skins are dark, while yours are fair;
They wear the toga, you go bare.
Are these the reasons why they dare
Doom us to slavery—to despair?
Cursed by the Druids' God be he
That toils the free-born man t' unfree!
And, oh! may that foul nation claim
Eternal heritage of shame
That comes, in strength of arms, to seek 1060
Dominion o'er the weak! O speak!
Ye Britons, can you bear to see
The first-fruits of their works in me,—
The once proud mother, happy wife,
Now widowed, tainted, sick of life?
Shall woman's jewel and man's boast
Fall to yon vile invading host?
In Britons' veins, while life-drops flow,
Shall Britons stoop to slavery? No!
Now bare the brand and stretch the spear, 1070
To fight for all to mortal dear;
And every blow shall show the charm
That nerves, that guides, the freeman's arm!

* * * *

A sullen murmur, low at first,
Into the deafening slogan burst,
And rose on high the stormy cry
Of 'On to death or victory!'

* * * *

I learnt the goodly lesson there
That patriot prate's worth weight of air;
They eat their words as if nutrition
Resulted from the deglutition.

and tells how
he heard his
first lie;

1080

Lord, how they swore to smash and slay
 The foe, then turned and ran away
 Helter-skelter, all quicker than
 Your Sepoys in Afghanistan.
 Now patriots wisely bare no swords,
 But draw with might the vocal chords,
 And in heroic tantrums e'er rage
 For pay and pension and peerage.
 Wouldst see thy patriots cut and run ?— 1090
 Cut but their pence, the work is done !
 Soldiers and sailors have one case :
 Only for Dative care an ace ;
 The Ablative of their declension
 Is fighting *sine* pay and pension.
 “ But honour ?—— ”
 honour, “ Honour, fool ! ne'er shut
 The gaping mouth of sabre-cut ;
 Nor will e'en eighteenpence a-day
 The loss of arm or leg defray.
 A score of Smiths at Waterloo 1100
 All proved themselves good men and true :
 Some fought and 'scaped, some fought and fell ;
 Yet who the difference now can tell
 'Twixt glorious Jack and glorious Bill ?
 glory, Few heads in this day glory addles
 With empty praise—five-shilling medals,
 Of which you've grown so liberal
 (Though once so stingy*) that they're all
 But worthless, since each private owns
 and medals. A bag of browns or silver crowns 1110
 Whose very weight 's enough to try
 The mettle of your chivalry.

* Witness the Peninsula and Burmah.—F. B.

Who cares to bear the thorax rib on
 Two inches of a rainbow ribbon,
 Unless they be the tapes that dub
 Captain C.B., not meant for cub
 Officer, *vulgò* called a sub?
 And even these are now grown cheap
 Since gained by squatting 'hind a heap
 Of stuff where commissariat cattle
 Are sheltered from the rage of battle.*

1120

Again I marvelled at his store
 Of politic and national lore——

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., much
 admires the
 Stone's learn-
 ing.

“Man, you forget my age, my sense,
 My memory, my experience,
 My study of the crowd that meets
 Eternally in London streets,
 The herd of male and female talkers,
 M.P.'s, directors, priests, street-walkers,
 Mercators, students, politicians,
 Men mid-wives, actors, peers, physicians,
 Judges, preachers, soldiers, literary
 Bards and *bas-bleus*, loquacious very ;
 To be brief, every specimen
 Of microcosm, women and men
 Talking, laughing, roaring, ranting,
 Prosing, rhyiming, praying, canting,
 Proving, arguing, recanting,
 Lying, cheating, blessing, damning,
 Flatt'ring, quizzing, showing, shamming,
 Conning, learning, pumping, cramming
 One another (what else God knows !)
 Over my triturated nose.

The Stone
 explains his
 education ;

1130

1140

* This practice probably dates from Sir Charles Napier's battle of Meeanee.—F. B.

But my main source of information
 Is mystical confabulation,
 With similar forms and kindred souls
 Which human hands for human soles
 Have drilled to keep their ranks and show
 Their noses, red-coat-like, in row :
 I mean the stones, which, when your eyes 1150
 Were ope'd, appeared like heads to rise.

shows his
 companions;
 viz.,

a Scotch stone,

“ A goodly *confrèrie* we are,
 Gathered together from afar :
 That granite fellow five rows off,
 Ah, he's the Stone to laugh and scoff
 At men, and, when he's in the mood,
 You'll hear him swearing by the rood
 He's a twin brother to the Stone
 The Scottish kings scratched on at Scone ;*
 And oft he sneers, in tones forlorn, 1160
 ‘ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn,†
 And bitterly declares no wonder .
 That men prefer the pound to pund, or
 That sterling silver crowns weigh down
 Th' uneasy head-dress called a crown.
 Yon marble chap once stood as high as
 The topmost moon of St. Sophia's !
 You've read, I s'pose, what fuss they
 made
 About the farce called Crusade ?” 1170
 “ Yes ! cursorily——”

a Turkish
 stone,

* The Lea Fail, or “Fatal Stone,” stolen from Tara by Feargus of Scotland, and stolen from Scone Abbey by Edward I. : it is placed in Westminster, and is still used for good omen.—F. B.

† From the patriotic Smollett.—F. B.

Stone Talk (Lithophonema).

“Well, man! well,
Your Pinnock’s catechism will tell
How, when men failed, boys went to try
Their hand against the heatheny;
And faith the heathen treated ’em
Better by far than Christendom.
One young Crusader with a Turk
Lived, till beard grew, exempt from work;
But, when his face its beauty mourned,*
Finding himself hard used and scorned, 1180
He took ’t to heart and straight levanted,
And, as he naturally wanted
To show some trophy, bore a bit
Of stone, picked up from offal pit,
Home to his friends, swore ’twas the rock
On which St. Peter stood the shock
Of Hell-gates. All believed of course,
And worshipped it and him—a curse
On human fickleness! Now see
How trampled and how low lies he! 1190
Yonder Red Sandstone (with the spittle
Upon his patient brow), how little
You yester-things can guess how great
The honours of his former state.
Fellow! indulge me with thy ear—
I wish not other Stones to hear.
When mighty Enoch planned to keep
Intact from flame and the great deep
That invaluable mystery
Procataclysmal masonry, 1200

and, lastly,
Enoch’s stone.

* A conceit of an Oriental poet, who, referring to the growth of his beard, declared that his face was putting on mourning for the loss of its beauty.—F. B.

He graved it on two pillars—one
 Copper or brass, the other stone.
 That stone was of the column's base,
 And bore inscribed upon his face
 Th' ineffable symbols A. S. S.
 When the Flood came, his front was rolled or
 Dashed against a brother boulder :
 Now 'tis his solace to declaim
 Against th' event that marred his fame—
 With fifty-parson-power damn
 The waves that spoiled his trinogram ;
 While folks upon his old head walk
 As if he were but upstart chalk.
 How are the mighty fallen ! 'oons !
 Now ye despise e'en Enoch's stones !
 Were I no Stone, but modern bard,
 With my description 'twould go hard,
 But duly introduced you to
 Every thing that meets your view :
 Not being such, I merely say what
 Is wanted, and what's not I say not."

1210

1220

"Stone ! you've most sillily digressed,
 Wand'ring about from East to West.
 I wish to speak of Rome ; you'll own
 'Twas but a Pagan brood, whose crown
 Was of this world."

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., returns
 to the subject
 of Pagan Rome.

He gave a look
 Like gloomy Pitt, or cynic Tooke,
 And thus resumed : "I never knew
 That Pagan Rome offended you ;
 I always thought that Christian Rome
 Was your great eyesore : have not some
 Declared they deem Stamboul's sultan
 A king more likely to attain

1230

The Stone
 defends it
 against Great
 Britain ;

The heavenly crown than any Pope ?
You contradictious mites that hope
To conquer worlds by brother love,
Yet in your inner hearts approve
Of solemn Christian curses thrown
Against the creed that bare your own,
Of periodic anathemas

1240

Which, to the ear of sense, but seem as
The railings of a shrewish maid
And curses on her mother's head.

Say, why d'ye strive to prove before
The world you come from scarlet w—
Of Babylon, to whose broad base
Seven hills afford but sitting place ?
And own ye no predestination
When volleying your execration

Against th' unhappy Count whom chance
Drew from Spain, Italy, or France ?
In India born, he would have bowed
To Vishnu, or, mid Shiva's crowd,
Yemen had taught to love and fear
One Allah and his Prophet dear :

1250 excuses the
Pope Pio Nono,
alias Count
Mastai,

In Scotland raised, he would have bow'd
'Fore 'minister,' not stone and wood ;
While Afric rude had made his mind

by predestina-
tion, and

In every bush a God to find.

[1260

Chance birth, chance teaching—these decide
The faiths wherewith men feed their pride ;
And, once on childhood's plastic mind
The trace deep cut, you seldom find
Effaceable, unless the brain
Be either wanting or insane.
But what care you for brain or head,
Ye stiff-necked herd, well paid and fed

"bangs"
the new lights.

And clothed by human ignorance ?
 What reck ye eke of choice or chance,
 Ye new-light saints, whose dear delight 1270
 Is envy, hatred, malice, spite—
 Is sending a whole world to hell
 By troops and squadrons mixed pell-mell,
 Except yourselves? If heaven be
 Filled with th' insensate company
 Of those whose only title to 't
 Is that of being a human brute
 With a big boss of veneration
 And no Causality, I say shame
 Such Paradise—a *cul-de-sac* 1280
 Appropriate to the groaning pack.
 Pray, why should ye exclude the ass
 And dog from future happiness
 Beside destroying all their pleasure
 Here? O injustice beyond measure!" [no
 "Ah! Stone, Stone, stop!—those brutes have
 Reason or soul; their actions show——"
 "Reason? A soul? Ay, ay, a store
 Of misconceived and useless lore
 Of dark, hard, dull great words to close 1290
 Man's eyes and lead him by the nose.
 What is a soul but life derived
 From life's Eternal Fount deprived
 Of power to gain its upward source
 Or leave unbid the prison-corse?
 Your cerebral machinery
 Is Reason—Mind. Chicanery
 Tells you the gift is one distinct
 From that it gravely dubs Instinct.
 Words! words! A similar spirit reigns 1300
 In human and in bestial brains:

The Stone then
identifies reason
and instinct,

atheistically or
pantheistically.

In that it sits on jewelled throne,
 In this on block of roughest stone ;
 Still is it One,—for ever One.
 The life ye please to term your souls
 Through matter's ev'ry atom rolls—
 From mote that swims the sun's gay beam
 To the vast might of ocean stream ;
 And man's——”

“ Why, you're an Atheist !

Or, what's the same, a Pantheist—
 Worshipping all the world because
 Such giant faith hath grandest flaws !
 Humility is all you want—
 Bow and believe ! ”

1310 Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., bids
 him “ bow and
 believe.”

Said he, “ I can't !

Quit we the theme : it never fails
 To lead from words to teeth and nails
 And mighty fistings to convince
 One's ‘ doxy ’ is of creeds the prince.
 The Baculine strong argument
 Was all that Moses' rod-myth meant—
 Its pith a parable to teach
 Expediency, not safe to preach
 That the true arm ecclesiastic
 Is a wonder-working stake or a stick.”

He replies he
 can't, explain-
 ing the pith
 of Moses' rod.

“ Well, modern Memnon !* still you'll grant
 That we can boast (the Romans can't)
 Of an Emancipation Bill,
 Which, charity-wise, veils many an ill-
 deed : philanthropic Wilberforce——”

1320

“ Pol.” objects
 our philan-
 thropists.

“ Yes ! yes ! ” cried he ; “ yes ! yes ! of
 course !——”

1330

* The celebrated speaking statue of Egypt.—F. B.

“What, then, hard-head! darest thou despise
Our Howards, Godwins, Owens, Frys?”

“No! They were stars sufficient bright
Each for its tiny sphere of light;
But their small glitter largely looms
Because of the surrounding glooms.
What say the wise mid rustic men?
‘One swallow makes no summer:’ when
Appears a throng of screaming swifts,
The peasant knows the season shifts. 1340

The Stone casts
in his teeth our
shopkeeperish-
ness,

A country so commercial could
Not be unselfish an it would.
A land of traders ne'er can hope
Truly t' enact the philanthrope.
Still its ambition's highest range
Is what for good affects exchange:
Did China sink beneath the seas,
What would result? Demand for teas!
Unhappy Malwa starving dies—
Opium, of course, must have a rise! 1350
And Gallic revolutions get
Fame for affecting bobinet.

“Futurity shall tell the tale
Of what befel in Tezeen's vale,
By Kabul's hills, whose ice-winds rave
O'er the bleached bones of many a brave—
O'er some ten thousand corpses strewed
Upon the snow, with red gore dewed.
Was this tragedy fittest scene
T' enable painted mime to glean 1360
Pence from the pockets of the scum
Of town by ‘Sail'em Alick'em’?”*

our making
money of every
national dis-
aster,

* Alluding to the minor theatres, which reproduced Lady

"Where 'fabulous Hydaspes' rolls
 His real wave, a freight of souls
 (Some fifteen thousand Sikhs) was hurled
 Into th' abyss of 'other world.'
 The wholesale massacre created
 A little stir; that soon abated
 Of course: who cares for distant blacks,
 Die they by ones, die they by lacs?
 The grand sensation of the time
 Was a small county-Norfolk crime.
 On this your people's fancy fed
 With pleasing horror as they read
 Detailed details: see, all the crush
 Of Sikhdom's hardly worth a 'Rush!'
 Such your philanthropy! In English
 Another compound hath more relish—
 Th' intelligible philo-pelf,
 Or veritable philo-self.
 Faith you have all the perfidy
 And all the fury of the sea!"*

1370

and thinking of
Rush more
than of 15,000
Sikhs.

1380

"A man convinced against his will
 Is of the same opinion still,"
 Cried I in wrath; "you, Stone, reflect!
 Think ye I cannot e'en detect
 The cause that set this storm a-brewing
 And started off your tongue a-shrewing.
 You vainly ape man's dignity,
 And, therein sadly failing, try,
 Radical-like, to bring us down
 T' a proper standard—viz., your own—

1390

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., accuses
the Stone of
envying man

Sale's Capture. Enter two Moslems: quoth one, "Sail'em Alick'em!" (Assalamo Alaykum); responds the other, "Alick'em Sail'em!" (W'alaykum us Salàm).—F. B.

* So says M. Emile de Girardin.—F. B.

like a Radical,

As Procrustes, first Radical,
To his own size cut down the tall—
A practical Pantisocrat;
But there the simile falls flat,
For the same thief un-Radically
Increased the small, to make them tally.

and of wrangling
like a
Camford boy,

Thy arguments are raw and 'rare
As those of new-laid Baccalare, 1400
The sleeve-frocked sons of Alma Mater
(Abandoned mother! where's the Pater?),
The full-grown calf of old Camford
(Or 'Isis' bower'—'what's in a word?'),
That holds no earthly joy so dear
As wrangling o'er his wine and beer,
Till right seem wrong, wrong right
appear,

Till white be black, and black be white,
Till one is three, three one are hight;
For he can take one side or t'other, 1410
In front and rear the foe to bother:

ending with
the Amphis-
bæne.

So th' Amphisbæne, of whom 'tis said
Now head is rump, now rump is head."
"Well wrangled, man! your eloquence,

The Stone
cautions him
against the
Amphisbæne,

However, smacks of virulence,
And 's strong in simile, not sense
(That of the Amphisbæn' is pretty,
But far too Millerish to be witty).
Methinks you weren't just quite the
kind

Of lad to Mother Camford's mind: 1420
Did she prescribe *in rus* t' ye

and supports
Camford
against Lon-
don.

That ye must rail so cross and crusty?
Or gave a *nunc dimitto* 'cause
You broke her more than Median laws?

Against her I'll back the city-
Effluvian University*

For impudence of London sparrows,
And shallow noisiness that harrows
My every feeling. Quit the theme !
It jars me like a drayman's team."

1430

"Quit we it, then : I wish to try
The fortunes of one more query,
Since you so quibbled off my last.
Say ! is the age of Slavery past
From Britain ? do we hunt and chain
The sons of Abel or of Cain ?
Say ! have we not full right to gibe
That contradictory New World tribe
*'Whose fustian flag of Freedom waves
In mockery o'er a land of slaves ?'*" †

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., harps
on the Eman-
cipation glories
of England,
and gibes the
United States.

1440

"Why, Spartan-like, I must reply:
You talk so long and wordily,
Before your speech's tail appear,
Its head slips through mine other ear.
You men of glass should not begin
Stone-throwing at your New World kin :
There slaves are but their servants ; here
Your servants are the slaves 'tis clear."

The Stone
advises glass-
dwellers not to
throw stones

"Slaves ? and to whom ?"

"To social life—

As dire a shrew as any wife !—
To circumstance ! to want inbred
Of food and meat and roof and bed !
To rank, 'gentility,' and pride,
And twenty other lords beside.

1450

points to the
white slave,

* Poor old Stinkamaree.—F. B.

† From some English poet ; we forget his name.—F. B.

What is the genus Governess ?
 The *dame de compagnie* ? I guess,*
 The veriest slaveys of their kind,
 Tho' you be to the fact stone-blind.

“ Trace me a class that has not money
 For purchasing of matrimony. 1460
 Your cooks and maids must starve to
 marry ;

So footman John, or Master Harry
 (Your son), becomes a sire or not
 As chance directs. The mother's lot
 Is pleasant ! Virtue shows the gate,
 And Hunger drives to sadder state
 (Hence the infanticides that grace
 The purlieus of your dwelling-place,
 Th' exposures and barbarities
 That seem to rend all human ties), 1470
 Till, when all foul resources fail,
 She dies in Magdalen or jail ;
 Whence—useful still—her remnant goes
 Where practised porter right well knows—
 T' expose before the tyro's eye,
 With crimson size, each artery ;
 And, when he's learned to cut and maim,
 The pauper-corpse no friends will claim.
 The scalpel's work when past and done,
 They shovel pieces, not of one, 1480
 But half-a-dozen subjects dead—
 One arm, three legs, and dubious head—
 That, ere the mass begin to fester,
 The priest may pray for ' this our sister.' ”

* Quoth Wordsworth (this “guess” is not Yankee) :—
 “ He was a lovely youth ; I guess.”—F. B.

"'Tis but one class!"

"How many die
 Blaspheming foodless Liberty?
 Britain declares she's free; go, test her
 Truth in the dread dens of Manchester!
 Go, and with Freedom's boastings, cram
 The ravening maw of Birmingham! 1490
 On Galway's hills perhaps you'll find
 Mouths to support you—when they've dined!

"Fair sir, your wealthy vanities
 Have frozen human charities
 Within your breasts; as icebrook's steel,
 Your hardened hearts forget to feel
 For any but yourselves. I saw
 Last night a starv'ling seized by law
 Because he dared to beg for bread.
 'O where is Charity?' cried I. 'Where?'" 1500
 The next Stone echo'd,* "Here, sir! here!"
 "None of your sneering, gaby; I
 Fear no *levator labii*."

"Our theory is good, at least,
 In segregating man and beast——"
 "Theory? Stop!" cried he; "don't prate
 Of theory to me. I hate
 To see th' interminate duello
 'Twixt theory and practice, fellow!
 I do not mean to test and try 1510
 The moral grounds of slavery;
 But your ideas sound far too good,
 Methinks, for human flesh and blood.
 Sir! all your patriarchs had slaves;
 Your holy prophets, too, had slaves;

and shows
 anti-slavery to
 be a mere
 humbug;

* Echo has, it is true, had of late very hard work, like the albatross and the travelling schoolmaster.—F. B.

Your early Christian saints had slaves ;
 Your Lord-anointed kings had slaves.
 They all were wrong : you right, ye knaves !
 Since one-idea'd Wilberforce [1520
 Preached others deaf, talked himself hoarse,
 From John Bull's purse to loose the string,
 And make you do a foolish thing."

" Foolish—and why ?"

" Because 'twas mere

Quixotic fancy to appear
 Serving a tit-bit of romance,
 Dished up with facts of eloquence—
 Culled for a 'Senate's' taste,*and sorted
 For minds that love the Great Distorted,
 Whereon to waste your tears and coins,
 When every rule of right enjoins [1530
 Charity to begin at home.
 But, when can homely horror come
 Near the wild, distant, gloomy tales
 Of blacks bepacked like cotton bales,
 Sold like cattle, lashed till raw
 By nankeen'd whites in hats of straw ?
 This for your theory : now attend !
 I'll try your practice—this the end
 To which I make my theories tend: [1540

" Sir ! when your cruisers plough the seas,
 Now freeing slaves, now stealing teas
 (Spending some million pounds a-year
 In way John Bull e'er holds most
 dear—

Namely, the silly ostentation
 Of being such a liberal nation—
 As if commissioned from on high
 Finger to thrust in every pie,

opining that
 charity should
 begin at home,

and that, as
 it is, captured
 slaves are not
 liberated, but
 transported.

Yet laughing loudly when ye see a
 Neighbour contending for 'idea,'
 Although, methinks, ideas are 1550
 Than bales of cotton manlier far)
 A slaver caught, do they restore
 The captive to his native shore ?
 No, no ! the negro's kept and fed
 Till, for some £7 10. per head,
 A skipper tender ship to take a
 Cargo of free men to Jamaica,
 Or other colonies that pay
 For labour hired so much a day.
 Surely 'tis queer humanity 1560
 To transport *sine crimine*—
 To banish all your free men ! Whew !
 A most eccentric race are you
 Islanders ; as the Germans dream,
 You all so many islands seem
 Cut off from rest of human kind
 By the fierce Channel's ' billows blind.'*
 ' Whose fustian flag of Freedom waves
 In mock'ry o'er a land of slaves !!!'
 Yes, tinkling rhymer ! well you sing, 1570
 Alliterating little string.
 How easy 'tis with writer's art
 To make of bad the better part !
 Proving how words and jingle find
 Easy approach to human mind.
 Come, Southron, hear my tongue profer
 A Rowland for their Oliver :
 ' The meteor flag that blazes o'er
 Free slaves on many a stolen shore.' "

* With which the Arab imagination filled the Atlantic.—
 F. B.

I threatened him with prosecution ; 1580
 He seemed to court such persecution :
 Like old "professor," * ne'er content
 Till by main force to heaven sent ;
 Or modern patriot whose strong reason
 Succumbs before charms of safe treason ;
 For still he sang, and louder sang,
 With a most classic "Secesh" twang,
*"The meteor flag that blazes o'er
 Free slaves on many a stolen shore."*

Then, with abundant jeer and gibe, 1590
 He thus pursued his diatribe :

"Your slave-walks, sir, you're pleased to call
 'Colonies'—change of name, that's all ;
 And, when for 'slave' one 'pauper' reads,
 There's scanty difference 'twixt the breeds.
 Mr. Legree, in Maryland,
 Lashes his own with sparing hand ;
 Your fine East-Indian magistrate
 To freemen deals far harder fate.

Oft have I heard of women stripped, † 1600
 Lashed to a tree, and fairly whipped
 (List, shade of Haynau !) with the thong
 Of cat-o'-nine-tail, sharp and long,
 Laid by the Briton on her back.
 'Tis true the wretch's skin was black,
 And epidermis dark, you see,
 Somewhat like raiment seems to be.
 Three dozen lashes ! As descends
 The manly blow, each hard knot sends

The Stone
 points to
 India,

where women
 were, till lately,
 flogged,

* Of the days of martyrdom—not to be confounded with the modern sense of the expression.—F. B.

† It has not, we believe, taken place since 1849.—F. B.

A burning pang through all her frame, 1610
Yet mild compared with outraged shame.
The first half-score, when duly plied,
Raise lengthy wheals from side to side ;
And each fresh stripe, like molten lead,
Removes the strips of flesh that shed
Large blood-drops on the stones below,
Who blush them red."

"But is it true ?"*

"I've said, sir, we leave lies to you.
Dreadful, you cry ?

I would contrast

Another scene with that just past. 1620
See the embattled hosts that stand
Upon the plains of Persian land :
Why points the gun, why bared the brand
Quiv'ring in every soldier's hand ?
Two brothers meet, in impious strife,
To fight for prize of crown and life ;
And one shall fall a clay-cold thing
That one may sit a sceptr'd king.
The lines are formed, the standard reared,
Yet not a soul as yet hath dared 1630
To break that stirring pause, whose spell
The lawless men all feel so well.

and to more
modest Persia,

"But whence those female sobs and wails ?
Who come, in Burkast wrapped and veils,
Hurrying 'twixt the hosts to try
If love or hate hath mastery ?
Their prayers, their tears are all in vain !
Vainly in shrieks their voices strain !

* The scene referred to happened in a province of Western India. The woman was very insubordinate—still !—F. B.

† Mantillas covering the face.—F. B.

It is not on the battle-plain
 That woman's hest is heard. Again 1640
 They try, again they fail; at last,
 As mist before the Eastern blast,
 Melts the sanguinary horde—
 The spear is lower'd, sheath'd the
 sword,
 The horseman springs from saddle-bow,
 And tears, not blood, begin to flow:
 Even the brothers must embrace
 Before the mother's threat'ning face—
 E'en they that hated for a crown
 For smiling look change angry frown. 1650
 " What might of miracle had power
 Man's heart to melt in such an hour ?
 Will ye believe it ? Civilized set !
 The empty sound of female threat,
 The royal matron in despair
 Offering to stranger eye to bare
 The bosom whence existence drew
 The twain that led that barbarous crew ?*
 These are the Turks for whom ye pray,
 The heathen these for whom you pay 1660
 A missionary mob to preach
 Faith, Hope, and Charity—t' unteach
 More modest men t' immure the fair—
 Inculcate the true English stare,
 Produce the brazen, reckless air
 Which so distinguish women here.
 Europe, the Moslems greet your plan
 Of propagating courtesan-

deriding the
 former's claim
 to superiority
 and mission-
 ing.

* This romantic incident took place, exactly as described, after the death of Fattah Alee Shah, King of Persia, when two of his sons prepared to fight for the succession.—F. B.

ship and dispensing to their breed
Strong waters and a 'purer creed.' 1670

"The civilizer aye delights
In neophytes, converts, proselytes :
Stir not an inch the graceless heathen
To bid their brother men to Heaven.

" This world is Heaven or is Hell
As you abuse or use it well,
And, in the graceless heathen's sight,
Whatever is, is good, is right :
You'd make good better, and, of course,
You very oft' make matters worse ; 1680

And, since you fail so signally,
I need not ask the reason why
You wish the world to be as bad.
The Hindu, you affirm, 's a sad
Heathen, and yet, as such, he's good.
The savage Moslem sheds men's blood,
Marries four wives, and, what is worse,
Keeps concubines, allows divorce :
Still he is a righteous Mussulman.
The Parsee tricks his brother man 1690
And half adores his Ahriman,*
Yet 's a good Guebre. So the Jew—
In fact, all to their faiths are true,
And in them good, save, Christians, you ! †

The Stone
defends the
heathen
against Dr.
Polyglott,
Ph.D.,

"And now, sir, as I've answered all
Interrogations, great and small
(Kindly remove your long thick leg),
I, in my turn, presume to beg

and calls for an
explanation of
the national
thirst ;

* The evil principle opposed to Hormuzd in the dualism of Old Persia.—F. B.

† Πας ἀγαθος ἢ ἀγαθος ἰθρικός και πας χριστιανος ἢ χριστιανος κακος.—F. B.

Enlightment on a point which sore
 Puzzles my brains each day the more. 1700
 Tantalus-like are all you cursed
 With an eternal raging thirst——”

“Dog-stone!” cried I, “intoxication
 Is the pet vice of Northern nation ;
 Danes, Swedes, and Germans drink, while French
 And Southron men prefer to wench
 And eke to gamble——”

He pursued
 Queries indelicate and rude :
 “D’ye worship swine, like Tahaitans,
 And hog your minds like ponies’ manes? 1710
 Else why go pigging all about
 The streets and stations, in and out
 Of houses, reeling, fighting, sing-
 ing, weeping, laughing, puking, wring-
 ing hands, until your presence shocks
 The feelings of the stones and stocks ?
 Britannia, rise from off the edge
 Of oval shield, and take the pledge !”

The question made me rather pensive ;
 I faintly muttered ’twas offensive— 1720
 That drunkenness is now confined
 To snobs—obnoxious to be fined——

of balls and
 theatres ;

“And is it true you spend your nights,”
 Asked he, “in viewing godless sights
 Of women in flesh-coloured tights,
 Whose only art is, as you know,
 What’s better hidden all to show ?
 I’m told ’tis deemed the best of taste
 To hug and paw strange woman’s waist,
 Calling it fashion, custom, and 1730
 The pleasures of a civilized land.

Like men less cynic, why not pay
 Women to sing and dance and play ?
 Again, I hear no trade more thrives
 Than accoucheurs and men mid-wives. of men mid-
wives ;
 Can it be true you have no schools
 Where *sages femmes* learn to litter fools ?”

“Stone, we have reasons—there’s a chance——”

“Of what in England not in France ?
 Unless, perhaps, your women’s stays* 1740

And waspy waists you love to praise.
 Produce the risk : why not reduce
 The whalebone, and the tags disuse ?
 The Chinese cramp in swathes and shoes
 The growth of dainty maiden’s toes,
 Thinking that, next to woman’s tongue,
 Gadding from home leads most to wrong.
 But these corsets ? Haply they’re placed
 To keep your gentlewomen chaste ?

As crinoline and farthingale, 1750
 Which no hot amorist dare assail.

But, no, methinks ’tis polished ‘taste’
 That teaches you to bind the waist. of wasp-waists ;

Ask all your painters, statuaries,
 Which finds more favour in their eyes—
 The full luxuriant contour
 Which Nature sketched in happier hour,
 Or this pinched wretch, encased, enrolled
 Like rotten mummy in its fold

Of linen swaddlings ? I prefer 1760

A camel-load of flesh to her—
 Th’ obesest Mooress that e’er trod
 Of Atlas hills the verdant sod,

* Under which obsolete name he apparently alludes to the secret armour worn by the sex under the dress.—F. B.

Larding their earth. I' faith, I'd rather
See Hottentots beigg'd in leather.

"Pity that Nature, when she drew
Out plans and estimates for you,
Forgot to beg your vanities,
To save her some inanities.
Could poor Archeus* ever guess

1770

of shaving;

You'd bare your facial ugliness,
And daily shave your cheeks as clean
As virgins, to improve your mien?
Whilst some cut landscape in the hair,
Their whiskers nurture, chins mow bare,
Of malar pile leave but a strip,
Rob of its honours th' upper lip,
Leaving the chops and teeth to catch
Complaints, denuded of their thatch!

of hair-
hogging;

Dame Nature bade your *chevedure* flow
Adown your shoulders: again no
Says Madame Mode to silly throng—
'I'm right! old Gammer's clearly wrong!
Clip one part shortish, t'other long
(As Frenchman poodles shaves and shapes
A la lion—*i. e.*, like apes),
Part it behind, like terrier's back,
Bethatch the front like wheaten stack,
The corners twist towards your eyes,
Correct with stiff'ning, oil, and dyes.'
Now from the barber's chair arise—
A thing gorillas would despise!
'Beast!' Adam† cries, 'what madness docks
The "clust'ring hyacinthine locks"

1780

1790

* The living and all-pervading principle of creation.—
F. B.

† Milton's Adam—not he of the "Vestiges."—F. B.

I left t' ye for a heritage ?
 What, you abortion, made you cage
 Your members in that habit, shocking and of dress
generally,
 Your head in pot but fit to cook in ?
 Was it th' Old Serpent made you pack
 Your toes in bags of leather black ? 1800
 Stick bits of ore and coloured stones
 Round etiolated finger-bones ?
 Come, Eva, look ; full sure these loons
Have been intriguing with baboons ! ”
 This was too much. “ Ruffian,” cried I, to the disgust
of Dr. Poly-
glott, Ph.D.
 “ You beg the question you decry.
 Our men and women dress and town
 For mere externals. Bow ye down
 Before the master-charm of mind—
 Our women's training—education——” 1810
 “ There, stop,” cried he, “ your declamation ! The Stone den-
ies the fitness
of women's
education.
 And first of begging questions, sir.
 When angry passions dullards stir
 The first tone of Eristike (*ἔριστικῆ*),
 Pitched in a very testy key,
 Is, sir, ‘ You beg the question.’ Logic,
Per se, is e'er amphibologic,
 But, *petitio principii*,
 Hath finger deep in every pie—
 A figure ultra-Judëan, 1820
 As his goose-quill who penned ye an
 Address to Wat * and Laureate Ode ;
 But this by way of episode.
 As for your training boast, I am
 Sore tempted t', *ad modestiam*,
 Argument, but that Aldrich took
 No heed of that in all his book

* Wat Tyler, we presume.—F. B.

(And wisely, for 'twould, in this age,
 Be formula the most unsage :
 The very boys and girls would cry 1830
 Shame on the man of modesty).
 This reading, writing, ciphering, s.rumming,
 Use of the globes and art of humming,
 Or shrieking, dignified as music,
 That makes me, if it don't make *you*, sick ;
 Practice in entering a carriage,
 Largest ideas of love and marriage,
 Some twenty several sorts of dances
 (Saltation market-price enhances),
 The science of disposing dress 1840
 To set forth charms, hide ugliness ;
 A thousand rules for choosing hats,
 A proper taste in men's cravats,
 The art to show the *brodequin's* top
 And yet before mid-leg to stop ;
 To deal with tradesmen all unknown
 To parents till the bills are blown,
 Or when, upon the marriage day,
 The 'happy man' is called to pay ;
 A connoisseurship of champagne, 1850
 Slang words, and horses, dogs, and men ;
 A high aspire to take the chair
 In club meant only for the fair ;
 How to distinguish stones from paste,
 And eke to pawn them ; how to waste
 Time on plays, novels, and romances,
 Before the glass to practise glances—
 Now soft and sweet, now hard, distressing,
 Careless, encouraging, repressing—
 And similar feminine arts to net 1860
 The foolish fish that like the bait :

Is this your boasted way to show
 The young idea how to go ?
 By Jove ! you lavish too much care
 In training of a Bayadère !
 But t'other day I heard Miss A.
 Unto Miss B., her 'crony,' say,
 'I hate your pale-faced things, and own
 To liking a nice sailor brown.'
 The little minx, though hardly ten,
 Pronounces on the points of men :
 At twenty, think ye, will the nice
 Brown sailor but her eye entice ?"

1870

"Nonsense, my Lithy, girls are gay
 In moral races, sages say ; *
 But they reform when passed the church,
 And leave their lovers in the lurch.
 Our boast is home, and every stranger,
 Except a Signor or Bushranger,
 Who knows our life, must e'er confess
 Our hearths are rich in happiness.
 Must I suppose this all a dream
 Unreal as the Seráb's stream †—
 Existentless as lights that seem
 Before ophthalmic eyes to gleam ?"

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., sup-
 ports the
 virtue of the
 married she-
 Bull.

1880

"In this rich mine of humbug strain
 There runs of fact a slender vein.
 There's far less happiness than pride
 In crying up one's own fireside :
 'Tis mostly done when known the hearer—
 Holds ball and opera much dearer—
 Prefers, as Frenchman does, to sit
 Out evenings in th' *estaminet*.

The Stone
 retorts ;

1890

* Rousseau.—F. B.

In Persian, the mirage.—F. B.

calls happy
home a hell;

Your 'happy hearth' is oft a hell
 Where Temper, Spite, and Disgust dwell,
 And Ennui sheds her baleful gloom,
 Making the place a living tomb;
 Till your son, dog-sick, flies it, and
 To swindling turns a ready hand,
 And your poor daughter, tired of life, 1900
 Prefers to be a lackey's wife.
 'The homes of Merry England'—zounds!
 I hate to hear the well-worn sounds,
 Your parrot-poets, pie-poetesses—
 Humbugs!—emit. Come now, confess, is
 Not the fire-side, where reign immense
 Felicity and innocence,
 More often far a perfect Cape
 Of Storms than Hope? But, mark me, ape,
 Your kind's belief in things affords 1910
 The strangest contrast to their words:
 You know the place is stormy, thus
 You call it Hopeful. And what fuss
 You make when self-compelled to roam
 From British boast, the 'happy home'!
 'Tis then the sturdy Saxon grows
 Watery as a sea-cow's nose,
 And maunders like a sick girl o'er
 That commonplace his native 'shore.'
 Home is the sole abode of bliss; 1920
 Tourist, the exile comfortless;
 His heart's the loadstone, home the pole—
 Thought streams, home sea to which they roll,
 O canting nonsense! Why the deuce
 Don't they go home? What is the use
 Of this lip-stuff when they might prove
 By marching back that home they love?

“ But see, this exile, when returned
To all for which his sick heart yearned,
Growls, grumbles, damns, until once more 1930
Escaped from dearest native shore,
Self-banished as he was before :

shows how
gladly we flee;

Ahasuerus-like,* he starts
Once more for hateful ‘ foreign parts.’ ”

“ Yet, my Lithophonist, our wives,
Without whom Briton never thrives ;
Our dear domestic better parts,
Whose truthful, faithful, loving hearts
Are our prime boast ; whose constancy
It ‘ riles ’ the outer world to see ;
Upon whose bosom man may find
Console from Fate, howe’er unkind ;
Who, like the Suttees, burn to burn,
And mingle dust in husband’s urn——”

and, when
Dr. Polyglott
Ph.D., reite-
rates his
assertion,
1940

He rolled his head and winked his eyes
In most ill-bred irreverent guise,
And thus proceeded : “ Now don’t eat
Abominations† in the street.

shows how
girls are
brought up for
the marriage
market ;

Your girls brought up to show their faces
At chapels, ‘ sights,’ and bathing-places, 1950
Pic-nics and archery meetings, where
Liquor abounds, sobriety’s rare ;
Who deem a ball and ball-room dress
The *ne plus ultra* of happiness ;
For *bal masqué* would give their ears ;
Who learn each actor’s name and years,
And every scandalous anecdote
In town or country ken by rote ;

* The Wandering Jew.—F. B.

† A common Orientalism, meaning “ don’t talk nonsense.”
—F. B.

Who know whate'er their mothers know
 In mind, perhaps in physique too ; 1960
 Who quizzically send a friend
 To Paris till her waist is thinned :
 Such pretty, polking, flirting fools,
 That graduate in Folly's schools,
 The shortest cuts to sin and crime
 Beknown to man in modern time ;
 Taught from the earliest age to try
 Their little hands at coquetry,
 To break men's hearts ere Nature lend
 Specific* remedy to mend 1970
 The fractured member ; trained to trace
 Love-letters with *aplomb* and grace ;
 The sing'd young lady, wide awake,
 Resolved Mamma's advice to take,
 No shame to know, to feel no fear
 In hunting rent-roll or a peer ;
 Who limit wedlock's full extent
 To diamonds and settlement ;
 Who views the matrimonial mart
 With stony eye and callous heart, 1980
 Trots out from her paternal stall
 As nag for sale by Tattersall,
 To highest bidder is knocked down
 Like any slave in Stamboul town,
 And swears to honour, love, obey,
 The while her heart has gone astray
 With some old flame, who bides his day ;
 The girl whom modish parent teaches
 To win and wear marital breeches

* Query, "Generic"? The Stone, however, has become so rabid that he is indifferent to the use of adjectives.
 —F. B.

By studies physiological, 1990
 As they their 'natural history' call,
 Of Balzac, Kahn, Feydeau, and Walker,*
 To turn half-addled brains, and talk her
 Into believing all the scribble
 Wherewith their flimsy goose-quills dribble ;
 Strong-minded spinsters who prefer
 The 'Spital's tainted atmosphere
 And Fame to path of hiding life ; †
 Your patriot girls to whom the strife
 Of brigandism and Secesh 2000
 Serves their embryo thoughts t' enmesh ;
 The advocates of ' women's rights ;'
 Abolitionists whom most delights
 To ape the mad Lucretia Mott, ‡
 And all the politician lot,
 Or those that ' go for' Education,
 Or those that build on ' Emigration' :
 Such make good wives, such make life sweet
 As hours in Newgate or the Fleet.
 Immortal Gods, my better friend 2010
 From such abhorrent fate defend !

" Did'st ever hear of Pica's name—
 A noted noble Roman dame ?
 Yes ! Then you know of her 'tis told
 She ne'er saw man, or young or old,
 After her nuptials. Once among
 Her friends a gossip said how strong
 Smelt Mister Pica's breath of wine.
 The poor dame marvelled, and, in fine,

contrasting
 them with
 Pica ;

* The author of a certain book called " Woman."—F. B.

† " Fallentis semita vitæ."—F. B.

‡ Notorious anti-slavery lady in the once United States.—
 F. B.

instancing
Sir Cresswell
Cresswell's
court,

Declared that all *must* smell the same! 2020

I tell the tale as told by fame.

And now you have to shift your course

By Court of Probate and Divorce,

Cast loose the tie fast tied by Fate,

Let either wretch unyoke its mate—

Condition'ly that th' whole foul tale

Defile the once pure homestead's pale—

Teach every little miss to see

What Mistress A. with Mr. B.

Was apt to do—teach every boy 2030

Sometime the like delight t' enjoy,

And o'er society to throw

Of lust and crime the hellish glow.

“ Of your fair studies the result,

See hare-brained Hall stand up t' insult

The sense, the 'spirit of the age'

By lectures on concubinage.

Another case : see high-born dame

Lend her fair self to the foul shame

Of confarreation with a black, 2040

The lord of many a dirty lac.

'Twas legal, for the blackamoor

Paid fullest price for his amour;

The lady swore to love, obey,

And honour her dark popinjay.

Yet scarce six months had lapsed

before,

Un-Desdemona-like, she tore

The tie asunder, on the plea

Of the poor Moor's insanity.

This, braver than Tyndaridæ, 2050

Helped by two well-feed, pompous men

That proved the lord *non compos men-*

and various
vile scandals.

tis, by one bolder deed of strife
Settled Othello's hash for life.
And now, his occupation gone,
He walks the Continent alone,
Ne'er to recross the British main
Or to his own return again."

"But, Petrus, our paternal love——"
"That kicks you out of doors to rove,
Without an extra hour's delay,
Over the sea and far away,
Only praying you never may
Homewards stray for many a day——

2060 Dr. Polyglott
Ph.D., in-
stances the
warm paternal
affection of
John Bull.

"Man, are you sporting with your ills ?
The rugged ruffian on the hills
Of barbarous Belochistan,
Give him his due, doth all he can
To keep his child at home ; for him
He risks with pleasure life and limb,
Robs, murders, fights, and all to feed
The young 'uns, his four spouses breed."
"They're savages."

The Stone
replies deri-
sively,

"Of course ! If not,
The door would be the youngers' lot.
Look at the foreign marts and fairs,
Where you export your sons and heirs
As any other trading wares :
Banish the hapless half-grown boy
(The father's hope ! the mother's joy !)
From all he loves, from all in life
That makes life sweet, to bitter strife—
On a grand tour in search of Fortune—
With stony-fisted jade, Misfortune ;
Drive him, when barely breeched, to reap
A golden harvest from the deep ;

2070

2080

'Neath polar latitudes to freeze,
 Or broil upon the torrid seas,
 Or to the haunts so blithe and
 merry

Of small-pox, plague, and Berri-Berri,
 Where Ague guards her native coast, 2090
 And Yellow Jack still rules the roast :
 How few will e'er return ! and, when
 They do, you barely call them men—
 Old, haggard, wasted, broken, gone
 In mind and body. Yet each one
 A score or two in 's day have seen
 Retire, clime-slaughtered, from the scene—
 Die on the straw, alone, like dog—
 Die with split throat, like fatted hog—
 In some huge trench, with general
 heap 2100

Of corpses, seek a long last sleep,
 Or find a watery grave—which is
 To find no grave at all, I wis.
 Are windows not sufficient high ?
 Is rope so dear, no charcoal nigh ?
 Then take a penknife, boy, let out
 At once your sire's sad gift.

I doubt

You deem me rugged stuff, my good
 Sir, all unused to melting mood ;
 Yet sometimes tales will meet my
 ear

2110

quoting bad
 cases,

That e'en from stones demand a tear.
 Listen. The dying soldier leaves
 Ind's sultry shores ; dying, he cleaves
 To the one hope, the only prayer,
 Once more to breathe his natal air.

Where gentlewomen most appear
Perniciously 'bemused with beer,'*
The bad land left, mind- tonic lends
Delusive strength, his brow unbends,
His eye is clearer, and his tread 2120
Falls on the deck inspirited.

A fortnight gone, the fit hath passed
Away ; he feels now firm and fast
Hurrying to the dark dread goal :
The grip of Death is on his soul.
He leaves the poop ; at meals his
chair

Is empty, though still standing there ;
And all forget him, save, perchance,
When, through the open door, a glance
Detects a gasping skeleton, 2130
Reclined, half dressed, the couchlet on
Under the open port. At last
'Tis whispered he is sinking fast.

Some few seek out his berth, to cheer
The spirit 'parting to its drear,
Dark exploration ; but he lies
Motionless, wordless, hardly tries
The mind to struggle ; his eyes glaze
And fix on vacancy their gaze ;
Drops down his jaw, as though its weight 2140 especially one
Was grievous to his weakly plight.
Where is the parent's—sister's care ?
The relative, the friend ; ah ! where ?
Indeed they are all wanted here.
The strangers shudder ; even they,
However kindly, will not stay

* Sir Ronald Martin's "Influence of Tropical Climates,"
etc., p. 174.—F. B.

To stare at Death, especially
 As Doctor says 'tis uselessly.
 And yet at times a curious head,
 Inthrust, asks if the poor man's dead. 2150
 The last throe is a silent one :
 S * * * ll's sad earthly race is run.
 "The event made known, some hurry down
 To see the body ; others own
 They'd rather not. The new 'step' all
 Discuss, save anatomical
 Galen, preferring to deliver a
 Discourse upon the corpse's viscera ;
 The ladies, sighing with each breath
 'In midst of life we are in death,' 2160
 Dress and sit down to dine—to eat
 And drink sad thoughts, to reverie sweet.
 At sunset hour, well packed and pitched,
 By sail-maker close tacked and stitched
 (The last run through *its* nose for luck),
 Comes forth a canvas bag. In duck
 The passengers in coarser gear ;
 The 'gallant tars' are met to hear
 A kind of prayer. Bill whispers Jack,
 'Bo, twig the skipper rigg'd in black.' 2170
 On grating out-thrust at the lee
 Gangway, and covered jauntily
 With Union Flag, so placed its feet
 Clear standing end of the fore sheet,
 What *was* man lies. The captain reads,
 And purser acts as clerk when needs.
 'To the deep!' (then the signal). Heave !
 The long bag slides, and fluttering wave
 The bunting's ends. Harken, a splashing !
 Look, a thin line of brine-foam dashing 2180

ending in a
 "watery
 grave."

Against, behind the ship! Adieu,
S * * * ll; adieu, brave heart and true.

"Who killed S * * * ll? 'Tis strange to tell,
'Twas she that bare him killed S * * * ll.

In her opinion younger sons
Were born to die 'neath Indian suns.
His pride repelled him from his home,
A home where none would cry 'Well come!'
Till nearing death revived the will
To see that home, to bid farewell 2190
And sleep in peace—that killed S * * * ll."

Of his rude speech the latter part
Woke a soft echo in my heart.

"Alas! I also had a friend,
By India brought t' untimely end.
A fatal land that was to me:
It wrecked my hopes eternally.
In earliest youth, ere love began
To feel the passions of the man,
I loved a maid——"

"What! number two?" 2200

"No! number one, and virgin too.—

I loved a maid: how deep that love
The long course of a life may prove.
What hours of happiness they were,
Passed in that dearest presence, ere
Harsh poverty and cursed pride
Combined to drive me from her side,
And sent me forth to win a name,
The trinket wealth, the bauble fame!
Years toiled I on in vain, in vain; 2210
At last I saw that face again.
Ay me! it looked on me no more
As it was wont to do of yore.

This being
Indian, revives
the senti-
mentalisms of
Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D.

Her soul was not as 'twas before,
 Unlearned in life's heart-numbing lore:
 The lesson had been told and read,
 Till heart owned all the rule of head.
 Ah, fatal change! can words express
 That moment's utter bitterness,
 When she 'fore whom I bent the knee 2220
 As man doth to divinity
 Sank to a common thing of earth,
 Vile as the dust that gave it birth—
 When she whose single hair to save
 I gladly would have sought the grave,
 Because I could not pay the price,
 Made me her Mammon's sacrifice!
 Away, vain thought!

Alone, forlorn,
 Through sad and barren life I mourn;
 And, as to wretches sometimes happens, 2230
 Nor might of Change, nor Time's long
 lapse,
 From my sick heart can e'er remove
 The memory of that early love."

Whereat the
 Stone recom-
 mended liquor.

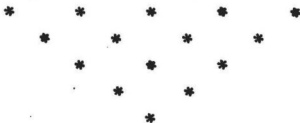
Pensive he looked—methought a streak
 Glistened adown his tawny cheek;
 He pleased to praise my constancy,
 But seemed to do so doubtfully,
 And recommended anodynes
 Of beers and brandies, ales and wines. [2240

Pricked me the sneer: "'Twas thought of old
 That stones permuted lead to gold:
 The wrong deductions of your head
 Seem to debase all gold to lead."

They spar.

"Ah! I suppose that was a myth;
 And yet, good sir, it hath its pith,

The ancient Oriental tale,
 Even in these days sages veil,
 You know, in th' East a curious store
 Of abstract truths, 'Aleakta' lore,
 'Neath quirk and fable. And, I'm told, 2250
 There are some stones that still make gold,
 In Europe too. So please attend
 To a short anecdote, the end
 Of which shall prove the myth, and show
 Th' interpretation. *Allons, Cléo.*"*



"Petrus, although I like your wit,
 The illustration's quite unfit
 For publication, altho' none
 Could doubt the wisdom of a stone."

"By Salagram!" the cynic muttered,
 "A word of sense Macaque has uttered!"

2260 Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., talks of
 publishing;

Then I resumed: "Since you approve
 Of publication, please remove
 One obstacle I sadly fear:
 Your words will vex the polish'd ear,
 Startle the fair, to men appear
 Against me as an evidence
 Of irreligion and prurience."

of delicacy;

"Man, all the Satiristic race,
 From Wolcot up to old Horace, 2270
 With naked fists hit straight and hard,
 And nought for Fashion's mufflers cared;

* Here I have omitted much, because it is far too Oriental
 for Occidental ears.—L, B.

of calling a
spade "a
spade."

Bravely like men their parts they played,
And even called a spade 'a spade,'
Not 'agricultural implement ;'
And, if a canteen girl they meant,
They called her 'canteen girl.' Dare thou
To do the same with dauntless brow ?
Truth, sir, is nude : perish the hand
That buttons round her waist the band 2280
Of green-silk breeches,* to induce
The thoughts to guess its wanton use.
Search ye the world, you'll ever find
The nice a very nasty mind ;
And of one proverb e'er be sure,
'To the pure everything is pure,'
Whilst those on things uncleanly bent
In fairest words see foul'st intent."

"An hour before I think you said
Truth was a satyr, sprite, mermaid, 2290
A Proteus, or a courtesan !"

"Sir, 'twas of Truth as known to man
I spoke ; surely you might divine
I now speak of Truth's genuine
Semblance in stone or alabaster—
In fact, as we have formed and faced
her.

Yes, Truth is nude, but knows no shame,
Because she knows nor sin nor blame ;
And, as for Satire, I declare
That Muse at least should aye go
bare. 2300

His passions must be bad indeed
When naked stones or words have need

* As has been done to nude statues in the dis-United States.—F. B.

Of gear.

If with ill faith they tax ye,
 Why, nominate 't Religio Saxi—
 As good a set of tenets, I
 Think, as Medici or Laici—
 A faith strong founded on a rock,
 'Gainst which the puny critics' shock
 Shall break as waves that vainly roar
 Upon old Cornwall's granite shore— 2310
 Of pillars it hath goodly stock,
 Buckland, Lyell, and all the stock
 Of men known as geologists
 That strive to pierce Auld Lang Syne's mists
 By means of us, sir, placed before
 Their eyes to make them see the more."

These words encouraged me to do 't,
 To incur the wrath of many a brute
 Eager to vent his criticism
 On free or feeble witticism, 2320
 "Humboldt achieved an athanasia
 Of fifty years by Central Asia ;
 Why can't I thrive—at least I'll try—
 For section of a century,
 On you and your lithophony ?
 When Brahmans fill up many a tome
 With chippings of the letters 'O.M.' *
 I, honest man, may pass my time
 Awhile with hammering at 'I'm,'
 Which, put through all categories 2330
 And cases that from *Ego* rise,
 Mystifications, and what not,
 From Isis down to Polyglott,

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph. D., resolves
 to "do it,"

* A very mystic word, the "essence of Vedas."—F. B.

despite all
reviewers,
critics, *et hoc
genus omne*.

Would, you may swear, wipe every nose
From Humboldt's up to Didymos.*

He mused a little and pursued :
"Man, do whate'er t' you seemeth good ;
But, mind, what bile the critics vent,
That you must eat and rest content :
I cannot aid you, and, if able, 2340
Would not—a quiet life's my *faible*."

The Stone
visionizes a
battle of
authors and
critics.

Again he paused, once more took thought,
And thus resumed : "Indeed, you ought,
Bohemians of the scribbling rout,
To call the critic rabble out,
Old and new grievances to settle
In a decisive general battle.
Scene—Hyde Park ; hour—the break of day,
T' afford ye time to maim and slay ;
Arms—rulers, folio, and steel pen. 2350
Miséricorde for light men ;
Ready to scour the glorious field,
Scissors and paste, and foolscap shield.
See, there they stand, arrayed and keen,
Squares-linked by lines, great guns between ;†
The staff round General Sam Surly,
On their best hobbies urging, hurl a
Shower of shouts ; mark well his air,
Almost half saint and quite half bear.
Now he harangues, now brow-beats, prays 2360
In six-foot word and six-yard phrase,
Concluding with a benison
Each bloodier critic's hand upon.

* — Chalkenteros, who wrote 4000 books.—F. B.

† The wretch is describing the tactics of the battle of the
Pyramids.—F. B.

Lag ye behind ! no, by Jove, no !
 Your eyes flash fire, your bosoms glow
 With all the hero. Look ye now,
 Field-Marshal Byr'n on hobby horse,
 And Keats and Burns, than whom none worse
 Hated yon impious host, prepare
 Strategic arts with choicest care. 2370
 Little harangue ye need, I swear.
 But *laissez-aller*—go in and win—
 The hardship is to hold ye in.
 Spirits of all the brave ! look down
 (Or up) at these far braver. Flown
 The signal, charges—note, ye Nine—
En échelon the Author-line.
 They near the foe and straight begin
 The wreck of nose, the rent of skin,
 Rupture of sconce and eke of shin. 2380
 'Up, Bards, and at 'em !' Now the day
 Is ours, is ours—hoorray ! hoorray !
 Thump, valiants, thump ! kick, heroes, kick !
 Belabour, bite, butt, slash, curse, stick
 Your stylet up t' its very hilt
 In their short ribs. Of coat and kilt
 Strip forms obscene—the war-cry shout,
 'St. Liber, ho !' Each pen choose out,
 For sure destruction, him he hates
 With writer-rage no vengeance sates. 2390
 The field is strewn with many a pair
 Locked in a horrid hug ; the air
 Resounds with war, the green sward bears
 Hillocks of head and whisker hairs !
 Muse, Muse, though scanty shame remain
 To woman in these days, retain
 Thy thoughts so feeble, words so vain !

Never, never, since old Troy fell
 (Or fell not, 'Gibbon *versus* Gell')
 Was ever battle fought so well. 2400

No fiery Arab ever hewed
 Down Kafir dogs in ranks bestrewed
 On crimson plain with half the will
 As gars ye slaughter critics spill
 The Readers'* blood, Reviewers kill.
 I only hope some Homer may
 Embalm your dust in deathless lay."

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., pro-
 poses a portrait
 to his volume.

"You're in the regions of Romance ;
 Kindly return. Ere I commence
 The work, indulge me with a hint 2410

About the kind of thing to print.
 Shall I prefix a face in wood
 Or steel cut out, showing my mood,
 Romantical Byronic sneer
 Round th' oval region, and a tear
 Trembling outside the *canthi* ; or
 Would you prefer the style of Yor-
 ick—index laid on writhèd nose,
 And cunning leer 'neath thickest brows,
 And bulging forehead one foot high ; 2420
 Or Rab'lais, with expression sly,
 And grinning mouth——"

The Stone
 derides this
 vanity,

Cried he, "Restrain
 Thy jaw. A satirist, and vain
 Of hair and grin and brow ! Repent
 In dust and Bengal blue th' intent
 To foist upon the world your looks.
 The Public's tired of buying books

* Namely, the publisher's Readers, not the readers of this
 revelation.—F. B.

Half-a-crown dearer to be shown
 Whether the author's blond or brown ;
 Now every volume seems to groan

2430

'Neath weight of costard, and to moan

'*Caput aprī defers,*

Laus sit bibliopola '—

Big Bore's head I offer, ☉ !

Thanks to Messrs. Blank and Co."

"Punning ! a stone !" "Yes, sir, a man

Never omits a pun that can ;

But, where he can't, why, then, to mock it,

His envy dubs punster 'Pickpocket.'

"Genius, man, never will endure

2440

Communism—of that be sure."

"But I'm no genius."

"You should try,

Then, t' ape its singularity—

Originality they call 't—

So shall your readers be at fault ;

For few are they, or young or old,

Know well gilt brass from purest gold ;

And, when some simple *savan* tries

To pluck the bandage from their eyes,

'Tis ten to one they sneer, and quote

Something about a beam and mote.

As for your forehead, this the rule—

A large-brow'd fool is twice a fool.

I happened once to know a huge-
 sconc'd individual called F * * *—

So tall his cranium, broad his brain-

pan, Gall and Combe had sworn 'tis plain

As Donovan's mouth he wore a mind

To influence and rule his kind :

The calvary deserved to bear a

2450 and ridicules
 even a phreno-
 logic sketch,

2460

Craniological tiara ;

But that within was vulgar, dense,
And hardly worth its weight in pence
For cat's-meat."

" Phrenologic sketch,
Being original, might catch
Some gudgeons," I put in——

" There, there ;

Sketch both your hams for all I care,
Or draw your coccyx os. Conceit
Is authorcraft's own mental meat,
And serves him from ancestral seat. 2470

inveighing
against the
frantic folly of
authors.

There's not a goose-quill of ye all,
From garret to baronial hall,
Young, old, plain, handsome, great or small,
That stands not forth the world before
For men to tremble and adore,
That for himself is slow to claim
To be the *crêmet* of the *crême*."

" Faith, you're a cynic all run rabid,
Ultra-Diogenes more crabbed
Than any stale virginity 2480
In robe of spotless dimity.
Perhaps you can still more complain
Of London life ?"

With might and main

He groaned aloud, e'en as might do
The Methodist that wants to show
Bottle and purse are very low,
And thus resumed : "What weighs me down
In this your God-forgotten town—
What nightly makes me wish I were
In muddy Thames or anywhere 2490
Else—is the horrid degradation
Of the Hetæra's incalcation.

Thereupon the
Stone breaks
into a philippic
against street-
walkers,

O what potato heels and toes !
How dread her stamp as on she goes,
Wolf-like, upon the human tracks,
Hurls horrid oaths and foul jests cracks
In ghastly mirth, as the Death's head
Grinning before Egyptian 'spread ;'
Wafting of gin th' infernal stench
Till e'en Cotytto's ghost would blench ; 2500
For ne'er, I ween, had met its eyes
Such ultra-Thracian mysteries !
By all the virtues Britons claim,
By all your sense of human shame,
Have you, I ask, no means to stop
The growth of such a poison crop—
To curb a scandal makes your name
Now and hereafter most infame ?
I hear it said, were you to cull
From every city every trull 2510
Of abominablest infamy,
And loose them here their chance to try,
No two of them could e'er excel
One of these candidates for hell.
Remain ye idle, careless mute,
While such foul scenes and sights pollute
Innocency's sanctuaries—
Your children's opening minds and eyes ;
Or fondly deem ye such things are
To them unknown, unheard of ? Far 2520
From this, I may with safety say,
Rare is the brat in present day
That learns not with his penny trumpet
The name and nature of a strumpet—
That can't, all sage, discriminate
Betwixt the verb to fornicate,

And with a just discrimen see
 The difference of adultery.
 'Tis said fruits prove the parent tree
 Or sound or else unsound to be. 2530
 To judge from spec'mens of your fruit,
 The tree must be a Upas shoot,
 Within whose ring of poison gloom
 Rank Sin and Death luxuriant bloom—
 Disease that leaves to far off time
 The dreadful legacy of crime ;
 That, on your children's guiltless heads,
 Vials of Heavenly vengeance sheds ;
 That saps your race's vigour, and
 Spreads like a plague o'er every land. 2540
 O falsest of false modesty !
 Pharisaic hypocrisy !
 These crying horrors to ignore,
 Nor stretch one hand to salve the
 sore !
 O silly shame, to you confined,
 Unto all vile unkindly kind,
 Britannia, wake, turn on the gas,
 And, with thy trident, to the ' Cas ;'
 Then wend thy melancholic way
 Adown the Market named of Hay, 2550
 Into the thick night-houses stray,
 And end them, like a good old soul,
 With Cider Cellar and Coal Hole."

whom Dr.
 Polyglott,
 Ph.D., defends
 on the usual
 grounds.

I thought awhile, and thus replied :
 " Let your immoral peoples hide
 Such scenes with cloak of privacy :
 We British-English like to see
 Them, as in evidence they show
 Our mental frame hath power to throw

Out on the surface its foul humours 2560
As healthy constitution's tumours."

"Man," said he, gruffly, "pray go try
On softer souls your sophistry ;
Let pamphleteering priest deceive,
Newspaper-spelling fool believe ;
Let all the Commons, all the Lords,
Lend amplest credit to such words :
Me one sage sentence fully suits,
'Good trees are they that bear good fruits.'

The Stone
replies fiercely
that "trees are
known by their
fruits,"

Your Knowledge-apple is a mess 2570
Of most infragant rottenness ;
And, for its core, I've mainly found
Inside and outside correspond.

When I see nought but simony,
Souls bought and sold for sly-money,
A mercantile affair their 'cure,'
I know such things can't long endure.
Your Churchmen, puffed with pomp and pride,
Claiming this world, the next beside,

and that the
Church's pride
alienates it from
its origin.

Recall me not the mighty dead, 2580
Whose humble state their tenets spread.
Not such th'old moralists that strove
By wordless works of love to prove
The faiths for which they lived and died,
In death by living glorified.

Whoe'er could boast two coats was told
One should be worn, the other sold.
How many coats, d'ye think, contains
Yon bishop's lackey's room ?—yet feigns
That bishop he to Paul succeeds. 2590

Where tall trees fall spring noxious weeds !
The marrow of the thing may be
Piety or impiety ;

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., declares
that the streets
are pure by
day.

The Stone
declares they
are not,

But, when I judge of works, my eyes
Th' outside, not th' inside, scrutinize."

"At any rate, our streets by day
Are pure enough, say what you may."

"Sir, if your streets are bad by night,
By day they are as vicious quite.

I speak not of the swell-mob crew 2600

In every lane that meet the view—

Pickpockets, flashmen, and garotters
That ruffle up and down your trottoirs.

Another deeper case I meant.

There's not a snob or Sunday gent
That 'sports' not some foul sentiment ;

Each shop-boy's a La Rochefoucault,

Each cabman deals in Attic salt ;

E'en the Boeotian drayman swears

Far-fetched oaths with witty airs. 2610

The bottle-washing boys that carry

Pills and draughts for apothecary

Instance how well *canaille* know

To ape their betters and to show

Their reading in Life's folio.

Your higher classes, as they term

Themselves, are quite as bad. I'm firm

In this my statement. As a sample,

The quoted may be deemed proof ample.

SENT. I.*

cites proofs,

"'A promise, like a pie-crust, 's meant 2620
For breaking, when convenient.'

* N.B.—Not borrowed from "The Dirty Little Snob,"
by Mr. Chas. Mackay, whose latest good news to us is "Rot,
poor old pen ! die, hapless bard !" —F. B.

SENT. II.

“‘Tell her the truth? You precious flat!
To woman lies are tit for tat.’

SENT. III.

“‘Society’s essence, I opine,
Is a good feed with better wine.
The feast of reason and the flow
Of soul, you know, ’s all “*rococo*.”’

SENT. IV.

“‘The real value of a friend
Is just what he will give or lend.’

SENT. V.

“‘My tailor’s waxing violent, 2630
And, when I venture to indent
On the governor, like Polar bear
The old put growls me deaf, I swear.
Hail Continent and misanthropy!
Demme, good sir, the desert for me!’

SENT. VI.

“‘I marry Sal; her brothers are
Ordered out to this Indian war—
Onē croaks with fever, t’other’s shot;
And so the coin’s my charmer’s lot.’

SENT. VII.

“‘Two things are sweet in polished life— 2640
A friend’s old wine and younger wife;
And two things mort’lly I detest—
An honest woman and a priest.’

SENT. VIII.

“Lord, man, you’d laugh your larynx hoarse
 To see him pick the spavin’d horse.
 He asked me if I’d sell the other ;
 “Gad, sir,” said I, “I’d sell my mother,
 But she’s so old there’s none would buy
 her.”
 “Ah, trot her out,” cried he ; “we’ll try her.””

SENT. IX.

“I’m not quite ass enough to cry 2650
 Because my elder brothers die.
 Three ’twixt me and the property ;
 Faith, they’ve no time to lose, say I.”

SENT. X.

“A precious dolt the chap must be
 That dies for, bah ! L. O. V. E. ;
 The which, transposed, upon my soul,
 Denote a nobler thing—“*La Volc.*””*

SENT. XI.

“I say, that precious Yahoo, Mister * * *,
 Wanted to fight about—his sister !”

SENT. XII.

“While I’ve a cooter in my purse 2660
 I’ll take no woman for better or
 worse ;
 Till turned of fifty, then, of course,
 Your wife’s a good and unpaid nurse.”

* At *Ecarté*, I presume.—F. B.

SENT. XIII.

“The old girl’s forty, but she’s money.
I’m two-and-twenty: ’twill be funny
To see me, as John Little said,
Lickerish in my grandam’s bed!’

SENT. XIV.

“When the old bird hops off the perch,
Then, Poll, my pet, we’ll go to church.
(*Aside*) She *is* uncommon mild— 2670
A girl *without* coin and *with* child.’

“Can I contain my wrath? why should
I do so even if I could? and waxes very
wrathful.
You Cains that walk the London streets,
Ye little ‘Devil’s-hypocrites’!
Lucifers of the shop and till!
Machiavels of the oven and mill!
Petroniuses and Talleyrands
Of livery stables and errands!
Gentlemen into ‘gent’ cut down! 2680
Small *bourgeoisie* to Borgias grown!
Are Reason, Sense, and Virtue flown
So far away ye dare not own
To an acquaintance with the name
Of Goodness without blush of shame?
Did ye act out each nauseous boast,
I’d think ye all a mission host
Sent by Sathanas’ ’hest to levy
Of volunteers an ardent bevy.
But, no! small things, I know ye
quake 2690
Privately at the lie ye spake

So bravely to your friends ; and why ?—
To prove your wit, your manhood ? Fie !

“ An hour ago I said, sir, we
Stones look towards futurity——”

“ Enjoy the ‘ is ; ’ no one e’er saw
The ‘ will be,’ or the ‘ was ’ re-saw ;
And, though some German swears the present
Is not, I say th’ idea’s pleasant.”

“ Your ‘ sentiment ’ ! your dainty bit 2700
Of quibbling, verbal grammar wit !
Your galimatias ! would you close
My mouth for ever ? ”

Fearing to lose
His latest words, rebuked, I sat
Listening.

The Stone
looks into
futurity ;

“ Futurity, I state,
When we shall come t’ our own again,
Again assert our ancient reign,
And sit upon the throne we once
So proudly held—the human sconce.
In days of yore we stones (and faggots) 2710
Were used to purge of Schism’s maggots
And Doubts the brains that dared to breed
Question of catechism or creed.
Still, it is said, in distant lands
We are strong weapons in the hands
Of priests, who, knowing well that *edo*
Is properest terminal of *credo*,
Are by their mundane interests led
T’ insinuate into human head
By stones what argument can’t teach. 2720

“ Europe, the recipe’s in thy reach—
Simple, yet sure. Thus it is : Bind
The unconvinced one’s hands behind ;

Then bring your mob, with stones and clods,
To vindicate insulted gods.

The light work done, smash in his skull,
And break his backbone with the full

Force of your argumental State

Machine for righting sceptic pate :

He'll feel its force, and, lest his fate

2730

Some softer soul commiserate,

Tell him that Allah the Raheem *

Made stones to smite lips that blaspheme

His name. If all this reason fail,

Him with the same strong proof assail.

“ But your wise folk in Europe now

Think the Creator strong enow

To settle his own quarrels—fear

To crop the Deist's nose or ear—

Are too enlightened, or too good,

2740

To shed the blatant Atheist's blood :

You cut him dead ; but, as his throat

Is safe, he careth not a goat.

“ And see, th' adulterer, he thrives

With you like cat with ninety lives :

In Jews' and Moslems' dispensation

We soon cut short his avocation.

There the amour detected led

Directly to a stone-cracked head ;

Your brighter souls prefer to see

2750

Him settled by some pert Q.C.—

Some Buz-fuz Bovell, Edwin James,

Or other talking thing that shames

The name of Themis. You would damage

His ' *bons* ' and not his bones ; you rummage

punishment of
adultery,

* One of the Moslems' names for the Supreme Being,
meaning “ The Merciful.”—F. B.

His chest and eke his case to find
 Food for enlightened Public's mind,
 Institute Probate and Divorce
 Courts to inflame the evil worse,
 Each fact least decent joy to trace, 2760
 And, with delicious detail, grace
 Tale of a 'charming crim. con. case.'
 Lotharios who have funds to pay
 At that same game here safely play.
 'Tis only paupers can't afford
 Part in their neighbour's bed and board.
 'Come, Fan, with me, and be my love,
 And we will o'er Ausonia rove,
 Where no stiff prude shall sneer and say
 Sweet Fan's a naughty *divorcée*.'" 2770
 "Stone, outrag'd Honour——"

"Good sir, ofttest

Inflicts the penalty the softest ;
 And, in such cases, very great is
 The chance of getting off clean gratis.
 For Honour, in her quiet way,
 Stifes the ugly *exposé* ;
 And few now fight, while fewer fall
 By pistols only wanting ball,
 Save youngest hands, who're sometimes found
 Wounded—in mind—upon the ground. 2780
 The herd will aye prefer relief
 For cornute pain, connubial grief,
 And broken heart and woe intense
 By bank-note plaster, salve of pence.
 The man who pockets his disgrace
 Never, methinks, should show his face
 Without his ticket, duly worn
 Suspended to his dexter horn.

(not damages),

Yet so 'tis not : Society
Treats him as well as you or me ; 2790
And, if he's rich, pray who'll refuse
Once more to let him pick and choose ?

“ Faith, sir, in Britain there's a price,
A tariff for each sin and vice
Not difficult to calculate,
Although the values fluctuate. impartial
Crime, also, hath its market rate, justice,
Though grown exorbitant of late.

It is a goodly sight to see
Astræa in nineteenth century, 2800

In robes of solemn black berigged,
With a huge horse-hair wig befigged,
Bagging poor Peter's Pence, and crying
' Ho ! Dispensations ! who's for buying ?'
But, when unmoneyed criminals steal,
Or forge, or kill, stern fingers feel
The edge of her avenging steel,
Which, were the culprit rich, would lie

In scabbard cased eternally,
And be to all, save common fellow, 2810
Nothing but 'leather and prunella.'
When ducal hands cut common throat——”

“ The duke must hang——”

“ Yes, sir, but note

The gap 'twixt fictions of the law
And facts not you or I e'er saw.
Dukes have an easy saving clause ;
Lawyer hath pouch—indictment flaws.
The grandee drives away on bail—
The pauper's carried straight to jail.
Soldier's habitual drunkenness 2820
Is a trimestrial excess ;

Among the captains met to try
 The private for debauchery,
 How many, if the truth they'd speak,
 Would own to 'freshness' once a week?"
 "Station and rank must be upheld,
 And wealth should make a man be bailed."

"The 'must' and 'should' I cannot see;
 It is your shame such things should be.

For, mark me, sir, in this fair land 2830
 No sin is hated, crime is banned,
 Like poverty: here to be poor
 Is to be vile. The wide world o'er
 'Tis a misfortune—here a worse
 Than any sublunary curse.

less avarice,

Rich Vice trips out in laced chemise,
 Poor Virtue shakes her cold-chapped knees;
 Chastity hath nor shoon nor hose,
 And Honour swabs a snivelling nose. [2840

And why? D'ye ask? Because you've sold
 Your souls for filthy Mammon's gold.

Long since from pest'lent Guinea's plains
 Came the 'vile yellow slave'* that reigns
 Supreme o'er England's coasts and chains
 Its thirty million sovereigns,

Of whom few souls would not adore
 The golden calf to 'bone' its ore.

'Tis only when it's lead you're strong
 In love of right, in hate of wrong.

You're very dotards in your lust 2850
 Of lucre, madmen in your trust
 To acre-might. Some South Sea scheme,

* From poor John Leyden's pathetic "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin."—F. B.

Some art of turning coin to steam,
Some project wild as drunkard's dream
Starts up each century, and drives
Britannia raving mad. So strives
The cunning maniac to conceal
His dread complaint. Would you reveal
The horrid malady, and goad
Into a fiend what seemed a load? 2860
With wizard wand of words that part
He hideth with his studied art.
But touch, and see his passions rise!
Mark all the demon in his eyes!
With you the latest wand appeared
In Engine shape; you forthwith reared,
Acteon-like, a bestial front,
With crowns of branching antlers on't.
What Dian, Circe, Moon, had might
To work such marvel? What fierce sprite, 2870
Tell me, what Hecate-taught hag
Thus metamorphosed man to stag,
Sending him forth in modern days,
Nebuchadnezzar-like, to graze
Where'er a Railway king might lead—
Like Schwein-König of comic Head*—
King Hudson, who could e'en permute,
As royal Lub,† mankind to brute!
Till, after brief but brilliant sway,
He sank t' a thing as low as they. 2880
The fit hath passed, yet still remains
Its traces burnt in many brains—

* See "Bubbles from the Brunness of Nassau," by Sir Francis Head, Bart.—F. B.

† A celebrated enchantress in the "Arabian Nights."—F. B.

To be expelled when Furies send
 Another and more frantic fiend ;
 And even now ye're hardly sane,
 But sad with unforgotten pain—
 Many a loser sick and sore
 With ruin's potent Hellebore ;
 While, in the few, fixed melancholy
 Hath ta'en the place of frantic folly. 2890
 Let me prescribe a cure which all
 Will join in owning radical—
 The real *Font de la Jouvence*,
 Which can bring back your better sense,
 The only dose for certain health—
 Namely, disgorging th' over wealth,
 Th' ungodly fill with which your claws
 Have crammed and rammed your ravening
 maws.

and disgorging
 over wealth.

Render, I say."

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., objects,
 and even
 threatens.

"Stone, Chartist 'chaff'
 Calls for the flail of Special's staff. 2900
 Like Quaker Bright, wouldst parcel out
 Our nobles' lands to rabble rout ?
 Wouldst, like the bagman Cobden, see all
 Perfections in one *beau idéal*—
 The dis-United States—and plan
 For John the fate of Jonathan,
 Manifest fate of Uncle Sam,
 Whom wiser men call Uncle Sham ?"

"Man, I've an honest petrification ;
 Little I feel for petty faction 2910
 Of patriots paid so much a day
 To march with flags and run away.
 And, what is more, I would not barter
 Bond Pennsylvanian for Big Charter,

Your liberalo-politic creed,
Calf-skin Tables of Runnymede—
To Lackland sense and wit baronial
Most creditable testimonial
(The which enables every stark ass
To have and hold his proper carcass, 2920
And eke demand a baker's dozen
Of jurymen the law to cozen,
The benefit of which appears
In Lion Range from negro peers).*
Of all the barons meeting there
How many read or wrote ? They were
Dext'rous at pulling nose with grace ;
Their mutton fists could mar a face
As well as mighty Mahmud's mace, †
And, with one buffet, breast-plate batter 2930
As flat as farmer's pewter platter ;
Their mighty draughts of beer and mead
Could flood the fields of Runnymede :
Strong men-at-arms, they had stiff seats
On steed, were proud of jousting feats—
Not as your 'silken barons' play,
With long cracked poles at mock tourney
(Like hodded cocks on soft green sward),
A tableau-vivant tilting-yard,
Passage of arms to scaramouch 2940
The dust of Ashby de la Zouche ; ‡
Not like Smith's knights, whose arms
adorn
The tournament of Smith's Cremorne,

Whereupon
the Stone
actually abuses
Magna Charta,

* Alluding, perhaps, to the quasi-infernal Sierra Leone.
—F. B.

† The conqueror of Somnauth.—F. B.

‡ For which see "Ivanhoe."—F. B.

Where the object of the fray appears
 Only t' avoid the shock of spears.
 Their lances, sir, were strong, were sharp,
 More than their wits : on this I harp,
 Because your age finds greater charms
 In their dull wisdom than their arms.
 To copy all they said—not did— 2950
 Sir, I would bid your people rid
 Themselves of all the ills they suffer,
 And not a patched-up armistice offer
 Upon such terms as cheaper bread
 Or votes at £5 5. a head.
 Ages to come mankind shall quote
 The Great Napoleon's Code : he wrote
 From dictate of superior sense,
 Not extracts from the impotence
 Which Pepin might have penned, or great 2960
 Carolus scratching scurfy pate.*
 Ye Chartist wormkins, pull up roots
 Of wrongs, and thus you'll kill the shoots ;
 But——”

and lapses into
 treasonable
 talk.

Dr. Polyglott,
 Ph.D., would
 restrain him,

“Stop !” cried I ; “hast lost thy reason ?
 Ruffian, thy words are rank high treason.
 I, tqo, a' ‘Special.’”

“Ass !” said he ;
 “Choose other subject ; what made ye
 Provoke me to it ?” I could hear
 Him muttering to himself—“A year
 Or ten, perhaps—trampled upon— 2970
 Starved—Lords and Commons, all dupe
 on !—

* “Charlemagne, being dull at his pen, was in the habit of looking to the ceiling for words and of scratching his head to urge his thoughts” (*Old Chronicle*).—F. B.

Pikes, bludgeons—William Tell, Jack Cade—
 Horseguards and Foot—a barricade—
 Sulphuric acid—Specials to pot—
 As fou, but not so brisk as Lot——”

The last allusion was too much
 For me t' endure. “Wretch!” cried I, “such
 Insinuations loudly call
 For treatment in Correction Hall.”

“You mean the station!”

[2980

“Yes, of course.” but cannot.

“Then will I tell you something worse.”

I sat as one spell-bound to see
 His grimy grin of vicious glee.
 “Stones, as I oft to you have said,
 Ere this have broken human head;
 And soon it may be ours again
 To test the strength of human brain.

“Behold our proper paradise—Paris.
 How gentle, gay, polite—how far is
 Our Paris from an insurrection?
 You'd say, ‘From this to Resurrection!’
 You're wrong. A dinner's countermanded.
 The weather's sultry; they've demanded
 Reasons: the only answer given
 Is something touching anti-Heaven.
 Two fellows hap to meet: one swears
C'est un peu fort; his friend declares
C'est infâme, that evil days
 Are on the *Français et Françaises*.
 A third man thinks it won't 'draw length' 3000
 Before Parisians show their strength.
 A fourth opines—if e'er, 'tis now—
 That brave men ought their strength to show,
 And counsels all ‘*poltrons*’ to go

The Stone
 looks forward
 to a London
 2990
 barricade
 match,

Somewhere. A fifth says present is
 The best of opportunities,
 And, being an ancient *militaire*,
 Offers to manage the affair ;
 While some old *chef* of barricades
 His tactics 'fore the crowd parades. 3010
 Sans further *parlez-vous*, they rush
 Into the next gun-shop, and push
 The owner out of house and hall
 To show the People's might—that's all—
 And kiss his daughter or his wife
 To give the thing a spice of life.
 This first step ta'en, they congregate,
 Dozens and scores, in frantic state.
 Not one has time to think or doubt,
 Or ask or see what he's about— 3020
 Boys bad as men, and women first
 Of plagues, as usual, and the worst.
 A sea of blood, o'er whose fierce tide
 Satan himself might gloat with pride,
 In one *quart d'heure*—tables, chairs,
 Beds, wardrobes, boxes, strips of stairs ;
 And we, sir, placed on planks in layers."
 ("Thank God, from Paris streets stone all's
 Gone !——"

“ Yes, but they've left it in the walls !)
 Proclaim *Messieurs* 'No thoroughfare.' 3030
 Now, armed by magic, some prepare
 Flanking defences from the windows ;
 Some dance, drink, sing, curse, try what din does
 T' excite their enemies to fight.
 Faith, 'tis a spirit-stirring sight !
 Clashes the tocsin, rolls the drum
 Loud notes above the savage hum,

Whose key-note is the *Sacré nom*
 'Allahu' * of Gallic Christendom ;
 Blares the loud trump, and woman's shriek 3040
 Inflames the brave and nerves the weak.
 Now all's still as the tomb : the mound
 One mounts, to hear the measured sound
 Of ironed hoofs and gaitered feet
 Slowly defiling up the street.
 No 'obus' ? *A merveille !* Clear
 These warriors know nought of war !

* * * * *

"A pause, a brief, long-seeming pause,
 Broken in time—a shot the cause,
 Th' effect an empty saddle. 'Vive 3050
La Charte !' † Now, patriots, give
 'Pepper' as well as tongue ! prepare
 Rifle and knife with anxious care !
 Climb the *banquette*—on t'other side
 Pour in a ceaseless fiery tide !
 A *feu d'enfer* that mows them down
 Like grass before the practised clown.
 Ye flankers, fire ! women, vitriol throw
 Upon the fated *troupe* below ! [3060
 Splash face and arms with gore ; 'twill show—
 Well—hero-like : *O qu'il est beau !*
 You die ? *Eh bien !* your friends will mourn,
 And give, perhaps, a plaster urn
 Where Paris plants her choicest bays—
 In pretty, trashy *Père la Chaise*.
 Your brother falls : a *rien !*—drive
 Your blade through slaves that run to live !

describing one
 at Paris.

* "Allah he !" (is Allah !) the Moslem war-cry.—F. B.

† Which, if memory serves me, was usually pronounced
 "La Chatte."—F. B.

They charge; *bah!* Let them near you; keep
 Your fire awhile. Now roll your heap
 Of stones from every window-sill! 3070
 Cold iron hurl, hot water spill!
 Fill your barrels, men, fill, re-fill!
 Taunt, howl, or else they'll bolt before
 You've tasted half enough of gore—
 Before your hero-boy or wife
 Gash e'en one throat with rusty knife!

* * * * *

Ah, what a pity! Shame, O shame!
 Those well-trained cocks show scanty game.
 They stand—they run! Let showers of
 stones,

Parting volleys of shots and groans, 3080
 Avenge the execrable crime
 Of trifling with your dinner-time.

“A pretty sight this seems to be,
 Succedaneous to th' *Agapæ*;
 You've admirably learn'd to smother
 Your charity to one another.

‘See how these Christians love’ *was* true;

‘See how they hate’ *is* true of you.”

“Ah, they are French——”

“Yes, sir, they are,

These Gallicans, a very mar- 3090
 tial member of the creed you can't
 But own to be most militant.
 Slavish Islam can boast but one
 Revolution, some ages gone
 (When slain their caliph hight Usman
 For meddling with their Alcoran).
 But, this in brackets, d'ye suppose
 That only France these passions knows!

No ; by my origin ! we stones
 Ere long shall dance on English bones, 3100
 Or *Citoyen Crapaud* despatch
 Some million brother-men to teach
 Stiff Lord *Jean Boule* grace to dance
 With Miss *Liberté*, fresh from France.
 Then some small hero Joinville
 Or Cavaignac the Second will,
 Under his huge mustachio, sneer
 ‘*En avant*, tugs ; to *gloire* ye steer!
 Go it, *mes braves* ! the landing’s clear—
 Thank God ! no coast-defences here, 3110
 March, *enfants* of *vin ordinaire*,
 Against the *bifteck* and the *bière* ;
 Advance, sour wine, against flat swipes—
Sans culotte versus cotton wipes.’”

The dreadful thought hard froze my tongue ;
 I sat in reverie deep and long.
 Then came another burst of glee,
 And, with a jerk, thus he : “ Sir, see,
 Paris is settled ; view a scene
 Methinks may more incite your spleen. 3120

“ Behold yon lovely land outspread
 Like emeralds strewn on sapphire bed ;
 Its bound the narrow waving band
 Of silvery cliff and golden sand :
 That lovely region decked and drest
 In bounteous Nature’s brightest, best ;
 The land where Zephyr loves to roam
 Thro’ flowery hort and fruity grove,
 Where Phœbus sheds his latest ray
 As loth to leave a scene so gay. 3130
 Is’t not an earthly paradise ?”

He viciously
 enables Dr.
 Polyglott,
 Ph.D., to
 Cumming-ize
 the Crimea.

“ Now sit up, fellow ; use your eyes,

And look and mark, with wondering stare,
The pretty scene that's passing there."*

In truth, his leer had mesmerized me :
My sudden power of sight surprised me.

"Mind ye yon city shining fair
In the translucent morning air ;
Whose skirts descend on either side
To th' edges of the subject tide,
Upon whose heaving bosom ride
Three navies, each a nation's pride.
The sea's blue depths that seem to lave
The buildings based upon the wave ;
The land's green length, where objects all
Into a picture seem to fall ;
Whilst, round about, o'er land and deep
Eternal quiet seems to sleep.

3140

Is't not too fair for ye to gaze
Upon except on holidays ?

3150

"A curious contrast, now you see
Two hosts contend for victory—
This stretching o'er the distant hills,
Whilst that the goodly city fills.
They meet as lines of pismires—fall
By thousands 'fore a battered wall ;
Whilst trumpet bray and cannon roar
Are answered by the groaning shore,
And puffs of fetid smoke soar high,
Staining the amethystine sky ;
And, swifter than the fiery leven,
Man's guardian angel speeds to heaven,
While tortured shriek and dying yell
Are borne on demons' wings to hell.

3160

* Verily this beats Mother Shipton and Rob. Nixon and
Dr. Cumming—Prophets or Prophetasters.—F. B.

" The line divides ; the right half, which is The French
 Conspicuous for madder breeches, Malakoff-
 Presses like flock of hunted sheep victory ;
 Towards yon town so grim and steep :
 O'er ditch and stream and crest and wall
 They jump and swarm, they rise and fall, 3170
 With *vives* and '*crés* and cheers and cries
 Like thunderings in autumnal skies ;
 A few defenders, brave in vain,
 Slashed, stifled, stabbed, and shot, are slain,
 Till every foot of ground is mud
 With tears and brains and bones and blood,
 Yet, 'faith, it is a grim delight
 To see the little devils fight.
 They turn the guns against the town,
 Batter each strongest bulwark down. 3180
 Charge, *grédins*, charge ! On, *crétins*, on !
 Sevastopol is lost and won.

" Now mark the line sinister that's and the English
 In red coatees and Albert hats— Redan-defeat.
 That host of sickly, war-worn men
 Despatched against yon iron den
 By chief who, seated far—too far !—
 Through his specs darkly views the war,
 Hidden behind a hilly rise
 Where wicked bullet never flies ; 3190
 And round about the ' brilliant staff'
 All have their silly *mot* and laugh—
 The delicate diminutives !—
 About men's perilled limbs and lives,
 Without reserves, supports, or aught
 (The idler red-coat host hath sought
 Each man a place to view the fray)
 That slender column works its way.

"Now neared the trench! a thrilling
 shout!
 All tumble in and scramble out, 3200
 And, spite of bayonet and ball,
 They jumble o'er the earthen wall.
 Another charge and all is won—
 Already the defenders run.
 What means this check? Why halt they here,
 Stricken by sudden panic fear?
 Why slink these warriors aside
 Their ostrich heads from death to hide?
 Have Britons learned to hark-away
 And live to fight another day? 3210
 In vain their captains, stark and brave,
 Push, urge, and scold, smite, curse, and rave;
 They will not face that fiery flood
 That sweeps them back in brother-blood.
 Advance, supports, reserves, and save
 Your honour from a craven's grave,
 And win and wear the glorious
 Bronze Cross yclept Victorious!
 Supports, reserves—ah, where are they?
 Dispersed like wanton boys at play! 3220
 Where's the great Chief-Commander—where?
 Lurking in honourable lair?
 Arise, Sir James! arise and see
 The fate of England's chivalry!

* * * * *

The Stone explains what will cause these "Cumming" things,

"The cause of this I'll now describe:
 'Tis meet to move a cynic's gibe.
 Far in the north, where suns are cold,
 Where ice is water, snow is mould,
 Dwelt in those dreary lands a 'Ba'ar,'
 Horrid of mien, of hunger rare, 3230

Wont by his roar to spread a fear
'Mid minor brutelets far and near.
One day he formed the fell design
Upon a neighbouring bird to dine ;
But Cock and Bull cried, ' Bear, forbear ;
That bird to all our peace is dear :
Sometime he must be some one's prey,
But now let Turkey 'joy his day.'
For all reply they hear a growl
And certain innuendos foul, 3240
Proceeding from a host of Bears
That into Turkey's messuage tears,
And inopine converts a brood
Of likely poults to lawless food.
The bird, tho' somewhat stiff with age,
Ruffles his plume with noble rage,
And flies with's softy beak and claw
At the vile breaker of the law,
Till tetchy Cock-a-doodle and
The Bull, who e'er must have a hand 3250
In every pie of rich inside,
Rescue and comfort have supplied.
(They summon even the Sardine,
Done in Cassiteridean tin.)
Ensues a pretty scrimmage, till
The Bear of baiting hath his fill.
With grimly grins and groans of pain,
He wends, head backwards, to his den,
Which nature, art, and toil immense
Had made a marvel of defence. 3260
The Turkey, by his luck 'scaped gobbling,
Waddles to glory proudly wobbling ;
And Cock, with all his little *poules*,
And Bull, with all his junior Bulls,

Hasten to waste, in Justice' name,
 Beargarden Lodge with steel and flame.

“ But one Spread-Eagle, ‘ Death-in-Life,’
 Aideth the Bear in's mortal strife,
 And by his wily art lays low
 Some twenty thousand of the foe. 3270

Comes the beginning of the end
 E'en ‘ Death-in-Life ’ may not defend :
 He warns the Bears, who, waxing savage,
 Their den beloved spoil, tear, and ravage,
 And then depart in surly pride
 Unto their stronghold's other side ;
 Where, sitting safe, they take a sight
 At Cock and Bull's behungered plight,
 Who sit at meat with saddened mien
 'Fore potted cat and coffee green. 3280

“ But soon the Bull and Cockadoodle
 Resolved that both had played the noodle,
 And daily, as at meat they sat,
 'Fore coffee green and potted cat,
 They yearned to think on brats and wives,
 How hastily they'd sold their lives,
 Adorned a tale, pointed a moral
 By meddling in another's quarrel ;
 For which unauthorized interpose
 Both oft had wiped cruorish nose. 3290

This done, they both devised manœuvre
 To make the evil time run over ;
 And, having tried once more again
 A mastery o'er the Bear to gain,
 They packed the Turkey and his brood
 Back to his home of painted wood,
 And winked while Bruin in his rage
 Tore down a corner of the cage.

This deed politic duly done,
As all had lost, and none had won, 3300
As none could buck or boast that he
Had gained superiority,
They all decreed fierce war to cease
And hail return of smiling peace,
To love once more with heart and soul
And drown their difference in the bowl.
Soon said, quick done ; they drank, and then
Each warrior sought his distant den,
While Bruin whispered, ' Heartkins, mum,
' We'll bide our time ; 'twill surely come.' 3310

"A hundred thousand men and more
Stained the Crimean soil with gore ;
A hundred thousand souls had died
To gratify two despots' pride.
Ah, man ! it is a treat to see
Thy human inhumanity."

He ceased, and rang within mine ear
His words significantly drear ;
And, while I tried to seek relief
From vision of our national grief, 3320
Out broke, in sad and wailing tone
And doleful dumps, the following moan :

MOAN.

"Mourn, Britain, mourn the sad decay
Of honour in thine elder day.
The children of thy younger age,
That race so brave, if not so sage,
Ah, where are they ?
Those knights so *débonnaire* and gay,
So fiery in the fight and fray,

and means
over modern
English de-
generacy.

That never knew the word of fear, 3330
 Brought up from milk on beef and beer,

Ah, where are they ?

Like other things, they've passed away,
 And for their spirits churchmen pray ;
 Their sword-blades stain the walls with rust,
 Their war-steeds, like themselves, are dust :

Ah, gone are they.

A poor and puny race to-day
 In vain to take their place essay—

A dwarf'd, degenerate progeny, 3340

Reared on dry toast and twice-drunk tea :

Ah, sad decay !

He then enters
 upon the case
 of Poland,

“ Ah, sad decay ! see Bruin once more
 Rageth far fiercer than before.

As Turkeys may not gorge his maw,

On Poles he plants his heavy paw ;

He rules their realm by fines and fetters ;

He robs their brats, and eke their letters ;

He drives their youth to swell his host ;

He racks their rents, t' uphold his boast 3350

Of being th' incarnate principle

Of rule ye call despotical ;

And, when they offer to object,

Their lives and fortunes rack'd and wreck'd,

He fills their towns with venal spies ;

T' hunt down each nobler soul he tries,

Most rigorous martial law proclaims,

Be-knouts their men, be-rates their dames,

Sending them forth, a dreary way,

To Tobolsk, in Siberia ; 3360

Fines, harries, bans, and confiscates

The friends of Freedom, whom he hates

With all the wrath of tyrant ire,
As squire loathes poacher, poacher squire.

“Ye Whigs, ye Liberals, that be
Infleshed Illiberality,

and abuses the
so-called
Liberals,

That e'en to use the Liberal name
Should flush your cheeks with blush of shame,
What did ye when the generous cry
Of Christendom was heard on high ?

337°

“Of course the Jack of Britain sees
The Euxine and the Baltic seas—
Not led by men from whom the go
Hath gone some score of years ago,
Not boasting knight of Netherby
In place where *he* should never be,
Nor John de Bedford (name of fear !),
Nor Pecksniff Glad. to Grundy dear,
Nor wanting bomb-ketch, light craft—all,
In fact, that was effectual—

338°

Not with a broadside of popgun,
But cupolas, by Coles begun ;
Not manned by tailor, potboy, clown—
Refuse of bog, and eke of town ;
But, from the first to last, complete,
As Britain pays to fight her fleet.

“Ah, no ! So powerful, so grand
The lecturing of this freeborn land,
What erring ruler dare gainsay
Nor see the folly of his way ?
Blate, Britain ! blate, till Russia, all
Penitent—constitutional—

339°

From Poland's limbs shall strike the chain,
'Peccavi' cry with might and main,
And rush to learn the A B C
Of ten-pun vote and liberty.

"Sarah"
especially.

"Yes, look ye! 'Sarah'* grips^R the pen
And Europe 'gins to sneer again—
Sneer with a concentrated spite
To see the Briton Britain blight. 3400
No Solon he to talk or think,
But 'peart' at goosequill stained with ink.
And what writes he ?

Some wretched trash,
Grotius and Bible all in hash,
With stern dictate and feint of threat
And league for armed coercion met—
Three allied powers' (all the scoff
Of single-handed Gortschakoff)
Vapid outcries and maunder'd pleading
For the poor land whose corpse lies
bleeding, 3410

All ending with the *arrière-goût*
'Go in and win : who'll fight for you ?'
"Then th' all unreasonable Tartar,
Though caught, will not be daunted,
laughter
And equal scribbling art opposing
To all the foeman thinks most posing ;
And, daunting all with fell-fanged grin,
He hugs his victim tighter in,
While Dogberry, hast'ning tail to show,
Takes note of him and lets him go†— 3420
Like bully Pistol, e'en must seek
A private *coigne* to eat his leek.

* Surely the irreverend wretch of a Stone cannot allude to the motto of the ducal family of — ?—F. B.

† I cannot pass over this misquotation. In the original Dogberry says, "Take no note of him, but let him go."
—F. B.

“ Behold a brother-nation stand
 Embattled on its mother-land—
 This half for empire fights, the other,
 That won't call Sambo man and brother,
 For Freedom strikes : the twain appeal
 To the old parent, who should feel
 Bowels of pity yearn to see
 The fury of his progeny.

He waxes
 pathetic about
 the dis-United
 States war,

343°

A word in time had stayed the flood
 That drenched the land in tears and blood.

'Tis money-loving cowardice,
 'Tis slavish silence to be nice

When men's lives in the balance sway :
 Outspeak it, men, come what come may.
 But no ! we wait what France may say.

France, being troubled with a throe
 Abortive, called a Mexico,

For once sits deeply, deadly dumb ;

344°

So mumbles Bull with toothless gum,
 'Oyez ! ye great Confederates,

And Oyez ! ye great Federal States :

Great are ye both ! Considering this,
 Considering that, and all that is

To be considered, I'm content

To call ye both belligerent,

To keep a strict neutrality,

Which means look out for self, ye see.

Bella debella belle ! Belly

345°

Will make ye soon knock off, I tell ye ;

Meanwhile, fight on till all is red,

And grind your bones to make my bread.'

“ Turn t'other way : see yonder Dane,

His realm invaded, cities ta'en,

His people plundered, soldiers slain

By those twin gaunt and grisly forms
 That daunt the steed in Russian storms.
 Weary of wrangle in their lairs
 O'er the dry bones of State affairs, 3460
 Fearing a general mutiny
 In the whole horde both far and nigh,
 Luck-burgh and High-toll (such their
 names)
 Set forth to see the world in flames—
 Bravely pick out the smallest prey
 And crack his crown.

And where are they
 That should defend?—the ' Cabinet
 Of all the Talents'—Premier Threat,
 Secundus Sneer, and Grundy Glad.,
 Inevitable Stick?*

'Tis sad! 3470
 Again they all sit down to write,
 When other men would stand and fight.
 They fire off—Armstrongs? Whitworths?—
 No!

But protocol and plenipo!
 Pushed to the last, they dare propose
 Of Conference the normal dose;
 And now behold how all this ends—
 The Lord defend me from my friends!

* * * * *

and ends with
 general abuse
 of John Bull.

Certes, the last half-century
 Hath sent us queerish things to see. 3480
 When the great Uncle's subtle Nephew
 Delivered Europe—rose to save you

* Can he mean the great No-shire statesman with whom
 Dr. Polyglott dined?—F. B.

From Cossack and Republican—
 Who mostly thwarted's every plan ?
 Grundy and Stiggins! Thou and Thou !!
 That was a glorious pow-wow !*
 What tricks ye played in Church and State !
 What jinks ye flung infuriate !
 Court, pulpit, press, and public, all
 Lunatico-maniacal :

3490

Such mania as say'th th' old tradition
 The gods make courier to perdition.
 And thus Napoleon rose. Abuse
 First taught fair France her scion's use :
 'See, *l'Anglais* hates him !—why ? 'tis
 clear

The Stone
 shows that
 England made
 Nap. III.

No more Napoleons wanted here :
Le petit homme is Heaven sent,
 And he shall sit our President !'

"I' sooth, it was a contrast—You
Versus the man of 'Fifty-two,
 And You kow-towing all before
 To self-same man of 'Fifty-four.
 'Tis true *that* was a candidate,
 And *this* had won imperial state ;
 Whilst your rank-worship casts you prone
 All the world o'er before a throne,
 And from all 'Things of Pagod sway,'
 With brazen Front and feet of Clay,
 Turning with mien sufficient bold,
 You lowly buss the toe of gold.

3500

3510

"Thus rose Napoleon III. : again
 Imperialism took the rein.

* A council amongst the savage aborigines of North America.—F. B.

Poor Johnny Bull down louted low
 'Fore Gallic cockrel's clarion crow,
 And warned his female sharp to put her
 Alarm-bells up at every shutter,
 Whilst he went forth to guard his store
 Of steel-traps and spring-guns galore.
 'Who knows,' cries he, 'what treachery †
 That "beasty bird" may cunning be. 3520
L'Empire c'est la paix: a word
 For Peace may substitute the Sword.
 While fields are pocked with armed heel,
 While ports are stocked with iron keel,
 While Cherbourg, bold as Spurgeon, shows
 To general Europe upturned nose,*
 Who knows what is the fellow's plan
 Against a "Merchant and a Man" †
 My constitution's strong and free
 When not assailed by enemy; 3530
 But man, when danger groweth near,
 Must think of all that man holds dear,
 Prize wife and children, friends, renown,
 Protestantism, Peerage, Crown.
 Bide we our time—he'll go his way;
 I'll run, to fight another day.'
 And so the rude and rampant roar,
 Erst wont to echo Europe o'er,
 Subsided to the piteous whine
 Of second childhood genuine, 3540

* It is wrong thus to allude to that reverend gentleman; but the friends of Mr. S— surely ought not to have left him standing, in the shape of a plaster-of-Paris bust, in the Crystal Palace, looking, with cock-nose and snarling lip, at those high-bred gentlemen Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin as if he were a potboy offering to fight either of them for a pint o' porter.—J. B.

And all the beasts of field and fell
Cried 'Farewell, Johnny Bull! Farewell!'

"But Bull of Bull-lings had a brood
Full fierce of fight and full of blood,
Sturdy young louts who more than once
To odds had dealt a broken sconce.
They ranked themselves in troop and
squad,

And learned to stand and eke to prod,
To turn, to wheel about, and show
A 'fended front to every foe :

355°

Their Bull's Run e'er was t'other way ;
And some had nearly died (they say)
For want of enemy to slay.

"When Bull-lings heard their sire's decree,
T' ignobly guard his property,
They made a mighty 'many' and
Thus unto him preferred demand :

" 'Thee, great Papa, we praise,' they said,
'Yet wherefore hide that dear old head ?

If weight of hours and honours press thee, 356°

If stricture, rheum, gout, stone, oppress thee,

O take thy rest ! Speak thou the word,

And we go forth a ready herd,

To sweep from off our pasture's face

Of hostile animals every trace—

Cocks, Eagles with Two Heads or One,

Dragons and Bears, Lions and Sun.

Right soon the beasts obscure shall see

The British Beef's supremacy.

We'll dip the world in English ale,

357°

Make Kickshaw and Beaujolais pale,

And send to Vaterland undear

Sausage, Sauer-kraut, and Lagerbier,

The Bull-lings
are made to
fall foul of Mr.
Bull, their sire,

Bellow the word !'

But Bull was old,
And Bull was stupid ; Bull was cold ;
Bull, like a certain widow, 'd seen
Far better times than these, I ween.

“ ‘My sons,’ he gently 'gan to low,
' We all must reap the thing we sow.
I planted storms in my hot youth, . 3580
And now I gather cyclones. 'Sooth
To say, my sin hath found me out.'

“ ‘Papa ! no cant !'

' Hush, rebel rout,

Time was when to Borussia none
Without my leave could bang a gun,
Civis Romanus sum could save
The veriest miscreant from the grave,
And a roast Protestant set fire,
Like Helen's rape, t' a whole empire.

'Twas then three mighty specs I made, 3590
And threw all peoples in the shade :
I shipped old Afric's West Coast clean
Of negro and of niggerine—

Five hundred million guineas there
Were brought me by my negro ware ;
Next India came below my heel,
And voided gold 'neath fire and steel,
Till I could hardly stir a foot
For weight of land and blood and
loot ;

And, lastly, cotton made me roll 3600
In gold and notes, until my soul
Is made of money——'

about his fleet,

' But, Pa, your fleet ?——'

' My little dears, is tight and neat ;

Wanting, 'tis true, officers, men,
 And the right gun : but still, what then ?
 Each Bull is fit, you know, ye dogs,
 To meet and eat a dozen Frogs.
 Hip! hip! hurrah !'

'But, Pa, your army ?——' army,

" 'Let not that nauseous theme alarm ye.

'Tis, somehow, hard to raise recruits, 3610
 Who cry for rank and pay (the brutes !),
 And yet I beat, on Belgian plain,
 The Frenchman, and will do 't again ;
 At Alma we were not behind ;*
 In India all went well, I find.
 Hip! hip! hurrah !'

'Your colonies ?——'

and colonies.

" 'Oh, let them slide : Ionians go

To Athens or to Jericho ;
 Thou Caffre-fighting Cape, aroynt ;
 Maori-slaying Zealand, avaunt ; 3620
 African pest-house, gang your gait ;
 Take Canada you, Fourth Estate !
 And, e'en if India parts, you'll find
 I've left her nothing but the rind.'
 The Bull-lings blushed, each shook his head—
 'No luck till poor Papa is dead.'
 And Europe scoffs at English Moll,
 From rising Sun to setting Sol.

* * * * *

Alas and oh ! oh and alas !
 How *Tempora* and *Mores* pass !
 Time was—but now once more the doom
 Striketh me silent as the tomb ;

3630 The Stone re-opens his Lament *ab initio*,

* Kinglake says English won Alma, Todleben says French.
 Who can hesitate which to believe ?—F. B.

when Fate
dumbs him.

His last words
are, "I'll go to
Germany."

Dr. Polyglott,
Ph.D., who
can stand it no
more,

complains
to the Police,

A cold clutch grips my heart around,
My ear grows deaf, my tongue is bound——

"Place me on Shakespeare's sandstone Cliff,
Where nought save donkey-boys and I
Can hear our mutual groan and sniff;
Thence, swan-like, let me take a fly:
A Land of Slaves shall ne'er be mine—
I'll wend me somewhere on the Rhine." 3640

I could no more. "Police! Po-li-ce!"
I shouted. "Ruffian, in a trice
The station-house shall hold your tongue,
And Johnny Bull shall see you hung,
Meagher'd, Bedlam'd, or sent to try an-
other attempt with Rex O'Brien;
Where, in thought, and thought only, you
Are Fingal's rock—he Brian Boru." *
And off I ran full hard, while he
Giggled a sneering "Hi! hi! hi!" 3650
And, looking round, methought a dead-
light played above his pestilent head,
Which made me faster run from th' evil—
Perhaps Ram Mohun was the Devil.

I gazed around. Day slothful broke
Through hanging veils of coaly smoke;
Rose in her russet cloak the Dawn,
As if her silks were out of pawn;
And every sparrow seem'd to say,
"Drat it! another rainy day!" 3660
Th' inspector heard my hurried tale,
And threatened me with fine or jail
For hoaxing the detective force.
Seeing the matter might be worse,

* Brian the Brave, king of Munster, killed at Clontarf
A. D. 1014.—F. B.

Back I returned to mark the place
Where lay that pagan Stone, in case
A future reference were required. is laughed at,
I searched all round about, till tired and
Of scrutinizing every stone
Except the one my thoughts were on. 3670
Yet there, I'm certain, stood the house
Of the old wife and junior spouse ;*
Here lived Miss B., and there Miss A. :
'Twas vain ; I sighed, and went away
To bed—sober. goes to bed
sober.

* Omitted in page 75.—F. B.

THE END.