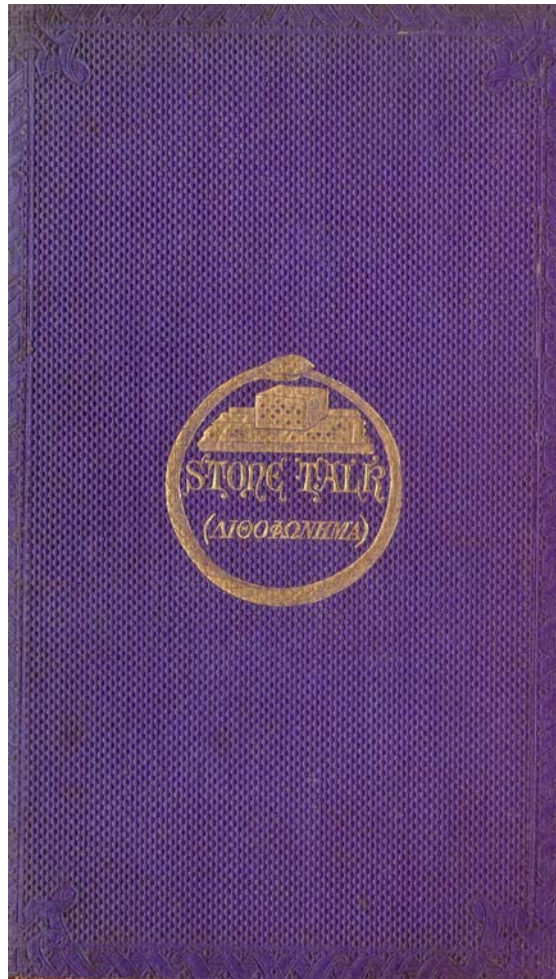


# STONE TALK

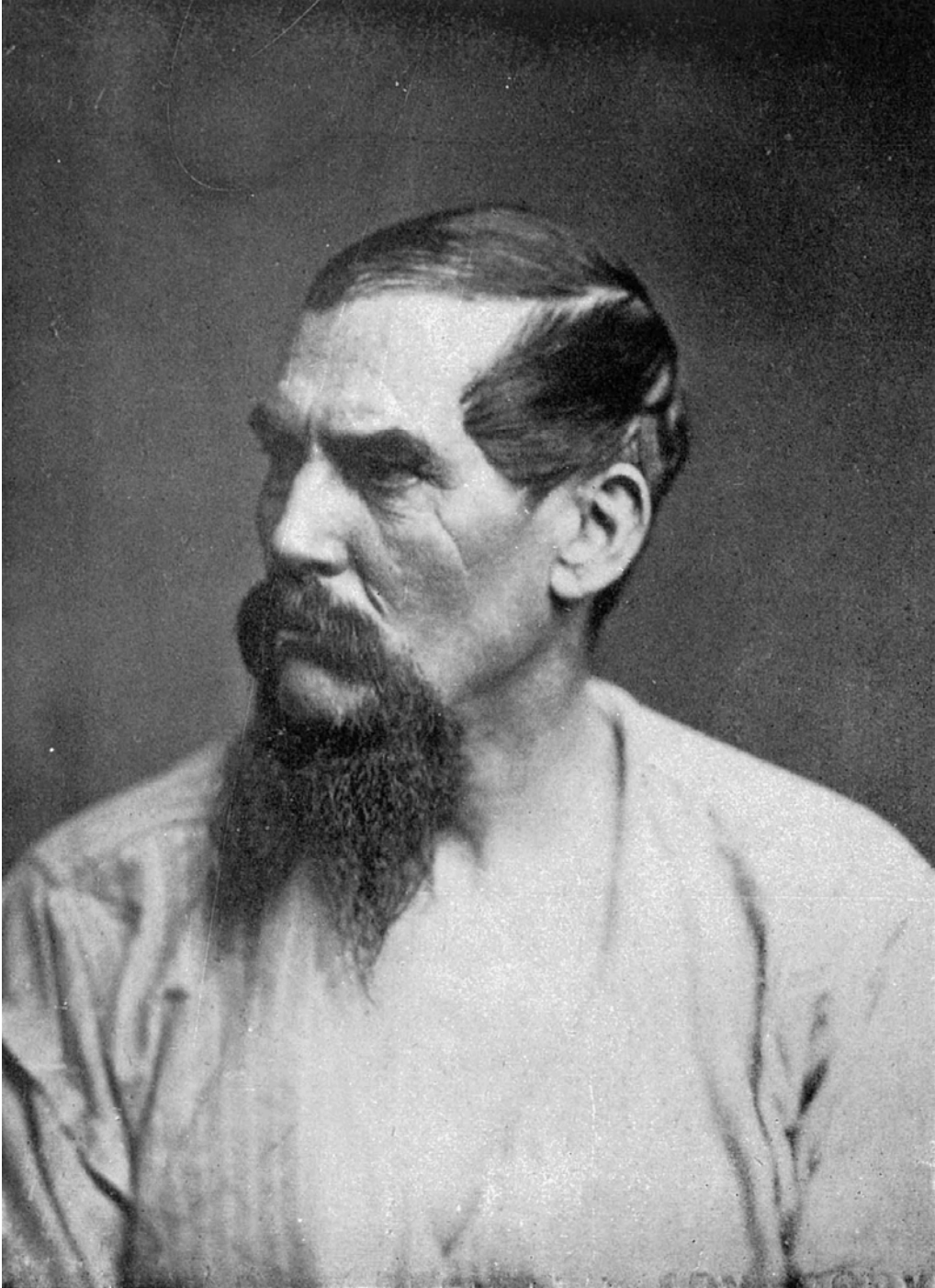
by  
Richard Francis Burton



The complete 1865 edition,  
with a new introduction.

[burtoniana.org](http://burtoniana.org)  
2007





Richard Francis Burton  
1821 – 1890.



## Introduction.<sup>1</sup>

When *Stone Talk* was published, early in 1865, Richard Burton's career was moribund. "Brought under the reduction" from the army in 1861, after ten years of more or less continuous exploration leave, pension-less at forty and disappointed in his search for the Nile, he had taken up a consulship in West Africa at Fernando Po; a graveyard of the civil service, but all he could get. He had left his new wife Isabel behind in London to plead his cause at the Foreign Office, while he devoted himself, energetically but diffusely, to a succession of hold-all travel narratives derived from a regime of explorations and excursions of his own making, which stretched his putative jurisdiction right down the West Coast of Africa to Angola, and left little time for the official idea of a consul.

His Nile rival John Hanning Speke had returned to the east coast of Africa in 1860 to search for Nile glory, returning claiming triumph in 1863, only to die in an absurd hunting accident in England a year later. Speke had died still deeply embroiled in a public dispute with Burton over the true sources of the Nile, which Burton maintained for another twenty years to be Lake Tanganyika, and not Speke's Lake Victoria.

In London, the dedicated champion of all things Burton, Isabel, aggressively badgered and tearfully implored officialdom to rescue her perennially absent husband's career. Her society connections finally got Burton a new consular post at Santos in Brazil, in early 1865. While en-route to Santos, he was forced to return to London from Portugal, to defend himself from accusations of fraud (he had overseen the sale of a ship at Sierra Leone, and it had been bought at a nominal price by a front company run by a friend of his; he was later forced to accept a dock on his salary to repay the disputed money).

This was the turbulent context in which *Stone Talk* was composed, most probably in West Africa, since Isabel was unaware of the work until after it was published. But even the most ardent Burton devotee would be hard pressed to describe *Stone Talk* as great poetry: it is mostly doggerel, with good lines here and there. Burton's literary reputation is built entirely on his other works, especially his early volumes of travel, and his notoriously explicit translation of the *Arabian Nights*. *Stone Talk* is best read as obfuscated autobiography, for its reflections of Burton's highly idiosyncratic concerns; it is interesting now for its insights into Burton himself.

Burton apparently thought of himself as a "dual man", a popular idea of the mid-Victorian era (and the theme of Dostoevsky's classic satire *The Double*). This is cast in *Stone Talk* as a less-than-sober dialogue between "Dr. Polyglott, Ph.D." and a paving stone which "vocabulates in human tones". Though the

---

<sup>1</sup> Colour page images of *Stone Talk* were kindly provided by Richard Leveson.

sardonic stone often has the better of Dr. Polyglott, it won't do to identify Burton with the vocabulating stone, since the stone is often made to look shrill and ridiculous, continually overstretching the point. Burton is both in part and neither in full, hence a dual man.

*Stone Talk* has been hard to find ever since it was first published. Burton, who wrote it under the pseudonym Frank Baker, only had 200 copies printed. The majority of these (128) were for distribution to his friends and the press, and most of the remainder were soon bought back by his wife Isabel and destroyed, ostensibly because she thought the book might damage his career:

‘Richard at this time wrote, secretly, a little “squib” of one hundred and twenty one pages, called “Stone Talk,”... . He kept it quite secret from me, and one day brought it out of his pocket on a railway journey, as if he had bought it from a stall, and gave it to me to read. I was delighted with it, kept reading him out passages from it, with peals of laughter. Fortunately we were alone, and I kept saying to him, “Jemmy, I wish you would not go about talking as you do; I am sure this man has been associating with you at the club, picked up all your ideas and written this book, and won't he just catch it!” At last, after going on like that for a considerable time, the amused expression of his face flashed an idea into my brain, and I said, “You wrote it yourself, Jemmy, and nobody else;” and he said, “I did.” When I showed it to Lord Houghton, he told me that he was afraid that it would do Richard a great deal of harm with the “powers that were.” And advised me to buy them up, which I did. He took the nom de plume of “Frank Baker” from his second name Francis and his mother's name Baker.’<sup>2</sup>

Was Isabel really motivated by advice from that great facilitator Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), or did she take exception to the content herself, to its strident atheism, and its hostility to marriage? They had only been married just under five years. This was then the first of Isabel's book-burning and suppression acts, for which she became notorious after her husband's death. Though she implies that Burton knew about her attempts to recall the book, we have no other reason to believe this. Since he annotated his copy with corrections for a second edition, it seems unlikely. It is possible, though, that he found out later, since his “Zoo” apparently confessed all her secrets when hypnotized by him.<sup>3</sup>

*Stone Talk* is dedicated to James Hain Friswell (1825-78), an essayist, novelist and journalist, who was a friend of the Burtons at the time. William Tinsley, who published most of Burton's travel writings, described Friswell as “poor, harmless, and as a rule well-meaning”.<sup>4</sup> Friswell's daughter Laura met the Burtons in the family home, and later gave some interesting impressions of them in her biography of her father:

---

<sup>2</sup> Isabel Burton, *Life* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1893), pp. 392-3. ‘Jemmy’ was Isabel's pet name for Burton, “for some reason which I cannot explain.”

<sup>3</sup> From “Zooelectricity”, an archaic term for animal magnetism, i.e. hypnosis; ‘Zoo’ was Burton's pet name for Isabel.

<sup>4</sup> Tinsley, *Random Recollections of an Old Publisher* (London: Simkin, 1900) Vol. 1: 158.

‘Captain and Mrs. Burton became familiar figures in our house. I can remember her, a tall, beautiful woman, my childish ideal of a princess. In fact, she and one other lady (Mrs. Edmunds, the wife of Dr. Edmunds) figured in all the fairy tales I read, as beautiful queens or princesses. But I was rather alarmed at Captain Burton: to my childish fancy he was fierce of aspect; with that sabre cut across his face,<sup>5</sup> he looked to me like a bold buccaneer; but he was away, and so I did not see much of him. That my princess was not happy was as it should be; and that there was a prince somewhere called "dear Richard," about whom she continually talked to my father and mother, and who was persecuted and oppressed, was in the natural course of things. But I was puzzled to identify him, and I was worked up into a silent rage with "government," not that I understood in the least what "government" had done.’

In her autobiography, Laura recalled Burton more specifically, in striking terms:

‘His loud voice, and rather sneering manner, as though he believed in nothing in heaven or earth, and above all the long sabre cut across his face, made him look so fierce that he might well strike terror into the heart of a small girl. My mother says he was fond of talking about spiritualism, and of saying he believed in some of the wonderful stories he told on that subject; but he said so in such a cynical manner she never believed him; he was also fond of telling the most vivid, wonderful, and often horrible stories, which she put down as travellers' tales. Of the Indian snake charmers, and conjurors, he had endless tales, one being that "he had seen them call down fire from heaven." He laughed at all religions, and to such an extent that my mother would never allow any discussion on the subject when he came.’<sup>6</sup>

The Burtons tended to produce unambiguous reactions, leading to bitter enemies or devoted followers. Hain Friswell was more than just an admirer, he appears to have defended Burton from criticism in the press, after the sympathetic treatment by Burton of Mormon polygamy in *City of The Saints*, repeated later in his books on West Africa. This put Friswell in a difficult position, but the forceful Isabel seems to have prevailed over his better judgment. Laura Friswell reproduced one of Isabel's pleas for help:<sup>7</sup>

"I enclose you some papers that have been sent here by friends of my husband, and very grateful I am for such warm friends; perhaps you are one of them, I am sure you are. Read A. It is a very bad case and true, but we are dependent on the government, and at the present moment it would be injudicious to vex it, and bad taste in me to wish it. Throw aside A., and read B. All therein is true, and no more praise than he deserves, and no offence to government. Look at the reviewers. They are making a complete 'Aunt Sally' of the poor fellow, and he is in Africa, and can't stand up for himself; you will say he deserves it for his polygamy opinions. There is a man who has married one wife, who is a domestic man at home and a homesick man when away. I want you to do something; it is this. The Times is a noble paper; it appreciates the brave and clever, it defends the absent, it upholds the oppressed. Government robs us of 300 a year and £5000. The reviewers of a moral reputation. Take the memorandums A. and

---

<sup>5</sup> This was probably the wound from a spear thrust through Burton's jaw, acquired in Somaliland in 1855.

<sup>6</sup> Laura Friswell *In the Sixties and Seventies* (Boston: Herbert Turner, 1906): 46-7.

<sup>7</sup> Laura Hain Friswell, *James Hain Friswell: a Memoir* (London: George Redway, 1898): 95-8.

B. to Mr. Lucas. Ask him to put A. in the fire, but to let B. hear his own review of my husband's book in *The Times*; it will amply compensate me for all I have suffered on his account. Mr. Lucas can then pitch into the book as he likes, but let him give him due praise first. I am certain Mr. Lucas would do this if he knew us. Please ask him yourself for me. I am, yours sincerely and obliged,  
" ISABEL BURTON."

Laura maintains that Friswell, though he sympathized with Burton, would not have approved of polygamy, but Isabel was hard to resist:

... he was evidently prevailed upon to do what he could, for there is an entry in his diary to this effect: "Sat up and wrote defence of Captain Burton."

A recurring theme of the Burtons' self-conception makes an early appearance here: the one in which Richard does not receive the recognition he deserves, a position which he later compared to "a blaze of light without a focus"; that is, a light with nothing to reflect off:

In another long letter Mrs. Burton says: "I enclose my wrongs in nine separate papers." In another she speaks of her husband having served his country "for twenty-nine years without pension, and it refuses to pay £15,000 owing to him."

The Friswells appear to have been admitted to the Burtons' inner circle, and roped into Isabel's enthusiasm for the spirit-rapping mania that had swept from America to England in the early 1850s:

"FERNANDO Po, Feb. 19, 1862.  
"Excuse my not answering your note. The fact is I have just returned from an exploring ascent of the Cameroon Mountains.  
"I send you a peculiar pipe of Ashantee make; I should judge it to be steatite, and hope that you will keep it as a small souvenir. Accept my best thanks for all your kindness.  
Yours truly, "RICHARD F. BURTON'."

"16 EDGWARE ROAD.  
"DEAR MR. FRISWELL,-I am glad you like the pipe. I am sure you have nothing to thank us for, and we owe you so much. I would rather come any day but Good Friday, and shall be just as pleased to see you and your wife as ever so many guests. I rather want another talk about spirit-rapping. Believe me, yours sincerely, "ISABEL BURTON."<sup>8</sup>

Friswell helped with the preparation of *Stone Talk* for publication. In return Burton dedicated the book to "the author of *The Gentle Life* .. who has endeavoured ... to instill spirit and character" even though the contents of *Stone Talk* are "ungentle and ungentleel". In *The Gentle Life*, Friswell advises women to accept their ancillary but subordinate position in the world; and,

---

<sup>8</sup> Laura Hain Friswell, *James Hain Friswell: a Memoir* (London: George Redway, 1898): 95-8.

returning the favour, approvingly quotes Burton on the sexlessness of the female warriors of Dahomey.<sup>9</sup>

Burton and Friswell, along with Justin McCarthy, George Sala, Artemus Ward and others, were members of a literary club which met in a hotel in Fleet Street around the time that *Stone Talk* was written, which is why there are references to Fleet Street in it. According to McCarthy

There was a literary club which used to meet in a Fleet Street Hotel. I am sorry to say I have forgotten the name of the club, and I do not know whether it still exists or has passed into nothingness. George Augustus Sala was one of its members, and so were William Black and Tom Hood and Hain Friswell, and many other old friends of mine belonged to it. It was there that I first met Richard Burton.

This was almost certainly the Savage Club, although another candidate is the Cannibal Club, an offshoot of the Anthropological Society; Burton was active in both the Society and the Cannibal Club. However, McCarthy is clearly referring to the Savage Club: unlike the Cannibal Club, it was a literary club, all of the men he mentions were known to be members, and for several years after 1863 it met at Gordon's Hotel in Covent Garden, close to Fleet Street. Some of the members published occasional collections of essays, *The Savage Club Papers* (1867,1868), which have brief descriptions of the history of the club, and include pieces by Friswell, McCarthy, Sala, and Tom Hood. Sala later sued Friswell successfully for libel when Friswell attributed to Sala some "very questionable literary matter", as Tinsley put it.



*James Hain Friswell*

---

<sup>9</sup> James Hain Friswell, *The Gentle Life* (London: Sampson & Low, 1870): 94.

The *Savage Club* regulars styled themselves after Dr. Johnson's literary set, and named the club after one of Johnson's famous *Lives*, the poet and murderer Richard Savage. The actor Henry Irving was a prominent member and, from Bram Stoker's *Reminiscences of Henry Irving*, we know that Irving and Burton were old friends. Of course, this assumes that Justin McCarthy was not confusing different clubs - there is no record of Burton having been a formal member of the Savage Club, though he may have been a guest.

McCarthy later claimed, in his *Reminiscences*, that Burton was very different in those Fleet Street days at the club, whichever one it was: "a man of domineering presence and almost overbearing manners". He was "dark, swarthy, loud-voiced, self-asserting, bearing down all argument and all contradiction with a vehement self-reliance which had something almost fierce in it".<sup>10</sup> The club may have provided the tone and atmosphere of *Stone Talk*: caustic, witty, irreverent, vulgar, pretentious, and learned. The topics, ranging from classical to contemporary, political to personal, are the stuff of rambling club conversations, as they evolve from banter to invective; friendly at the start, then hostile; evolving from measured to reckless. Burton liked that kind of mixture; characteristically, he added footnotes.

Although Burton distributed *Stone Talk* widely to the periodicals, it was noticed by very few reviewers. The publisher, Hardwicke, wrote to Burton, advising him that "people are afraid to tackle it ... I would advise that somebody pitch it hot and strong in some of the papers and that might, possibly, give it a stir. I am afraid it is too sensible and strong to sell ...".<sup>11</sup> In the end, Isabel probably got most of the copies back from the journals they were sent to, but she missed at least one. There was a brief mention by John Westland Marston in *The Athenaeum*:<sup>12</sup>

Stone Talk &c. by Frank Baker, D. O. N. (Hardwicke) is judiciously provided with marginal explanations of the text. We learn from a prose note at the beginning that "Dr. Polyglott, Ph.D., drinks with a certain No-shire squire." Their conviviality extends to the small hours. We are disposed to think that the 3,675 lines before us were all penned under its merry influence.<sup>13</sup>

Burton assiduously tracked reviews of his books (his personal copies are full of clippings) but was rarely discouraged by them. After all, other books of poetry reviewed in this issue of *The Athenaeum* included 'Homely Pictures in Verse' by John Young, which was given 'warm approval'.

---

<sup>10</sup> Justin McCarthy, *Reminiscences Vol. II* (New York: Harper, 1899): 285.

<sup>11</sup> Letter from Hardwicke in Burton's copy of *Stone Talk* in the Huntingdon Library, cited by Mary Lovell in *A Rage To Live* (New York: Norton, 1998): 850.

<sup>12</sup> There may well have been other reviews of *Stone Talk*, but the indexes of Victorian Periodicals have very spotty coverage, especially for dates that far back.

<sup>13</sup> *The Athenaeum*, No. 1952 (March 25, 1865): 421.

The review copy of *Stone Talk* used by *The Athenaeum* survives to this day, and was in the Quentin Keynes collection of Burtoniana.<sup>14</sup> Keynes' copy, since sold, contains a letter dated March 10, 1865, addressed to "Mr. Dixon", who was almost certainly William Hepworth Dixon, editor of *The Athenaeum* and a friend of Burton's.<sup>15</sup>

March 10 / 36 Manchester St. / My Dear Dixon / A friend / of mine has just been  
perpetrating / a neat article in a small / volume called Stone Talk. / Can you give him,  
as he / deserves, the cut-up proper? / How are you off for Nile / Basins? / Yours truly  
/ Rich<sup>d</sup> F. Burton

Hepworth Dixon made a trip to the Mormon territories in 1866, carrying a letter of introduction to Brigham Young from Burton.<sup>16</sup> The Scottish novelist James Grant (not to be confused with Speke's companion James Augustus Grant) must have avoided Isabel's recall too, since he quotes a verse from *Stone Talk* in his novel *One of the Six Hundred*.<sup>17</sup>

Just seven copies of *Stone Talk* were sold, at the retail price of 5s. (the publisher's price was 3s. 7d.).<sup>18</sup> Aside from buying back those in the hands of booksellers, and recalling them from the journals, Isabel also recalled them from the clubs they had been sent to, including Burton's own club, the Athenaeum, and the Arts, Oriental, Reform, Carlton, United Services, Junior Service, Conservative, and Athenaeum clubs; so that the book is hard to find now except in specialist research libraries. There are copies of the original in the British Library, the National Library of Scotland, London Library, the Library of Congress, and thirteen of the major university libraries in the U.S. There are actually two different versions of the book in circulation. One version has the errata page, the other does not. The copy held by the British Library, for example, does not have the errata page.

Like all Burton books, *Stone Talk* is now highly collectable, and prices have been bid up to fantastic heights. In 2007 a dealer offered a first edition, in its original cloth binding, for \$18,500. Re-backed copies have been known to fetch \$7,000 or more. Again like many other Burton books, *Stone Talk* has been collected more energetically than it has been read - it is not unusual to find carefully preserved copies of Burton's books with uncut pages. Norman Penzer, an early Burton collector and devotee, described it in his now standard

---

<sup>14</sup> Since dispersed by public auction in 2004 after the death of Quentin Keynes, though the manuscripts not on sale have been deposited at the British Library. This copy is referenced by Lovell, *op cit.*

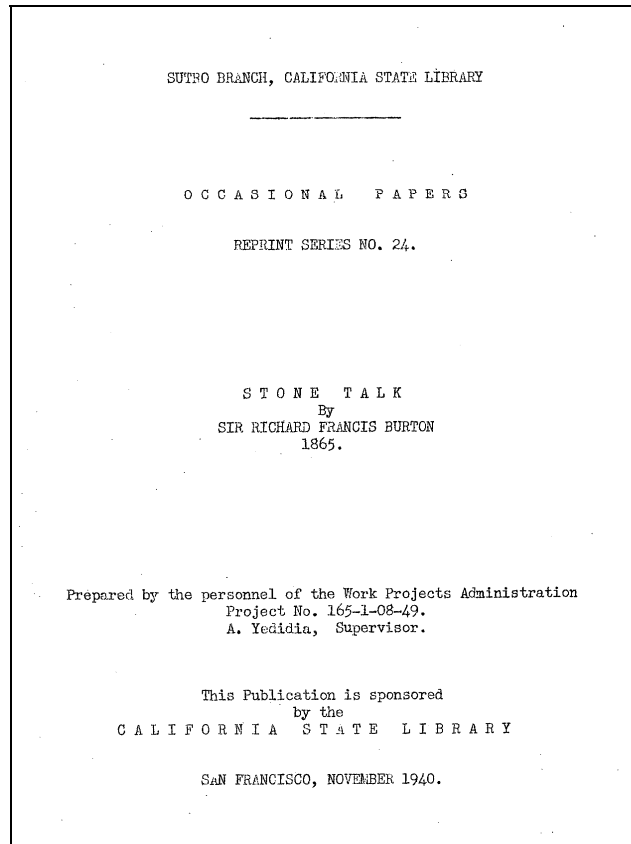
<sup>15</sup> An image of this short letter is reproduced in the Christies Catalogue The Quentin Keynes Collection Part I (2004): 243.

<sup>16</sup> The MS of this letter, dated Sep. 10 1866, is held by the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale.

<sup>17</sup> James Grant *One of the Six Hundred* (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875): 155.

<sup>18</sup> Lovell, *op cit.*, citing the Hardwicke letter mentioned above.

bibliography as “blank verse”, a gross mistake repeated later by Byron Farwell: it is actually rhyming doggerel.<sup>19</sup>



*The Sutro typescript transcript of 1940*

There has been just one reissue of *Stone Talk*, by the California State Library at Sutro, in 1940.<sup>20</sup> A transcription in typescript, based on an original copy held by Sutro, it is more widely available in U.S. libraries, and includes the errata sheet. This was funded as a WPA project, with a new introduction by Charles Donald O'Malley, who appears to have owned an original copy:<sup>21</sup>

‘There is a letter from the publishers in the author's copy which states that the papers afraid to criticize the work. "I am afraid," the letter continues, "it is too sensible and strong to sell. Mild evangelical slang is the stuff for the present market . . .”’

The Christensen Fund bought Burton's surviving personal library from the Royal Anthropological Institute in the 1980s and deposited the whole

<sup>19</sup> Norman Penzer, *An Annotated bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton* (London: A. M. Philpot, 1923): 77; and Byron Farwell *Burton* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1963): 244

<sup>20</sup> *Stone Talk* California State Library, Sutro. Occasional Papers. Reprint Series. no. 24. 86 leaves, 28cm. With a new introduction by Charles Donald O'Malley.

<sup>21</sup> O'Malley, *Ibid*, introduction.

collection at the Huntington Library in California. Two of Burton's personal copies of *Stone Talk* have survived, and are in the collection at the Huntington. Apparently these copies are heavily annotated, in one copy by Burton himself, and in another by Isabel, indicating that he planned a second edition. Perhaps a new edition of *Stone Talk* will one day be issued, incorporating Burton's corrections. Although he produced many travel volumes and translations, *Stone Talk* and the more well-known *Kasidah* are Burton's only works of imaginative fiction.

Gavan Tredoux  
November, 2007.

<http://burtoniana.org>

## Acknowledgements

Colour page images of Stone Talk were kindly supplied by Richard Leveson. The pagination of the original has been faithfully preserved in this new edition. The text has also been carefully checked against the original. The errata supplied by Burton have been incorporated into the text itself, and some other minor mistakes have been fixed (e.g. “F. B.” for “L. B.” in a few of the notes).

22

---

<sup>22</sup> An earlier version of the transcript was based on sources from the Internet provided by “JR”.



And with a just discrimen see  
 The difference of adultery.  
 'Tis said fruits prove the parent tree  
 Or sound or else unsound to be.  
 To judge from specimens 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.  
 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,  
 Into the thick night-houses stray,  
 And end them, like a good old soul,  
 With Cider Cellar and Coal Hole."
   
 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

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

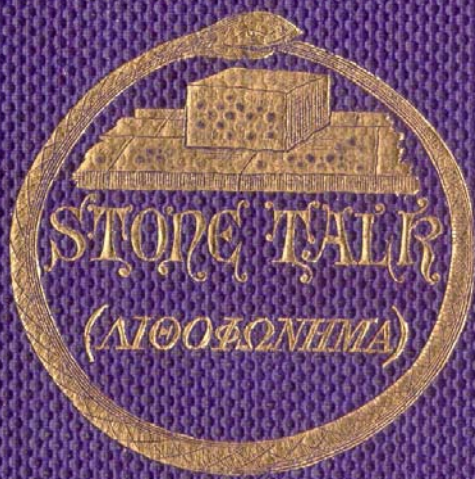
Out on the surface its foul humours  
 As healthy constitution's tumours."  
 " Man," said he, gruffly, " pray go try  
 On softer souls your sophistry ;  
 Let pamphleteering priest deceive,  
 Newspaper-spelling fool believe ;  
 Let all the Commons, all the Lords,  
 Lend amplest credit to such words :  
 Me one sage sentence fully suits,  
 ' Good trees are they that bear good fruits.'  
 Your Knowledge-apple is a mess  
 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,  
 Recall me not the mighty dead,  
 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.  
 Where tall trees fall spring noxious weeds !  
 The marrow of the thing may be  
 Piety or impiety ;

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

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









# STONE TALK

(ΛΙΘΟΦΩΝΗΜΑ):

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.

ERRATA.<sup>23</sup>

Line 18,	<i>for</i>	“four”	<i>read</i>	“six”.
” 86,	”	“Gastrocunemius”	”	“Gastroenemius”.
164,		“dread”		“dire”.
193,		“light”		“sight”.
317,		“lose”		“love,”.
361,		“rises”		“raises”.
362,		“fan”		“face”.
380,		“region”		“refuse”.
478,		“apologies”		“all apologies”.
508,		“head”		“heads”.
526,		“siesmal”		“seismal”.
700,		“wind blows”		“winds blow”.
758,		“in”		“on”.
Page 28, last line,		“Holland.—”		“Holland,”.
Line 926,		“appears”		“appear”.
” 932,		“tawny, fair”		“tawny-face”.
944,		“loved”		“loud”.
1170,		“called”		“they called”.
1279,		“shame”		“shun”.
1459,		“me”		“we”.
2123,		“now”		“how”.
2141,		“was”		“were”.
2163,		“pitched”		“hitched”.
2312,		“stock”		“flock”.
2419,		“thickest”		“thick-set”.
2546,		“vile”		“vice”.
2667,		“lickerish”		“liquorish”.
2815,		“not you or”		“nor you nor”.
2860,		“load”		“toad”.
2878,		“Lub”		“Lab”.

Lines 2881—2882, *for* “Yet still remains  
Its traces burnt in many brains”  
*Read* “Yet still remain  
Its traces burnt in many a brain”.

Line 2941,	<i>for</i>	“dust”	<i>read</i>	“deeds”
” 3293,	”	“tried once more”	”	“vainly tried”.
3502,		“To”		“The”.
3544,		“full of”		“hot of”.

Lines 3616—3617, *for* ‘Your colonies?’  
“‘Oh, let them slide: Ionians go  
*Read* ‘Your colonies?’  
“‘Oh, let them slide;’ Bull ’gan to wheeze  
And cough aloud; ‘Ionians go

<sup>23</sup> These have been incorporated into the text of this edition - Ed.



## STONE TALK

(ΛΙΘΟΦΩΝΗΜΑ)

-----o-----

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!"

Done! not that I enjoy his tales,  
Like M'Quhae's snakes with 'ternal tales  
(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,  
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.

10

Reader, would'st read how much we ate  
Of *entrées*, *entremets*, et cæt.?  
No? Pass we on then. I'll but state,  
For six good hours *en tête-à-tête*,  
Like old sheep and young bull, we sat,  
Striving in wine, smoking cheroots,

20

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

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. whom he  
 leaves in liquor;  
 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 wanders  
 about,  
 'Twas three a.m.; I'd time to spare;

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

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 60  
 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.

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 80  
 No lacing wrinkle might be found

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—  
 Gastrocnemius—

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  
 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!!!

110

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,  
 Caricature of 'Thing Divine.'

120

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,  
 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,

130

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 dire 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, 170  
 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?"  
 I felt as if a corking-pin 180  
 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!  
 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."  
 Another bellow made me bound 190  
 Giddily from the angry ground.  
 I rubbed my eyes, as well I might,  
 For mortal orbs ne'er saw such sight  
 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, 200  
 Where scores of men are slain for sport,

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

and moralizes,

when a won-  
drous spectacle  
is seen.

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.

“Pol,” having  
 sat upon a live  
 stone,

Amid that mob of cheeks and jowls  
 In infinite variety  
 But only one attracted me.

A very Hindu face was his  
 I rose from off: a tawny phiz,  
 Eyes almond-shaped and opaline,  
 Parrot-beaked nose, brow high and lean,  
 Clearly the high-caste Aryan,  
 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:  
 Mixture of Duresse and Finesse  
 Was his physiognomy I guess.

210

thus  
 describes him;

Vexed by my stare, the thing uncouth  
 Wriggled its nose, puckered its mouth.  
 Cried I, “Are ye a stone or man?  
 Who buried ye alive like Pan-  
 dit, or the Jogeas that expose  
 To canine insult reverend nose?”†  
 The only answer was a scowl,  
 With a prolonged and angry growl,

220

asks him who  
 he is,

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\*—  
 Headstone of Yakub bin Rebecca†—  
 Too bad! too bad!—ah! ah!—some day  
 Pay off old scores. Stare?—well you may!"

and receives a  
 dark reply.

I quaked, the wretch, 'twas very clear,  
 If called in witness to appear  
 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.

240

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  
 Hurl'd 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.

(*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  
 Petrals\* 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;'

and speaks out  
 his grievances  
 modern day.

\* 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;' 300  
 The other scalpel-meat forgot  
 Not to remark as off he shot  
 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, love 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

ends with the  
tale of his me-  
tamorphosis.

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

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

## 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 360  
 Where golden Meru‡ raises high  
 His front to face 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 do reck of kith or kind!  
 This drew upon me from above  
 The wrath of Kama, God of Love. 370

\* *Oupavog*, 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 refuse 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?"

"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,

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

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 all apologies as lies,  
 And not attempt to recognise  
 The moral which the tale implies." 480

\* Adamical theory.—F. B.

“Two thousand years, you 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 heads 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.

and, yielding to  
 “Pol.’s” re-  
 quest, speaks,  
 not as the  
 Ram, but as a  
 stone

\* The essence of the Vedas.—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.



(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 Bourignon, 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:  
     “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:

650

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 issue 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! and mourns the day  
 when he was an in-  
 nocent child-  
 stone.  
 Delightful spot  
 Of shadowy glen and silvery rill,  
 Where soft winds blow, sweet birdies  
 thrill 700  
 The senses with unartly 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 shadows 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

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

“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:  
 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.  
 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-

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

The Stone  
 replies by a vile  
 insinuation,

and “Pol.”  
 asks if men  
 never lie.

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 on *we* carry.  
 Who ever saw epitaph true?

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.  
 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.

The Stone  
 argues that  
 stones are more  
 truthful than  
 men.

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

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.”

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

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

\* 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 ruth-  
 less 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,

Dr. Polyglott,  
 Ph.D., ex-  
 citedly asks  
 concerning  
 "Truth," and  
 is answered.

\* Even as the great Pope says:—

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

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 cornet 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  
 Now 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,

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

900

The Stone’s  
 history (moral  
 and political)  
 in the days 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,  
 Nor feared audacious tricks to try on  
 That noble beast the British Lion.”

910

“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  
 Were, each within his proper sphere.

920

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 appear 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-face, 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*  
*Solbet Balneum in fabillâ.*' 940  
 That day of philanthropic wrath  
 To dust and ashes turned the Bath!)  
 Old Rome, sir, had no Exeter Hall,  
 Where ye, loud 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.

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; accusing Eng-  
 But *she* won fame and *you* win shame. land of land-  
 Thieves of the world, that spoil wholesale stealing.  
 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 marry 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.  
 Mad 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 fleerce,  
 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.

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

The Stone then  
 recites Bo-  
 dicea's speech,

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 1080  
 Resulted from the deglutition.

and tells how  
 he heard his  
 first lie;

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

lashing out at  
 modern  
 patriotism,

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, fool! ne'er shut

honour,

The gaping 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?

Few heads in this day glory addles

glory,

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

A bag of browns or silver crowns

1110

and medals.

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 1120  
 Are sheltered from the rage of battle.”\*

    Again I marvelled at his store  
 Of politic and national lore——  
 “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, 1130  
 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, rhyming, praying, canting,  
 Proving, arguing, recanting,  
 Lying, cheating, blessing, damning,  
 Flatt’ring, quizzing, showing, shamming, 1140  
 Conning, learning, pumping, cramming  
 One another (what else God knows!)  
 Over my triturerated nose.

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

The Stone  
 explains his  
 education;

\* This practice probably dates from Sir Charles Napier’s battle of  
 Mecanee.—F. B.



“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 1210  
 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 1220  
 Is wanted, and what's not I say not."

"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."

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 1230  
 Was your great eyesore: have not some  
 Declared they deem Stamboul's sultan  
 A king more likely to attain

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

The Stone  
 defends it  
 against Great  
 Britain;

The heavenly crown than any Pope?  
 You contradictory 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 1250  
 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;  
 In Scotland raised, he would have bow'd  
 'Fore 'minister,' not stone and wood;  
 While Afric rude had made his mind  
 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.

excuses the  
Pope Pio Nono  
*alias* Count  
Mastai,

by predestine-  
tion, and

And clothed by human ignorance? "bangs"  
 What reck ye eke of choice or chance, the new lights.  
 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 tide to 't  
 Is that of being a human brute  
 With a big boss of veneration  
 And no Causality, I say shun  
 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.”

1320

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——”

“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.  
A country so commercial could  
Not be unselfish, an it would.

1340

The Stone casts  
in his teeth our  
shopkeeperish-  
ness,

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!  
And Gallic revolutions get  
Fame for affecting bobbinet.

1350

“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  
Pence from the pockets of the scum  
Of town by ‘Sail’em Alick’em’?\*

1360

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? 1370

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 1380

Faith you have all the perfidy

And all the fury of the sea!”\*

“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—

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

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 Salâm).—F. B.

\* So says M. Emile de Girardin.—F. B.

<p>As Procrustes, first Radical,          To his own size cut down the tall—          A practical Pantisocrat;          But there the simile falls flat,          For the sake a thief un-Radically          Increased the small, to make them tally.          Thy arguments are raw and rare          As those of new-laid Baccalare,          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,          In front and rear the foe to bother:          So th' Amphisbæne, of whom 'tis said          Now head is rump, now rump is head."              "Well wrangled, man! your eloquence,          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:          Did she prescribe <i>in rus</i> t' ye          That ye must rail so cross and crusty?          Or gave a <i>nunc dimitto</i> 'cause          You broke her more than Median laws?</p>	<p>1400</p> <p>1410</p> <p>1420</p>	<p>like a Radical,</p> <p>and of wrangling like a          Camford boy,</p> <p>ending with          the Amphisbæne.</p> <p>The Stone          cautions him          against the          Amphisbæne,</p> <p>and supports          Camford          against London.</p>
--	-------------------------------------	--

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 mock'ry o'er a land of slaves?'"†

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."

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

"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

The Stone  
advises glass-  
dwellers not to  
throw stones

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 we 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 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.

opining that  
 charity should  
 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,

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.

The Stone  
 points to  
 India,

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

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.

and to more  
 modest Persia.

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.

“But whence those female sobs and wails?  
 Who come, in Burkas† 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 lowered, sheath'd the  
     sword,  
 The horseman springs from saddle-bow,  
 And tears, not blood, begin to flow:  
 Even the brothers must embrace  
 Before the mothers 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!†

"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

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

and calls for an  
explanation of  
the national  
thirst;

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

† Πας αγαθος ή αγαθος · εθνικος και πας χριστιανος ή 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 Taheitans,  
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——

“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.

of balls and  
theatres;

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.  
 Can it be true you have no schools  
 Where *sages femmes* learn to litter fools?"

of men mid-  
 wives;

“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 berigged 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  
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!

1770

of shaving;

Dame Nature bade your *chevelure* 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.'

1780

of hair-  
hogging;

Now from the barber's chair arise—  
A thing gorillas would despise!  
'Beast!' Adam† cries, 'what madness docks  
The “clust'ring hyacinthine locks”

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

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,  
"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!

And first of begging questions, sir.

When angry passions dullards stir

The first tone of Eristike (ἐριστική),

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

and of dress  
generally,

to the disgust  
of Dr. Poly-  
glott, Ph.D.

The Stone de-  
nies the fitness  
of women's  
education.

\* 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, strumming,  
 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, 1870  
 Pronounces on the points of men:  
 At twenty, think ye, will the nice  
 Brown sailor but her eye entice?"

"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 ever stranger,  
 Except a Signor or Bushranger,  
 Who knows our life, must e'er confess 1880  
 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?"

"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 1890  
 Holds ball and opera much dearer—  
 Prefers, as Frenchman does, to sit  
 Out evenings in th' *estaminet*."

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

The Stone  
 retorts;

\* Rousseau.—F. B.

† In Persian, the mirage.—F. B.

Your 'happy hearth' is oft a hell calls happy  
home 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  
 Escaped from dearest native shore,  
 Self-banished as he was before:  
 Ahasuerus-like,\* he starts  
 Once more for hateful ‘foreign parts.’”

“Yet, my Lithophonist, our wives,  
 Without whom Britain 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——”

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.  
 Your girls brought up to show their faces  
 At chapels, ‘sights,’ and bathing-places,  
 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;

1930

shows how  
gladly we flee;

1940

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

1950

shows how  
girls are  
brought up for  
the marriage  
market;

\* 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 flown  
 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.

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, instancing  
 Cast loose the tie fast tied by Fate, Sir Cresswell  
 Let either wretch unyoke its mate— Cresswell's  
 Condition'llly that th' whole foul tale court,  
 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, and various  
 Another case: see high-born dame vile scandals.  
 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-*

*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, 2060  
 Without an extra hour's delay,  
 Over the sea and far away,  
 Only praying you never may  
 Homewards stray for many a day——"

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, 2070  
 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 exhort 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 2080  
 That makes life sweet, to bitter strife—  
 On a grand tour in search of Fortune—  
 With stony-fisted jade, Misfortune;  
 Drive him, when barely breached, to reap  
 A golden harvest from the deep;

'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,  
And Yellow Jack still rules the roast:

2090

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

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.

quoting bad  
cases,

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 how 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  
 Were grievous to his weakly plight. especially one  
 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 hitched,  
 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. Hearken, 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  
And sleep in peace—that killed S \* \* \* ll.”

2190

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;  
At last I saw that face again.  
Ay me! it looked on me no more  
As it was wont to do of yore.

2210

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 haps, 2230  
 Nor might of Change, nor Time's long  
 lapse,  
 From my sick heart can e'er remove  
 The memory of that early love."

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

Whereat the  
 Stone recom-  
 mended liquor.

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."

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

They spar.

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, Clio.*"\*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"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, 2260  
 "A word of sense Macaque has uttered!"

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 delicacy;  
 Of irreligion and prurience."

"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.—F. B.

Bravely like men their parts they played,  
 And even called a spade 'a spade,'  
 Not of '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  
 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."

of calling a  
 spade "a  
 spade."

2280

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

2290

"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 flock  
 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.

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,  
Would not—a quiet life's my *faible*."

2340

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  
In six-foot word and six-yard phrase,  
Concluding with a benison  
Each bloodier critic's hand upon.

2360

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

The Stone  
visionizes a  
battle of  
authors and  
critics.

\* — 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—hooray! hooray!  
 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."

"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 thick-set brows,  
 And bulging forehead one foot high; 2420  
 Or Rab'lais, with expression sly,  
 And grinning mouth——"

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

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

The Stone  
 derides this  
 vanity,

\* 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 apri defero,  
 Laus sit biblipola'—  
 Big Bore's head I offer, O!  
 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 2450  
 Something about a beam and mote.

and ridicules  
 even a phreno-  
 logic sketch,

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 2460  
 Craniological tiara;



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  
 Front 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 vice 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."

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

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

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

"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 2370  
Of most infragrant 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.

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

Your Churchmen, puffed with pomp and pride,  
Claiming this world, the next beside,  
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  
Y'on 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;

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  
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 Bœotian drayman swears  
Far-fetched oaths with witty airs.

The bottle-washing boys that carry  
Pills and draughts for apothecary  
Instance how well *cannaille* 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.\*

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

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

2600

The Stone  
declares they  
are not,

2610

2620

cites proofs,

\* N.B.—Not borrowed from "The Dirty Little Snob," 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—  
One 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 the 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  
 Because my elder brothers die. 2650  
 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 Vole.*””\*

## 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,  
 Liquorish 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  
 You Cains that walk the London streets, wishful.  
 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  
Of quibbling, verbal grammar wit!  
Your galimatias! would you close  
My mouth for ever?”

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

“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)  
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.

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

2700

2710

2720

The Stone  
looks into  
futurity;

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 'bans' and not his bones; you rummage

advises  
intolerance,

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,  
 Stifles 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 nor you not 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.

Rich Vice trips out in laced chemise,

less avarice,

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 toad? 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 Lab,† 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 a brain—

\* See "Bubbles from the Brunnens 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  
 Hate crammed and rammed your ravening  
 maws.  
 Render, I say.”

and disgorging  
 over wealth.

“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?”

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

“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 deeds of Ashby de la Zouche;‡  
 Not like Smith's knights, whose arms  
     adorn  
 The tournament of Smith's Cremorne,

\* 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.

and lapses into  
treasonable talk.

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  
Carolus scratching scurfy pate.\*

2960

Ye Chartist wormkins, pull up roots  
Of wrongs, and thus you'll kill the shoots;  
But——”

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

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

“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—  
Starved—Lords and Commons, all dupe  
on!—

2970

\* “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’  
 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

2990

The Stone  
 looks forward  
 to a London  
 barricade  
 match,

3000

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  
 Planking 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'? *À 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?”

“Now sit up, fellow; use your eyes,

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

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, 3140  
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.

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; 3160  
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.

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

“The line divides; the right half, which is  
 Conspicuous for madder breeches,  
 Presses like flock of hunted sheep  
 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.

The French  
Malakoff-  
victory;

“Now mark the line sinister that’s  
 In red coatees and Albert hats—  
 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.

and the English  
Redan-defeat.

“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 front 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 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

The Stone explains what will cause these “Cumming” things,

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 message 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 vainly tried 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 moans  
 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!

    “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 despotal;  
 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

He then enters  
 upon the case  
 of Poland,

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

“Ye Whigs, ye Liberals, that be  
Infleshed Illiberality,  
That e’en to use the Liberal name  
Should flush your checks with blush of shame,  
What did ye when the generous cry  
Of Christendom was heard on high?

3370

and abuses the  
so-called  
Liberals,

“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—  
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.

3380

“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—  
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.

3390



“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. 3430  
 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; 3440  
 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 3450  
 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

He waxes  
 pathetic about  
 the dis-United  
 States war,

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!

\* \* \* \* \*

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

and ends with  
 general abuse  
 of John Bull.

\* 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,

3500

And You kow-towing all before  
 The 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.

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 warred 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 "beastly 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.—F. 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 hot 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:

3550

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 hint preferred demand:

    "‘Thee, great Papa, we praise,’ they said,  
‘Yet wherefore hide that dear old head?  
If weight of hours and honours press thee,

3560

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,  
Make Kickshaw and Beaujolais pale,  
And send to Vaterland undear  
Sausage, Sauer-kraut, and Lagerbier.

3570

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,  
And now I gather cyclones. ’Sooth  
To say, my sin hath found me out.’

3580

“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,  
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  
In gold and notes, until my soul  
Is made of money—

3590

3600

‘But, Pa, your fleet?—’  
‘My little dears, is tight and neat;

about his fleet,

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?—’

“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!

army,

‘Your colonies?—’

“Oh, let them slide:’ Bull ’gan to wheeze  
 And cough aloud; ‘Ionians go  
 To Athens or to Jericho;  
 Thou Caffre-fighting Cape, aroynt;  
 Maori-slaying Zealand, avaunt; 3620<sup>24</sup>  
 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.

and colonies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas and oh! oh and alas!  
 How *Tempora* and *Mores* pass! 3630  
 Time was—but now once more the doom  
 Striketh me silent as the tomb;

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

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

<sup>24</sup> The line numbering is disturbed here by the insertion of errata. The  
 original line numbering has been preserved rather than corrected to  
 prevent confusion. Ed.

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 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!”  
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.

3650

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,

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,

\* 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.  
I searched all round about, till tired  
Of scrutinizing every stone  
Except the one my thoughts were on.  
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.

is laughed at,  
and

3670

goes to bed  
sober.

\* Omitted in page 75.—F. B.

*THE END.*