



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THE
"BAB" BALLADS

BY W. S. GILBERT.



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.



6000804600



THE "BAB" BALLADS.



THE "BAB" BALLADS.

Much Sound and Little Sense.



BY W. S. GILBERT.

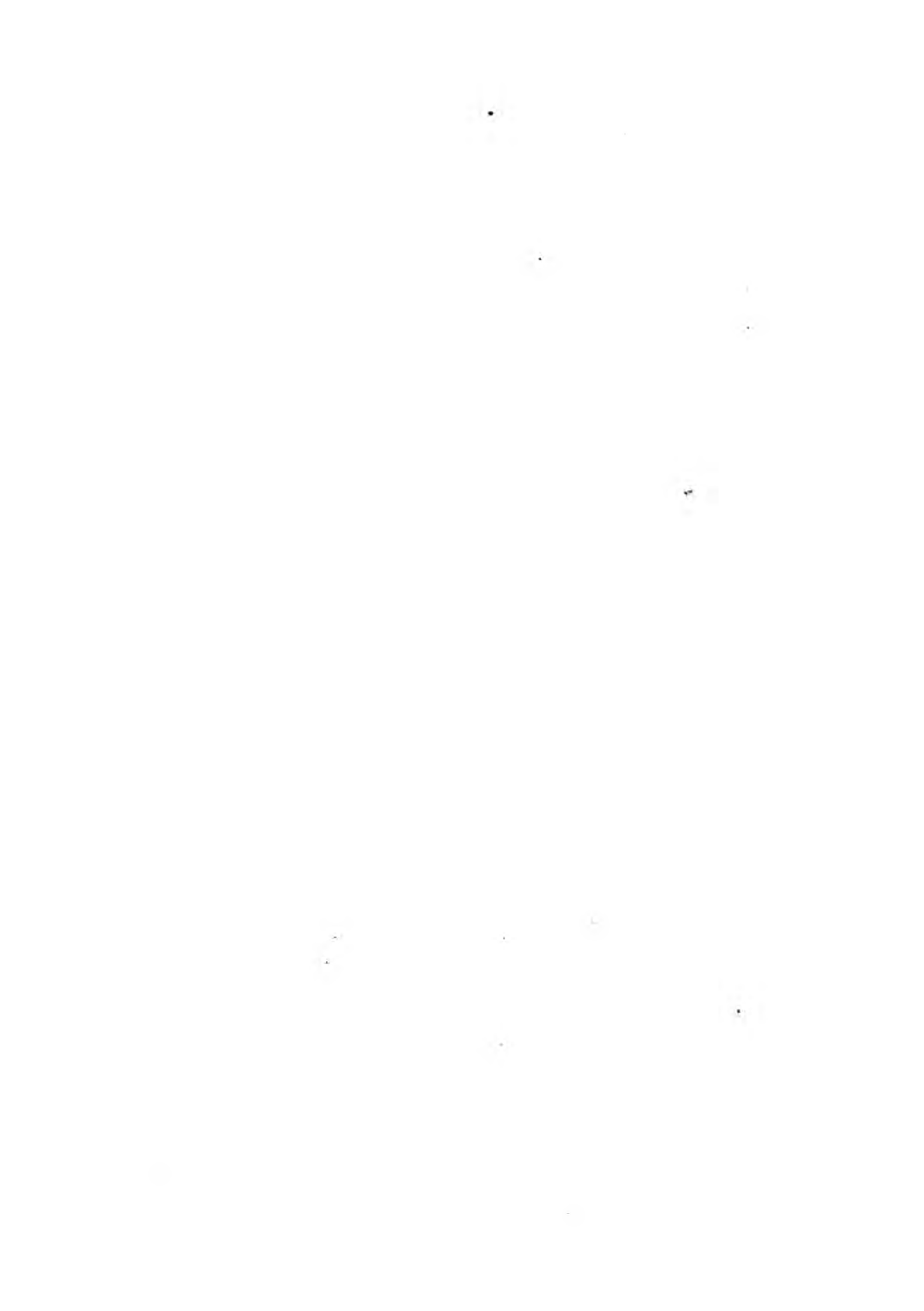


WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON.
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

1870.

280. n. 95.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Captain Reece</i>	5
<i>The Rival Curates</i>	10
<i>Only a Dancing Girl</i>	16
<i>General John</i>	19
<i>To a Little Maid</i>	23
<i>John and Freddy</i>	24
<i>Sir Guy the Crusader</i>	28
<i>Haunted</i>	32
<i>The Bishop and the Busman</i>	35
<i>The Troubadour</i>	40
<i>Ferdinando and Elvira</i>	45
<i>Lorenzo de Lardy</i>	51
<i>Disillusioned</i>	55
<i>Babette's Love</i>	58
<i>To My Bride</i>	63
<i>The Folly of Brown</i>	65
<i>Sir Macklin</i>	70
<i>The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"</i>	75

	PAGE
<i>The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo</i>	79
<i>The Precocious Baby</i>	84
<i>To Phœbe</i>	89
<i>Baines Carew, Gentleman</i>	90
<i>Thomas Winterbottom Hance</i>	96
<i>A Discontented Sugar Broker</i>	102
<i>The Pantomime "Super" to his Mask</i>	108
<i>The Ghost, the Gallant, the Gael, &c.</i>	110
<i>King Borria Bungalee Boo</i>	115
<i>The Periwinkle Girl</i>	120
<i>Thomson Green and Harriet Hale</i>	124
<i>Bob Polter</i>	128
<i>Ellen McJones Aberdeen</i>	134
<i>Peter the Wag</i>	140
<i>The Three Kings of Chickeraboo</i>	145
<i>Gentle Alice Brown</i>	149

THE BAB BALLADS.



CAPTAIN REECE.



OF all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*,

THE BAB BALLADS.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn ?
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops ;"
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From MISTER MUDIE'S libraree ;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men ;
In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE,
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

CAPTAIN REECE.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):
“Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

“By any reasonable plan
I’ll make you happy, if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil*;
It is my duty, and I will.”

Then up and answered WILLIAM LEE,
(The kindly captain’s coxwain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man)
He cleared his throat and thus began:

“You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I’m told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

“Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of ’em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

“If you’d ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!”

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxwain’s plan:
“I quite agree,” he said, “O BILL;
It is my duty, and I will.

THE BAB BALLADS.



“ My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familiee,
To peers of various degree.

“ But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew ?
The word I gave you I’ll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will.

“ As you desire it shall befall,
I’ll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board.”

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN REFCE :
“ I beg your honour’s leave,” he said,
“ If you would wish to go and wed,

CAPTAIN REECE.

“I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar,
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R.”

The captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
“And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!



“Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week—
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.

THE BAB BALLADS.

THE RIVAL CURATES.

FIRST while the poet trolls
Of MR. CLAYTON HOOPER,
Who had a cure of souls
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper.

He lived on curds and whey,
And daily sang their praises,
And then he'd go and play
With buttercups and daisies.

Wild croquet HOOPER banned,
And all the sports of Mammon,
He warred with cribbage, and
He exorcised backgammon.

His helmet was a glance
That spoke of holy gladness ;
A saintly smile his lance,
His shield a tear of sadness.

His Vicar smiled to see
This armour on him buckled :
With pardonable glee
He blessed himself and chuckled.

THE RIVAL CURATES.



“ In mildness to abound
My curate’s sole design is,
In all the country round
There’s none so mild as mine is !”

And HOOPER, disinclined
His trumpet to be blowing,
Yet didn’t think you’d find
A milder curate going.

A friend arrived one day
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper,
And in this shameful way
He spoke to MR. HOOPER :

“ You think your famous name
For mildness can’t be shaken,
That none can blot your fame—
But, HOOPER, you’re mistaken !

THE BAB BALLADS.

“Your mind is not as blank
As that of HOPLEY PORTER
Who holds a curate’s rank
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

“*He* plays the airy flute,
An’ looks depressed and blighted,
Doves round about him ‘toot,’
And lambkins dance delighted.



“*He* labours more than you
At worsted work, and frames it ;
In old maids’ albums, too,
Sticks seaweed—yes, and names it !”

The tempter said his say,
Which pierced him like a needle—
He summoned straight away
His sexton and his beadle.

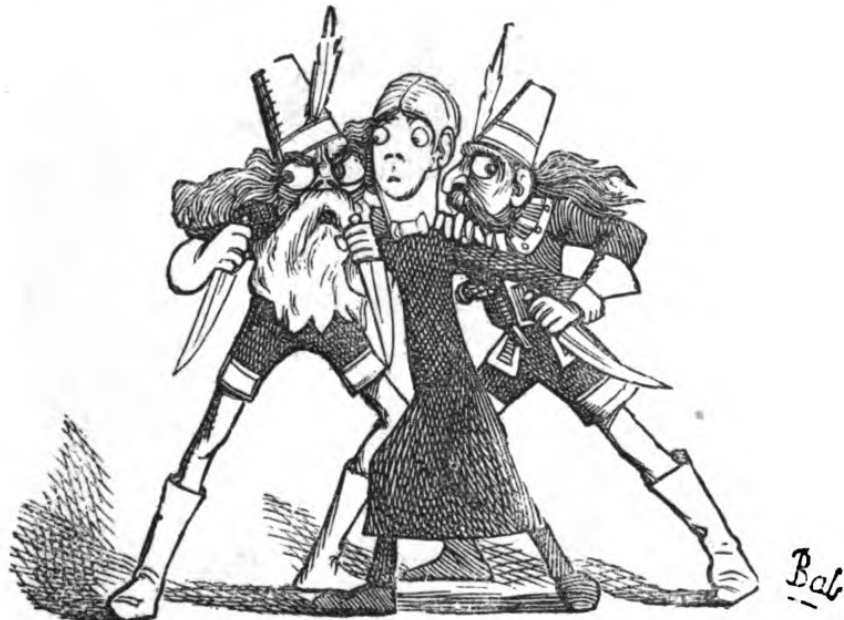
THE RIVAL CURATES.

These men were men who could
Hold liberal opinions :
On Sundays they were good—
On week-days they were minions.

“To HOPLEY PORTER go,
Your fare I will afford you—
Deal him a deadly blow
And blessings shall reward you.

“But stay—I do not like
Undue assassination,
And so, before you strike,
Make this communication :

“I’ll give him this one chance—
If he’ll more gaily bear him,
Play croquet, smoke, and dance,
I willingly will spare him.”



THE BAB BALLADS.

They went, those minions true,
To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
And told their errand to
The REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER.

“What?” said that reverend gent,
“Dance through my hours of leisure?
Smoke?—bathe myself with scent?—
Play croquet? Oh, with pleasure!

“Wear all my hair in curl?
Stand at my door, and wink—so—
At every passing girl?
My brothers, I should think so!



THE RIVAL CURATES.

“For years I’ve longed for some
Excuse for this revulsion :
Now that excuse has come—
I do it on compulsion !!!”

He smoked and winked away—
This REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER—
The deuce there was to pay
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

And HOOPER holds his ground,
In mildness daily growing—
They think him, all around,
The mildest curate going.



THE BAB BALLADS.



ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

ONLY a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed colour and curl,
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips !

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I !
I hear you asking, Why—
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinselled thing ?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green,
From a highly impossible tree,
In a mighty impossible scene
(Herself not over clean).
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be.
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz :
Ah, matron, which of us is ?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high ;
And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses, too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

THE BAB BALLADS.

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den :
She's a fairy truly, then !





GENERAL JOHN.



HE bravest names for fire and flames,
And all that mortal thirst,
Were GENERAL JOHN and PRIVATE JAMES,
Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

THE BAB BALLADS.

GENERAL JOHN was a soldier tried,
A chief of warlike dons ;
A haughty stride and a withering pride
Were MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN'S.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,
Superior birth to show ;
"Pish !" was a favourite word of his,
And he often said "Ho ! ho !"

FULL-PRIVATE JAMES described might be,
As a man of a mournful mind ;
No characteristic trait had he
Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried PRIVATE JAMES,
"OH ! MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN,
I've doubts of our respective names,
My mournful mind upon.

"A glimmering thought occurs to me,
(Its source I can't unearth)
But I've a kind of notion we
Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea that each other's names
We've each of us here got on.
Such things have been," said PRIVATE JAMES.
"They have !" sneered GENERAL JOHN.

"My GENERAL JOHN, I swear upon
My oath I think 'tis so——"
"Pish !" proudly sneered his GENERAL JOHN,
And he also said "Ho ! ho !"

GENERAL JOHN.



“ My GENERAL JOHN ! my GENERAL JOHN !
My GENERAL JOHN ! ” quoth he,
“ This aristocratical sneer upon
Your face I blush to see !

“ No truly great or generous cove
Deserving of them names,
Would sneer at a fixed idea that’s drove
In the mind of a PRIVATE JAMES ! ”

Said GENERAL JOHN, “ Upon your claims
No need your breath to waste ;
If this is a joke, FULL-PRIVATE JAMES,
It’s a joke of doubtful taste.

“ But, being a private of doubtless worth,
If you feel certain quite
That we were probably changed at birth,
I’ll venture to say you’re right.”

THE BAB BALLADS.

So GENERAL JOHN as PRIVATE JAMES
Fell in, parade upon ;
And PRIVATE JAMES, by change of names,
Was MAJOR GENERAL JOHN.



TO A LITTLE MAID.

BY A POLICEMAN.



COME with me, little maid!
Nay, shrink not, thus afraid—
I'll harm thee not!
Fly not, my love, from me—
I have a home for thee—
 A fairy grot,
 Where mortal eye
 Can rarely pry,
There shall thy dwelling be!

List to me, while I tell
The pleasures of that cell,
 Oh, little maid!
What though its couch be rude,
Homely the only food
 Within its shade?
 No thought of care
 Can enter there,
No vulgar swain intrude!

Come with me, little maid,
Come to the rocky shade
 I love to sing;
Live with us, maiden rare—
Come, for we "want" thee there,
 Thou elfin thing,
 To work thy spell,
 In some cool cell
In stately Pentonville.

THE BAB BALLADS.

JOHN AND FREDDY.

—◆—

JOHN courted lovely MARY ANN,
So likewise did his brother, FREDDY.
FRED was a very soft young man,
While JOHN, though quick, was most
unsteady.

FRED was a graceful kind of cove,
But JOHN was very much the strongest.
“Oh, dance,” said she, “to win my love—
I’ll marry him who dances longest.”

JOHN tries the maiden’s taste to strike
With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,
And dances comically, like
CLODOCHE AND Co., at the Princess’s.



JOHN AND FREDDY.

But FREDDY tries another style,
He knows some graceful steps and does 'em—
A breathing Poem—Woman's smile—
A man all poesy and buzzem.

Now FREDDY's operatic *pas*—
Now JOHNNY's hornpipe seems entrapping :
Now FREDDY's graceful *entrechats*—
Now JOHNNY's skilful "cellar-flapping."

For many hours—for many days—
For many weeks performed each brother,
For each was active in his ways,
And neither would give in to t'other.

After a month of this, they say
(The maid was getting bored and moody)
A wandering curate passed that way
And talked a lot of goody-goody.



THE BAB BALLADS.

“Oh, my,” said he, with solemn frown,
“I tremble for each dancing *frater*,
Like unregenerated clown
And harlequin at some the-ayter.”

He showed that men, in dancing, do
Both impiously and absurdly,
And proved his proposition true,
With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both JOHN and FREDDY danced,
The curate's protests little heeding ;
For months the curate's words enhanced
The sinfulness of their proceeding.

At length they bowed to Nature's rule—
Their steps grew feeble and unsteady,
Till FREDDY fainted on a stool,
And JOHNNY on the top of FREDDY.



Bal

JOHN AND FREDDY.

“Decide!” quoth they, “let him be named,
Who henceforth as his wife may rank you.”
“I’ve changed my views,” the maiden said,
“I only marry curates, thank you!”

Says FREDDY, “Here is goings on!
To bust myself with rage I’m ready.”
“I’ll be a curate!” whispers JOHN—
“And I,” exclaimed poetic FREDDY.



But while they read for it, these chaps,
The curate booked the maiden bonny—
And when she’s buried him, perhaps,
She’ll marry FREDERICK or JOHNNY.

THE BAB BALLADS.



SIR GUY THE CRUSADER.

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader,
And DICKEY DE LION'S delight.

SIR GUY THE CRUSADER.

LENORE was a Saracen maiden,
Brunette, statuesque,
The reverse of grotesque,
Her pa was a bagman from Aden,
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphée*, pretty and loyal,
In amber and red,
The ballet she led ;
Her mother performed at the Royal,
LENORE at the Saracen's Head.



Of face and of figure majestic,
She dazzled the cits—
Ecstaticized pits ;—
Her troubles were only domestic,
But drove her half out of her wits.

THE BAB BALLADS.

Her father incessantly lashed her,
On water and bread
She was grudgingly fed ;
Whenever her father he thrashed her
Her mother sat down on her head.

GUY saw her, and loved her, with reason,
For beauty so bright,
Sent him mad with delight,
He purchased a stall for the season
And sat in it every night.

His views were exceedingly proper,
He wanted to wed,
So he called at her shed
And saw her progenitor whop her—
Her mother sit down on her head.

“ So pretty,” said he, “ and so trusting !
You brute of a dad,
You unprincipled cad,
Your conduct is really disgusting,
Come, come, now admit it's too bad !

“ You're a turbaned old Turk, and malignant—
Your daughter LENORE
I intensely adore
And I cannot help feeling indignant,
A fact that I hinted before ;

“ To see a fond father employing
A deuce of a knout
For to bang her about,
To a sensitive lover's annoying.”
Said the bagman, “ Crusader, get out.”

SIR GUY THE CRUSADER.



Says Guy, " Shall a warrior laden
With a big spiky knob,
Sit in peace on his cob
While a beautiful Saracen maiden
Is whipped by a Saracen snob ?

"To London I'll go from my charmer."
Which he did, with his loot
(Seven hats and a flute),
And was nabbed for his Sydenham armour
At MR. BEN-SAMUEL'S suit.

SIR GUY he was lodged in the Compter,
Her pa, in a rage,
Died (don't know his age),
His daughter, she married the prompter,
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

THE BAB BALLADS.

HAUNTED.

—♦—

HAUNTED? Aye, in a social way,
By a body of ghosts in a dread array :
But no conventional spectres they—
Appalling, grim, and tricky :
I quail at mine as I'd never quail
At a fine traditional spectre pale,
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
And a splash of blood on the dicky !

Mine are horrible, social ghosts,
Speeches and women and guests and hosts,
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
In every bad variety :
Ghosts that hover about the grave
Of all that 's manly, free, and brave :
You'll find their names on the architrave
Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday—black as its school-room ink—
With its dismal boys that snivel and think
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,
And its frozen tank to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

HAUNTED.

First and worst in the grim array—
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
 For all the wealth of PLUTUS—
Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared :
If the classical ghost that BRUTUS dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
 I'm sure I pity BRUTUS.

I pass to critical seventeen :
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
 And woke my dream of heaven.
No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls
Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls ;
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
 She was one of forty-seven !

I see the ghost of my first cigar—
Of the thence-arising family jar—
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),
 When I called the judge "Your wushup."
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,
Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,
 Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
 And thousands more, I suffer.

THE BAB BALLADS.

The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is, "Reader, this is the resting place
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my only bogey;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable foggy.



THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN.

—◆—

T was a Bishop bold,
And London was his see,
He was short and stout and round about,
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,
Who drove a Putney bus—
For flesh of swine however fine
He did not care a cuss.

His name was HASH BAZ BEN
And JEDEDIAH too,
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—
This bus-directing Jew.



THE BAB BALLADS.

The Bishop said, said he,
“I’ll see what I can do
To Christianize and make you wise,
You poor benighted Jew.”

So every blessed day
That bus he rode outside,
From Fulham town, both up and down,
And loudly thus he cried :—

“His name is HASH BAZ BEN,
And JEDEDIAH too,
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—
This bus-directing Jew.”



THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN.

At first the busman smiled,
And rather liked the fun—
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,
And said, "Eccentric one!"

And gay young dogs would wait
To see the bus go by,
(These gay young dogs, in striking togs,
To hear the Bishop cry :

"Observe his grisly beard,
His race it clearly shows,
He sticks no fork in ham or pork—
Observe, my friends, his nose."

"His name is HASH BAZ BEN,
And JEDEDIAH, too,
And SOLOMON, and ZABULON—
This bus-directing Jew."

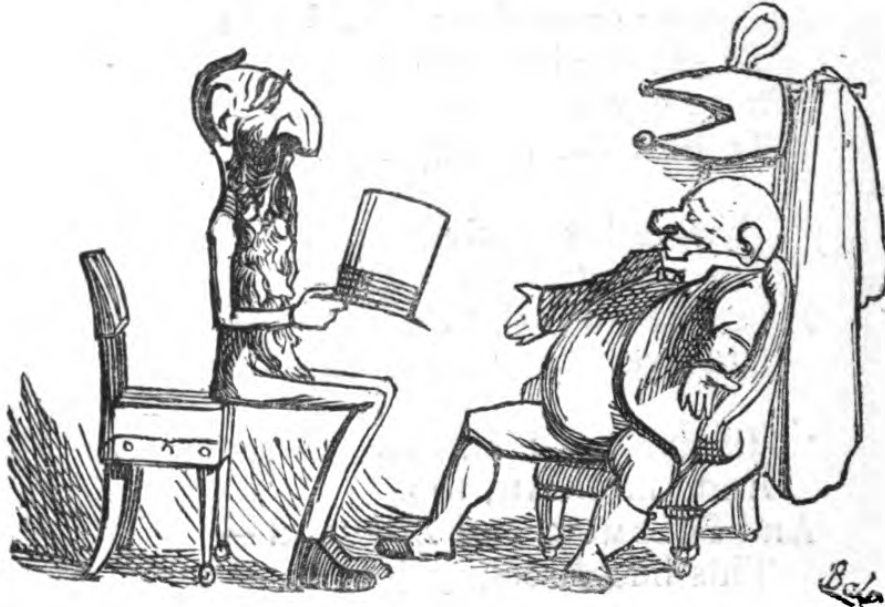
But though at first amused,
Yet after seven years,
This Hebrew child got awful riled,
And busted into tears.

He really almost feared
To leave his poor abode,
His nose, and name, and beard became
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,
The reason he would know—
"I'll call and see why ever he
Does persecute me so!"

THE BAE BALLADS.

The good old bishop sat
On his ancestral chair,
The busman came, sent up his name,
And laid his grievance bare.



“Benighted Jew,” he said
(The good old bishop did)
“Be Christian, you, instead of Jew—
Become a Christian kid!

“I’ll ne’er annoy you more.”
“Indeed?” replied the Jew;
“Shall I be freed?” “You will, indeed!”
Then “Done!” said he, “with you!”

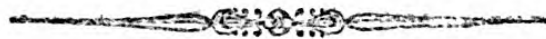
The organ which, in man,
Between the eyebrows grows
Fell from his face, and in its place
He found a Christian nose

THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN.

His tangled Hebrew beard
Which to his waist came down,
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—
His name ADOLPHUS BROWN!



He wedded in a year,
That prelate's daughter JANE,
He's grown quite fair—has auburn hair—
His wife is far from plain.





THE TROUBADOUR.

A TROUBADOUR he played
Without a castle wall,
Within, a hapless maid
Responded to his call.

“ Oh, willow, woe is me !
Alack and well-a-day !
If I were only free
I'd hie me far away !”

Unknown her face and name,
But this he knew right well,
The maiden's wailing came
From out a dungeon cell.

THE TROUBADOUR.

A hapless woman lay
Within that dungeon grim—
That fact, I've heard him say,
Was quite enough for him.

“I will not sit or lie,
Or eat or drink, I vow,
Till thou art free as I,
Or I as pent as thou!”

Her tears then ceased to flow,
Her wails no longer rang,
And tuneful in her woe
The prisoned maiden sang :

“Oh, stranger, as you play
I recognise your touch ;
And all that I can say,
Is thank you very much !”

He seized his clarion straight,
And blew thereat, until
A warden oped the gate,
“Oh, what might be your will ?”

“I've come, sir knave, to see
The master of these halls :
A maid unwillingly
Lies prisoned in their walls.”

With barely stifled sigh
That porter drooped his head,
With teardrops in his eye,
“A many, sir,” he said.

THE BAB BALLADS.

He stayed to hear no more,
But pushed that porter by,
And shortly stood before
SIR HUGH DE PECKHAM RYE.

SIR HUGH he darkly frowned,
“What would you, sir, with me?”
The troubadour he downed
Upon his bended knee.



“I’ve come, DE PECKHAM RYE,
To do a Christian task,
You ask me what would I?
It is not much I ask.

“Release these maidens, sir,
Whom you dominion o’er—
Particularly her
Upon the second floor!

“And if you don’t my lord”—
He here stood bolt upright,
And tapped a tailor’s sword—
“Come out, you cad, and fight!”

THE TROUBADOUR.



SIR HUGH he called—and ran
The warden from the gate ;
“ Go, show this gentleman
The maid in forty-eight.”

By many a cell they past
And stopped at length before
A portal, bolted fast :
The man unlocked the door.

He called inside the gate
With coarse and brutal shout,
“ Come, step it, forty-eight !”
And forty-eight stepped out.

THE BAB BALLADS.



Bab

“They gets it pretty hot,
The maidens wot we cotch—
Two years this lady’s got
For collaring a wotch.”

“Oh, ah!—indeed—I see”
The troubabour exclaimed—
“If I may make so free,
How is this castle named?”

The warden’s eyelids fill,
And sighing, he replied,
“Of gloomy Pentonville
This is the Female Side!”

The minstrel did not wait
The warden stout to thank,
But recollected straight
He’d business at the Bank.

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA;

OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN.

PART I.



AT a pleasant evening party I had taken
down to supper
One whom I will call ELVIRA, and we
talked of love and TUPPER,

MR. TUPPER and the poets, very lightly with them
dealing,
For I've always been distinguished for a strong
poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which
contained a motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her mother
told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we had
better, dear, be walking;
If we stop down here much longer really people
will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military
cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were
baronets by dozens.

THE BAB BALLADS.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed them
with a blessing ;
Then she let down all her back hair which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated
throatle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her
pretty smelling-bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear ELVIRA, say—what can the
matter be with you ?
Does anything you've eaten, darling POPSY, dis-
agree with you ?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and
more distressing
And she tore her pretty back-hair, which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling
then above me,
And she whispered, "FERDINANDO, do you really,
really love me ?"

"Love you ?" said I, then I sighed, and then I
gazed upon her sweetly—
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly
neatly—

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable
azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my COXWELL or
my GLAISHER !

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA.

“Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear one,
that I may know—
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible
volcano?”

But she said, “It isn’t polar bears, or hot volcanic
grottoes,
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely
cracker mottoes!”

PART II.

“Tell me, HENRY WADSWORTH, ALFRED, POET
CLOSE, or MISTER TUPPER,
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my ELVIRA
pulls at supper?”

But HENRY WADSWORTH smiled, and said he had
not had that honour;
And ALFRED, too, disclaimed the words that told
so much upon her.

“MISTER MARTIN TUPPER, POET CLOSE, I beg
of you inform us;”
But my question seemed to throw them both into
a rage enormous.

MISTER CLOSE expressed a wish that he could only
get anigh to me.
And MISTER MARTIN TUPPER sent the following
reply to me:—

THE BAB BALLADS.

“ A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread
a bandit.”

Which, of course, was very clever ; but I didn't
understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China,
Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his
doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils
and myrtle,
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock
turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth
and he was rosy,
And his little wife was pretty, and particularly
cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and
laughed with laughter hearty—
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a
party.

And I said, “ O, gentle pieman, why so very, very
merry ?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven
sherry ?”

But he answered, “ I'm so happy—no profession
could be dearer—
If I am not humming ‘ Tra ! la ! la ! ’ I'm singing
‘ Tirer, lirer ! ’

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA.

“First I go and make the patties, and the puddings and the jellies,
Then I make a sugar birdcage, which upon a table
swell is ;

“Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table
lacquers ;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find
inside the crackers”—

“Found at last !” I madly shouted. “Gentle pie-
man, you astound me !”
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he’d quite a
crowd around him—
And I rushed away exclaiming, “I have found
him ! I have found him !”

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind
me trilling,
“ ‘Tira ! lira !’ stop him, stop him ! ‘Tra ! la ! la !’
the soup’s a shilling !”

But until I reached ELVIRA’S home, I never, never
waited,
And ELVIRA to her FERDINAND’S irrevocably
mated !



THE BAB BALLADS.

LORENZO DE LARDY.



DALILAH DE DARDY adored
The very correctest of cards,
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord—
He was one of Her Majesty's Guards.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,
DALILAH DE DARDY was old—
(No doubt in the world about that)
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,
The flower of maidenly pets,
Young ladies would love at his call,
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

His money-position was queer,
And one of his favourite freaks
Was to hide himself three times a year
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before
He fanned himself into a flame,
For a beautiful "DAM DU COMPTWORE,"
And this was her singular name :

ALICE EULALIE CORALINE
EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THÉRÈSE
JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE
CHARLOTTE RUSSE DE LA SAUCE MAYON-
NAISE.

LORENZO DE LARDY.

She booked all the orders and tin,
Accoutred in showy fal-lal,
At a two-fifty Restaurant, in
The glittering Palais Royal.



He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,
Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,
But the words of her tongue that he knew
Were limited strictly to these

THE BAB BALLADS.

“CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,
Houp là! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez moi aujourd' hui
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo.”

MADemoisELLE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE
Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
But her English consisted of this :

“Oh, my pretty man, if you please,
Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh godam.”

He'd gaze in her eyes all the day,
Admiring their sparkle and dance,
And list while she rattled away
In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember MILORE,
He loved DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

He said to her, “Méchantte THÉRÈSE,
Avec désespoir tu m'accables.
Pense tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,
Ses intentions sont honorables ?

“Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu ôses —
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,
Je le dirai de quoi on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière !

LORENZO DE LARDY

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this—
The waiter's devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he'd snap and he'd dance—
And LORD LARDY would smile and observe,
“How strange are the customs of France!”



Well, after delaying a space,
His tradesmen no longer would wait :
Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

THE BAB BALLADS.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,
Miss DARDY's developing charms,
And agreed to tag on to his own,
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
Of an ugly and thin coryphée,
Who danced in the hindermost rows,
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

MADemoiselle de la SAUCE MAYONNAISE
Didn't yield to a gnawing despair,
But married a soldier, and plays
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.



DISILLUSIONED.



DISILLUSIONED.

BY AN EX-ENTHUSIAST.



H, that my soul its gods could see
As years ago they seemed to me
When first I painted them ;
Invested with the circumstance
Of old conventional romance :
Exploded theorem !

THE BAB BALLADS.

The bard who could, all men above,
Inflame my soul with songs of love,
And, with his verse, inspire
The craven soul who feared to die,
With all the glow of chivalry
And old heroic fire ;

I found him in a beerhouse tap
Awaking from a gin-born nap,
With pipe and sloven dress ;
Amusing chums, who fooled his bent,
With muddy, maudlin sentiment,
And tipsy foolishness !

The novelist, whose painting pen
To legions of fictitious men
A real existence lends,
Brain-people whom we rarely fail,
Whene'er we hear their names, to hail
As old and welcome friends ;

I found in clumsy snuffy suit,
In seedy glove, and blucher boot,
Uncomfortably big.
Particularly commonplace,
With vulgar, coarse, stockbroking face,
And spectacles and wig.

My favourite actor who, at will
With mimic woe my eyes could fill
With unaccustomed brine :
A being who appeared to me
(Before I knew him well) to be
A song incarnadine ;

DISILLUSIONED.

I found a coarse unpleasant man
With speckled chin—unhealthy, wan—
Of self-importance full :
Existing in an atmosphere
That reeked of gin and pipes and beer—
Conceited, fractious, dull.

The warrior whose ennobled name
Is woven with his country's fame,
Triumphant over all.
I found weak, palsied, bloated, blear ;
His province seemed to be, to leer
At bonnets in Pall Mall.

Would that ye always shone, who write,
Bathed in your own innate lime-light,
And ye who battles wage,
Or that in darkness I had died
Before my soul had ever sighed
To see you off the stage !



BABETTE'S LOVE.

BABETTE she was a fisher gal,
With jupon striped and cap in crimps.
She passed her days inside the Halle,
Or collaring of little shrimps.
Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,
With no professional bouquet.

JACOT was, of the Customs bold,
An officer, at gay Boulogne,
He loved BABETTE—his love he told
And sighed, "Oh, soyez vous ma own!"
But "Non!" said she, "JACOT, my pet,
Vous êtes trop scraggy pour BABETTE.



BABETTE'S LOVE.

“Of one alone I nightly dream,
An able mariner is he,
And gaily serves the Gen’ral Steam-
Boat Navigation Companee.
I’ll marry him, if he but will—
His name, I rather think, is BILL.

“I see him when he’s not aware,
Upon our hospitable coast,
Reclining with an easy air,
Upon the *Port* against a post,
A-thinking of, I’ll dare to say,
His native Chelsea far away!”



“Oh, mon!” exclaimed the Customs bold,
“Mes yeux!” he said, which means “my eye.”
“Oh, chère!” he also cried, I’m told,
“Par Jove,” he added, with a sigh.
“Oh, mon! oh, chère! mes yeux! par Jove!
Je n’aime pas cet enticing cove!”

The *Panther’s* captain stood hard by,
He was a man of morals strict,
If e’er a sailor winked his eye,
Straightway he had that sailor licked,
Mast-headed all (such was his code)
Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blowed.

THE BAB BALLADS.

He wept to think a tar of his,
Should lean so gracefully on posts,
He sighed and sobbed to think of this,
On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.
“It’s human natur’, p’raps—if so,
Oh, isn’t human natur’ low !”

He called his BILL, who pulled his curl,
He said, “ My BILL, I understand
You’ve captivated some young gurl
On this here French and foreign land.
Her tender heart your beauties jog—
They do, you know they do, you dog.

“ You have a graceful way I learn
Of leaning airily on posts,
By which you’ve been and caused to burn,
A tender flame on these here coasts.
A fisher gurl, I much regret,—
Her age, sixteen—her name, BABETTE.

“ You’ll marry her, you gentle tar—
Your union I myself will bless,
And when you matrimoned are,
I will appoint her stewardess.”
But WILLIAM hitched himself and sighed,
And cleared his throat and thus replied :—

BABETTE'S LOVE.



“ Not so : Unless you're fond of strife,
You'd better mind your own affairs,
I have an able-bodied wife
Awaiting me at Wapping Stairs,
If all this here to her I tell,
She'll larrup me and you as well.

“ Skin-deep, and valued at a pin,
Is beauty such as VENUS owns—
Her beauty is beneath her skin,
And lies in layers on her bones.
The other sailors of the crew
They always calls her ‘ Wapping Sue ! ’ ”

THE BAB BALLADS.

“Oho!” the Captain said, “I see!
And is she then so very strong?”
“She’d take your honour’s scruff,” said he,
“And pitch you over to Bolong!”
“I pardon you,” the captain said,
“The fair BABETTE you needn’t wed.”

Perhaps the Customs had his will,
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed,
Perhaps the Captain and his BILL,
And WILLIAM’S little wife are dead;
Or p’raps they’re all alive and well:
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell



TO MY BRIDE.

TO MY BRIDE.

(WHOEVER SHE MAY BE.)



OH! little maid!—(I do not know your
name
Or who you are, so, as a safe pre-
caution
I'll add)—Oh, buxom widow! married dame!
(As one of these must be your present portion)
Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you
And sing the fate that Fortune has in store
for you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain
A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty,
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain
And, when you're intimate, you'll call him
“BERTIE.”
Neat—dresses well; his temper has been
classified
As hasty; but he's very quickly pacified

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,
After a touch at two or three professions,
From easy affluence extremely far
A brief or two on Circuit—“soup” at Sessions;
A pound or two from whist, and backing
horses,
And, say three hundred from his own re-
sources.

THE BAB BALLADS.

Quiet in harness ; free from serious vice,
His faults are not particularly shady,
You'll never find him "*shy*"—for, once or twice
Already, he's been driven by a lady,
Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse
for him—
Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh ! bride of mine—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair !
Oh ! widow—wife, maybe, or blushing maiden,
I've told *your* fortune : solved the gravest care
With which your mind has hitherto been laden.
I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it ;
Now tell me mine—and please be quick
about it !

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,
To whom I'm destined shortly to be ma'ed,
Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill ?
If so, I want to hear her income stated.
(This is a point which interests me greatly),
To quote the bard, " Oh ! have I seen her
lately ?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one
Is comfortably stowed away at Woking ?
How is her hair most usually done ?
And tell me, please, will she object to smoking ?
The colour of her eyes, too, you may
mention :
Come, Sybil, prophesy—I'm all attention.

THE FOLLY OF BROWN.



THE FOLLY OF BROWN.

BY A GENERAL AGENT.



I KNEW a boor—a clownish card,
(His only friends were pigs and cows
and
The poultry of a small farmyard)
Who came into two hundred thousand.

Good fortune worked no change in BROWN,
Though she's a mighty social chymist;
He was a clown—and by a clown
I do not mean a pantomimist.

THE BAB BALLADS.

It left him quiet, calm, and cool,
Though hardly knowing what a crown was—
You can't imagine what a fool
Poor rich uneducated BROWN was!

He scouted all who wished to come
And give him monetary schooling;
And I propose to give you some
Idea of his insensate fooling.

I formed a company or two—
(Of course I don't know what the rest meant,
I formed them solely with a view
To help him to a sound investment).

Their objects were—their only cares—
To justify their Boards in showing
A handsome dividend on shares
And keep their good promoter going.

But no—the lout sticks to his brass
Though shares at par I freely proffer:
Yes—will it be believed?—the ass
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer.

He added, with a bumpkin's grin,
(A weakly intellect denoting)
He'd rather not invest it in
A company of my promoting!

“You have two hundred ‘thou’ or more,”
Said I, “You'll waste it, lose it, lend it;
Come, take my furnished second floor,
I'll gladly show you how to spend it.”

THE FOLLY OF BROWN.



But will it be believed that he,
With grin upon his face of poppy,
Declined my aid, while thanking me
For what he called my "philanthropy?"

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice
In doubting friends who wouldn't harm them;
They will not hear the charmer's voice,
However wisely he may charm them!

I showed him that his coat, all dust,
Top boots and cords provoked compassion,
And proved that men of station must
Conform to the decrees of fashion.

THE BAB BALLADS.



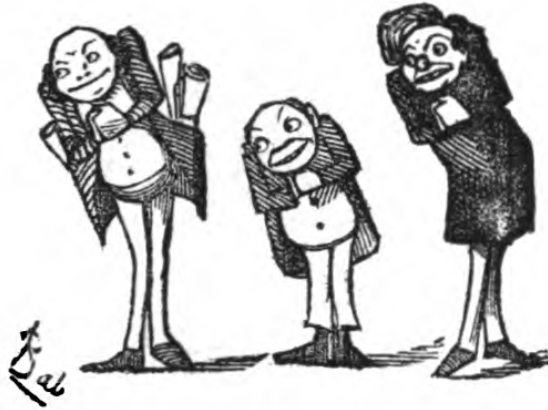
I showed him where to buy his hat,
To coat him, trouser him, and boot him ;
But no—he wouldn't hear of that—
“ He didn't think the style would suit him !”

I offered him a county seat,
And made no end of an oration ;
I made it certainty complete,
And introduced the deputation.

But no—the clown my prospects blights—
(The worth of birth it surely teaches !)
“ Why should I want to spend my nights
In Parliament, a-making speeches ?

“ I haven't never been to school—
I ain't had not no eddication—
And I should surely be a fool
To publish that to all the nation !”

THE FOLLY OF BROWN.



I offered him a trotting horse—
No hack had ever trotted faster—
I also offered him, of course,
A rare and curious “old master.”

I offered to procure him weeds—
Wines fit for one in his position—
But, though an ass in all his deeds,
He'd learnt the meaning of “commission.”

He called me “thief” the other day,
And daily from his door he thrusts me ;
Much more of this, and soon I may
Begin to think that BROWN mistrusts me.

So deaf to all sound Reason's rule
This poor uneducated clown is,
You cannot fancy what a fool
Poor rich uneducated BROWN is.

THE BAB BALLADS



SIR MACKLIN.

OF all the youths I ever saw
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,
So lost to shame and Sabbath law
As worldly TOM, and BOB, and BILLY.

For every Sabbath day they walked
(Such was their gay and thoughtless natur)
In parks or gardens, where they talked
From three to six, or even later.

SIR MACKLIN was a priest severe
In conduct and in conversation,
It did a sinner good to hear
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action show
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

SIR MACKLIN.

He wept to think each thoughtless youth
Contained of wickedness a skinful,
And burnt to teach the awful truth,
That walking out on Sunday's sinful.

“Oh, youths,” said he, “I grieve to find
The course of life you've been and hit on—
Sit down,” said he, “and never mind
The pennies for the chairs you sit on.



“My opening head is ‘Kensington,’
How walking there the sinner hardens
Which when I have enlarged upon,
I go to ‘Secondly’—its Gardens.

“My ‘Thirdly’ comprehendeth ‘Hyde,’
Of Secresy the guilts and shameses ;
My ‘Fourthly’—‘Park’—its verdure wide—
My ‘Fifthly’ comprehends ‘St. James’s.’

“That matter settled I shall reach
The ‘Sixthly’ in my solemn tether,
And show that what is true of each,
Is also true of all, together.

THE BAB BALLADS.

“ Then I shall demonstrate to you,
According to the rules of Whately,
That what is true of all, is true
Of each, considered separately.”

In lavish stream his accents flow,
TOM, BOB, and BILLY dare not flout him ;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

“ Ha, ha !” he said, “ you loathe your ways,
You writhe at these, my words of warning,
In agony your hands you raise.”
(And so they did, for they were yawning.)



To “ Twenty-firstly ” on they go.
The lads do not attempt to scout him ;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

SIR MACKLIN.

“Ho, ho!” he cries, “you bow your crests—
My eloquence has set you weeping;
In shame you bend upon your breasts!”
(And so they did, for they were sleeping.)



He proved them this—he proved them that—
This good but wearisome ascetic;
He jumped and thumped upon his hat,
He was so very energetic.

His bishop at this moment chanced
To pass, and found the road encumbered;
He noticed how the Churchman danced,
And how his congregation slumbered.

THE BAB BALLADS.

The hundred and eleventh head
The priest completed of his stricture ;
“ Oh, bosh !” the worthy bishop said,
And walked him off, as in the picture.



THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."*

—◆—

T WAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn’t help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said :

“ Oh, elderly man, it’s little I know,
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I’ll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

- A portion of this ballad is published as a Song, by Mr. Jeffreys, Soho Square.

THE BAB BALLADS.

“At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

“’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul)
And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men
Said ‘Here!’ to the muster roll.

“There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So, we drawed a lot, and, accordin’ shot,
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

- "And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.
- "Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.
- "For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.
- "'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says TOM,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.
- "Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you* !'
- "So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in proportions true
(Which he never forgot) and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.
- "'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see,
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

THE BAB BALLADS.

“ And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming broth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

“ And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

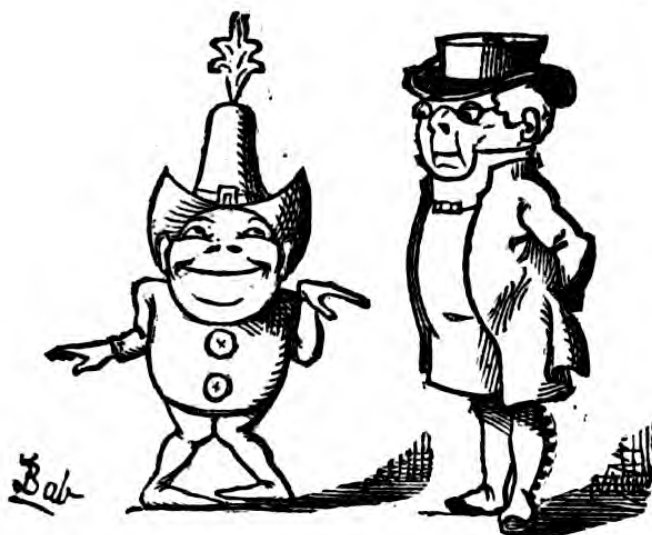
* * * * *

“ And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say :

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig !”



THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO.



THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO.

FROM east and south the holy clan
Of bishops gathered, to a man ;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican ;
In flocking crowds they came.

Among them was a bishop, who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—
They played the eloquent tum-tum
And lived on scalps served up in rum—
The only sauce they knew.

When first good BISHOP PETER came
(For PETER was that bishop's name),
To humour them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

THE BAB BALLADS.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was PETER) loved him well,
And summoned by the sound of bell,
 In crowds together came.

"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, MASSA PETER, please to stay."
(They called him PETER, people say,
 Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea,
At London Bridge that Bishop he
 Arrived one Tuesday night—
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road
 And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
 With all his might and main.
To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped
Then down incontinently dropped,
 And then sprang up again.

The BISHOP chuckled at the sight,
"This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite.
 I'll learn it if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back."
He begged the man to teach his knack.
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack,"
 Replied that dancing man.

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO.

The dancing man he worked away
And taught the Bishop every day—
The dancer skipped like any fay—
 Good PETER did the same.
The Bishop buckled to his task
With *batiements*, cuts, and *pas de basque*
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
 That PETER was his name.)



“Come, walk like this,” the dancer said,
“Stick out your toes—stick in your head,
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—
 Your fingers thus extend ;
The attitude 's considered quaint.”
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, “I do not say it ain't
 But time, my Christian friend.”

THE BAB BALLADS.

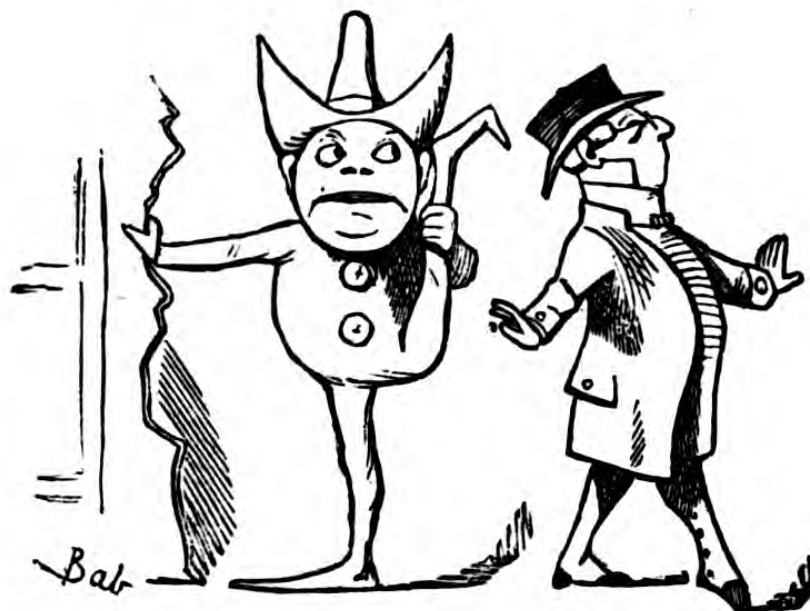


“ We now proceed to something new—
Dance as the PAYNES and LAURIS do,
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two.”

The Bishop, never proud,
But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was PETER, I repeat)
Performed the PAYNE and LAURI feat,
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned—
“ Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand—
Your body stiff and stark.
If, when revisiting your see,
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—
The novelty would striking be,
And must attract remark.”

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO.



“No,” said the worthy Bishop, “No ;
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial Bishops cannot go.

You may express surprise
At finding Bishops deal in pride—
But, if that trick I ever tried,
I should appear undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle’s eyes.

‘ The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such ;
But if they saw their Bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they wouldn’t understand—
‘Twould pain them very much !”

THE BAB BALLADS.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

A VERY TRUE TALE.

(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster.")



AN elderly person—a prophet by trade—
With his quips and tips
On withered old lips,
He married a young and a beautiful maid ;
The cunning old blade
Though rather decayed,
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
With her tempting smiles
And maidenly wiles,
And he was a trifle off seventy-three :
Now what she could see
Is a puzzle to me,
In a buffer of seventy—seventy-three !

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)
With their loud high jinks
And underbred winks
None thought they'd a family have—but they had ;
A dear little lad
Who drove 'em half mad,
For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

For when he was born he astonished all by,
With their "Law, dear me!"
"Did ever you see."
He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye.
A hat all awry—
An octagon tie,
And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,
With his "Oh, dear, oh!"
And his "Hang it! you know!"
And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
"My friends, it's a tap
That is not worth a rap."
(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)



THE BAB BALLADS.

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd say,
 With his "Fal, lal, lal"—
 "You doosed fine gal!"
This shocking precocity drove 'em away:
 "A month from to-day
 Is as long as I'll stay—
Then I'd wish, if you please, for to hook it away."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he
 With nursery rhyme
 And "Once on a time,"
Would tell him the story of "Little Bo P,"
 " So pretty was she,
 So pretty and wee,
As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
 With his "C'ck! Oh, my!—
 Go along wiz 'oo, fie!"
Would exclaim, "I'm affaid 'oo a socking ole fox."
 Now a father it shocks,
 And it whitens his locks
When his little babe calls him a shocking old fox.

The name of his father he'd couple and pair
 (With his ill-bred laugh,
 And insolent chaff)
With those of the nursery heroines rare;
 Virginia the fair,
 Or Good Goldenhair.
Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could
 bear.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.



“There’s Jill and White Cat” (said the bold little
brat,

With his loud, “Ha, ha!”)

“’Oo sly ickle pa!

Wiz ’oo Beauty, Bo Peep, and ’oo Mrs. Jack Sprat!

I’ve noticed ’oo pat

My pretty White Cat—

I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!”

THE BAB BALLADS.

He early determined to marry and wive,
For better or worse
With his elderly nurse—
Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive :
His health didn't thrive—
No longer alive,
He died an enfeebled old dotard at five !




MORAL.

Now elderly men of the bachelor crew,
With wrinkled nose
And spectacted nose,
Don't marry at all—you may take it as true
If ever you do
The step you will rue,
For your babes will be elderly—elderly too.

TO PHŒBE

TO PHŒBE.

“ENTLE, modest, little flower,
Sweet epitome of May,
Love me but for half-an-hour,
Love me, love me, little fay.”
Sentences so fiercely flaming
In your tiny shell-like ear,
I should always be exclaiming
If I loved you, PHŒBE dear.

“Smiles that thrill from any distance
Shed upon me while I sing!
Please ecstaticize existence,
Love me, oh, thou fairy thing!”
Words like these, outpouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you, fondly, madly;—
But I do not, PHŒBE, dear.

THE BAB BALLADS.



BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

—♦—

QF all the good attorneys who
Have placed their names upon the roll,
But few could equal BAINES CAREW
For tenderheartedness and soul.

Whene'er he heard a tale of woe
From client A or client B,
His grief would overcome him so
He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.

BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

It laid him up for many days,
When duty led him to distraign,
And serving writs, although it pays,
Gave him excruciating pain.

He made out costs, distrained for rent,
Foreclosed and sued, with moistened eye—
No bill of costs could represent
The value of such sympathy.

No charges can approximate
The worth of sympathy with woe;—
Although I think I ought to state
He did his best to make them so.

Of all the many clients who
Had mustered round his legal flag,
No single client of the crew
Was half so dear as CAPTAIN BAGG.

Now CAPTAIN BAGG had bowed him to
A heavy matrimonial yoke—
His wifey had of faults a few—
She never could resist a joke.

Her chaff at first he meekly bore
Till unendurable it grew.
“To stop this persecution sore
I will consult my friend CAREW.

“And when CAREW’s advice I’ve got
Divorce *a mensâ* I shall try”
(A legal separation—not
A vinculo conjugii.)

THE BAB BALLADS.

“Oh, BAINES CAREW, my woe I’ve kept
A secret, hitherto, you know ;”--
(And BAINES CAREW, ESQUIRE, he wept
To hear that BAGG had any woe.)



“My case, indeed, is passing sad,
My wife—whom I considered true—
With brutal conduct drives me mad.”
“I am appalled,” said BAINES CAREW.

“What! sound the matrimonial knell
Of worthy people such as these!
Why was I an attorney? Well—
Go on to the *ævitia*, please.”

“Domestic bliss has proved my bane,
A harder case you never heard,
My wife (in other matters sane)
Pretends that I’m a Dicky bird!

RAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

“ She makes me sing, ‘ Too whit, too wee !’
And stand upon a rounded stick,
And always introduces me
To every one as ‘ Pretty Dick ’ !”

“ Oh, dear,” said weeping BAINES CAREW,
This is the direst case I know” —

“ I’m grieved,” said BAGG, “ at paining you —
To COBB and POTERTHWAITE I’ll go—

“ To COBB’s cold calculating ear
My gruesome sorrows I’ll impart” —

“ No ; stop,” said BAINES, “ I’ll dry my tear,
And steel my sympathetic heart !”

“ She makes me perch upon a tree,
Rewarding me with, ‘ Sweety—nice !’
And threatens to exhibit me
With four or five performing mice.”

“ Restrain my tears I wish I could.”
(Said BAINES), “ I don’t know what to do.”
Said CAPTAIN BAGG, “ You’re very good.”
“ Oh, not at all,” said BAINES CAREW.

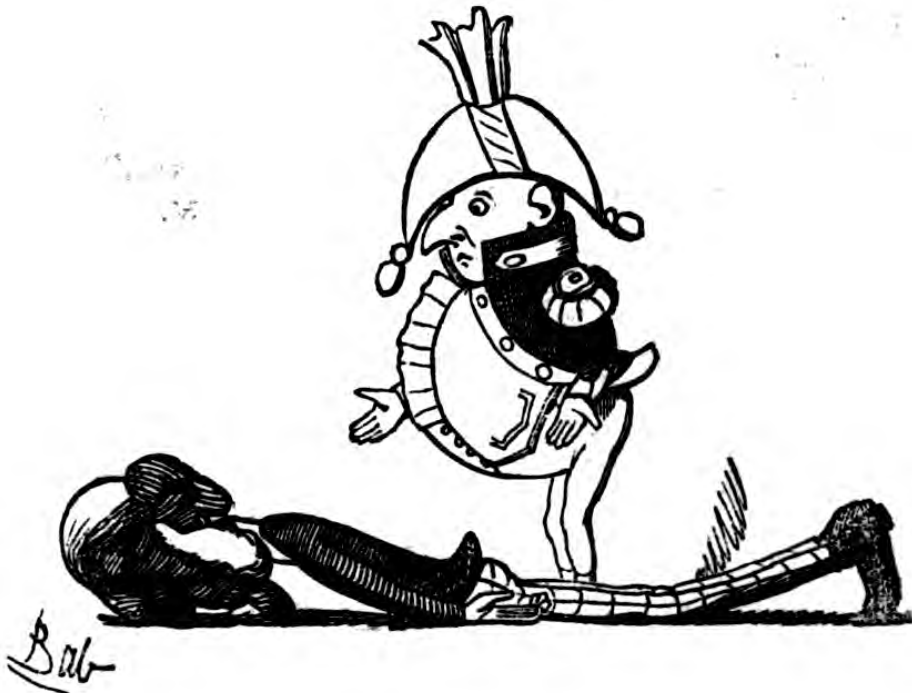


THE BAB BALLADS.

“She makes me fire a gun,” said BAGG;
“And at a preconcerted word,
Climb up a ladder with a flag,
Like any street-performing bird.”

“She places sugar in my way—
In public places calls me ‘Sweet!’
She gives me groundsel every day
And hard canary seed to eat.”

“Oh, woe! oh, sad! oh, dire to tell!”
(Said BAINES) “Be good enough to stop.”
And senseless on the floor he fell
With unpremeditated flop.



BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

Said CAPTAIN BAGG, " Well, really I
Am grieved to think it pains you so.
I thank you for your sympathy ;
But, hang it—come—I say, you know !"

But BAINES lay flat upon the floor,
Convulsed with sympathetic sob—
The Captain toddled off next door,
And gave the case to MR. COBB.



THE BAB BALLADS.



THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

—♦—

IN all the towns and cities fair
On Merry England's broad expanse,
No swordsman ever could compare
With THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

The dauntless lad could fairly hew
A silken handkerchief in twain,
Divide a leg of mutton too—
And this without unwholesome strain.

THOMAS HANCE

On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,
His sabre sometimes he'd employ—
No bar of lead, however thick,
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.

At Dover daily he'd prepare
To hew and slash, behind, before—
Which aggravated MONSIEUR PIERRE,
Who watched him from the Calais shore.



It caused good PIERRE to swear and dance,
The sight annoyed and vexed him so ;
He was the bravest man in France—
He said so, and he ought to know.

THE BAB BALLADS.

“Regardez, donc, ce cochon gros—
Ce polisson ! Oh, sacré bleu !
Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots !
Comme cela m’ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu !

“Il sait que les foulards de soie
Give no retaliating whack—
Les gigots morts n’ont pas de quoi—
Le plomb don’t ever hit you back.”

But every day the headstrong lad
Cut lead and mutton more and more ;
And every day, poor PIERRE, half mad,
Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

HANCE had a mother, poor and old,
A simple, harmless, village dame,
Who crowed and clapped as people told
Of WINTERBOTTOM’S rising fame.

She said, “I’ll be upon the spot
To see my TOMMY’S sabre-play ;”
And so she left her leafy cot,
And walked to Dover in a day.

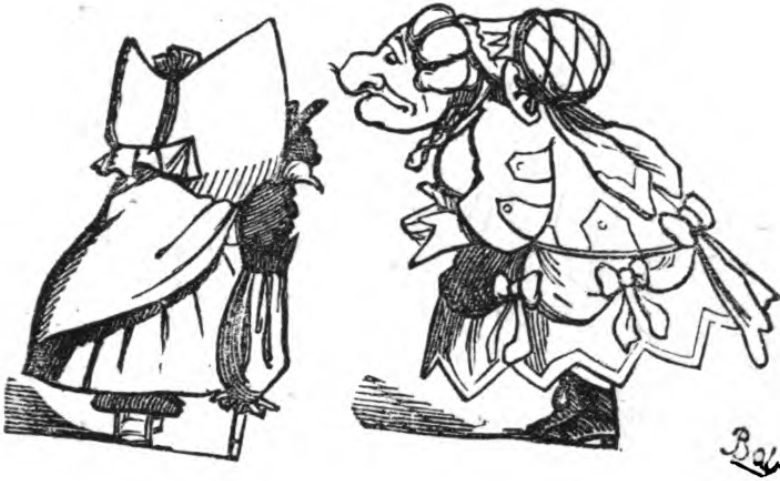
PIERRE had a doting mother, who
Had heard of his defiant rage :
His ma was nearly ninety-two,
And rather dressy for her age.

At HANCE’S doings every morn,
With sheer delight *his* mother cried ;
And MONSIEUR PIERRE’S contemptuous scorn
Filled *his* mamma with proper pride.

THOMAS HANCE.

But HANCE's powers began to fail—
His constitution was not strong—
And PIERRE, who once was stout and hale,
Grew thin from shouting all day long.

Their mothers saw them pale and wan,
Maternal anguish tore each breast,
And so they met to find a plan
To set their offsprings' minds at rest.



Said MRS. HANCE, "Of course I shrinks
From bloodshed, ma'am, as you're aware,
But still they'd better meet, I thinks."

"Assurément!" said MADAME PIERRE.

A sunny spot in sunny France
Was hit upon for this affair;
The ground was picked by MRS. HANCE,
The stakes were pitched by MADAME PIERRE.

THE BAB BALLADS.

Said MRS. H., "Your work you see—
Go in my noble boy, and win,"
"En garde, mon fils!" said MADAME P.
"Allons!" "Go on!" "En garde!" "Begin!"



(The mothers were of decent size,
Though not particularly tall;
But in the sketch that meets your eyes
I've been obliged to draw them small.)

Loud sneered the doughty man of France,
"Ho! ho! Ho! ho! Ha! ha! Ha! ha!"
"The French for 'Pish!'" said THOMAS
HANCE.
Said PIERRE, "L'Anglais, Monsieur, pour
'bah.'"

THOMAS HANCE.

Said MRS. H., "Come, one! two! three!—
We're sittin' here to see all fair;"
"C'est magnifique!" said MADAME P.,
"Mais, parbleu! ce ne'st pas la guerre!"

"Je scorn un foe si lache que vous,"
Said PIERRE, the doughty son of France.
"I fight not coward foe like you!"
Said our undaunted TOMMY HANCE.

"The French for 'Pooh!'" our TOMMY cried.
"L'Anglais pour 'Va,'" the Frenchman crowed.
And so, with undiminished pride,
Each went on his respective road.



THE BAB BALLADS.



A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER.



GENTLEMAN of City fame
Now claims your kind attention ;
East India broking was his game,
His name I shall not mention
No one of finely pointed sense
Would violate a confidence,
And shall *I* go
And do it? No.
His name I shall not mention.

He had a trusty wife and true,
And very cosy quarters,
A manager, a boy or two,
Six clerks, and seven porters.

A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER,

A broker must be doing well
(As any lunatic can tell)
Who can employ
An active boy,
Six clerks, and seven porters.

His knocker advertised no dun,
No losses made him sulky,
He had one sorrow—only one—
He was extremely bulky.
A man must be, I beg to state,
Exceptionally fortunate
Who owns his chief
And only grief
Is—being very bulky.

“This load,” he’d say, “I cannot bear,
I’m nineteen stone or twenty!
Henceforward I’ll go in for air
And exercise in plenty.”
Most people think that, should it come,
They can reduce a bulging tum
To measures fair
By taking air
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,
He took to dancing all the way
From Brompton to the City.

THE BAB BALLADS.

You do not often get the chance,
Of seeing sugar-brokers dance,
From their abode
In Fulham Road
Through Brompton to the City.

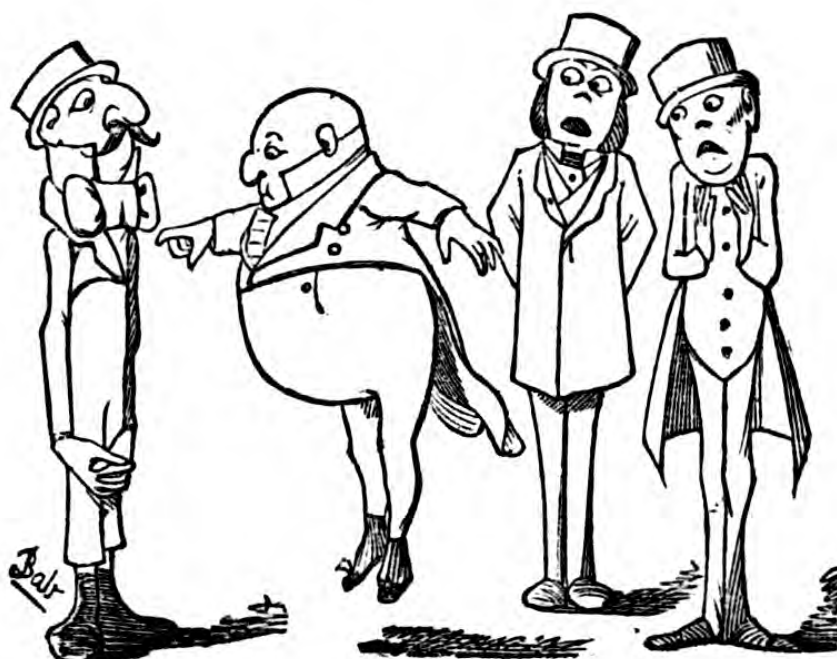
He braved the gay and guileless laugh
Of children with their nusses,
The loud uneducated chaff
Of clerks on omnibuses.
Against all minor things that rack
A nicely balanced mind, I'll back
The noisy chaff
And ill-bred laugh
Of clerks on omnibuses.

His friends, who heard his money chink,
And saw the house he rented,
And knew his wife, could never think
What made him discontented.
It never entered their pure minds
That fads are of eccentric kinds,
Nor would they own
That fat alone
Could make one discontented.

“Your riches know no kind of pause,
Your trade is fast advancing,
You dance—but not for joy, because
You weep as you are dancing.

A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER.

To dance implies that man is glad,
To weep implies that man is sad.
But here are you
Who do the two—
You weep as you are dancing !'



His mania soon got noised about
And into all the papers—
His size increased beyond a doubt
For all his reckless capers :
It may seem singular to you,
But all his friends admit it true—
The more he found
His figure round,
The more he cut his capers.

THE BAB BALLADS.

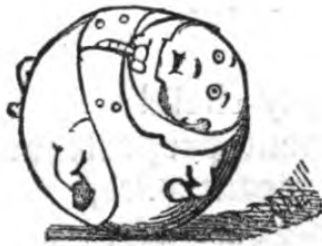
His bulk increased—no matter that—
He tried the more to toss it—
He never spoke of it as “fat”
But “adipose deposit.”
Upon my word, it seems to me
Unpardonable vanity
(And worse than that)
To call your fat
An “adipose deposit.”



At length his brawny knees gave way,
And on the carpet sinking,
Upon his shapeless back he lay
And kicked away like winking.
Instead of seeing in his state
The finger of unswerving Fate,
He laboured still
To work his will,
And kicked away like winking.

A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER.

His friends, disgusted with him now,
Away in silence wended—
I hardly like to tell you how
This dreadful story ended.
The shocking sequel to impart,
I must employ the limner's art—
If you would know,
This sketch will show
How his exertions ended.



MORAL

I hate to preach---I hate to prate—
I'm no fanatic croaker,
But learn contentment from the fate
Of this East India broker
He'd everything a man of taste
Could ever want, except a waist :
And discontent
His size anent,
And bootless perseverance blind,
Completely wrecked the peace of mind
Of this East India broker.

THE BAB BALLADS

THE PANTOMIME "SUPER" TO HIS
MASK.



AST, empty shell!
Impertinent, preposterous abortion:
With vacant stare,
And ragged hair,
And every feature out of all proportion!
Embodiment of echoing inanity!
Excellent type of simpering insanity!
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity!
I ring thy knell!

To-night thou diest,
Beast that destroy'st my heaven-born identity!
Nine weeks of nights,
Before the lights,
Swamped in thine own preposterous nonentity,
I've been ill-treated, cursed, and thrashed diurnally—
Credited for the smile you wear externally—
I feel disposed to smash thy face, infernally,
As there thou liest!

THE "SUPER" TO HIS MASK.

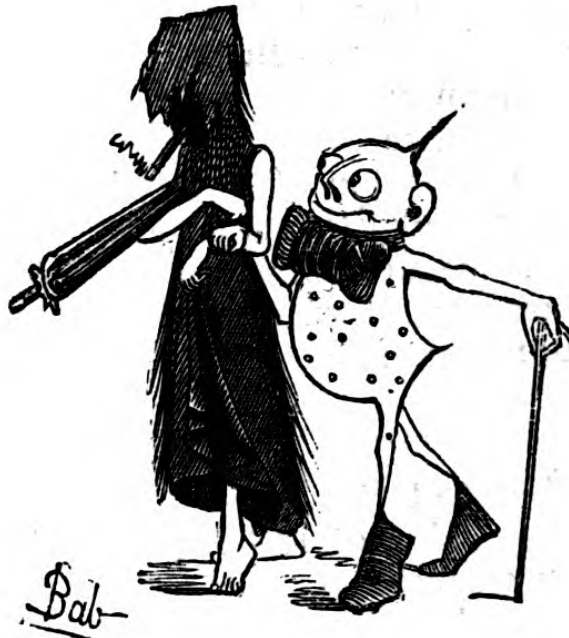
I've been thy brain :
I've been the brain that lit thy dull concavity !
The human race
Invest *my* face
With thine expression of unchecked depravity
Invested with a ghastly reciprocity,
I've been responsible for thy monstrosity,
I, for thy wanton, blundering ferocity—
But not again !

'Tis time to toll
Thy knell, and that of follies pantomimical :
A nine weeks' run,
And thou hast done
All thou canst do to make thyself inimical.
Adieu, embodiment of all inanity !
Excellent type of simpering insanity !
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity !
Freed is thy soul !

(The Mask respondeth.)

Oh ! master mine,
Look thou within thee, ere again ill-using me.
Art thou aware
Of nothing there
Which might abuse thee, as thou art abusing me ?
A brain that mourns *thine* unredeemed rascality ?
A soul that weeps at *thy* thread-bare morality ?
Both grieving that *their* individuality
Is merged in thine ?

THE BAB BALLADS.



THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, THE GAEL,
AND THE GOBLIN.

—♦—

Q'ER unreclaimed suburban clays
Some years ago were hobblin
An elderly ghost of easy ways,
And an influential goblin.
The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,
A fine old five-act foggy,
The goblin imp, a lithe young ape,
A fine low-comedy bogy.

And as they exercised their joints,
Promoting quick digestion,
They talked on several curious points,
And raised this delicate question ;

THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, ETC.

“ Which of us two is Number One—
The ghostie, or the goblin ? ”
And o’er the point they raised in fun
They fairly fell a-squabblin’.

They’d barely speak, and each, in fine,
Grew more and more reflective,
Each thought his own particular line
By chalks the more effective.
At length they settled someone should
By each of them be haunted,
And so arrange that either could
Exert his prowess vaunted.

“ The Quaint against the Statuesque ”—
By competition lawful—
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,
The ghost the Grandly Awful.
“ Now,” said the goblin, “ here’s my plan—
In attitude commanding,
I see a stalwart Englishman
By yonder tailor’s standing.

“ The very fittest man on earth
My influence to try on—
Of gentle, p’r’aps of noble birth,
And dauntless as a lion !
Now wrap yourself within your shroud—
Remain in easy hearing—
Observe—you’ll hear him scream aloud
When I begin appearing !

THE BAB BALLADS.



The imp with yell unearthly—wild—
Threw off his dark enclosure:
His dauntless victim looked and smiled
With singular composure.
For hours he tried to daunt the youth,
For days, indeed but vainly—
The stripling smiled!—to tell the truth,
The stripling smiled inanely.

For weeks the goblin weird and wild,
That noble stripling haunted;
For weeks the stripling stood and smiled
Unmoved and all undaunted

THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, ETC.

The sombre ghost exclaimed, "Your plan
Has failed you, goblin plainly :
Now watch yon hardy Hieland man,
So stalwart and ungainly."

"These are the men who chase the roe,
Whose footsteps never falter,
Who bring with them where'er they go,
A smack of old SIR WALTER.
Of such as he, the men sublime
Who lead their troops victorious,
Whose deeds go down to after-time,
Enshrined in annals glorious !

"Of such as he the bard has said
'Hech thrawfu' raltie rorkie !
Wi' thecht ta' croonie clapperhead
And fash' wi' unco pawkie !
He'll faint away when I appear,
Upon his native heather ;
Or p'r'aps he'll only scream with fear,
Or p'r'aps the two together."

The spectre showed himself, alone,
To do his ghostly battling,
With curdling groan and dismal moan
And lots of chains a-rattling !
But no—the chiel's stout Gaelic stuff
Withstood all ghostly harrying,
His fingers closed upon the snuff
Which upwards he was carrying.

THE BAB BALLADS.



For days that ghost declined to stir,
A foggy, shapeless giant—
For weeks that splendid officer
Stared back again defiant!
Just as the Englishman returned
The goblin's vulgar staring,
Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned
The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain
These Britons bold have haunted,
But all their efforts are in vain
Their victims stand undaunted.
This very day the imp, and ghost,
Whose powers the imp derided,
Stand each at his allotted post—
The bet is undecided.



KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO.



ING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO
Was a man-eating African swell;
His sigh was a hullabaloo,
His whisper a horrible yell—
A horrible, horrible yell!

THE BAB BALLADS.

Four subjects, and all of them male,
To BORRIA doubled the knee,
They were once on a far larger scale,
But he'd eaten the balance, you see
(“Scale” and “balance” is punning, you see).

There was haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH,
There was lumbering DOODLE-DUM-DEH,
Despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH,
And good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH—
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH.

One day there was grief in the crew,
For they hadn't a morsel of meat,
And BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO
Was dying for something to eat—
“Come, provide me with something to eat!”

“ALACK-A-DEY, famished I feel;
Oh, good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,
Where on earth shall I look for a meal?
For I haven't no dinner to-day!—
Not a morsel of dinner to-day!

“Dear TOOTLE-TUM, what shall we do?
Come, get us a meal, or in truth,
If you don't we shall have to eat you,
Oh, adorable friend of our youth!
Thou beloved little friend of our youth!”

And he answered, “Oh, BUNGALEE BOO,
For a moment I hope you will wait,—
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO
Is the queen of a neighbouring state—
A remarkably neighbouring state.

KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO.

“TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO,
She would pickle deliciously cold—
And her four pretty Amazons, too,
Are enticing, and not very old—
Twenty-seven is not very old.

“There is neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH,
There is rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH,
There is jocular WAGGETY-WEH,
There is musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH—
There’s the nightingale DOH-REH-MI-FAH!”

So the forces of BUNGALEE BOO
Marched forth in a terrible row,
And the ladies who fought for QUEEN LOO
Prepared to encounter the foe—
This dreadful insatiate foe!

But they sharpened no weapons at all,
And they poisoned no arrows—not they!
They made ready to conquer or fall
In a totally different way—
An entirely different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye
They endeavoured to make themselves fair
With black they encircled each eye,
And with yellow they painted their hair
(It was wool, but they thought it was hair)

And the forces they met in the field :—
And the men of KING BORRIA said,
“Amazonians, immediately yield!”
And their arrows they drew to the head,
Yes, drew them right up to the head.

THE BAB BALLADS.

But jocular WAGGETY-WEH,
Ogled DOODLE-DUM-DEY (which was wrong),
And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH,
Said, "TOOTLE-TUM, you go along!
You naughty old dear, go along!"

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
Tapped ALACK-A-DEY-AH with her fan;
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH,
Said "PISH, go away, you bad man!
Go away, you delightful young man!"

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,
And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,
And they opened their pretty eyes wide,
And they chuckled, and flirted, and blushed
(At least, if they could, they'd have blushed)

But haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH
Said ALACK-A-DEY, what does this mean?"
And despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH
Said, "They think us uncommonly green
Ha! ha! most uncommonly green!"

Even blundering DOODLE-DUM-DEY
Was insensible quite to their leers,
And said good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEY,
"It's your blood we desire, pretty dears—
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"

And the Queen of the Amazons fell
To BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO,
In a mouthful he gulped with a yell,
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO—
The pretty QUEEN TOL-THE-ROL-LOO.

KING BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO.

And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH
Was eaten by PISH-BOOH-BAH,
And light-hearted WAGGETY-WEH,
By dismal ALACK-A-DEY-AH—
Dispairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH.

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
Was eaten by DOODLE-DUM-DEY,
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH
By good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEY—
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEY.



THE BAB BALLADS.



THE PERIWINKLE GIRL.



I'VE often thought that headstrong youthe,
Of decent education,
Determine all-important truths,
With strange precipitation.

The over-ready victims they,
Of logical illusions,
And in a self-assertive way
They jump at strange conclusions.

Now take my case : Ere sorrow could
My ample forehead wrinkle,
I had determined that I would
Not like to be a winkle.

THE PERIWINKLE GIRL.

“A winkle,” I would oft advance
With readiness provoking,
“Can seldom flirt, and never dance,
Or sooth his mind by smoking.”

In short, I spurned the shelly joy,
And spoke with strange decision—
Men pointed to me as a boy
Who held them in derision.

But I was young—too young, by far—
Or I had been more wary,
I knew not then that winkles are
The stock-in-trade of MARY.

I had not seen her sunlight blithe
As o'er their shells it dances,
I've seen those winkles almost writhe
Beneath her beaming glances.

Of slighting all the winkly brood
I surely had been chary,
If I had known they formed the food
And stock-in-trade of MARY.

Both high and low and great and small
Fell prostrate at her tootsies,
They all were noblemen, and all
Had balances at COUTTS'S.

Dukes with the lovely maiden dealt,
DUKE BAILEY and DUKE HUMPHY,
Who eat her winkles till they felt,
Exceedingly uncomfy.

THE BAB BALLADS.



DUKE BAILEY greatest wealth computes,
And sticks, they say, at no-thing,
He wears a pair of golden boots
And silver underclothing.

DUKE HUMPHY, as I understand,
Though mentally acuter,
His boots are only silver, and
His underclothing pewter.

A third adorer had the girl,
A man of lowly station—
A miserable grov'ling earl
Besought her approbation.

This humble cad she did refuse
With much contempt and loathing,
He wore a pair of leather shoes
and cambric underclothing !

THE PERIWINKLE GIRL.

“Ha! ha!” she cried, “Upon my word!
“Well, really—come, I never!
Oh, go along, it’s too absurd!
My goodness! Did you ever?”

“Two dukes would make their BOWLES a bride,
And from her foes defend her”—
“Well, not exactly that,” they cried,
“We offer guilty splendour.”

“We do not offer marriage rite,
So please dismiss the notion!”
“Oh, dear,” said she, “that alters quite
The state of my emotion.”

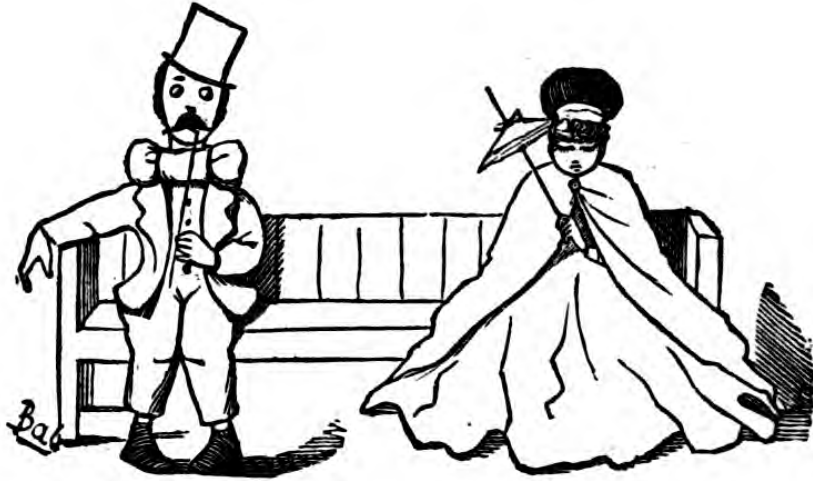
The earl he up and says, says he,
“Dismiss them to their orgies,
For I am game to marry thee
Quite reg’lar at St. George’s.”

He’d had, it happily befell,
A decent education,
His views would have befitted well
A far superior station.

His sterling worth had worked a cure,
She never heard him grumble;
She saw his soul was good and pure
Although his rank was humble.

Her views of earldoms and their lot,
All underwent expansion,
Come, Virtue in an earldom’s cot!
Go, Vice in ducal mansion!

THE BAB BALLADS.



THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE.

To be Sung to the Air of "An 'Orrible Tale."



LIST to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET
HALE ;
It's truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twum !"

Oh, THOMSON GREEN was an auctioneer,
And made three hundred pounds a year ;
And HARRIET HALE, most strange to say,
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.

Oh, THOMSON GREEN, I may remark,
Met HARRIET HALE in Regent's Park,
Where he, in a casual kind of way,
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day.

THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE.

They met again, and strange, though true,
He courted her for a month or two,
Then to her pa he said, says he,
“Old man, I love your daughter and your daughter
worships me!”

Their names were regularly banned,
The weeding day was settled, and,
I've ascertained by dint of search
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary
Abbot's Church.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN, and HARRIET HALE,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
“Twaddle twaddle twaddletwaddle twaddletwaddle
twum!”

That very self-same afternoon
They started on their honeymoon,
And (oh, astonishment!) took flight
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle of
Wight.

But now—you'll doubt my word, I know—
In a month they both returned, and lo!
Astounding fact! this happy pair
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury
Square!

They led a weird and reckless life,
They dined each day, this man and wife,
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please)
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a 'ittle bit of
cheese.

THE BAB BALLADS.

In time came those maternal joys
Which take the form of girls or boys,
And strange to say of each they'd one—
A tiddy-iddy daughter, and a tiddy-iddy son!

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE,
It's truth in one remark you'll sum—
“Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twum.”

My name for truth is gone, I fear,
But, monstrous as it may appear,
They let their drawing-room one day
To an eligible person in the cotton-broking way.



Whenever THOMSON GREEN fell sick
His wife consulted DOCTOR CRICK,
From whom some words like these would come—
Fiat mist. sumendum haustus, in a cochleyareum.

THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE.

For thirty years this curious pair
Hung out in Canonbury Square,
And somehow, wonderful to say,
They loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of way.

Well, THOMSON GREEN fell ill and died ;
For just a year his widow cried,
And then her heart she gave away
To the eligible lodger in the cotton-broking way.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE,
It's truth in one remark you'll sum—
Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddletwaddle
twum ! ”



THE BAB BALLADS.



BOB POLTER.

BOB POLTER was a navvy, and
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,
His homely face was rough and tanned,
His time of life was thirty-two.

BOB POLTER.

He lived among a working clan
 (A wife he hadn't got at all),
A decent, steady, sober man—
 No saint, however—not at all.

He smoked, but in a modest way,
 Because he thought he needed it ;
He drank a pot of beer a day,
 And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he'd pass with other men
 A loud convivial night or two,
With, very likely, now and then,
 On Saturdays, a fight or two

But still he was a sober soul,
 A labour-never-shirking man,
Who paid his way—upon the whole
 A decent English working-man.

One day, when at the Nelson's Head,
 (For which he may be blamed of you)
A holy man appeared and said,
 " Oh, ROBERT, I'm ashamed of you."

He laid his hand on ROBERT'S beer
 Before he could drink up any,
And on the floor, with sigh and tear,
 He poured the pot of " thruppenny."

" Oh, ROBERT, at this very bar,
 A truth you'll be discovering,
A good and evil genius are
 Around your noodle hovering.

THE BAB BALLADS.



“They both are here to bid you shun
The other one’s society,
For Total Abstinence is one,
The other, Inebriety.”

He waved his hand—a vapour came—
A wizard, POLTER reckoned him:
A boggy rose and called his name,
And with his finger beckoned him.

The monster’s salient points to sum,
His heavy breath was portery;
His glowing nose suggested rum;
His eyes were gin-and-wortery.

His dress was torn—for dregs of ale
And slops of gin had rusted it;
His pimpled face was wan and pale,
Where filth had not encrusted it.

BOB POLTER.

“Come, POLTER,” said the fiend, “begin,
And keep the bowl a-flowing on—
A working-man needs pints of gin
To keep his clockwork going on.”

BOB shuddered: “Ah, you’ve made a miss,
If you take me for one of you—
You filthy beast, get out of this—
BOB POLTER don’t want none of you.”

The demon gave a drunken shriek
And crept away in stealthiness,
And lo, instead, a person sleek
Who seemed to burst with healthiness.



THE BAB BALLADS.

“ In me, as your adviser hints,
Of Abstinence you’ve got a type—
Of MR. TWEEDIE’S pretty prints
I am the happy prototype.

“ If you adjure the social toast,
And pipes, and such frivolities,
You possibly some day may boast
My prepossessing qualities ! ”

BOB rubbed his eyes, and made ’em blink,
“ You almost make me tremble, you !
If I abjure fermented drink,
Shall I, indeed, resemble you ?

“ And will my whiskers curl so tight ?
My cheeks grow smug and muttony ?
My face become so red and white ?
My coat so blue and buttony ? ”

‘ Will, trousers, such as yours, array
Extremities inferior ?
Will chubbiness assert its sway
All over my exterior ?

“ In this, my unenlightened state,
To work in heavy boots I comes,
Will pumps henceforward decorate
My tiddle toddle tootsicums ?

“ And shall I get so plump and fresh,
And look no longer seedily ?
My skin will henceforth fit my flesh
So tightly and so TWEEDLE-ly ? ”

BOB POLTER.

The phantom said, "You'll have all this,
You'll have no kind of huffiness,
Your life will be one chubby bliss,
One long unruffled puffiness!"

"Be off," said irritated BOB,
"Why come you here to bother one?
You pharisaical old snob,
You've wuss almost than t'other one!"

"I takes my pipe—I takes my pot,
And drunk I'm never seen to be:
I'm no teetotaller or sot.
And as I am I mean to be!"



THE BAB BALLADS.



ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.



ACPHAIRSON CLONGCKETTY
ANGUS McCLAN
Was the son of an elderly labouring
man,
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewed reader,
at sight,
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the beastly Deeside,
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of
the Clyde,
There wasn't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS
McCLAN.

No other could wake such detestable groans,
With reed and with chaunter—with bag and with
drones:
All day and all night he delighted the chiels
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighbouring maidens would gather
around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

All loved their McCLAN, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way;
Tho' his name it was PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.

TORBAY had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

THE BAB BALLADS.

CLONGLOCKETTY'S pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.



“MACPFAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad,
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness play something resembling an air.”

ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

Boiled over, the blood of MACPHAIRSON McCLAN—
The Clan of Glonglocketty rose as one man ;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween—
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

“ Let’s show,” said McCLAN, “ to this Sassenach
loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let’s see,” said McCLAN, as he thoughtfully sat,
“ ‘ *In my Cottage* ’ is easy—I’ll practise at that.”

He blew at his “ Cottage,” and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until,
(You’ll hardly believe it) McCLAN, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—
It wandered about into several keys.
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I’m aware ;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced ;
He shrieked in his agony— bellowed and pranced,
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the
scene,
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

“ Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around ;
And fill a’ ye lugs wi’ the equisite sound.
An air fra’ the bagpipes—beat that if ye can !
Hurrah for CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS McCLAN ! ”

THE BAB BALLADS.

The fame of his piping spread over the land:
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green—
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),
Divided CLONGLOCKETTY close to the waist.



Oh! loud were the wailings for ANGUS MCCLAN
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man—
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY
To find them "take on" in this serious way,
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

“ Oh, maidens,” said PATTISON, touching his hat,
“ Don’t blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that ;
Observe, I’m a very superior man,
A much better fellow than ANGUS McCLAN.”

They smiled when he winked and addressed them
as “ dears,”
And they all of the vowed, as they dried up their
tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.



THE BAB BALLADS.



PETER THE WAG.

POLICEMAN PETER FORTH I drag
From his obscure retreat:
He was a merry, genial wag,
Who loved a mad conceit.

If he were asked the time of day
By country bumpkins green,
He not unfrequently would say
"A quarter past thirteen."

If ever you, by word of mouth,
Enquired of MISTER FORTH
The way to somewhere in the South
He always sent you North.

PETER THE WAG.

With little boys his beat along
He loved to stop and play ;
He loved to send old ladies wrong,
And teach their feet to stray.

He would in frolic moments, when
Such mischief bent upon,
Take Bishops up as betting men—
Bid Ministers move on.
Then all the worthy boys he knew
He regularly licked,
And always collared people who
Had had their pockets picked.

He was not naturally bad,
Or viciously inclined,
But from his early youth he had
A waggish turn of mind.
The Men of London grimly scowled
With indignation wild ;
The Men of London gruffly growled,
But PETER calmly smiled.

Against this minion of this Crown
The swelling murmurs grew—
From Camberwell to Kentish Town—
From Rotherhithe to Kew.
Still humoured he his wagsome turn,
And fed in various ways
The coward rage that dared to burn
But did not dare to blaze.

THE BAB BALLADS.

Still, Retribution has her day
Although her flight is slow,
*One day that Crusher lost his way
Near Poland Street, Soho.*

The haughty boy, too proud to ask,
To find his way resolved,
And in the tangle of his task
Got more and more involved.

The Men of London, overjoyed,
Came there to jeer their foe—
And flocking crowds completely cloyed
The mazes of Soho.

The news, on telegraphic wires,
Sped swiftly o'er the lea,
Excursion trains from distant shires
Brought myriads to see.

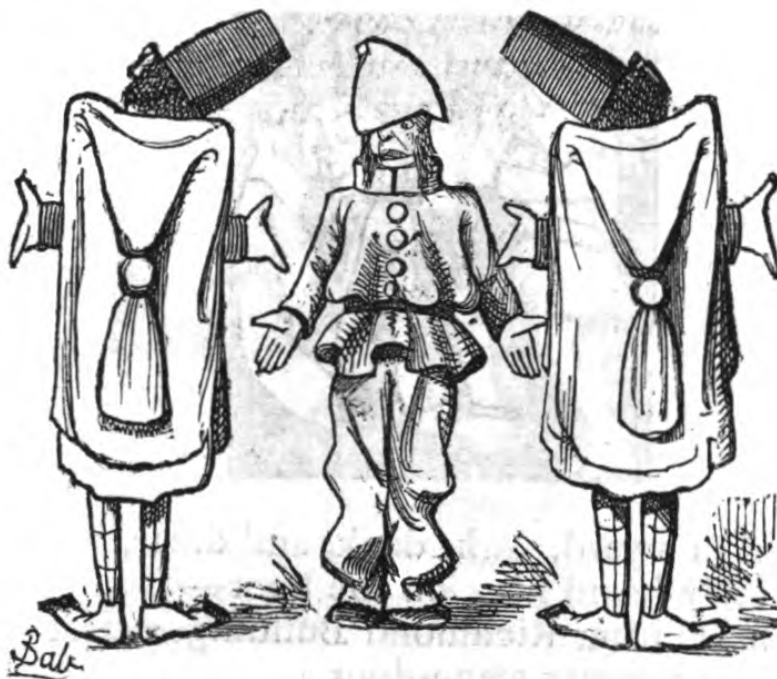


For weeks he trod his self-made beats
Through Newport- Gerrard- Bear-
Greek- Rupert- Frith- Dean- Poland-streets
And into Golden-square.

PETER THE WAG.

But all, alas, in vain, for when
He tried to learn the way
Of little boys or grown-up men
They none of them would say.

Their eyes would flash—their teeth would grind—
Their lips would tightly curl—
They'd say, "Thy way thyself must find,
Thou misdirecting churl!"
And, similarly, also, when
He tried a foreign friend;
Italians answered, "Il balen"—
The French, "No comprehend."



The Russ would say with gleaming eye
"Sevastopol!" and groan.
The Greek said, "Τυπτω, τυπτομαι,
Τυπτω, τυπτειν, τυπτων."

THE BAB BALLADS.

To wander thus for many a year
That Crusher never ceased—
The Men of London dropped a tear,
Their anger was appeased.

At length exploring gangs were sent
To find poor FORTH'S remains—
A handsome grant by Parliament
Was voted for their pains.
To seek the poor policeman out
Bold spirits volunteered,
And when they swore they'd solve the doubt
The Men of London cheered.



And in a yard, dark, dank, and drear,
They found him, on the floor—
It leads from Richmond Buildings—near
The Royalty stage-door.
With brandy cold and brandy hot
They plied him starved and wet,
And made him sergeant on the spot—
The Men of London's pet!



THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO.

—◆—

THERE were three niggers of Chickera-
boo—
PACIFICO, BANG-BANG, POPCHOP—who
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,
“Oh, let’s be kings in a humble way.”

The first was a highly-accomplished “bones,”
The next elicited banjo tones,
The third was a quiet, retiring chap,
Whh danced an excellent break-down “flap.”

THE BAB BALLADS.

“We niggers,” said they, “have formed a plan
By which, whenever we like, we can
Extemporize islands near the beach,
And then we’ll collar an island each.

“Three casks, from somebody else’s stores,
Shall rep-per-esent our island shores,
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

“Great Britain’s navy scours the sea,
And everywhere her ships they be;
She’ll recognise our rank, perhaps,
Whe she discovers we’re Royal Chaps.

“If to her skirts you want to cling,
It’s quite sufficient that you’re a king;
She does not push inquiry far
To learn what sort of king you are.”

A ship of several thousand tons,
And mounting seventy-something guns,
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,
Discovering kings and countries new

The brave REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP,
Commanding that superior ship,
Perceived one day, his glasses through,
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

“Dear eyes!” said ADMIRAL PIP, “I see
Three flourishing islands on our lee.
And, bless me! most extror’nary thing!
On every island stands a king!

THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO.

“Come, lower the Admiral’s gig,” he cried,
“And over the dancing waves I’ll glide;
That low obeisance I may do
To those three Kings of Chickeraboo!”



The admiral pulled to the islands three;
The kings saluted him graciouslee.
The admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,
Pulled out a printed Alliance form.

“Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray—
I come in a friendly kind of way—
I come, if you please, with the best intents,
And QUEEN VICTORIA’S compliments.”

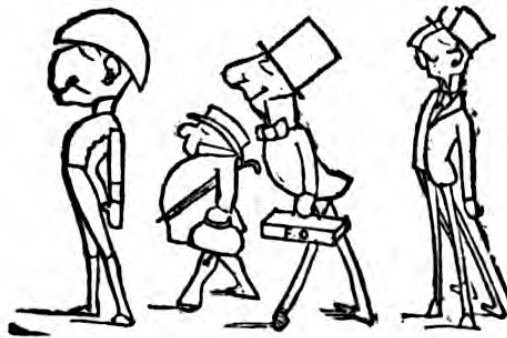
The kings were pleased as they well could be;
The most retiring of all the three,
In a “cellar-flap” to his joy gave vent
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

THE BAB BALLADS.

The great REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,
And off he sailed to his native shore.

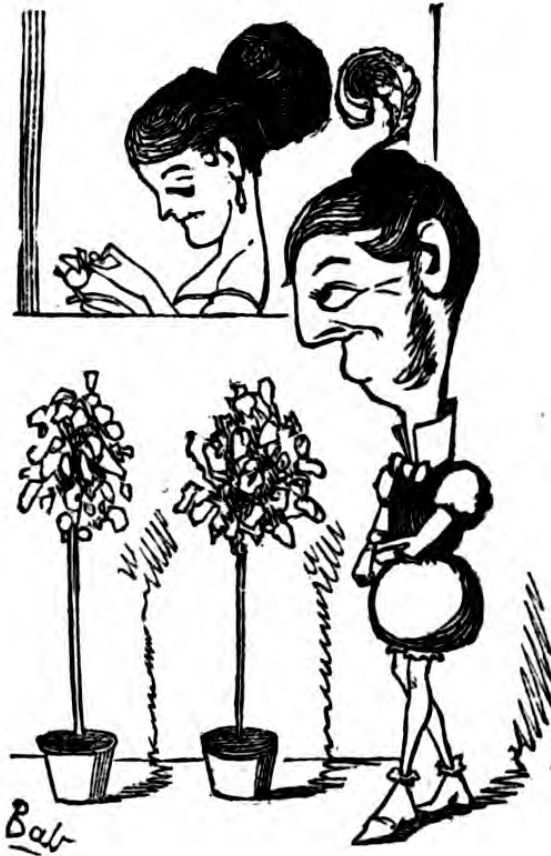
ADMIRAL PIP directly went
To the Lord at the head of the Government,
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,
BARON DE PIPPE, OF PIPPETONNEVILLE.

The College of Heralds permission yield
That he should quarter upon his shield
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."



Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things
May come of alliance with darky kings.
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!



GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

IT was a robber's daughter, and her name
was ALICE BROWN,
Her father was the terror of a small
Italian town ;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old
thing ;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to
sing.

THE BAB BALLADS.

As ALICE was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass
that way ;
She cast her eyes up on him, and he looked so
good and true,
That she thought, " I could be happy with a gen-
tleman like you !"

And every morning passed her house that cream
of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto
ten,
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from
her abode).

But ALICE was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't
wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive
purple eyes ;
So she sought the village priest to whom her
family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were care-
fully assessed.

" Oh, holy father," ALICE said, "'twould grieve
you, would it not ?
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot !
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy
one !"
The padre said, " Whatever have you been and
gone and done ?"

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

“ I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from
its dad,
I’ve assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad.
I’ve planned a little burglary and forged a little
cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!”

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a
silent tear—
And said, “ You musn’t judge yourself too heavily,
my dear—
It’s wrong to murder babies, little corals for to
fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown
a piece.

“ Girls will be girls—you’re very young, and flighty
in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not
expect to find:
We musn’t be too hard upon these little girlish
tricks—
Let’s see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly
twelve-and-six.”

“ Oh, father,” little ALICE cried, “ your kindness
makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly
cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But, O, there is another crime I haven’t men-
tioned yet!

BAB BALLADS.

“A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty
purple eyes,
I’ve noticed at my window, as I’ve sat a-catching
flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I’ve winked at him, and he has winked at me!”



“For shame,” said Father PAUL, “my erring
daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever
heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged
your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of
his band!

“This dreadful piece of news will pain your
worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I
know;

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

For many many years they've kept starvation from
my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as yours !

“The common country folk in this insipid neigh-
bourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously
good ;
And if you marry anyone respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of
FATHER PAUL ?”

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon
his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to ROBBER
BROWN ;
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for
marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good ROBBER BROWN he muffled up his anger
pretty well,
He said “ I have a notion, and that notion I will
tell ;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into
fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little
bits.

“ I've studied human nature, and I know a thing
or two,
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as
many do—

THE BAB BALLADS.

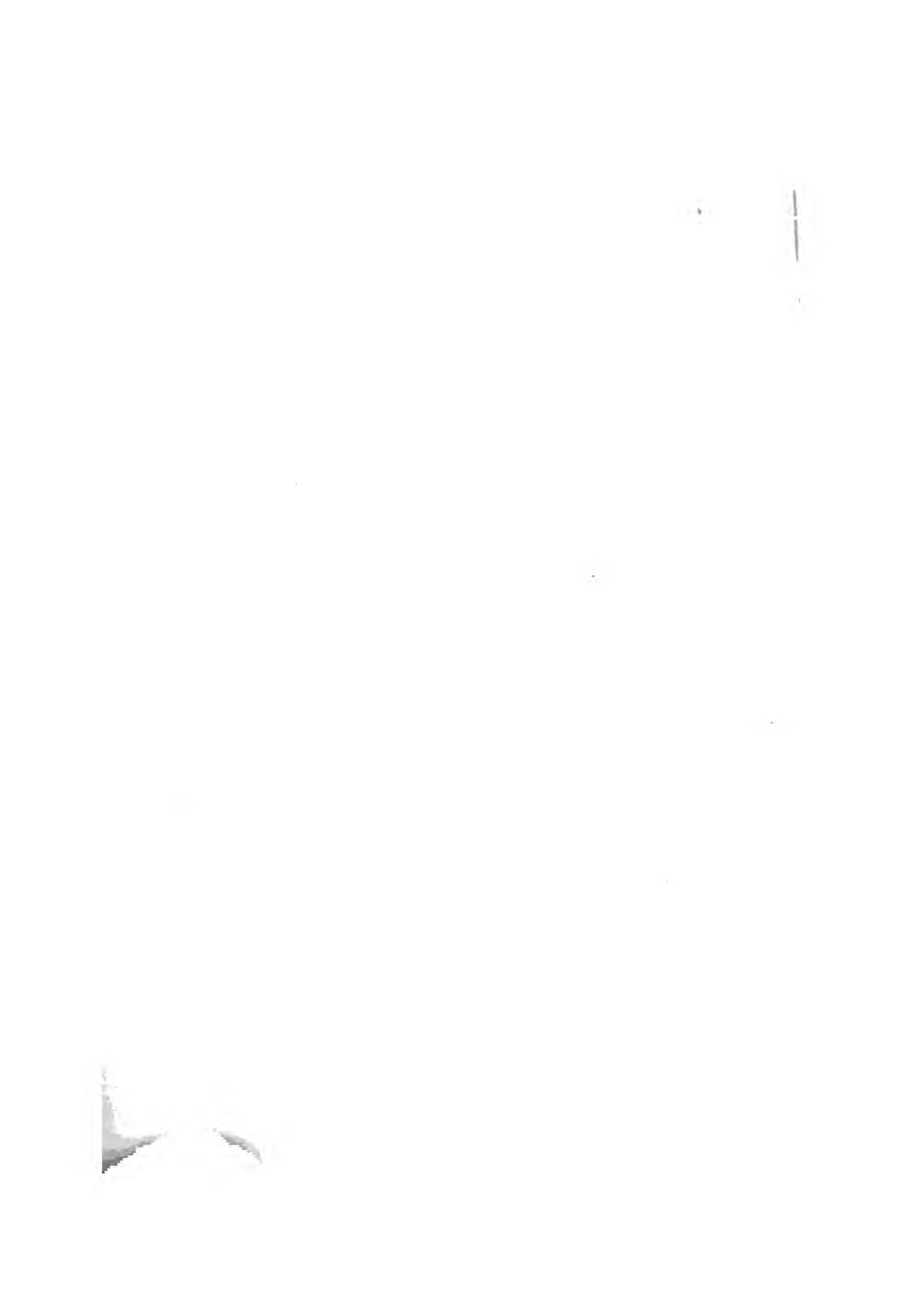
A feeling of disgust upon his senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly
small."

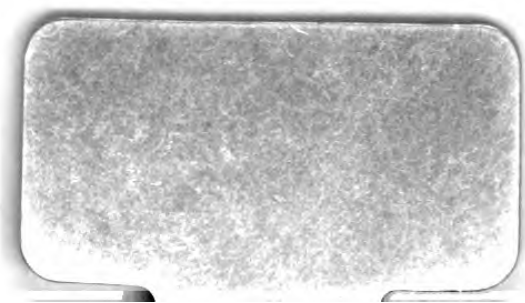
He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban
square ;
He watched his opportunity and seized him
unaware ;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the
head,
And Mrs. BROWN dissected him before she went
to bed.

And pretty little ALICE grew more settled in her
mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the
kind,
Until at length good ROBBER BROWN bestowed
her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of
his band.









TRADE

B O D E G A

MARK.

SPANISH WINE CELLARS,

**42, GLASSHOUSE ST., & 27, BREWER ST., REGENT ST.,
LONDON.**

**Commercial Buildings, Cross Street,
MANCHESTER.**

**York Passage, High Street,
BIRMINGHAM.**

**Northern Assurance Buildings, Tithebarn Street,
LIVERPOOL.**

The finest Sherries drawn in Dock Glasses from the original Cask

£12 and upwards	.	.	the Xerez Qr.-Cask.
20s.	„	.	Dozen (2 galls.)
1s. 8d.	„	.	Bottle (1-6 of gall)
3d.	„	.	Large Dock Glas

For the great purity and high quality of the BODEGA Wines, see the Opinions of the Press, notably the leading article in the *Times* of July 28, 1869; also the Special Reports upon the Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibitions at Manchester, July, 1869, and Oxford, July, 1870.

Price Lists and all particulars upon application.

Cheques and Post-office Orders payable to Lavery & Nicholson