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SOME "TRIAL SHOTS" AT RHYME.

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL

H. L. CHERMSIDE, C.B.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

1859—1879.

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INDEX.

TRANSLATIONS.

PREFACE.

Il se tue à rimer : que n'écrit-il en prose ?
Voilà ce que l'on dit. Et que dis-je autre chose ?

BOILEAU. Satire IX.

As he beholds my finished task,
Haply some Candid Friend may ask—
Whatever was it made you think
To show your verse in printer's ink ?
You must have wasted precious time
In scribbling page on page of rhyme.
Would not a fair MS. suffice
To guard such lines of little price ?
Why then content with nothing less
Than to employ the printing press ?
Does your ambition soar so high,
That thus presumptuously you try
To make your friends discern in you
A poet and a soldier too ?
Should you expect this from your "Song,"
I tell you, candidly, you're wrong,
And have not taken to your heart
Your favourite Boileau's rules of art :
"Who flies not to Parnassus' top,
Down to its lowest step must drop !"*—

True ; but whenever did I claim,
Or seek to win a poet's name ;
Or strive, despite Minerva's frown,
To wrest Apollo's laurel crown ?
Although I know you merely "chaff,"
The very fancy makes me laugh !

* *Et ne savez-vous pas que, sur ce mont sacré,*
Qui ne vole au sommet tombe au plus bas degré ?

BOILEAU, Satire IX.

Yet still I quite agree with you
That some apology is due
For thus presuming to display
How I indite a harmless lay.
Know then, that when in Indian clime,
Where slowly rolls the tedious time,
You'd welcome an enchanter's power
To chase away the lagging hour.
'Twas there the thought came o'er my mind
I might some happy method find,
In pleasing work to while away
Some portion of the sultry day;
When scorching winds, and burning ray
Forbid you from your home to stray.—
With this resolve it was that then
I raised once more the ready pen;
Again evoked the mem'ries bright
Of Glacier, Alp, and Dolomite;
Of Fair Tyrol and Switzerland;
And days spent by Lake Leman's strand,
With kindly friends who with us vied
To waive the cares of life aside.
Perhaps I longed again to hear
Their praise in my too-willing ear.
(Praise which my calm and placid muse
Must still with sober sense refuse.)—
This done, I tried my "prentice hand"
Among the French poetic band.
In English numbers sought to raise
De Lille's great hymn—The Marseillaise.
Then, labouring greatly, did essay
"Le Caporal" of Béranger,
And the brave Girondin's last cry
Their death-song when led forth to die.
Lastly, by way of exercise,
Two of La Fontaine's fables wise.
Then, for a sketch in Hindostan,

Early one morning I began
To note the views which I could see
Round Poona City and Kirkee;
Where, standing by the Magazine,
I traced "the Panoramic Scene."—
So, to accomplish my intent,
"The copy" to the Press was sent,
By my swart Sepoy Orderly,
Across the stream to New Jhansi.
(The man, though well drilled, quick and civil,
Looked ev'ry inch the "Printers' Devil";
And wondered much, I have no doubt,
What "Colonel Sahib" was about.)—
Now, at the Bombay Sappers' school
Prevails the well-considered rule,
That young recruits be always made
To learn some craft or useful trade:
So thus I thought it well to pass
My writings to their Printers' class,
And by this test contrive to see
Their progress in typography.
Well! 'Twas a task I must confess,
To mend "the errors of the Press."
I often thought their type must lie
In one confused heap of "pie";
And, as employment I required,
They gave me all that I desired.
Yet, in despite of all my pains,
Bad spelling in the French remains,
And, notwithstanding watchful care,
You'll find a misprint here and there.—
Now though in England home again,
Still does my rhyming-craze remain;
So through long dreary wint'ry days
I "tuned my harp to other lays!"
For Lily wrote a pointless ode,
Half libel and half Palinode:

Some lines upon a Madrepore,
And penned the song of "Shaldon's Shore,"
Sung faithful little Leo's praise,
And tried some Psalms in paraphrase;
Nor did my cordial cheer withhold
From gallant Chard and Bromhead bold.
Then with sad heart I mourned the day
Of fatal Isandula's fray,
Grieving indignant o'er the host
Of valiant comrades lightly lost;
And strove in English terse and strong
To give the Sansculotte's wild song.
Then, sorely vexed by cunning craft,
From classic French I plucked a shaft;
That satire on the faults of men,
The eighth of Boileau's polished pen,
Which spurns the thought that wealth alone
Can for each crime or vice atone.
Also his Fifth, where honor bright
We see displayed in brilliant light,
While that which would by falsehood shine
Is branded in each pointed line.
So, musing where I best could find
Some noble type to suit my mind;
Old mem'ries did before me raise
A Name well known in boyish days;
Which now with grateful praise is heard,
In English homes—a Household Word.
And, to conclude, behold once more
A doleful dirge of Shaldon's Shore!—
So here content I must abide,
And lay the busy pen aside.
Yet, Candid Friend, before we part,
I'll add two lines from earnest heart,—
DEAR WIFE, WITH CONSTANT LOVE AND TRUE,
I DEDICATE MY WORK TO YOU!

H. L. C.

SHALDON, DEVON, 10*th August*, 1879.

Double Acrostic.

I

A term geologists won't miss,
While mountains sever French from Swiss.

II.

Before the judge 'tis no offence,
Outside—the fine is sixty pence!

III.

In Hindustan this pagan rite
Yielded to christian England's might.

IV.

The title under which some day
Fair England's King shall India sway.

V.

My Lady has but two you see;
Martyrs and sail-makers have three.

VI.

The trial Pauline briefs assure
Each christian soldier must endure.

VII.

Geology must aid your mind
These tyrants of the deep to find.

VIII.

Choose me—'twill still be quite the same,
To guide a horse both blind and lame!

IX.

Leader of giddy fashion's train,
France's woe, and France's bane!

THEN.

In youth's bright morn with smiling grace,
And stately Juno's form and face,
With voice so true, so sweet, so strong,
Thrilling each heart with tuneful song,
Whose dark-brown tresses ample fold,
Mocked the gay silk's restraining hold.
With flashing eyes and teeth of pearl,
Where could you match this winsome girl ?

NOW.

Though nearly thrice ten years have fled
Since forth my bonny bride I led,
Yet in my heart of hearts I say,
"That was my life-time's brightest day !"
For where my duty's path was found,
On native land or foreign ground,
She never failed to let me see
Juno could match Penelope !

H.L.C.

Bruneck,
21*st August*, 1876.

SOLUTION.

J urassi C
O at H
S utte E
E mpero R
P al M
H ardnes S
IchyosdurI
N o D
E ugeni E

A Cape Frontier Question.

Some fifteen years ago it was proposed to transfer the Head Quarters of the Army at the Cape of Good Hope from Grahamstown to King Williamstown, on account of the distance of the former from the Kei river,—the boundary of the Chief Kreli's country. This necessary and important measure met with great opposition—" vested interests " in Grahamstown were very strong indeed, and the then Chief of the Staff was believed to see many reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, why the change should not be made. The Commander-in-Chief was new to the country, and had to hear the question debated from many points of view. I need hardly say that the reasons presented by the Chief of the Staff finally prevailed.

The following lines were copied into every Paper in the Colony, and caused much amusement and enquiry—the secret of the authorship was well and successfully kept.

H.L.C.

Kirkee,
1st March, 1878.

SCENE—King Williamstown, Capital of Kaffraria.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief loq..

"This question vexed of where to fix
"Head Quarters puzzles me full sore,
"Conflicting claims and interests mix,
"And darken council more and more!"
Thus spake the Chief with anxious brow,
As worn and torn by dodge and scheme,
He pondered deep and said, "Ah! now
Would I were back by Thames' stream!"
To him approached that wily Head
Of all the Staff so stout and strong,
Who butters both sides of his bread,
And holds his post—who knows how long?
"Now sit you down, mine honored Chief,
"And list, as well you may, to me,
"For by oat-hay and ration beef,
"This place must n'er Head Quarters be!
"Full many a *fact* which I know well
"Into your listening ear I'll pour,
"These hasten to "the Duke" to tell,
"So shall he this rash plan give o'er.
"—King Williamstown! unwholesome place!
"By Kaffirs termed "the deadly vale,"
"No white man ever showed his face
"In thee and lived to tell the tale!
"See where the turgid Buff'lo stream,
"All tainted, pours its fetid tide,
"Who drinks, turns blue, and with a scream
"Feels death's sharp arrow in his side!
"Sore throats with fevers here combine,
"With *rheumatiz* all backs are bent;
"In the best regiments of the line,
"These ills kill ninety-nine per cent!
"Here wretched huts of sticks and mud
"Absorb like sponge the teeming rain,
"In frequent days of storm and flood
"Their ruins strew the soaking plain.
"—Oh! let us then do nothing rash,
"Or lightly risk our precious lives.
"Since houses fall with fearful crash—
"Think of our families and wives!

" Again, that " Native Question " sore,
" Our hopes of ease may well molest;
" Should war-clouds dark around us lower,
" See how on all sides we are pressed.
" There dark UMHALA lately freed
" From Britain's chain his vengeance plans,
" SANDILLI shall to aid him speed,
" And fight by giant ANTA'S hands.
" SIWANI too all egress bars,
" By Grahamstown's beloved road,
" Till none of all the mule train cars
" Could ever bring one single load.
" Remember too, how like a fox
" Hard run to earth, " Sir Harry " stood,
" On the low rampart of Fort Cox,
" And mused o'er failing stores of food.
" Then, should we to East London turn,
" And longing cast a wistful eye;
" There PATO'S sons with fury burn,
" And shake the shining assagai.—
" Turn we our vision to the South
" Where ocean breaks on golden sand,
" Forming that bar at Buff'lo Mouth
" Where surf-boats vainly strive to land.
" Who ever knew one vessel's load
" Uninjured reach the warehouse door,
" Or " tall barque anchoring " in the road
" That was not promptly dashed on shore?
" Ne'er shall Colonial Engineers,
" Though skilled the breakers wild to stay,
" Make that dread spot lose half its fears,
" Or as a Port of ent'ry pay.—
" Hence then! Avaunt! Kaffraria wild,
" My curses shall pursue thee still!
" Seek we " the Colony " so mild,
" And fondly gaze on " Settler's Hill!"
" Hail Grahamstown, my happy home!
" To thee I'll ever true remain,
" My mansion built of lime and stone,
" Receive thy Master once again!"

H.L.C.

King Williamstown,
Kaffraria, 1864.

THE FANCY BALL.

THE LADIES' REPLY TO O.E.W.G.

I'm asked to rhyme; I wish I could,
  The Muse is coy and won't be wooed,
Yet gratitude to "W.G."
  Calls fourth these doggrel lines from me.
I thank him then in name of all
For "Lines on Dover Fancy Ball."

It would indeed be vain to try
  To name that goodly company:
"Algerian," "Zouave," "Jolly Tar,"
  "Pirate," and "Ancient Mariner;"
Yet some still pass before my sight,
In memory of that happy night.

Hark! what a sound of jingling bells,
  The advent of the "Jester" tells!
With joyous mien in motley hue,
  The merriest of that merry crew;
Long may he blithe and valiant be,
  As jester and as A.D.C.

I glance aside, and see once more
  The tall dark graceful "Matador;"
Castille's fair daughters sigh in vain,
  Wishing him back in sunny Spain,
No bull he'll tempt in bright Seville,
To-night fair ladies' hearts he'll steal.

Lo! who is this we now descry,
  With bearskin vest, and turban high;
He styles himself "Ghureebpurwar,"
  Which means "protector of the poor;"
We offer him "Bahoot salaam,"
May naught on earth e'er work him harm.

"The top of the morn to ye, shure
  Ye're jist in toime to teek the flure;"
From Oireland fresh a beaming Pat,
  With necktie green, and crush in hat,
Ye're come to taych ould Johnnie Bull
The latest step in Home mis-Rule.

Behold this gorgeous nobleman,
  Prime Minister of famed Japan,
In robe of silk, embroider'd o'er,
  Falling from shoulder unto floor.
Whether he's sun or pale moonlight,
I know he's guardian of the Night.

What rough is that in scene so fair?
  What—"Bill Sykes" standing over there?
In corduroys and velveteen,
  Beneath his arm a bull-dog seen;
Remove him hence! Policeman, hie!
Turn out that man with blacken'd eye.

In royal garb behold him stand,
  The "Guikwar" ef Baroda's land;
Unless he much his look belies
  Kindness gleams from his thoughtful eyes.
No "*Fair*" he'll poison, though maybe
There's peril in his flattery.

Heaven on your side for Fatherland!
  Brave soldier of the "Jager's" band!
Brunswick's sharp blade wave free and high
  'Gainst thy loved country's enemy;
Firm be thine heart in woe or weal,
In love or war, true as thy steel!

Good "Farmer George", once more we hail
  Thy kindly face and trim pigtail,
Thy snuff brown coat, with facings red,
  Thy cheery laugh, and powdered head;
From age to age we shall retain
The memory of thy glorious reign.

That quaint costume don't fail to note;
  Is it a herald's tabard coat?
Or ancient aldermanic gown,
  With arms of "Famous London Town,"
Where bears still rend and bulls do toss;
Oh! "Domine dirige nos!"

See uniforms of every hue
  Worn by the gallant, brave, and true;
Our Queen and country need not fear
  Should ever foreign foes draw near,
With such supporters round her drawn
She'd treat her enemies with scorn.

The curtain falls, the P.D. knocks,
  Replace the puppets in the box;
Could I but sing of everyone
  My pleasing task would ne'er be done;
Let each to other still be kind;
Forgive mistakes,—to faults be blind.

H.L.C.—C.J.C.

The following lines were suggested by the appearance of a member of my family at a fancy ball on the 29th March 1875, as the Genius of the French Republic. An important vote of the French Chamber had been taken a few weeks previously, the result of which was to affirm and consolidate the Moderate Republican Government.

"Vive La Republique."!

Erect once more on Native land
See the brave French Republic stand!
With earnest zeal the dauntless maid
Grasps with firm hand the ready blade.
'Gainst Romish craft and despot's might,
Strong be her arm, her weapon bright !
May she, triumphant, burst the chain
Which binds Alsace and fair Lorraine,
Roll back once more the Teuton flood
Which stained her sacred soil with blood,
Again exalt her righteous cause;
"Freedom, with even-handed laws."
May mem'ry still before her raise
Her earlier Heroes' names of praise!
Hoche, and Alsatian Westermann,
Bold champions of the Rights of Man.
Marçeau and Kléber, "Just Desaix," *
And Joubert slain on Novi's day.
Victor of Linden, brave Moreau,
"Fructidor General" Augereau. †
Carnot, for planning vict'ry famed; ‡
Masséna, who proud Russia tamed. §
All children of thy generous land,
Brave France! A valiant warrior band,
Who, rising at the Nation's call—
"Our Country bleeds! Come one, Come all!

* Desaix called by the Turks in Egypt, "Le Sultan Juste."
† Augereau put down the rising of the Royalists in Paris on the 18th Fructidor, year 5 of the Republic.
‡ Carnot, Minister of War called, "the Organizer of Victory."
§ Masséna commanded at the Battle of Zurich and defeated the great Russian army, 7th Vendémiaire, year 8, of the Republic.

With steadfast heart and ready hand,
Formed for defence of Native land;
Upraised their hymn with martial glee,
"Allons enfants de la Patrie"!
Swift in attack, Defenders stern,
Their might the allied Eagles learn,
On many a field where overthrown
Rolled King and Kaiser's pride and throne;
While waved above them bright and free
The rain-bow flag of Liberty—
Henceforth may sober Wisdoms' beams,
Show Her "the falsehood of extremes:"
Baffle all sordid narrow aims,
Expose all selfish party claims,—
So, with firm rule, may She retain,
O'er the Fair Land Her tranquil reign!

H.L.C.

Dover,
10th April, 1875.

On Two Red Herrings.

Grocers in Switzerland have a custom of hanging outside their shops dried herrings sewn in couples on a card as specimens of the article to be obtained within. We had often laughed at the idea of buying herrings on cards; and, at Christmas time, three young ladies at our hotel purchased a card of herrings, and sent them as a Christmas present to the author, who replied to their greeting as follows :—

As in my small but cheerful room
Musing this Christmas morn I sat,
Brisk Anna comes unto my door
And knocks a lively rat-tat-tat.
(Anna with cheerful smiling face
Accomplishes her daily task,
Nor pouts or frowns with sullen look
If extra offices I ask.)
" Pour vous Monsieur "—she hands a note
Of bulky size with whip-cord bound,
" Et bien des complimens " she adds,
And leaves me to my thoughts profound.
I ask myself—" what can this be ? "
As I untie the hempen strings,
No doubt some pretty tasteful gift
Which merry Christmas often brings.
Each paper envelope undone;
What is it meets my longing sight ?
Two fish fast bound upon a card
My eager fingers bring to light !
Their forms are shrunk, their scales are brown,
Long have they left their ocean bed;
" Bless me ! " I cry in some surprise,
" What are they if not Herrings Red ! "

"They come not from fair Leman's lake,
" Where mountain tops reflected shine,
" It cannot be—why ! I declare,
" They're redolent of smoky brine ! "
Ha ! now I see—they're kindly meant
A wand'rer's memory to recall,
To those far distant Northern seas
Which lash our own loved Island-wall.
" On Albion's dark and stormy coast,"
Perchance they urged their pathless way,
Till, flung relentless on the deck,
They gasped their harmless lives away !
Come now ! I cried, forbear to turn
A merrie jest to solemn strain !
(My thought reverted to an ACT
Once done with little fishes twain.)
I'll go and meet those kindly friends
Who thus prepared their Christmas plot,
Their ringing laughter let me hear,
I'll join with all my heart I wot !
So when glad Christmas times return,
May I this pleasant day recall,
And not forget the little fish
Now hanging on my chamber wall.

H.L.C.

Territet, Lake of Geneva,
Christmas Day, 1875.

SOUVENIRS OF SWITZERLAND.

1875—1876.

CANTO I.

The Voyage—The Arrival at Territet—The First Evening at the Pension.

I.

I remember, I remember,
  How one dark November day,
We on board the steamer "Chillon"
  From Geneva bore away!
Unpropitious was the weather,
  And the wind blew damp and cold,
None of all the Jura mountains
  Could our longing eyes behold.
Sombre heavy clouds were hanging
  Low upon the wat'ry plain;
Now and then a squall arising,
  Brought with it a shower of rain.
All combined to make us weary
  Of this foggy, dismal day.
Cold, (and cross), at length we landed
  On the wharf at Territet.
Through the mud and slush we wandered,
  O'er the wet and sloppy ground,
Tired and damp, yet feeling happy
  When "the Mounod House" we found.

Ushered up to our new quarters,
  Oh! we thought them very small,
For they answer every purpose,
  Like the Cobbler's famous Stall!
Two small beds and one short sofa,
  Standing near an old arm-chair,
A chest of drawers, a tiny table,
  With a wash-handstand are there.
Two other chairs, a stove of porcelain,
  All with iron girded round,
These very neat, not gaudy fittings,
  All within my room I found.
(Add two other curious "meubles,"
  These I found had got no locks,
In Shakesperian Ardennes Forests
  I have seen them used as rocks!)—*
Turning pensive to the window,
  All at once my heart was light;
Glancing far across Lake Leman,
  I beheld a glorious sight.

II.

The rain had ceased, the setting sun lit up the glittering lake,
And mountain shadows on the waves fantastic forms did take;
Before the rushing wind the wat'ry clouds were flying fast,
On either hand the scene was clear, the low'ring storm had passed.
The sun's last rays, with crimson hues, on snowy summits shone,
Bathing in floods of golden light the valley of the Rhone.
While glancing over to the right, I could discern afar
The vine-clad hills and castled keep of ancient Chatelard.

* "Local allusion;" understood by the initiated of the "Mounod" alone.

Châlets and trees which dot the sweep of every pretty bay,
The rounded hill which stands above the town of fair Vevey.
Happy and pleased, back to my room I turned in tranquil
mood,
But often since to view this scene charmed and entranced
I've stood!

III.

Our toilets done, at once our minds to other thoughts we give;
For though we should not live to eat, we still must eat to live.
So, at the summons of a bell, down stairs we make our way,
And for the first time strive to munch a "portion" of "Dog
Tray."*
Oh! "Tray" is tough—so *very* tough—my teeth are but so-so;
To swallow down this wond'rous meat, it takes me all I know.
It may be beef, it may be sheep, it may be flesh of swine,
I do not know, but, oh! I dread to see it when I dine!

IV.

Supper over, to the salon
All together we repair,
There to spend our earliest evening
With "Les autres Pensionnaires."
Shall I try to sketch their portraits?
Well, I think the task is hard;
Certainly, 'tis fraught with danger
Even for a prudent bard.
Still I'll venture just to mention
Some of those assembled there;
Could they guess what I was doing
As I watched them from my chair?

† "Dog Tray," the Pension meat; a curious article of doubtful origin and marvellous toughness, defying the best teeth, the sharpest knives, and the most perfect digestion.

First I saw four horrid Russians—
  Mother, sister, children two,
Dirty, noisy, squalling mortals,
  Plagues which always kept in view.
Next a pair of German brothers—
  "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee."
The former in the war was wounded
  By a bullet through the knee.
The latter proved a pleasant fellow
  When we his acquaintance made;
And, to charm us of an evening,
  Sweetly on the zittar played.
One old maid—(*I* shan't forget her,
  Though I do not name her here).
Few of us, when she departed,
  Heaved a sigh or shed a tear!

V.

Here my bashful muse reminds me
  She'll no longer aid my pen;
Coy she is, and fears to flatter,
  Ladies fair or gallant men.
Nothing more will she permit me
  But to cite my friends by name,
So henceforth I cease describing,
  Though my verse be dull and tame.

VI.

Mr. Surgey, Mrs. Surgey,
  Mrs. Hounsell and her son,
Mrs. Gifford, two Miss Coopers,
  (There, one silly verse is done!)

Mr. Tucker, Mrs. Tucker,
  All the way from famed New York;
Miss Trevelyan, also "Jeannie."
  There, I think I've done the work!—
"Stay, one name you have omitted!"
  Cries the Muse. I say, "Don't tease!
How *can* I bring in a Russian's,
  Like a grunt, a cough, a sneeze?"

VII.

When the frigid ice is broken,
  And the talk begins to flow,
We find out each one was thinking
  That the place seems rather slow.
Like ourselves, a merry party
  Had that very day arrived;
Joining in their conversation,
  All our spirits felt revived.
First the question was debated,
  "Oh! whatever can be done,
Through the coming tedious winter,
  Now and then to have some fun?"
Miss Trevelyan said, for her part,
  That she thought it might amuse
If we joined in a subscription
  To the "Matrimonial News."
Many matters were considered,
  Some said this, and some said that,
One declared the old piano
  Had no tone and sounded flat.
Upon this it was suggested
  That another we should hire;

Both Miss Coopers intimating
They should like to join the quire.
Afterwards, I may just mention,
This resolve was carried out.
(But when music was in progress
Folks *would* talk and make a rout.)

VIII.

Some proposed that they should study
Authors old and authors new,
French, Italian, German, Spanish,
Latin, Greek, and Hebrew too!
But by far the best proposal
Mrs. Chermside did suggest,
Was that certain of the party
Should their powers as actors test.
This by the applauding circle
Was pronounced "the very thing;"
Some, delighted, vowed that they would
All their care and talent bring
Such a first-rate plan to forward,
That they'd work with all their hearts;
"No one ever should accuse them
Of not having learnt their parts."
(Well, as I again look backwards,
Truth compels me to confess
That the actors played with spirit,
And obtained a marked success.)
Conversation did not languish,
All were charmed to fraternise;
So, when for the night we parted,
Each took leave in friendly guise.

As the hour of ten resounded
  From our double-striking clock,
Tired and wearied by our journey,
  Upstairs to our rest we flock.
Then, beneath the eider cover,
  Straight we sought our scanty beds;
And on pillows, (stuffed with sawdust?)
  Down we laid our sleepy heads.
Yet, despite these little drawbacks,
  Slumbers sweet our eyelids close;
So, refreshed and feeling jolly,
  With the sun at morn we rose.

CANTO II.

RELATES HOW A SKATING PARTY WENT TO THE OLD BED OF THE RHONE, AND HOW AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO CONVERT "DOG TRAY" INTO CURRY.

I.

Now another idle moment
  Leaves me free to wield my pen,
Let me see if I can borrow
  Themes on which to write again.
Well! one pleasing recollection
  Comes at once across my mind;
How a merry skating party
  Did their way from Veyteaux find,
Out to where the great Rhone river
  Once its turbid waters led,
Ere the stream's swift course was alter'd
  To its present sandy bed.
Some before had tried the venture,
  And had found good solid ice,
All among the reeds and rushes,
  Skilful skaters to entice.
So a pic-nic was resolved on,
  And we settled to essay
If by means of curry powder
  We could cook our "own Dog Tray!"*
'Twas a bold determination,
  Yet our ladies did not shrink;
So with pots and pans we started
  For our distant skating rink.

* "Dog Tray." Our Pension synonyme for the Swiss meat.

II.

Mrs. Gifford, nobly daring,
  Volunteered to make the stew;
For she mixes curry powder
  With a skill possessed by few.
'Twas a sight to see us marching,
  Some with spoons, and some with plates;
Some had knapsacks, some had baskets,
  Some had knives, and some had skates.
And the baskets and the knapsacks
  Held a miscellaneous lot;
Mine held milk, and bread, and brandy,
  On my back was slung a pot.
Salt and onions, with potatoes,
  Apples, rice, and, by the way,
Carefully done up in paper,
  Some one carried "Poor Dog Tray."

III.

Here I'll make a slight digression,
  For it were a dreadful shame
If a rhyming poetaster
  Could not cite his friends by name.
"*Place aux Dames!*" First, Mrs. Gifford,
  "Cordon bleu" of our "Cuisine,"
Quite resolved to make our curry
  Fit "to set before the Queen."
Mrs. Chermside, and "the Colonel"
  (That's myself), and Lily, too,
Quite determined to exhibit
  What she on her skates can do.

Both Miss Coopers grace the party;
"Goodie"—once "Fair Charlotte Shee," *
Always first for dance or skating,
Steps along in hopeful glee.
Better luck this time, Miss Laura!
May no bouncing red-hot coal,
Leaping from the glowing embers,
In your—garment burn a hole! †
Like Cornelia, Mrs. Hounsell
Brings her two most gallant boys;
From "the Alps" comes little Richie,
Full of fun, and mirth, and noise.
Ernest Colville and his sister
Down from Veytaux rush amain,
Roused up from their beds by Bernie,
Just in time to catch the train.
Even patient Miss Trevelyan
Found some means to get away;
Kind Miss Burdkens "undertaking"
"Whining Jeannie"‡ for the day.
Miss S. Burdkens, Mr. Biglow,
Close, I think, my "Morning State."
Self-appointed to the duty,
I became "the First Cook's Mate."

IV.

Reaching Veytaux,—Chillon Station,
There we took "Collective Pass;"
Paying each but fifty centimes,
"En voiture de troisième classe."

* Miss Cooper's part in one of our plays.

† During a previous expedition, Miss Laura Cooper narrowly escaped a serious accident from the cause referred to.

‡ An "Enfant terrible."

Safe arrived at Aigle Station,
  Out we got with all our gear;
Then rushed over to the "Café,"
  To provide a stock of beer.
This important matter settled,
  Off we set upon the tramp;
But, alas! the morn was foggy,
  And the air felt cold and damp.
On we marched through mist and hoar frost,
  Striving hard the way to note,
Glad when we had crossed the river
  In the leaky ferry boat.
When we had our ground selected,
  Straight the fog began to rise,
And the sun, for our enjoyment,
  Shone aloft in azure skies.
Cheered up by this change of weather,
  Each one felt his heart elate,
And commenced the day's employment,
  Some to cook and some to skate.

V.

First we wanted wood and water—
  Both, I found, were close at hand;
Boring through the ice brought water,
  Drift-wood lay upon the strand.
Soon two splendid fires were blazing,
  But the stifling, blinding smoke
Made us cough, and sneeze, and splutter
  Till we all were like to choke.
Now the work commenced in earnest,
  Many zealous cooks were there,

No one thought of being idle,
  Every one would take a share.
Some peeled apples, some potatoes,
  One to slicing onions fell;
Another set about extracting
  Hard-boiled eggs from out their shell.
Then, just look at Mrs. Chermside,
  See her yonder where she sits,
With a knife her husband lent her,
  Cutting "Dog Tray" into bits!
Now the curry powder's ready,
  And set on the fire to dry,
Suddenly, the wind arising,
  Blew some in Miss Laura's eye.
Mrs. Gifford and Miss Burdkens
  Coming up, were served the same,
Well it was the boiling saucepan
  Did not tumble in the flame.
Apples, onions, eggs, potatoes,
  Simmering in our cauldron lay,
When, to crown our dainty curry,
  In we popped "our own Dog Tray!"
Putting on the lid I left him,
  And when off to boil the rice;
But for want of cloth or strainer
  Failed to get it dry or nice.

VI.

Everything at length is ready,
  Then we called the skaters in,
None of them were found to tarry,
  All were eager to begin.

Now, if you should ask the question
  How our curry did succeed,
I'll respond with perfect frankness
  That 'twas very good indeed.
Saving always, and excepting—
  (This is for your private ear),
"Dog Tray" proved as tough as ever,
  But I washed him down with beer.
All the cooks and all the skaters
  Did full justice to the stew;
Drank up brandy mixed with water,
  Finished all the Aigle brew.—
Now the lengthening shadows warn us
  If we longer here remain,
There can be no doubt whatever
  We shall miss the evening train.
So we washed the plates and dishes,
  And we stowed them in our packs,
Then again for Aigle we started,
  With our burdens on our backs.
Taking up my copper "casserole,"
  Some good curry still I found;
And I did not like to waste it,
  Or to throw it on the ground.
So down to the boat I brought it,
  All within the cooking pan,
Thinking it might be a "bonne bouche"
  For the honest ferryman.
But my present he rejected
  In a rather surly tone,
Saying that "he did not want it,"
  So I threw it in the Rhone.

VII.

Moving then across the valley,
  We enjoyed the splendid sight
Of the sunset's glories, bathing
  Mountain tops in crimson light.
Not one fleecy cloud was floating
  In the clear, calm frosty air,
Rock and crag, and lofty summit,
  Rose before us bright and fair.
So with talk and merry laughter
  We beguiled the homeward way,
Till we reached the inn at Aigle,
  Where we made a moment's stay.
Long enough to get some coffee,
  Which our ladies did request;
Glad were they—their walking ended—
  To sit down and have a rest.
Safe once more at Veyteaux station
  We were landed by the train;
From our outside friends we parted,
  Hoping soon to meet again.

VIII.

One good thing in our adventure
  Which in doggerel verse I've told,
Was that no one suffered damage,
  Came to grief, or caught a cold.

So, when we look back upon it,
Every one with truth can say
We had a most pleasant outing,
And enjoyed a charming day.

H. L. C.

PENSION MOUNOD,
TERRITET,
January, 1876.

THREE PROLOGUES.

The following Prologues were recited by the Author at some private theatricals, given at the Pension Mounoud, at Territet, on the Lake of Geneva, in the winter of 1875-76 ; the two latter performances were in aid of the Moutreux English Church building Fund, and proved very successful.

H. L. C.

Kirkee, Bombay,
1st March, 1878.

PROLOGUE--I.

NEW! ORIGINAL!!

Never before recited upon this or any other Stage!!

Near to where grey Chillon's Castle,
Rears its ancient moss grown towers,
Modern mind has stretched the railway,
Passing on through sunny bowers,
Lovely Léman, sparkling, dancing,
Shining, spreads her silvery plain,
"Rock and tree and falling water,"
"Things of beauty" still remain,
Here majestic glorious mountains,
Lift their storm-worn crests on high,
Calm their rugged snow capped summits,
Mirrored in the waters lie.
Hither troop for health or pleasure,
From the Old World and the New,
Ev'ry Nation's sons and daughters,
Kindly, hearty, fair and true,
Here grim winter still relaxes,
Half his terrors, half his woes,
Shall we then not bring to aid him,
Joys which Merry Christmas knows?
So, welcome friends who thus in kindness,
Answering to our warm invite,
Braving rain, or snow, or tempest,
Hasten through the darksome night.
A hundred thousand times we greet you!
Let the pleasing task be ours,
Each to do as he is able,
Swift to chase the passing hours.
How may this be best accomplished?
Shall we dance, or shall we sing?
Or, shall we, at Fisher's Forfeits,
Catch our fingers in a string?

Some of these no doubt would answer,
But a better plan I guess:
Would be to commence the evening,
With, "A Piece of business!"
(Pardon me! — "A PRETTY Piece,"
But this word refused to chime,
Any way the Muse could manage,
With the metre of my rhyme!)
Done! Agreed! We'll clear the tables!
Let our Actors play their parts,
Walking Gents and Leading Ladies!
Set to work with all your hearts!
CAPTAIN FELIX, don your white hat;
DOCTOR SHEE your waistcoat brown;
MRS. GRANTLEY fetch your best silk.
DOBSON! where's your cotton gown?
Call Boy! seek our Prima Donna!
Go and find fair CHARLOTTE SHEE;
Does she at her toilette tarry?
Just run up the stairs and see!
Good! Now here they're all assembled!
Let the harmless play begin;
Cheerfully they'll do their utmost,
Hopeful your applause to win!

H. L. C.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!
The President of the United States!!
And all other Kings, Kaisars, and Potentates!!!

Pension Mounoud, Territet.

PROLOGUE--II.

For Charade, 2nd *February,* 1876.

Again kind friends before you I appear,
Once more to great your welcome presence here.
Christmas is passed with all its harmless joys,
It's happy meetings, feasts, and merry noise;
Now other cares absorb our utmost skill,
Toiling a pleasant duty to fulfil.
Each with the other vies a Work to aid,
A Cause most worthy,— Yet we find arrayed,
'Gainst us one obstacle—a deadly foe,
The root, I hold, of evil here below.
The lack of Pelf! Say, how can we contrive
To meet this want? Together let us strive,
And by some means in which we all may join,
Supply, perhaps, the still deficient coin.
—Not many days have passed since in these Halls,
Our clever actors shook the echoing walls;
"Fretted their little hour upon the stage"
Rendering with lively skill the comic page.
Why should they not again their powers essay
This time to show their friends at Territet,
Another piece in which one merit shall,
Consist in being quite original?
T'was thus agreed; and now a scribbling friend,*
A sly Charade obligingly has penned.
Our actors all (we trust), have learned their parts,
We only hope you'll laugh with all your hearts.
But much we fear that your kind friendly band,
In this small space can barely sit or stand.
Too well we know that in their earnest zeal,
To serve the cause for which we all must feel,
Our Agents, waxing bolder and more bold;
Dispersed more tickets than the room will hold!
Can you forgive them? We confiding throw,
Ourselves upon your kindness, for we know
That your good will, like ours, extends afar
To aid the Montreux English Church Bazaar!

H.L.C.

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*Mrs. H.L.C.

Prologue to Charade—III.

Pension Mounoud. — 16th *February,* 1876.

Kind friends ! I think you'll own my case is hard,
And pour your pity on a much taxed Bard,
Again my feeble pen is in request,
Obedient to our Ladies' high behest,—
" Oh ! just sit down and write us something new ;
" Don't say 'you can't ;' we know it is not true."—
" I can't indeed."— " Come, do not talk such stuff !
You've said so twice, and that is quite enough ;
" What e're you write is certain to go down."
(Now of all things I dread the Ladies' frown ;
To gain their thanks I'd walk a hundred miles ;
And ten times more than that to win their smiles).
" Besides," they add, " Just think how *we've* gone in,
" And worked and toiled ourselves through thick and thin.
" Early and late we've held our sewing Bee,
" Sometimes without one single cup of tea !
" But, selfish men, you never give a hand,
" You only laugh and chaff as bye you stand :
" While we "— " Enough," I cried, " I'll try my very best
" To do your bidding, though I deem the test
" Is hard : for know, an oft repeated tale,
" Too often harped on loses it's avail.
" Yet, nothing doubting, here again I'll try
" To win once more our friends kind sympathy."
—To raise an English Church on Switzer's soil,
Is the Good Work for which our Ladies toil,
For their Bazaar they labor night and day.—
Indeed no words are heard in Territet
But wools and silks, embroidery or crochet,
Slippers or worsted balls, perfumes and sachet,
With many another well conceived device,
From generous folks their money to entice.—

I once affirmed before another meeting
Like this, while giving them a cordial greeting,
That the chief source of evil here below,
Is *lack* of coin :— not *coin* itself you know ;
Though many hold that money is the root,
From which all evil springs, and grief to boot !
But, there can be no doubt, a well filled purse,
Proves, as 'tis used, a blessing or a curse ;
And, surely, no one ever did repent,
Some work accomplished, or some trifle lent,
For such a cause as I above have named.
'Twas for this object that our actors aimed
To win at once your favour and your gold.
Now, by some flattering friends they have been told
Their little piece they should again present ;
To this proposal one and all consent.
Once more you'll see them try their very best,
Should you applaud, then thankfully they'll rest.

H. L. C.

On Veytaux Chillon Bridge.

A PAGE FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK;

Inscribed with kind regards to

THE REV. JOHN BENNETT, M.A., CHAPLAIN OF MONTREUX.

Published in aid of the Building Fund of the English Church, Montreux.

The morning sun's glad cheerful ray shines forth with brilliant gleam,
Each rock and tree and lofty crag shows clear beneath his beam;
All eager to enjoy the view upon the bridge I stand,
And gazing round again with joy I feel my heart expand.
No longer, o'er the deep blue Lake my wand'ring glances stray,
But, tow'ring far above I see the snow capped Roche-de-Naye.
Its silver-crested head stands out against the azure sky;
Light fleecy clouds beneath the peak in misty vapors lie.
Bold rocks and cliffs extend below in rugged broken lines,
Against their sides in masses cling the dark green mountain pines;
While, lower yet and nearer still, white chalet walls are seen,
With many a stately forest tree and grass grown slopes between;
There vineyards, rising ridge on ridge, their yearly tribute bear,
Of golden grapes which well reward the thrifty peasant's care.
Just in the Valley's narrow gorge bright Veytaux village stands,
Mid shady trees and gardens green, tended by busy hands;
And dashing over rock and stone beneath the arches' span,
The headlong foaming mountain brook in rapid torrent ran.
Hark! softly floating o'er the Lake comes the melodious sound,
Of sweet toned bells whose echoing chimes 'gainst rock and crag resound
From Montreux Church, whose tap'ring spire in airy height looks down,
Embowered in spreading walnut trees upon the pretty town;
There just below the Churchyard road some kindly hand has led,
A crystal spring whose sparkling drops fall on a moss grown bed,
While shaded by dark cypress trees, close underneath the rise,
God's Acre, graced by Cross and stone in tranquil beauty lies;
And glancing over to the left I could discern afar
The vine clad hills and castled-keep of ancient Chatelard.
Chalets and trees which dot the sweep of every pretty bay,
The rounded hill which stands above the Town of fair Vevey;—
Yet one more lovely view appeared in morning's glowing light—

Oh! would I had the Poets pen to sketch that glorious sight!
Far up the Valley of the Rhone the lofty mountains rise,
Cliff upon cliff, crag over crag, in forms of giant size.
There the resistless glaciers' force through countless years has ground
The rocky walls to levels smooth, through which the stream has found
Its rapid course from icy fields and boulder strewn morraine,
To where it meets broad Leman's Lake and swells the wat'ry plain.
Far to the south its shapely head the (Dent du Midi) rears;
Above the valley's misty haze its storm-worn crest appears.
Each riven peak and precipice, crowned with eternal snow,
Down which the wasting avalanche sweeps to the vale below.
Fringing the silvery water line stirred by the passing breeze,
Arise the spires of Villeneuve Town and groves of poplar trees;
There wafted o'er the glassy tide on sails like sea-mew's wing,
Light graceful barks from shore to shore their tiny burdens bring,
While far beyond across the Rhone, half veiled by vap'ry screen,
The snowy Alps of fair Savoy fade in the distant scene.
Here close beneath on rocky ledge which shining waters lave,
Grey Chillon's keep and turrets cast their shadows o'er the wave.
All silent now old Chillon's Courts;—silent the festal hall;
No warder guards the Castle gate, or ivy-mantled wall.
Still over Chillon's prison-crypt linger from age to age,
Sad thoughts and memories handed down on gifted Byron's page.
I looked no more but homewards turned with thankful happy mind,
Convinced how far so e'er I roam no lovelier scene I'll find!

H.L.C

Territet, 23rd February, 1876.

Double Acrostic.

I

The small change used in Cupid's mart
When lovers barter heart for heart.

II

Two letters by whose aid you may
Mark, if you please, the time of day.

III

To keep you safe he will not fail—
Should you by chance be sent to jail.

IV

Chill east winds, snow, and rain together,
One word suits such "true English weather."

V

The solid element below,
From which we come, to which we go.

The day I did my journey take
From Porlezza to Como Lake,
"My Whole" was sitting on my right
And much enjoyed the charming sight.
We passed by many a vine-clad hill,
And olive grove, and mountain rill,
Leaping from rock and crag to take
Its course to calm Piano Lake.
We marked the little streamlet where

Grew the sweet fern called Maiden hair.
Nor did we fail to note the cave
Where mouldring skulls from many a grave,
Lay piled within the trav'ler's reach,
The lesson—"Ye are dust" to teach.
Too true!—our very garments showed
Sad proof collected on the road,
That kindred dust will often cling,
And bring discomfort on its wing!
And so we drove up hill and down,
Until we reached Menaggio Town,
Where we alighted safe and well
At the Victoria Hotel,
There good "Cuisine" and Bordeaux wine
Caused us with appetite to dine.—
This rite fulfilled we seek our boat,
And on famed Como's Lake we float.
So—when the sun his course had sped,
And moonlight tipped each snow-clad head,
'Neath rustling leaves we take our seat
Where silvery waves below us beat.
Sleepy and tired at length we rose,
And sought our well-deserved repose.

SOLUTION.

K is S
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H.L.C.

Lugano, Canton of Ticino,
May, 1876.

For Private Circulation only.

A

PANORAMA IN THE DECCAN.

BY

H. L. C.

DEDICATED TO

L. H. L. C.

KIRKEE, BOMBAY, 1877-1878.

A PANORAMA IN THE DECCAN.

FROM THE GRAND MAGAZINE, KIRKEE.

Kirkee, October, 1877.

I.

But one short year has passed away
Since my rude Muse did first essay
In truthful accents to rehearse
Fair Alpine scenes in rugged verse.
How changed the view! Behold expand
To right, to left, an arid land,
Parched and consumed beneath the blaze
Of the relentless Sun-god's rays.
Barren and bare, the rocky soil
Mocks the half-famished lab'ror's toil;
Nor will the hardened glebe allow
The Deccan peasant's wooden plough,
Drawn by the feeble steer, to trace
A furrow on its stony face.
No murm'ring brook or white cascade,
No leafy grove or cooling shade,
Some pleasant verdant spots supply,
Whereon may rest the weary eye;
But glowing rock and gaping earth
Speak of gaunt famine, want, and dearth.
In mem'ry must these scenes remain,
Types of those Cities of the Plain,
Where vengeful fires have done their worst,
Of man abhorred—of Heaven accursed. *

II.

How strange the British soldier's life!
Apart from deadly fields of strife,

* These lines were written during the disastrous famine year of 1877.

What varying scenes may pass before
His eyes, and leave their "legends store
Of ventures happed by land and sea;"
The weary march o'er hill and lea,
The stormy nights when tempests roar,
Canadian frosts, or "coral shore"
Of Hindostan, whose burning clime
Sees many a languid victim pine;
Till, stricken on that deadly soil,
He ends his days of thankless toil;
Heedless should some "Department" try
To grudge the ground in which he'll lie, *
Or, vigilant, they watch to see
If they can "cut" his last rupee!—
Such things are hard, and ev'ry one
In India knows they're overdone.
Blind zeal forbids the official mind
From being just, or (far less) kind.
To scrape and save their only aim,
What care they how they urge "the claim."
No doubt the motto best for them
Is "Rem, quocunque modo, rem;"
And would be better still if we
For "Rem" could substitute "Rupee."

III.

But wherefore "dwell on themes like these?"
Come, let us court the early breeze,
And strive to pass one pleasant hour
Before the risen sun has power
To drive us to our homes away,
Within to pass the tedious day:

* It is a fact that the writer of these lines and some other officers, being desirous of erecting a Mural Tablet to the memory of a deceased comrade, they were informed by "the Proper Authority" that "some Department" would not sanction their so doing; but that there would be no objection to its insertion *in the floor of the Church!*

Our only thought—how we'll contrive
To keep ourselves till eve alive;
While brooding in the solemn gloom
Of the hot stifling darken'd room,
Where oft we paced the matted floor,
And sighing eye the close-shut door.
For ten long weary hours must roll
Their burden o'er the languid soul
Before the sun's fierce rays shall cease
To bar our long-deferred release;
Though when it comes we hardly care
To breathe the sultry heated air.
Thus, through each long and trying day,
Listless we pass our lives away!

IV.

So, gath'ring up the slackened rein,
We canter onward till we gain
The walls of the "Grand Magazine,"
Then pause to gaze upon the scene.
'Tis worth our while, for even here
Some pleasing landscapes still appear.—
There, close at hand, below us see
The Gunners' station of Kirkee.
Within those solid walls are found
Soldiers from distant English ground,
Whose thund'ring guns arouse again
The slumb'ring echoes of the plain.
That parched "Maidan" beyond whose line
Mark the tall towers and turrets shine
On the dry rock of Gunnish Kind,
Where Britain's flag waves in the wind.
There treasure, spent with lavish hand,
Erected on the barren land,

A palace meet for Chiefs whose sway
Extends around o'er rich Bombay.
Here gardens fair and leafy trees
Flourish despite the parching breeze:
For silv'ry streams compelled to flow
From Pashan's lake their wealth bestow;
Supply the lack of genial showers,
And keep in life the verdant bowers.

V.

On yon bare mountain-top behold
Singhur—that ancient robber-hold,
Where still prevailed the bloody hand
When fierce Mahrattas ruled the land.
These lawless times men yet recall,
As they survey the crumbling wall,
And ruined towers where mousing owl,
Or yelling jackalls nightly prowl.
Some scattered dwellings there remain,
Cool refuge from the glowing plain:
Behind the shimm'ring misty screen
Their whitened walls may now be seen.

VI.

High above Poona's town we see
The Hindoo fane of Parbuttee:
Once the Great Peishwa's splendid home,
'Mid temples, shrines, and marble dome.
His palace walls remain entire,
Though riven and scathed by wasting fire,
Kindled by lightning's blasting brand—
Sure omen he shall not withstand
The rising tide of England's power. *
And so it happed—for in one hour

* The Peishwa's palace was set on fire by a flash of lightning, about a year previous to the victory of Kirkee. The Brahmins at the temple relate how the Peishwa considered this calamity as an omen of his downfall.

Of battle fierce on Kirkee's plain
His rule fell, ne'er to rise again !—
Within the stately Temple's bound
Quaint graven images are found,
Erect upon each darkened shrine,
Where feeble tapers dimly shine.
Here in the twilight seem to nod
The Elephant* and Monkey† god.
Vishnu and Siva, fair Devee
(Called in her temple Parbuttee).
There, with fixed gaze and stony eye,
Couched 'neath his sculptured canopy,
Worshipped throughout unnumbered years,
The ancient mystic Bull appears.
While jealous Brahmins guard the store
Of hoary India's sacred lore;
Not yet in them has dawned the light
Of Christian hope so pure and bright.—
Soft! let us breathe one solemn word:
"O Lord, how long!—how long, O Lord!"

VII.

See those low towers reflect the light
From yonder hill-side clear and bright:
Each with its iron-grated bed,
Grimly waits the unshrouded dead! ‡
Above them wheel in circling flight,
Eagle, and crow, and carrion kite,
And loathsome vultures hurrying fast
To share the hideous foul repast.
For on those iron bars displayed,
All bare the Parsee's dead are laid,

* Gunputi. † Humayoon.
‡ The Parsee's "Towers of Silence."

That rav'nous birds, and they alone,
May tear the flesh from every bone!
Careful lest aught of mortal birth
Defile the sacred Mother-Earth;
Their office done, the sad remains
Swell the blanched heap each tower contains.
Thus the Sun's children still take heed
To honour Zoroaster's creed.
Nor thus alone, for yet they stand
Foremost in their adopted land
For worth, and thrift, and honesty,
And all embracing charity.
No stranger race or faith they know,
When they with open hand bestow;
So prudent, wise, and loyal they
The Queen and Empress' rule obey.

VIII.

Below the death-towers' arid hill,
The morning mist rests calm and still:
Like ships upon a placid tide
Which on its surface gently ride,
The domes and spires of Poona show,
The City lies concealed below;
For not as yet the mid-day glare
Has cleared the hazy stagnant air,
Which often in a dull grey cloud
Wraps the fair town as with a shroud;
Type of those ills which most prevail
In Moola-Moota's sickly vale.
Dire cholera, scourge of the land,
And wasting fever's burning hand.—
Poona, whose bowers their freshness take
From Karawashla's prisoned lake,

Spreads far and wide beneath the screen,
With dwellings bright and gardens green.
Long lines of streets and shady trees,
The race-course open to the breeze.
Temple, and Mosque, and Jewish fane,
And Christian Churches stud the plain.
There, too, embodied we may find
The thought of generous Sassoon's mind :
His hospital where sufferers still
May seek relief from ev'ry ill. *
Close by, upon the Kirkee road,
Lies "Garden Reach," his fair abode :
Its towers lit up by morning's beam,
Reflected shine in Moola's stream. †

IX.

Where o'er "the Bund,"§ with sullen roar,
The river's Monsoon-waters pour :
Glance over Sellon's shapely bridge, ‡
Up to that steep and rocky ridge.
The shadows on its rugged side
Quiver on Moola-Moota's tide.
'Tis "the Bund Hill" which oft has been
Of bloodless victories the scene.
A very stronghold seems the crest,
Fitted for outlawed robber's nest;
Where few staunch men might keep the post
With valour firm against an host.
Towards Kirkee the open ground
Meet for the mimic war is found.

* The Jewish merchant, Sir David Sassoon, built and endowed in Poona the splendid hospital which bears his name.

† The Moola river, which flows past Kirkee, is joined just above Poona by the Moota, and passes this city under the name of "Moola-Moota."

‡ The "Fitzgerald Bridge," a remarkably fine structure, built under the superintendence of the late Colonel Sellon, Royal Engineers. § Bund : Anglicè, Dam.

So now in fancy let us scan
An ordered battle's thoughtful plan.

X.

See, the Sowars* have shelter found
In that broad nullah's† ample bound,
Whose shelving banks protect them well
From rifle shot or splint'ring shell.
Heedless of the unshotted gun,
Forward the nimble linesmen run;
While, in support, from yonder glade
Thunders the harmless cannonade.
Now the Defender's scanty band,
Obedient to their Chief's command,
From cov'ring rocks give forth their fire,
And slowly up the rise retire.—
But now upon the foeman's hill
The silent guns stand calmly still:
There too has vanished from our sight
"The thin red line" which kept the height.
Do they deem further contest vain,
Or do they mean to fight again?
"Form the Queen's regiment for attack,
Let the N.I.‡ our movement back.
Come, Staff, trot up and follow me!"
Thus speaks the ready C. in C.,§
And as he gives the prompt command,
His drawn sword flashes in his hand.
Behind him, ranked in serried line,
Brightly the British bayonets shine;
As eager to secure the prize,
He spurs his charger up the rise.

* Native Cavalry. † Water-course.

‡ Native Infantry. § Bombay army expression for "Commander in Chief."

But as he gains the summit bare,
He finds no guns or gunners there,
Or infantry in firm array,
Boldly prepared to bar the way.
As on he rides in stern amaze,
What vision meets his angry gaze?
The Major of the 9th Brigade *
Dispensing tea and lemonade
To Poona's dames and maidens fair,
Who, amid dust and sunny glare,
And powder smoke which fills the air,
Claim ev'ry gallant gunner's care!
The kindly Chief forbears to chide:
So, with his Staff on either side,
Well pleased perhaps to end the day,
To Poona takes his homeward way.—
The warlike scene which has been sung
From no excited fancy sprung;
But "once upon a merry time"
Chanced as recorded in the rhyme.

XI.

See, standing clear against the sky,
That signal tower secure and high:
There strong and lofty walls surround
An ample space of level ground.
Within lies many a cheerless cell,
By watchful sentries guarded well;
There felons stained with guilt and crime
In penal labour work their time:
The Deccan's convict—rascaldom
When sentenced to "Yerrowda"† come.—

* Royal Artillery.

† The great Central Jail stands near the village of Yerrowda, hence its name.

Where that broad Peepul's* branches spread
Their shadows o'er the pilgrim's head,
There stands the ancient tomb and shrine
Of Rao Holkar's princely line,
Who raised the towers and walls of yore,
And stretched his bridge from shore to shore;
Which massive work has long withstood
The swollen Moola's yearly flood.

XII.

There, beyond Rajah Holkar's bridge,
Stand on the gently sloping ridge,
Where runs the road into Kirkee,
The Sapper's Lines of New Jhansee.
(Which name was given to recall
How once they scaled Old Jhansee's wall.)
There, traced upon the broken ground,
Field-works and Batteries abound:
Ramparts with ditch and palisades,
Trim embrazures and strong stockades;
And, roofed with earth and tough fascines,
The well protected magazines.—
Close to the great sap-rollers stand
Long rows of gabions packed with sand;
Where, kneeling with his pick and spade,
The Sapper plies his venturous trade;
And, while the leaden hail he dares,
The "zig-zag of approach" prepares.—
Below upon the river floats
A flying bridge of rafts and boats;
And working on it there appears
A group of busy Pontoneers.—

* The Sacred Banyan Tree.

Soldiers in this strict school are made
To master many a useful trade;
The printer's craft they may acquire,
May learn to work the speaking wire;
Or deftly sketch with able hand
The various features of the land:
And with due skill to use aright
The chain and the theodolite.
Or how, by flashing mirror's aid,
From point to point may be conveyed,
Beyond a distant hostile band,
The needful warning or command.—
Thus Engineers, with thoughtful care,
Should during peace for war prepare;
And "Armèd Science" stand arrayed,
Foremost to bare the ready blade.

XIII.

Beyond the Sapper's huts we find
A school of a far other kind.
For, bounded by those circling walls,
Appear the Deccan College Halls.
There "learned Pundits" may impart
Lessons in every modern art;
And lead the quick Mahratta youth
In paths of scientific truth.
Nor are their efforts made in vain
Upon the subtile native brain,
And their apt pupils oft fulfil
Duties requiring tact and skill.—
And now our tale is all but told,
We may but one more view behold;
The circle ends where it begun,
Our Panoramic Sketch is done.

XIV.

There, shadowed by an inky pall,
Like famous Woolwich Arsenal,
And backed by the "Twin Sister Hills,"
Those "villainous Saltpetre" Mills,—
The "Powder Works," unceasing pour
Of sable grain the ample store,
Which shall the needful speed impart
To send afar the winged dart,
When cannon with their fiery breath
Hurl forth their messengers of death.
For, while in India we remain,
War must our power and rule sustain;
And by the Sword must be retained
Whatever by the Sword is gained.—
Hark! how from yonder rising ground
Thrice rings the echoing volley's sound;
And see the thin grey vapour wave
Above the newly opened grave.
Beneath the Bawbools'* scanty shade
Some comrade to his rest is laid
Hard by the Moola's rocky shore,
To sleep till time shall be no more.
From year to year 'tis still the same,
Death will the priceless tribute claim;
And England's sons for England's sway,
Must still the last dread forfeit pay.

XV.

The breeze has fallen, the glowing ray
Warns us we must no longer stay.
All nature speaks a loud recall
Within our gloomy prison wall.

* A tree of the Mimosa species.

Yet ere we move we may descry
One sight to cheer the saddened eye.—
Mark that long line of snowy steam
Above the polished engine's gleam,
As, panting up the rise amain,
It draws the early morning train.
Soon from Kirkee it takes its way,
To seek the port of hot Bombay;
Where many a gallant ship is found
Homewards for distant England bound.
Oh happy hour! Oh joyful day!
When we ourselves shall take our way
O'er the far-stretching iron line,
And see the dancing waters shine.
How glad we'll pace the vessel's deck,
All heedless now of storm or wreck;
Impatient for the close of day,
To see the crew the anchor weigh.
So let us still in hope rely,
That Westward-Ho! some day we'll fly,
Leaving behind fell India's shore
"For ever, and for evermore;"
And, thankful that our exile's done,
Praise God—and bless George Stephenson.

H. L. C.

THE DEDICATION.

A Domestic Scene.

(Perfectly untrue, and founded on no fact whatever.)

Lily loquitur:—

Come now, you dear old rhyming wretch,
Put by your "Panoramic Sketch,"
And cease to tax your poor bald skull,
In coining lines so tame and dull.
Take off your boots, put on your shoes,
Sit down and read your "Daily News,"
Nor strive to parody By-ron,
Or Walter Scott or Tennyson.
A Poet! You? Come up, quotha!
You're nothing but "my dear old Pa."
And don't you think you're half a fool,
For scribbling limping lines by rule?
They're nothing else, I plainly see,
But "babblings of frivolity."
And (but I never give *you* "sass"),
May be I'd "write you down an ass."
Or, (but my tongue I never loose),
Perhaps I'd add that you're a goose!
What do I care for "Indian shrines,"
Or for "New Jhansi Sappers' lines?"
Can't you extol my Spanish dress,

I wore so gaily at " the Ness."
Say how at the Assembly Room,
My Roman peasant-girl's costume
(*So* suited to my form and face)
I sported with such killing grace,
That all my partners did declare
Among the maidens gathered there
I was the fairest of the fair !
That *would* be right ; and if you please,
I'd have you " dwell on themes like these,"
And not fly off to " India's shore,"
To screw a rhyme for " evermore."
With you I then in peace could live,
And your false quantities forgive.
But there, you still will have your way,
And won't attend to what I say !
So now I'll burn your old cork pen,
In hopes you'll never write again.

[*Exit Lily to do it.*

THE PALINODE.

Ah, well ! I must in very sooth
Confess I have not told the truth.
Indeed (I trust you wont cry " fie ")
I fear I've told a naughty lie !
'Twas but to pass an idle time
I scribbled these few lines of rhyme ;
And not regarding what I said,
I wrote what first came in my head.
Of all the nonsense in my lay
No single word did Lily say ;
Though holding cheap " the Poet's mind,"
She's still appreciative and kind ;
Indeed, at times she's not averse
To hear me read my " rugged verse !"
And don't condemn with feeble praise

Lame, laboured, lagging, limping lays.
Takes time too truthful thoughts to tone,
Merrily mocks my Muse's moan.
Saying " such sorry strains sound sad,
Mild moonings make Minerva mad."
(Athough I've not exhausted yet
The Lexicon or alphabet,
Why should I in pursuit of letters
Bind down my verse in formal fetters?
Indeed, I should be very loth
To part with rhyme and reason both.
Alliteration may be used,
But here 'tis shamefully abused).
So pray, kind friends, forbear to chide,
Nor deem me filled with fam'ly pride;
Do not, I beg, decry this mode
Of drawing out my Palinode;
Or Recantation meant to be
" Poetical Apology."
Lily, I say, is always " good,"
She's seldom cross, and never rude,
Nor have I ever seen her yet
Assume the airs of a coquette.—
(Though she obtained a marked success
At Teignmouth ball and at " the Ness."—)
" Enough!" she cries. " My friends will laugh,
And deem you only mean to chaff."
But I say " No, to prove I'm true,
Dear Lily, I inscribe to you
My Indian Panoramic Scene,
Sketched from Kirkee's Grand Magazine!"

H. L. C.

SHALDON, DEVON,
February, 1879.

SENT, WITH A MADREPORE BROOCH,

TO MY SISTER HENRIETTA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

1879.

But four short winter days have flown
Since, musing on the strand alone,
In pensive mood my downcast eye,
A spotted pebble chanced to spy,
Cast on the beach by recent storm:
Attracted by its rounded form,
I raised it, and with pleased surprise
Saw I had gained a little prize.
Then came the thought—"I surely will
Employ some clever workman's skill
To smooth and shape this pretty stone."
(As Madrepores they're better known.)
So here behold it duly ground,
And in bright silver setting bound.—
Now shall the post this gift convey
To greet my Sister's natal day.
'Tis nothing worth, still let it prove
A token of her Brother's love;
And on it the observant eye
May read a wond'rous history.—
To careless folks it seems alone
A common piece of dull grey stone,
Which may be found, with hundreds more,
Scattered abroad on Shaldon's shore.

But if before it we should pass
The magic lens of crystal glass,
No doubt remains but it must be
A relic of some ancient sea ;
Where, fostered by the glowing sun,
The earlier forms of life begun.—
There mark the coral insect's shell,
And gauzy trace of spongy cell ;
Close pressed together, still they stand
Cemented by red iron band,
As when life's little spark had fled,
They sank in ocean's oozy bed.—
Long centuries have passed and gone,
The plastic clay has changed to stone
Since, all secure beneath the waves,
They rested in their tiny graves.—
Within that time what tongue may say
How oft the night has turned to day,
Or what vicissitudes befell
This solid earth on which we dwell,
Or how in course of countless years
The Sea-bed as dry land appears ;
Then sank once more beneath the brine,
Whose sparkling waters o'er it shine.
Again, perchance some iceberg's clasp,
This fragment held with chilly grasp,
When stretched afar o'er sea and land
The Glacial Epoch's frozen hand.—
It may be some volcanic shock
Asunder burst the flinty rock,
Scattered its masses far and wide,
And rent this splinter from its side ;
Then, for long years rolled o'er and o'er,
The waves its rugged angles wore,

Till, bedded in the rising beach,
It passed again beyond their reach;
And, lastly, in our days did fall
From the Red Sandstone's crumbling wall:
'Gainst which the thund'ring billows foam,
And ceaseless sap our Island home,
Till o'er it spreads the restless sea,
For what has been again shall be,
And still must angry surges roar
"Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

L'ENVOI.

Said I not sooth that we might see,
"A strange eventful historie"
Graven on this poor scrap of stone?
Nor may its lesson stand alone:
For, with deep solemn feeling fraught,
O'er us must come the glorious thought;
Above all reigns THE LORD MOST HIGH,
Unchanging through Eternity!

H. L. C.

SHALDON,
DEVON,
21st January, 1879.

THE SONG OF SHALDON'S SHORE.

I took a house in Devonshire
(I'd ne'er been there before),
'Twas by the swiftly flowing Teign,
"Keith Lodge," on Shaldon's Shore.

"Oh, dear! How nice!" said all my friends,
"Snow you will see no more,
For such a thing is *never* known
On sheltered Shaldon's Shore.

"Sure, Devon's climate is the best
You're close to 'Dartymore,'
No east winds ever chilly blow
On sunny Shaldon's Shore.

"And if you feel a little queer,
Your health 'twill soon restore;
And wipe away all Indian ills,
This life by Shaldon's Shore.

"The Western railway runs you down
From Teignmouth unto Torre,
So a day's outing you may take,
Away from Shaldon's Shore.

"Big luscious strawberries and cream
Are sold at Labradore,
Which is 'but half a minute's walk'
From sweet, *sweet* Shaldon's Shore.

"And when you take your walks abroad
Why, many a Madrepore
You'll find while strolling on the beach
Of sandy Shaldon's Shore.

"Your 'mansion,' too, is warm and tight,
No wind comes through the door,
Chimneys are never known to puff
Or smoke by Shaldon's Shore.

"Each window-frame is weather-proof,
No draughts come up the floor;
No raindrops dribble through the roof,
All's snug on Shaldon's Shore.

"Above your house there is a view
One almost could adore:
The 'Parson and the Clerk's' red rocks,
Two miles from Shaldon's Shore.

"And as you like Geology,
'Kent's Hole' you may explore,"—
"*A hole!* No, thanks!" (That's rather good,
I live on Shaldon's Shore.)

So down I came, down came my wife,
With boxes quite a score;
Lily, and "Sam," our pug, with her,
To dwell on Shaldon's Shore.

Now bear with me kind friends, I pray,
  Nor think that I'm a bore,
If I relate what sad, sad things
  Took place on Shaldon's Shore.

When autumn had to winter turned,
  Cold, "never known before,"
With ice and snow barred ev'ry road
  Leading from Shaldon's Shore.

Great icebergs floated down the Teign,
  And rolling o'er and o'er,
Glanced brightly in the wint'ry sun
  Shining on Shaldon's Shore.

Through all that dismal, stormy time,
  Fierce gales blew from the Nor'-
Nor'-east, and raised the billows high,
  Dashing on Shaldon Shore.

Each morning did the coastguard hoist
  The storm-cone to the fore,
Till by one gust 'twas nearly blown
  Across to Shaldon's Shore.

Like mountains high the surges ran—
  The light-ship at the Nore,
Had it been here, must have been cast
  Right up on Shaldon's Shore.

For howling blasts and pelting rain
  I could not sleep or snore,
The sea, too, made a thundering noise,
  Surging on Shaldon's Shore.

The teeming rain from off the slates
  Through many a chink did pour,
Then did with damp and mildew reek
  Our walls by Shaldon's Shore.

Our chimneys, too, I grieve to say,
  They smoked, and ne'er gave o'er,
And almost choked my family
  To death on Shaldon's Shore.

Draughts through the upper stories swept,
  And drove us to the lower,
So in the dining room we sat,
  Shivering on Shaldon's Shore.

And then, what swarms of hungry mice
  Through all the cupboards tore,
A lot were caught in cunning traps
  I set by Shaldon's Shore.

The " mansion " certainly was built
  In long-past days of yore.
I marvel that it still remains
  Standing on Shaldon's Shore.

Then 'twas a good long mile to gain
  The small church at Ringmore ;
I liked it well—would it had been
  Nearer to Shaldon's Shore.

One " Institution," let me name,
  An inconvenience sore,
Enough to make a perfect saint
  Stamp *hard* on Shaldon's Shore.

"The Ferry," where you're knocked about
Like ball by battledore,
Till "Joe" and "Onions" land you safe
And sound on Shaldon's Shore.

How often on that chilly "Spit"
Folks stand to bawl and roar,
Hailing that—*blessed* ferry-boat,
Stuck fast on Shaldon's Shore.

Again, the goods I ordered at
The Army-Navy Store,
What *did* it cost to bring them from
The train to Shaldon's Shore?

Once as I by the casement sat,
And o'er my book did pore,
Our butcher, shooting gulls, nigh broke
My skull on Shaldon's Shore.

But I'm a mild and patient man,*
I neither cursed nor swore,
That would have been a naughty thing—
Shameful—on Shaldon's Shore.

No "poppies, no mandragora,"
Nor "potent hellebore,"
Shall cause me to forget the days
I spent on Shaldon's Shore.

Nothing which could be offered me,
Not heaps of golden ore,
Would tempt me further to prolong
My stay on Shaldon's Shore.

* (?) J. C.

And now I hope when spring returns
  To "cut, and come no more."
Oh! happy day, when I shall lose
  The sight of Shaldon's Shore.

Yet great regret we'll feel to leave
  Our kind friends at Dunmore,
And others, too, whom I could name,
  Living on Shaldon's Shore.

And you, my grey four-footed friend,
  Your loss I'll much deplore,
"Leo"—who stemmed for me the tide
  Which sweeps round Shaldon's Shore.

"Stop!" cries the wife, cries Lily "stop!
  "Don't grind for evermore."
Obedient, I lay by my pen,
  "Enough of Shaldon's Shore!"

H. L. C.

SHALDON,
DEVON,
17th February, 1879.

"OUR MILLERS."

"Le Roi de Prusse s'est convert de gloire, et de farine."—Voltaire, on Frederick the Great.

"Their only protection against the Zulus consisted of meal bags."—Letter in *Daily News*, 28th February, 1879.

Frederick of Prussia once,
  Amid the battle's roar,
Sought shelter in a mill,
  Where flour bestrewed the floor.

He won great glory there,
  "As every schoolboy knows;"
But, ah! the tell-tale flour
  Adhered unto his clothes.

Our valiant Twenty-fourth
  Showed us what they could do,
Behind *their* bags of meal,
  With Chard and Bromhead true.

They fought from night till morn,
  And beat the wild Zulu;
Till they were covered o'er
  With flour—and Glory too!

H. L. C.

SHALDON,
DEVON,
1st March, 1879.

The above was sent to *Punch*, and inserted by the editor in a mangled form in the paper of the 15th March, 1879. It was *not* improved upon.

LEO.

"Master, lead on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with faith and loyalty!"
[*What the dog says.*]

I know a little dog called Leo,
Born in the days of Nono Pio;
So no offence is meant, I guess,
Unto his present Holiness:
Although dog Leo, let me hope,
Scorns every Cardinal and Pope,
And jeers and laughs along with me
At their "Infallibility."
His birthplace was Capris' Island,
His parents came from old Scotland,
'Tis but one year since he came o'er
From Italy to Shaldon's shore.
His early youth was passed, I'm told,
Not guarding some poor shepherd's fold,
But, by the will of cruel fate,
Tied fast unto a vineyard's gate;
That by his bark, or by his bite,
He might the pilf'ring crew afright,
Who, scorning every law and right,
Would steal his master's grapes by night.
Though Leo is no mastiff large,
His duty he did well discharge;
So shrill his bark, so sharp his teeth,
He was the dread of ev'ry thief,
And not one rascal could be found
To cross that fruitful vineyard's bound.
He did attract, he worked so well,
The notice of each English swell;

At length a naval Captain gay
Bought him, and carried him away,
Shipped him on board a steamer bound
From Naples to fair France's ground ;
Where, after days of sad restraint,
He landed worn, and sick, and faint.
No doubt he spent a dismal time,
Longing for his bright, native clime ;
And would have changed the railway box
For scanty fare, with kicks and knocks.
But "fierce the fire which ever burns,"
And "long the lane which never turns ;'
So Leo, once on English soil,
Forgets his former woes and toil.
And, though amid the damp and fog,
Feels like a jolly British dog;
But, plucky, brave, and modest, too,
Would scorn to join "the Jingo crew,"
Of Dizzy's boys, who brag and shout,
And raise a silly, clam'rous rout,
Not knowing what they yell about.—
No ! Leo deems it far more wise
Such noisy humbugs to despise,
With quiet zeal to do his work,
And ne'er his bounden duty shirk.
So Leo you may plainly see
Is just the very dog for me.
Well, so it chanced that on a day
I came on Shaldon's shore to stay ;
For I had made so very bold
As to rent Keith Lodge House so cold,
From Leo's master, Captain Smythe,
A Royal Naval Tar so blithe,

To whom I gave my promise true
To mind his dog and cockatoo,
While he to foreign parts should roam,
Far from his chilly English home.—
When I poor Leo first did see
He'd matted hair and many a f—a,
Indeed, I might with safety swear
A comb had never touched his hair ;
And I will swing on Marwood's rope
If e'er his hide was washed with soap !
And thus the funny little dog
Looked much like a neglected hog !
But for good dogs I have an eye,
And so at once resolved to try,
With Naldire's soap and steaming tub,
The dirt from off his coat to rub.
By labouring hard I got him sleek,
And broke four combs within the week
In tugging at his long grey hair,
And all the tangles gathered there.
But well my pains he did repay,
" How nice he looks," his friends did say ;
While he himself, his thanks to prove,
Returned my care with faithful love,
Till he had fairly won my heart
By many a pretty canine art.—
At times, as rooted to his place,
He sits and gazes in my face ;
Or by my side he'll take his stand,
And rest his grey head on my hand.
And still to gain my notice tries,
With wagging tail and speaking eyes ;
Then with what joy and pride elate
He feels me stroke his shaggy pate !

Till, leaving off his playful tricks,
My willing hand he gently licks.
At night he lays his soft, grey head,
To rest just underneath my bed;
And every morning shares with me
My biscuits and my early tea.
Then Leo bears a hero's heart,
In fights he'll take a forward part;
And though unwilling to offend,
Will fight "unto the bitter end;"
And by his prowess much surprise
Great surly dogs of twice his size.—
See there, reposing on the rug,
Lies little Sam, my lady's pug.
Leo and Sam are allies true;
Such friendship fast I never knew,
Like that which once in days of yore
Orestes to Pylades bore.
Now, Puggy Sam, though bright and spry,
Is just, perhaps, a little shy;
So if among the rabble rout
Of ill-bred dogs who roam about,
He falls, and then begins to shout,
Leo runs up and helps him out,
And shows at once he does not choose
They should his little friend abuse.
'Twould take too long to sing the praise
Of all his pretty winning ways;
But an adventure happed one day
I'll mention ere I close my lay.—
Leaving my house, I chanced to note
Leo perched in the ferry-boat;
Close to his mistress he did sit,
Going across to Teignmouth Spit;

I whistled, just to see and try
If I could catch his lively eye.
Soon as my sounding call he hears,
He looks around and cocks his ears;
But Lily seized his furry coat,
And held him fast within the boat.
Nor did she loose from him her hand
Till they had stepped out on the land;
But, ah! she very little knew
What game dog Leo would pursue,
And so she did with wonder stare
When off he bounded like a hare,
Rushed o'er the strand with frantic stride,
And plunged at once into the tide!—
At half-ebb, in that very place,
The river runs out like a race,
Sweeping all floating things afar
Over the shallow Teignmouth Bar;
Where, mid the foaming water's strife,
But little chance is left for life.
So, as I walked along the sand,
Musing, as wont, upon the strand,
I heard a distant, feeble cry,
"Come back! come back! Hi! Leo, hi!"
Then looking up, with sore afright,
This vision came upon my sight:
Brave Leo, far beyond my reach,
Struggling to gain the distant beach.
Above the waves his head and neck
Showed like a tiny dark brown speck,
Which ever, as it rose or fell,
Was seen, or lost, amidst the swell.
At first I scarce could realise
The scene which passed before my eyes;

For I had found my silky pet
Strongly object to getting wet;
And though I often did entreat,
He'd barely wet his little feet.
So when I saw him thrown and tossed
By the short seas, I deemed him lost.
But it turned out I little knew
What he could in the water do,
For though by sprays washed o'er and o'er,
He headed bravely for the shore;
Yet still I feared 'twas all too plain
He'd never reach the land again!
But wild waves, in their wint'ry war,
The shingle piled on Teignmouth Bar,
Till at half-tide the sands did reach
A long way out from Shaldon beach.
Towards this bank the current's force
Directed lucky Leo's course;
So, weak and spent, he touched the land,
Ere I could lend a helping hand,
(Though o'er the rocks and slip'ry weed
I hurried at my utmost speed:)
And then at once, with faltering pace,
Came up, and claimed to lick my face.—
Curious! But at his joyful cries,
Somehow a mist came o'er my eyes;
Though by what means I failed to note,
Perhaps some spray flew off his coat
When first he feebly did essay
To shake the sparkling drops away.
It may be so, I cannot say,
But feeling disinclined to stay,
Nor caring further off to stray,
With Leo home I took my way.

WHAT MAY BE SAID ABOUT IT.

[*Mrs. Grundy, loqr.*]

Well! Surely now we've had enough
Of all this maudlin, doggrel stuff.
I think it almost a disgrace
To let your dog come near your face;
I like him in his "proper place."

[*Writer replies.*]

Yes, so do I; I'm glad to see
That on this point we quite agree.
The "proper place" who shall decide?
You say, "in some far kennel tied"!
But I say, "by his Master's side"!

H. L. C.

SHALDON,
DEVON,
March, 1879.

THE DOLEFUL DIRGE

OF

"SHALDON'S SHORE."

OUTSIDE SHALDON HOUSE, 4TH JULY, 1879.

I.

I leased a house in Devonshire,
  I'd ne'er done so before;
Lord Clifford owned it, and 'twas called
  "The House of Shaldon's Shore."

II.

His lordship granted me the lease;
  His noble name it bore.
Six pounds and more it cost, but 'twas
  Useless on Shaldon's Shore!

III.

A traveller from Jerusalem
  Fell among—*friends* galore.
So I met *one;* he picked me up
  On slipp'ry Shaldon's Shore.

IV.

He tempted me to take the lease;
  He promised, vowed, and swore.
No smoother tongue you'll chance to find
  Ten miles round Shaldon's Shore.

V.

I trusted him; I promised him,
  That for four months—*no more*,
He as my tenant should retain
  My house on Shaldon's Shore.

VI.

But once he'd "fixed" himself therein,
  Though mild I did implore;
Bade me depart, and houseless rest
  Three years on Shaldon's Shore.

VII.

And, as if this were not enough,
  At my good name he tore,
And said "I sought to cozen *him*"—
  'Twas hard—on Shaldon's Shore.

VIII

He sent me off to Jericho,
  Or his Solici-tor*e;*
And vowed I had no kind of claim
  To live on Shaldon's Shore.

IX.

So I must fight a desp'rate fight,
  Write letters by the score,
And plague my friends both high and low,
  Who dwell near Shaldon's Shore.

X.

Thus I've a house, but no abode,
  I've lawsuits three or four;
Homeless I soon may sit at ease
  On rocky Shaldon's Shore.

XI.

I cannot go, I'm forced to stay,
  With troubles more and more;
My summer's spoilt, my cash nigh spent,
  I'm stuck to Shaldon's Shore.

XII.

I have a wife—a grown-up girl,
  My grandson, a sailor*;* *
His mother, and a smiling babe,
  To keep on Shaldon's Shore.

XIII.

Soon as a "singing family,"
  Our luck we may deplore.
Perhaps kind householders may give
  Some pence on Shaldon's shore.

XIV.

"Say! Comes your *friend* of gentle kin
  Who blazoned armour wore?"—
Can't tell! he keeps a yacht, a horse,
  And *gig*, on Shaldon's Shore.

XV.

'Tis said he dealt in diamonds black;
  Sold "sunlights' prisoned store,"†
And oft contracted—*very tight*,
  Ere gracing Shaldon's Shore!

* The four-year old A. B. of "H. M. S. Tamar."
† George Stephenson's expression for *coals*.

XVI.

Last week around "The *Tricksey* Yacht,"
  Wild waves and winds did roar;
And my *best* friend was nearly lost
  On storm-lashed Shaldon's Shore.

XVII.

Well! had he been thus cast away,
  And lost for evermore,
Dry eyes I'm sure would have prevailed
  On merry Shaldon's Shore!

XVII.

But pity me, kind friends, I pray!
  (I *know* that I'm a bore!)
And oh! *do* help me to escape
  Unskinned from Shaldon's Shore!

In humble imitation of Thackeray's "Song of Shannon Shore, or The Battle of Limerick."

ISANDULA.

Father! what mean the words you've said:
" Lions are oft by Asses led"?
Heralds and poets all agree
That Lions stand in heraldry,
As types of faith and valour true,
Of fortitude, and prowess too.
While Asses,—Well! we know that they
Only munch thistles, kick, and bray;
Their courage, of the passive kind,
Betokens stubbornness, not mind,
And in no warlike science skilled,
Will stand, or rush on to be killed,
And neither rule or warning heed.
Say then, should Asses Lions lead?—
Ah lad! 'tis that my heart is sore,
I say what oft I've said before,
While mourning o'er the sad display
Of Isandula's bloody day;
When the old Island-lion's brood
The sable Panther's swarms withstood,

As back to back, and side by side,
They fiercely fought and bravely died.
O'erwhelmed at last,—as some firm rock
Which first flings back the billow's shock,
Yet as the tidal waters grow,
Is lost to sight beneath their flow.—
Think, how by lack of heed betrayed,
Tens against hundreds stood arrayed;
And see them close and closer pressed;
No rampart save each manly breast,
Boldly the glit'ring bayonet ply
Against the murd'rous assagai;
While stricken comrades round them bleed,
Foemen to foemen still succeed;
Who, braving death and ghastly wound,
With dead and dying strew the ground.—
But all in vain, the scanty band
No longer raise the wearied hand;
When, surging as the raging deep,
The roaring torrent o'er them sweep!
And then? Ah! then, we know too well
The fate of those who nobly fell!—
They died for England, as of yore
Unnumbered men have died before,
In battle lost or victory won,
Cheered by the thought of Duty done.—
What, though with nerves for vengeance strung
England's great heart with grief is wrung?
What, though her legions quit the strand
Panting for strife in Zululand,
All eager for the heady fray

To wipe their country's blot away?—
What skills it if our Lion-breed
Must still advance where Asses lead—
If still entrusted they must be
To shallow mediocrity,
Of London clubsmen sent to fill
Commands requiring brains and skill,
Whose vacant minds can only look
To feasting, cards, or betting book;
Clever enough, perhaps, to note
The buttons on a soldier's coat,
But powerless firm command to wield,
Or "set a squadron in the field."—?
'Tis said,—"You must not closely look,
These men are favourites of 'the Duke,'
And once his royal voice is heard
Pray who are you to say a word?
Such critics self-convicted stand
As traitors to their native land.
Then urge not, discontented crew!
'Men's lives—our country's honour too!'
Do not recall those hundreds slain
On Balaclava's fatal plain,
Nor yet the 'glorious blunders' scan
Of Lucan's Lord, or Cardigan;
Under such high-born chiefs indeed
The 'common soldiers' proud to bleed."—
Ah no! Our Allies still declare,
"C'est beau! Mais ça n'est pas la guerre!"
And oh! must merit ever stand
Second to rank on English land?

Shall science ne'er supply the place
Of azure blood or courtly grace?—
Till sense prevails 'twill still be said:
" *Our Lions are by Asses led.*"*

H. L. C.

17th March, 1879.

* "*Les Anglais! çe sont des Lions conduits par des Anes!*"—
FRENCH ARMY SAYING.

A. M. D. G.

INSCRIBED TO BOB IN ZULULAND, BY HIS FATHER.

Deus noster Refugium.—46th Psalm.

God is our hope and strength,
  A very present aid;
So though the earth be moved,
  We shall not be afraid.

Or though the hills be borne,
  And cast into the sea;
Whereof the waters swell,
  Wild raging furiously.

What though its tempests roar,
  What though the mountains shake,
The rivers of their flood
  God's city glad shall make.

The Tabernacle's place
  Where the Most High doth reign;
God is within her midst,
  Unmoved shall she remain.

Her God shall be her help,
  And that right early too;
Although the realms be moved
  And heathen make ado.

But God hath showed His voice,
  The earth shall melt away :
Yet with us is the Lord,
  Jacob's God is our stay.

Come hither and behold
  The works the Lord hath wrought;
And what destruction He
  Upon the earth hath brought.

In all the troubled world
  He maketh wars to cease;
To wearied man restores
  The blessing of His peace.

'Tis He doth break the bow,
  The spear too in His ire.
The chariots of war
  He burneth in the fire.

Then be thou still, and know
  Thy God I yet remain.
Among the heathen tribes
  My power I will maintain.

O'er all the subject earth
  I will exalted be.—
With us the Lord of Hosts,
  And Jacob's God we see.
                Amen!

H. L. C.

1st March, 1879.

TUNE—*Quam dilecta.*

(242, Hymns Ancient and Modern.)

Sung as a Processional Hymn in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Ringmore, the Rev. W. H. WRENFORD, B.A., Vicar.

A PARAPHRASE FOR ASH-WEDNESDAY, 1879.

Miserere mei, Deus.—Psalm 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God,
  As Thou art Great, and Good, and Kind.
O may Thy mercies multitude,
  The burden of my sins unbind!
Wash me from all my wickedness,
  And cleanse me from each foul misdeed:
I now confess my wayward faults,
  My sins before me rise indeed!
Against Thee only have I sinned,
  And done this evil in Thy sight,
But Thy clear words are justified;
  Thy judgments ever stand upright.
Behold me shaped in wickedness,
  And by my mother's sin conceived;
But Thou wouldst in the inward parts
  Have wisdom secretly believed.
With hyssop shalt Thou purge me clean,
  And wash me till I purer grow,
And Thou shall cleanse me by Thy grace,
  Then shall I whiter be than snow.
Of joy and gladness make me hear;
  The bones which Thou hast broken bind;
Turn, turn Thy Face from all my sins,
  Put out my misdeeds from Thy Mind.

Make me a clean heart, O my God!
  A spirit right in me renew,
Cast me not from Thy presence forth,
  Leave me Thy Holy Spirit too.
Comfort me once more by Thy help,
  'Stablish me with Thy Spirit free;
Then wicked men Thy ways I'll teach,
  And sinners shall be turned to Thee.
O God, Thou God of all my health,
  Preserve me from blood-guiltiness;
Then shall my tongue with accents true
  Sing of Thy wondrous righteousness.
Open my willing lips, O Lord,
  By my mouth let Thy Name be praised:
For Thou desirest no sacrifice,
  Nor altar for burnt-offerings raised;
Else would I soon with ready will
  The insufficient tribute pay,
But God the troubled spirit loves,
  Nor scorns the broken heart's display.
Oh, still to Sion gracious be,
  Firmly build up blest Salem's wall,
Then shalt Thou grace the sacrifice
  Of faithful souls who on Thee call.
And still well pleased shalt Thou receive
  True hearts' burnt-offerings humbly given;
Our tears, our prayers which meekly rise
  Pleading through CHRIST—THY LAMB in heaven!

Amen.

H. L. C.

SHALDON, DEVON,
24th February, 1879.

TRANSLATIONS.

A

TRANSLATION.

A TRANSLATION.

1859.

Up now, my Folk! From Danube's shore
Far as the Rhenish strand!
Stand to your arms, and boldly show
"United Fatherland!"
Threatened are now your flocks and herds,
Your home, your fruitful field.
Draw, Prussia! draw Germania's Sword!
Stretch, Austria! stretch Her Shield!

H. L. C.

FORT BEAUFORT,
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
1859.

EINE UBERSETZUNG.

1859.

Nun auf mein Volk, vom Donau-strand,
Bis zum Gestade des Rheins!
Nun rüste dich, und halte stand,
Mein Deutschland werde eins!
Bedroht ist nun dein eigner Heerd,
Dein Haus und dein Gefild.
Leb Hoch! Du, Preussen, Deutschlands Schwert!
Hoch Oestreich! Deutschlands Schild!

THE MARSEILLAISE.

A

TRANSLATION

DEDICATED to Mrs. SAMPSON,

(Née Julie de Méric),

OF

MOOR HALL, BATTLE, SUSSEX.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

New Jhansi:
Printed at the Sappers and Miners' Printing School.

1877.

The Thought,—an inspired Tyrtæan Colonel, Rouget de Lille,—has translated into grim melody and rhythm ; into his Hymn or March of the MARSEILLESE, luckiest musical composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in mens' veins ; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"The French Revolution—a History."
Book VI., chapter II.

But the most remarkable appearance, which struck every one, was the Chasseurs coming out mounted : they had advanced quite silent to where we stood, when their band struck up the MARSEILLAISE. This revolutionary TE DEUM has in itself something mournful and bodeful, however briskly played : but at present they gave it in altogether slow time, proportionate to the creeping step they rode at. It was piercing and fearful.

"Belagerung von Mainz."
(Goethes Werke, XXX., 315.)

"Jamais on ne se figurera notre enthousiasme après avoir entendu cette chanson c'était comme le cri de la Patrie en danger. Moi je m'écriais dans mon âme : 'Maintenant tout ira bien, nous avons la Chanson qu'on demandait pour remplacer La Carmagnole ; quelque chose de grand et de fort comme le peuple.'"

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,
L'Histoire d'un Paysan.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

—1—

Come, Children of the Nation rise !
The day of Glory's dawn behold.
What ! though the tyrant's hated flag
Against us rears its blood-stained fold ?
Hark ! sounding far o'er yonder plain
Swells his fierce soldiers' battle cry,
They've sworn that in your shelt'ring arms
Your sons, your best-beloved shall die !

Freemen to arms !
Form your array.
March ! and let traitors' blood,
Reek in your onward way !

—2—

Why does this crouching horde of slaves,
With traitors and with Kings conspire ?
Who now must wear these shameful bonds,
Fetters long forged by Despots' ire ?
Frenchmen ! can we such outrage brook,
Shall not our souls with fury burn ?
Or, shall we, scared by empty threat,
To former slavery return ?

Freemen to arms ! etc.

—3—

Say ! shall these stranger-cohorts wild,
Make laws and rule by our fire-side ?
Or shall these legions, bought and sold,
Subdue OUR haughty warriors' pride ?
Great God ! if once with fettered hands,
Each head should bend beneath the yoke,
Our lives, our destinies must yield,
To bear the vilest Despot's stroke !

Freemen to arms ! etc.

—4—

Quail tyrants ! tremble traitors vile !
Outcast, and scorned on every side—
Quail ! for your plots 'gainst Native-land,
At length their well-earned doom abide !
Each man for strife a soldier stands,—
Should our young Heroes fighting die,
Fresh Warriors rise from out the ground
'Gainst you the fate of war to try !

Freemen to arms ! etc.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

—1—

Allons Enfants de la Patrie
Le jour de Gloire est arrivé
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'Etendard sanglant est levé !
Entendez vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras,
Egorger vos fils vos compagnes !

Aux armes Citoyens !
Formez vos Bataillons !
Marchons qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons !

—2—

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de Rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers dès longtemps prépares ?
Français ! pour nous ah ! quel outrage !
Quel transport il doit exciter,
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer,
De rendre à l'antique esclavage !

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

—3—

Quoi ! ces Cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers ?
Quoi ces phalanges mercenaires ?
Terrasseraient NOS fiers guerriers ?
Grand Dieu ! par les mains enchainés
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient,
De vils Despotes deviendraient,
Les maîtres de nos destinees ?

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

—4—

Tremblez Tyrans et vous perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis !
Tremblez, vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre ;
S'il tombe de nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre ;

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

—5—

Frenchmen ! as gallant soldiers brave !
Strike ! or withold your deadly blow !
And spare those shrinking victims thus
Reluctant driven your might to know !
But wreak your worst on Despots grim,
But smite fell Bouillés hateful brood,
Strike down those ruthless tigers who
Drain from their mother's breasts the blood !

Freemen to arms ! etc.

—6—

The Children's Stanza.

The Patriots' rugged path we'll tread,
When our loved Elders sink and die
Here shall we find their sacred dust,
Their virtues here recorded lie.
All careless to survive their fate
Rather their honored tomb we'd share,
So each with generous pride aspires—
Their fall avenged—to join them there !

Freemen to arms ! etc.

—7—

Oh ! Sacred Love of Country dear,
Direct, support our vengeful arms !
Freedom ! Oh much loved Freedom guide
Thy Champions' course thro' war's alarms !
May Victory to our Standards fly,
Swift answering to thine accents stern ;
So may our foemen 'ere they die,
Thy Triumph and our Glory learn !

Freemen to arms ! etc.

H. L. C.,
Veytaux-Chillon, Vaud,
20th December, 1875.

—5—

Français en guerriers magnanimes
Portez ou retenez vos coups !
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre vous !
Mais ces Despotes sanguinaires !
Mais ces complices de Bouillé !
Mais tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère !

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

—6—

Couplet des Enfants.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos ainés n'y seront plus,
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et les traces de leurs vertus
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil:
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil,
De les venger ou de les suivre !

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

—7—

Amour sacré de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs !
Liberté ! Liberté ! cherie !
Combats avec tes défenseurs !
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que nos ennemis expirants,
Voient ton Triomphe et notre Gloire !

Aux Armes Citoyens, etc.

THE "OLD CORPORAL."

By Béranger.

The popular French Poet Béranger, in his songs and ballads, struck many a telling blow at the restored throne of the Bourbons in the days of Louis XVIII and of Charles X, thereby incurring fines and imprisonments, until the national uprising of 1830, put an end to the rule of the elder Bourbons in France.

The touching narrative, suggested rather than told in the ballad of the "Old Corporal," tells its own tale, it is founded on fact, and is but one of many similar incidents brought about by the overbearing conduct of the young members of the restored aristocracy, who as Officers, were not ashamed to insult and ill-treat the old soldiers of the Republic and of the Empire, who remained in the ranks, unwilling even under their sadly altered circumstances, to abandon their loved profession.

The "Old Corporal,"—"Un Vieux de la Vieille;"—possibly a Volunteer of '92, may have fought his first battle at the lines of Weissenbourg, under Hoche, and taken part in many a fight from Marengo to Austerlitz; surviving the destruction of the Old Guard on Mont St. Jean. He informs us of his presence in the retreat from Moscow with the Rear Guard, which was commanded by the gallant Ney himself, who also fell under the bullets of his own countrymen. The ballad even now is a favorite one with the French soldiers, and enjoyed a prodigious popularity when first published.

The French version is, unavoidably, given from memory.

H.L.C.

The "Old Corporal."

—1—

Now comrades it is time we march,
  Order your arms! Ram down your charge!
I'll light my pipe—then we'll embrace,
  So come—and give me my discharge!
Though old I loved the service still,
  'Twas wrong perhaps, but my dear lads,
I taught each one of you his drill!

Recruits keep step!—
  Come, shed no tear!
Keep step! Keep step!—
  No crying here!

—2—

Late outraged by a milksop Sub,
  I knocked him down!—He stands close by.
I'm now condemned—'Tis martial law—
  And the Old Corporal must die!
Cross, and half-drunk, I struck the blow,
  No prudence could my arm restrain—
I'd fought for the Great Man you know!

Recruits keep step, &c.

—3—

Young soldiers you will scarce exchange,
  An arm or leg 'gainst honor's star!
My own was won when we o'erthrew
  Kings in the glorious game of war—
Each one of you for drink would call,
  When I related our exploits.
Yet—what is glory after all?

Recruits keep step, &c.

Le "Vieux Caporal."

—1—

Allons camarades partez !
L'arme au bras le fusil chargé—
J'ai ma pipe et vos embrassades,
Venez me donner mon congé !
J'eus tort de veiller au service
Mais pour vous jeunes soldats
J'étais un père à l'exercice !
Conscrits au pas !
Ne pleurez pas !
Marchez au pas !
Au pas ! Au pas !

—2—

Un morveux d'officier m'outrage
Je lui fends, il vient d'en guérir !
On me condamne ! C'est l'usage !
Le vieux Caporal doit mourir.
Chargé d'humeur et de rogomme,
Rieu n'a pu retenir mon bras ;
'Puis moi ! J'ai servi le Grand Homme !
Conscrits au pas, &c.

—3—

Conscrits vous ne troquez guère
Bras ou jambe contre la Croix !
J'ai gagné la mienne à ces guerres
Où nous bousculions tous les Rois.
Chacun de vous payez à boire
Quand je racontais nos exploits.
Pourtant ! ce que c'est que la Gloire !
Conscrits au pas, &c.

—4—

Robert, child of my village home,
  Hither return to tend your flocks !
See these trim garden's shady bowers,
  April blooms fairer midst our rocks.
'Ere dawn of day, o'er wood and hill,
  What fresh, what lovely scenes I've viewed.
Good God ! my Mother's living still !

Recruits keep step, &c.

—5—

Who's looking on and sobbing there ?
  Is it the drummer's widow—say ?
In Russia once with the rear guard
  I bore her son by night and day.
Both wife and child beneath the snow,
  With him had sunk but for my aid.—
She'll pray for my soul's rest I know !

Recruits keep step, &c.

—6—

Confound it all ! my pipe is out !
  No ! not just yet, well, come, I'm glad.
Here now we're entering the square ;
  Don't bind my eyes ! 'Twould be too bad !
My friends I'm grieved to give you pain,
  But, above all ! Don't fire too low !
And—may God guide you home again !

Recruits keep step, &c.

Kirkee, Bombay,
23rd April, 1877.

H.L.C.

—4—

Robert, enfant de mon village !
Rétourne garder tes troupeaux.
De ces bosquets vois l'ombrage,
Avril fleurit mieux nos coteaux.
Dans nos bois, souvent dès l'aurore,
J'ai déniché de frais appas.
Bon Dieu ! ma mère existe encore !

Conscrits au pas, &c.

—5—

Qui la bas sanglotte et regarde ?
Eh ! c'est la veuve du Tambour !
En Russie, à l'arrière garde,
J'ai porté son fils nuit et jour.
Comme le père, enfant et femme,
Sans moi restaient sous les frimas.
Elle va prier pour mon âme !

Conscrits au pas, &c.

—6—

Morbleu ! ma pipe s'est éteinte !
Non, pas encore ; allons tant mieux !
Nous allons entrer dans l'enceinte—
Ca ! Ne me bandez pas les yeux !
Mes amis, faché de la peine !
Surtout ne tirez point trop bas !
Et qu'au pays Dieu vous ramène !

Conscrits au pas, &c.

Song of the Girondins.

A TRANSLATION

At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the hymn of the Marseillaise. Such an act of music—conceive it well! The yet Living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid—one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is wearing weak: The chorus is worn *out*. Farewell for evermore, ye Girondins!

THOMAS CARLYLE,
History of the French Revolution.

SONG OF THE GIRONDINS.

"O Liberty, what crimes are done in thy name!"—MADAME ROLAND on her way to execution.

I.

By thund'ring voice of signal gun,
France on her children calls for aid.
"Forward!" the soldier cries,—"To arms!
"Mother! I hold your shield and blade!"

To die for Fatherland,
To fall for country dear!
What fate more nobly-grand,
Can mortals hope for here!

II.

We, friends who far from battle's din,
Perish obscure in gloomy shade;
Let us still consecrate our deaths
To France—and Liberty betrayed!

To die for Fatherland,
To fall for country dear!
What fate more nobly-grand,
Can mortals hope for here!

CHANT DES GIRONDINS.

Périsse notre mémoire, pourou que la France soit libre.—VERGNIAND. Deputé de la Garonne.

I.

Par la voix du Canon d' alarme,
La France appelle ses enfants !
" Allons !" dit le soldat,—aux armes !
" C'est ma mère,—je la défends !"

Mourir pour la Patrie,
Mourir pour la Patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau,
Le plus digne d'envie.

II.

Nous, Amis qui loin des batailles,
Succombons dans l'obscurité,
Vouons du moins nos funérailles
A la France pour sa liberté !

Mourir pour la Patrie,
Mourir pour la Patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau,
Le plus digne d'envie.

La Fontaine's First Fable;

DEDICATED WITH VERY KIND REGARDS

TO

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

JULIAN GILBERT SAMPSON,

With the hope that he will in after-life steer a middle course between the heedless extravagance of the careless Cricket and the over-cautious and selfish conduct of the avaricious Ant! For the French copy I am, alas! compelled to force my memory back over more than forty years.—I have no edition of "La Fontaine" to which I can refer, I must therefore say for the French version—"errors excepted."

H.L.C.

La Fontaine's First Fable.

The Cricket and the Ant.

The Cricket sang in foolish pride
Throughout the pleasant summer-tide.
How swiftly the fine season flew!—
Then came distress when North winds blew.
She could not find though oft she'd try—
One scrap of worm, or else a fly.
So off she went to show her want,
To her good friend, a neighbouring Ant,
Begging that she would kindly lend
Some grains of corn her fare to mend—
"Till the new season re-appears."
Says she—"I'll pay you all arrears;
"'Ere August—on my insect oath,
"The principal and int'rest both."
But Ants to lend are little prone—
(A minor fault we may condone.)
"How did you pass the summer-tide?"
Thus to the borrower she replied,
"Why, hap what hap, by night or day—
"Please you—I sang the hours away."
—"You sang! I'm glad you had the chance,
"Now go your way—you've time to dance."

H.L.C.

Kirkee, Bombay,
11*th October*, 1877.

La Premier Fable de La Fontaine.

La Cigale et la Fourmi.

La Cigale ayant chanté—
Tout l' Eté.
Se trouva fort dépourvu
Quand la Bise fût venue.
Pas le plus petit morceau,
De mouche ou de vermiceau.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la Fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelques grain pour subsister,
Jus qu'a la saison nouvelle
"Je vous pairai" lui dit elle;
"Avant l' oût, foi d' animal,
"Intérèt et principal."
La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse,
C'est la son moindre défaut.
"Que faisiez vous au temps chaud?"
Dit elle á cette emprunteuse.
"Nuit et jour a tout venant
"Je chantais—ne vous déplaise"—
"Vous chantiez? J'en suis fort aise!
"Et bien! dancez maintenant."

La Fontaine's Second Fable;

DEDICATED TO MY YOUNGER SON,

H.C.E.C.

Kirkee, Bombay,
1st April, 1878.

The Crow and the Fox.

Perched on a tree, quite at his ease,
A Crow held in his beak a cheese.
A Fox who smelt the tempting prize
Addressed him thus in friendly guise,
"Good morning my dear Mr. Crow!
"How well you look! You're quite the beau!
"I vow—should your melodious throat
"Excel, as does your feathery coat,
"These woods may boast a bird of note."
The Crow, well pleased to hear this say,
Opes his wide beak—down drops his prey.
The Fox secured it—then he said;
"Fair Sir, all flatterers earn their bread
"From those their lies are found to please,
"This lesson's surely worth a cheese!"
The shame-faced Crow swore—but in vain,
He'd n'er be taken in again!

H.L.C.

Le Corbeau et le Renard.

Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché
Lui tint a peu prés ce langage :
Hé ! bonjour Monsieur du Corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.
A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent plus de joie ;
Il ouvre un large bec et laisse tomber sa proie,
Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit: mon bon Monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit au dépens de celui qui l'écoute :
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage sans doute
Le Corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu 'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

LA CARMAGNOLE.*

A Translation.

The French version of this Song of the Sansculottes of 1792 was copied from a Paris newspaper dated in that year, which was lent as a great curiosity to the Translator while in India. The song is sufficiently rough and truculent, but it is not so savage and blood-thirsty as the Carmagnole is generally supposed to be. An attempt has been made to keep the wording of the translation in as rude a form as the original.

H. L. C.

21st February, 1879.

* "Carmagnole," a sort of round jacket much worn by the "Patriots" of '92.

LA CARMAGNOLE.

Madame Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris.
Mais son coup a manqué,
Grâce a nos cannoniers.

REFRAIN.

Dansons la Carmagnole !
Vive le son ! Vive le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole !
Vive le son du canon.

Monsieur Veto avait promis
D'être fidèl à son pays.
Mais il y a manqué.
Ne faisons plus quartié !

Antoinette avait resolu
De nous faire tomber sur***
Mais son coup a manqué
Elle a le nez cassé !

Son mari se croyant vainqueur,
Connaissait peu nôtre valeur,
Va, Louis gros paour,
Du Temple dans la tour !

THE CARMAGNOLE.

Madame Veto had vowed that we
All Paris bathed in blood should see.
Stopped was her murd'rous hand,
Thanks to our gunners' band!

CHORUS.

Come, dance the Carmagnole!
Sound, sound for evermore;
Come, dance the Carmagnole;
Sound thund'ring cannon's roar!

Monsieur Veto promised that he
Would to the Nation faithful be.
He has not kept his word,
We shall not sheath the sword.

Antoinette swore that, in a crack,
She'd make us fall upon our back;
She failed, you may suppose,
And got a broken nose.

Her husband thought he'd won the fight,
He little knew our valour bright.
Go, Louis, stript of power,
Into the Temple's Tower!

Les Suisses avaient tous promis
De faire feu sur nos amis,
Mais comme ils ont dance !
Comme ils ont tous sauté !

Quand Antoinette vit la tour
Elle voulut faire demi-tour.
Elle avait mal au cœur,
De se voir sans honneur.

Lorseque Louis vit fossoyer
A ceux qu'il voyait travailler ;
Il disait que pour peu,
Il était dans ce lieu.

Le Patriote a pour amis
Tout les bonnes gens du pays.
Mais ils se soutienderont,
Tous au son du canon.

L'Aristocrate a pour amis
Tous les Royalistes à Paris.
Ils nous les soutiendront,
Tout comme de vrais poltrons.

La Gendarmerie avais promis
Qu'elle soutiendrait la Patrie.
Mais ils n'ont pas manqué,
Au son du cannonié.

Amis, restons toujours unis,
Ne craignons pas nos ennemis.
S'ils viennent nous attaquer,
Nous les ferons sauter !

The Swiss all swore to gain their ends
That they would fire upon our friends.
But how they jumped about,
Did not they dance and shout !

When Antoinette beheld the Tower
She'd have turned back had she the power.
She was quite sick at heart,
With honour thus to part.

When Louis saw men digging ground,
He said to those who worked around,
'Twas but a trifling case
Brought him to that vile place.

The Patriot goes hand in hand
With all the good folks in the land ;
But they'll maintain their ground,
All to the cannon's sound !

Aristocrats have for their chums
The Royalists of Paris slums.
They won't be much support ;
They're of the craven sort !

The brave Gensdarmes promised that they
Would be the Nation's prop and stay.
They turned out, one and all,
Hearing the cannon's call.

Friends, all united let's abide,
Nor fear our foes on ev'ry side.
Should they attack our band,
We'll lick them out of hand.

Oui ! Je suis Sansculotte moi,
En dépit des amis du Roi.
Vivent les Marseillois,
Les Bretons et nos lois !

Oui, nous nous souviendrons toujour
Des Sansculottes des Faubourgs.
A leur santé buvons !
Vivent ces bons lurons !

Yes ! I am a good Sansculotte,
Despite the king's friends and that lot.
Hurray for Marseilles, then !
Our laws and Breton men !

Yes, surely we'll remember well
Sansculottes who in suburbs dwell ;
To them we drain our bowls ;
Long live these jovial souls !

BOILEAU.

Satire VIII.

Le discours d'un Vieux Coquin :—

" Veut tu voir tous les grands à ta porte courir ?"
Dit un Père à son Fils dont le poil va fleurir.
" Prends moi le bon parti, laisse la tous les livres.
Cent francs au denier cinq combien font ils ? Vingt livres.
C'est bien dit. Va, tu sais tout ce qu'il te faut savoir,
Que de biens, que d'honneurs sur toi s'envont pleuvoir !
Exerce toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences,
Prends, au lieu d'un Platon, le Guidon des Finances.
Sache quelle province enrichit les traitans ; *
Combien le sel au roi peut fournir tous les ans.
Endurcis-toi le cœur, sois Arabe, corsaire,
Injuste, violent, sans foi, double, faussaire.
Ne va pas sottement faire le généreux ;
Engraisse toi, mon fils du suc des malheureux ;
Et trompant de Colbert la prudence importune,
Va par tes cruautés mériter la fortune.
Aussitôt tu verras poëtes, orateurs,
Rhéteurs, grammairiens, astronomes, docteurs,
Dégrader les héros pour te mettre en leur place,
De tes titres pompeux enfler leur dédicaces.
Te prouver à toi même en Grec, Hébreu, Latin,
Que tu sais de leur art et le fort et le fin.

* A slight liberty has been taken with this and the following line, but, *experto crede* the English version is no less applicable.

A FRAGMENT FROM BOILEAU'S 8TH SATIRE.

An Old Rogue speaks:—

"Would you see all the Great press your doorway about?"
Quoth a sire to his son, whose young beard will soon sprout.
"Then adopt the best means, throw your volumes away,
Five per cent. on one hundred—what profit? please say."
"Twenty pounds!" "Yes, quite right, you have mastered your trade,
In vast wealth you will roll, so your honour *can't* fade.
Become versed, my dear boy, in such lucrative lore,
Burn old Plato, and your Ready-reck'ner explore.
Learn up all those sly schemes where contractors grow fat;
Say by stretching long wires, or long bows—and all that.
Go, then! Harden your heart, be a rogue and a screw,
Over-reaching, a forger, false, faithless, untrue.
Do not, like a soft fool, play the generous part,
But wax fat, O my Son, on each luckless one's heart;
And by just steering clear of the Law's with'ring brand,
Make your fortune, and never mind soiling your hand.
This done, promptly you'll see poet, scrib'ler, and author,
Astronomer, spouter, grammarian, and doctor,
Cast their heroes all down to put you in their place,
With your high-sounding names swell each pompous preface;
And prove to yourself in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew,
That in science and art you surpass all that they knew.

Quiconque est riche est tout ; sans sagesse il est sage ;
Il a, sans rien savoir, la science en partage ;
Il a l'ésprit, le cœur, le mérite, le rang,
La vertu, la valeur, la dignité, le sang ;
Il est aimé des grands, il est chéri des belles ;
Jamais surintendant n'en trouva de cruelles.
L'or même à la laideur donne un teint de beauté.
Mais tout devient affreux avec la pauvreté."—
C'est ainsi qu'à son fils un usurier habile
Trace vers la richesse une route facile :
Et souvent tel y vient, qui sait pour tout secret,
Cinq et quatre font neuf, ôtez deux, reste sept !

A rich man must be all—lacking wisdom he's wise,
Knowing nothing, his learning is praised to the skies.
He has wit, a great heart, rank, and merit as well,
Valour, virtue, and birth, and all else one can tell.
He is loved by the great, by each beauty adored,
Was there ever one found to say 'No,' to a lord?
On rough plainness itself gold will shed a sweet light,
But with poverty every one looks like a fright!"
In such words to his son, a sharp usurer may
Point to wealth what he deems a most excellent way;
Which such lads often reach, knowing nought under heaven,
Save "five plus four make nine, subtract two, and you've seven."

H. L. C.

OUTSIDE SHALDON HOUSE,
30th June, 1879

THIS

ENGLISH VERSION

OF

BOILEAU'S FIFTH SATIRE

Is, by Special Permission,

INSCRIBED

TO

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART., M.P.,

K.C.B., C.L.H.,

BY

HIS EARLY FRIEND, THE TRANSLATOR.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

H. L. C.

BOILEAU'S FIFTH SATIRE

On True Nobility.

Dear Sir Richard, "Noblesse" is no phantom so vain,
When beneath the strict Law where bright honour does reign,
A man sprung from a race of illustrious line,
Keeps the path where the names of his ancestors shine.
But I can't bear a fop, who with dandified airs
Has nothing to boast save the name which he bears;
Who will boldly parade merits nowise his own,
And can brag of his Forefathers' honours alone.—
I am willing to grant that his grandsires of old
May have done valiant deeds in past chronicles told;
And that one of our Kings, to exalt their great name,
Charged their shield with three lions recording their fame.
But what object is served by such empty display,
If of these former heroes' historic array,
He has nothing to show to the eyes of mankind
Save old parchments and rolls where the worms may have dined;
If of noble descent only short of high Heaven,
His grand birth be impugned by his heart's sordid leaven;

And himself owning nought but a silly conceit,
Rests in sloth, and believes all the world's at his feet.
But yet to hear him in his arrogant pride
Boast the false splendours drawn from his ancestral side,
One would think that the skies only moved at his nod,
And that in special clay he was fashioned by God.
Puffed up with his folly, no doubt he must think
That all mortals before him must tremble and shrink;
But however to-day, careless should I offend,
With some posers I'm going to question my friend.—
Oh, great hero! with spirit sublime and *so* rare,
Tell me, which of all beasts merits chiefly our care?
We esteem a fine steed, who with ardour and fire,
Displays vigour and power which no effort can tire;
Who will never give in, but when urged to his pace,
Has a thousand times reeked with the foam of the race.
But the blood of Eclipse or of famous Bluegown,
Should it prove but a screw is "put up" and "knocked down:"
No respect for his sires any man will allow,
He must carry a pack or work hard at the plough.
Then why do you expect that in modern day
All in you should respect honours long passed away?
You cannot blind me thus by a false hollow show,
'Tis by virtue alone a great heart we may know;
If indeed you be sprung from such excellent strain,
By your bright actions prove you've their blood in each vein;
Show for honour their zeal, and from vice ever turn,
While upholding the Laws all injustice you spurn.
Can you, thirsting for fame, cast your pleasures aside,

And "beneath frigid Jove" * in your armour abide?
Then by these tokens true I'll confess you are great,
And admit you derived from Imperial estate,
Through a long pedigree; and should more be required,
Go, ransack ev'ry page of old times long expired;
Name some warrior as root of your family tree,
Choose Achilles or Cæsar: who greater than he?
In vain a sour critic his doubts strives to fling,
If you *don't* spring from them 'tis from them you *should* spring.
But from Alcmena's Son, if a straight line you trace,
Should your character stamp you unworthy or base,
Then your long line of Sires, which your actions defame,
Bear their witness against you and publish your shame;
And the dull tarnished rays of their glories so bright
Only show your sad fall in a more vivid light.
Vain your pride in the blood you've dishonoured and seared,
That you rest 'neath the shade of their names so revered,
And vainly their virtues you'd take for a cloak,
In my eyes the whole thing is a farce and a joke!
I still hold you a sneak, an impostor as well,
A rogue and a cheat, by the lies which you tell;
An idiot, whose fits clearly prove he is mad,
And of one noble stem a branch rotten and bad.—
I grow heated, perhaps, and my too angry Muse
Speaks with acid and gall, you will hardly excuse;
But with ev'ry grandee you must soften your tone,
So I now will unbend—your high birth is well known.

---

* "Sub Jove frigido."

Pray tell me since when? For a thousand long years,
And your escutcheon with thirty-two quart'rings appears.
That is much! All the proofs are as clear as the sun,
Volumes show all the titles your Fathers have won,
And their names mid the shipwrecks of time have stood fast.
Ah! But can I be sure that through centuries past
Your grandames to their consorts were faithful and true,
And the flattering wiles of gay gallants ne'er knew;
Or whether some spark, bolder far than the rest,
In your ancestral line has not daringly pressed,
And that all their blue blood with their noble renown,
Has been by these Lucretias to you handed down?
Oh! thrice curst be the day when this nonsense so vain,
On our pure manners stamped so degrading a stain!
In that happier age of the world in its youth,
Each man's glory was founded on virtue and truth.
Every one lived content under laws just and wise,
Kings' and nobles' chief claims did from merit arise;
And while scorning support from illustrious birth,
Heroes looked to themselves, and to none else on earth.
But at length, in ill times, merit sank in the scale,
'Twas then vice reared its head, honor could not prevail;
And so insolent pride by sham titles sustained,
Over prostrate mankind domineeringly reigned.
Hence the crowds who straight dubbed themselves Marquess or
Duke,
Showed for worth empty names without let or rebuke.
It was then crazy souls most prolific in schemes,
Thought of armour emblazoned with heraldic dreams.

Invented dark terms, spoke in language obscure,
Composed many strange words, as "impaled" or "azure,"
With "passant," and "gardant," and "rampant" as well,
And some hundreds besides which "King Garter" can tell;
So by this vain folly excluding all reason,
Honor, downcast and sad, became quite out of season.
Then to mark their high birth and their noble estate,
Came the lavish display of gold, jewels, and plate.
In a mansion superb they must fix their abode;
While behind them in colors their big flunkies rode.
And in gorgeous turn-outs, ostentatiously shown,
By their footmen, Duke, Marquess, or Baron was known.
But to keep up this style, Grandees coming to rack,
Found a good way to borrow, and pay nothing back.
So in spite of the constable's timorous crew,
Duns froze on their doorsteps while claiming their due.
But at length to wind up, the gay Marquess in jail,
By law suits overwhelmed, sees his Ancient House fail.
Then the noble so grand, pockets all his fine pride,
And some usurer's daughter brings home as his bride,
With him bart'ring for pelf his great family name,
By a scandalous marriage sells Fathers and fame;
And while fickle fortune he'd bend to his will,
Would his honor regain by more infamies still.
For if gold's dazzling sheen your lost caste fails to raise,
Your rank ca'nt be maintained by such brilliant displays.
So your love for your sires as sad humbug is blamed,
And by your very kin you are shunned and disclaimed.
But a man when he's rich must be worth something still,

Even though he's been known footmen's jackets to fill;
And although his own name has gone out of his mind,
Yet the heralds his race will in history find!—
Oh! You then, whose Life by High Honour is crowned,
Who has sought the best joys which in riches are found,
Who by Queen and by Country is valued and prized,
And whose open hand, ever by prudence advised,
Shows in works over which tender Mercy presides,
Kindly deeds where the favor of Heaven abides.—
Good Sir Richard! condone this bold flight of my muse,
Should you please in this garb Boileau's page to peruse:
For I truly declare,—"*Foi de Soldat et d'Homme!*"
That while penning these lines this one thought would still come,
"That in your very self is presented to view,
The French poet's best type of Nobility True;
And that your Honoured Name for long years will remain,
A memory bright of Victoria's great reign!"

H. L. C.

SHALDON, DEVON.
22nd July, 1879.

L'ENVOI.

Amongst Boileau's poetical essays none can be found more outspoken or more incisive than his Fifth Satire; and when it is remembered that the author wrote between the years 1664 and 1704, under the more than despotic sway of the Great Louis, "Fourteenth of the Name," surprise must be felt at the boldness with which he holds up the mirror to the follies and vices of the Court, and to the extravagant pretentions of the Nobility. In those days the "*oubliettes*" of the Bastille, and the liberal use of "*Lettres de cachet*," acted as a very effectual check upon all who permitted their feelings to carry them into the region of adverse views, or of opinions unfavourable to "things as they were."

The King's own saying—"*L'Etat c'est moi!*" was no empty boast, and Boileau showed his full appreciation of its truth by enlisting in his favour the overweening vanity of the Great Monarch whom he constantly plied with all the fulsome flattery which his astute mind and ready pen could produce. Witness "*Le Discours au Roi*," "*L'Ode sur Namur*," "*L'Epître 1er*," &c., and the last fourteen lines of this Fifth Satire;—and thus having presumably obtained the countenance and favour of "*Le Roi que tout l'Univers loue*," he was encouraged to fly at very large game indeed.

It would seem that in the closing lines of this Satire, Boileau is bent on propitiating the Royal favour by extra compliments and adulation; intending, no doubt, to divert the King's attention from the liberties which he had taken in bringing the "*Vaine Noblesse*" under the fire of his sarcasm.

The translator conceived the idea of setting the last fourteen lines entirely aside, their bombastic and enflated style being unworthy of the author, and of substituting a few original verses of his own, in which he has striven to imitate the master upon whose work he was engaged, and at the same time to offer a hearty tribute to a Gentleman* with whom he has been acquainted since boyhood, one whose name will be long remembered with grateful appreciation wherever the English and French languages are spoken.

Some names and expressions in the French have been intentionally Anglicised, these will at once be apparent. In this case the versions are not placed side by side, in hopes that some readers may compare them by reference to Boileau's original works and thus be led to study the pure language, the perfect taste, and the classic style of the poet, who was surnamed at once "The French Horace and the French Juvenal."

* Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., M.P., K.C.B., &c.

It was my fortune to be sent to Paris on special duty in the early days of June, 1871, bearing credentials from the Foreign Office to the British Ambassador. On this occasion, an official, referring to the many noble actions and generous deeds done by Sir Richard Wallace during the German siege, said to me:—"*Figurez vous, Monsieur, que pendant le siége c'était la Providence à nous tous!*" All who remember the splendid ambulances, hospitals, and other medical services organised by the munificence of Sir Richard during that sad time, and the inexhaustible charities bestowed by his open hand upon the suffering British subjects in Paris, can testify that this saying was not exaggerated; while the survivors of the tremendous bombardment and destruction of the French batteries upon "*Mont Avron*" by the German artillery, are able to offer *their* special tribute of honour and of admiration where it was so conspicuously due.

It was my privilege to receive valuable aid and encouragement from Sir Richard while carrying out the peculiar, delicate, and, I may add, successful mission with which I was entrusted, and I most gratefully acknowledge the kindness which he then showed me.

H. L. C.

1880.

APPENDIX.

INDEX.

Father Christmas

TO THE

Juveniles at Dunmore.

23rd December, 1879.

Well! Father Christmas comes but once a year!
This night before you see me now appear:
With hoary beard and long frost-powder'd hair,
I'm here to greet each lad and maiden fair.
I only called while passing on my way,
From London town to winter at Torquay.
But, as 'tis dark, I nigh mistook the road,
And wandered till I reached this gay abode.
I hear 'tis called Dunmore,—a pleasant place,
If I can judge by ev'ry cheerful face
I see around me.—I have often heard
A whisper from my own smart little bird,
That merry parties all the summer through
Here play at Badminton, and Tennis too;
Or roam about among the leafy bowers,
Bright with a thousand sweetly-scented flowers,
To view the broad expanse of hill and lea,
And listen to the solemn sounding sea.

I 've also heard of some delicious fruit
Called strawberries, found ev'ry taste to suit;
They grow, I 'm told, close by upon the shore
Of some small bay,—they call it "Labradore."
And there good children often may be seen,
Sitting with tea and cakes upon the green,
With Devon cream and strawberries heaped up;
A few they 'll eat, and then they 'll take a sup.
When they've quite done I 'm sure they 'll wash their hands,
Then go and play upon the shining sands,
Till they're tired out, and then they homewards stray
With kind Mama, who fetches them away!
Oh these are pleasant times, without a doubt,
Which Father Christmas only hears about,
For you must know on such a charming scene,
In England's happy land I 'm never seen.
While summer lasts I seek another shore,
In June I never "come up to Dunmore."
So while I 'm here in dark December's hour,
I 'll strive to bring my well-known magic power
To please all dainty girls and lusty boys,
By handing round my pretty store of toys,
Which as your own, *own*, OWN, you then may keep,
And find them by you when you wake from sleep:
Then, smiling, you 'll remember this gay sight,
And cry, "Oh, had not we a jolly night!"
And promise that thro' all the coming year—
Till Father Christmas shall again appear—
You 'll be quite good; gentle and kind and true,
To parents, friends,—brothers and sisters too.
So good Old Christmas, in his little rhyme,
Hopes you 'll be pleased, and spend a merry time.

H. L. C.

DUNMORE,

22nd December, 1879.

Recited by R. A. CHERMSIDE as "Father Christmas," amidst the howls of excited and impatient juveniles, all eager for the fruits from the Christmas tree.

PROLOGUE

TO

THEATRICALS AT DUNMORE HOUSE,

22ND JANUARY, 1880.

INSCRIBED, BY KIND PERMISSION, TO MRS. LANG AND MRS. LUCAS.

To-night, kind Friends, on this bright stage I stand,
Obedient to our Hostesses' command.
Their wish is law; and should they deign to ask,
Who would not undertake the pleasing task
Of welcoming—as oft they 've done before—
Their troops of friends around them at Dunmore?
And so, well pleased, responsive to their call,
I bid a thousand greetings to you all;
And may this opening year to all around
With health and wealth, with peace and joy be crowned!—
Ah me! if too presumptuously I sought
To name the changes the past year has wrought,

I fear in very sooth it must be told
The darker threads outnumber far the gold.
Sorrow and pride, mingled with chill dismay,
Marked hateful Isandula's fatal day.
Vain then bright valour, vain our England's might,—
Blow scarce redeemed by Ulundi's sharp fight.
A gallant deed; and soldiers long shall tell
How the staunch sable monarch's kingdom fell;
And brave hearts warm to name that valiant crew,
The men of Rorke's Drift—Chard and Dalton too!
Troubles came not alone, but in a flood.
See Cabul's city stained with English blood;
And the fierce, wily Afghans' raging host
In thousands storm the well-defended post.
Not unavenged indeed our heroes fall;
Low lies the Bala Hissar's frowning wall,
And the wild swarming tribes been taught to dread
Our hardy men by "Gunner Roberts" led;
While ev'ry frantic Moslem rues the day
He dared the majesty of England's sway!
To Russ, to Afghan, thus we sternly cry:
"Ye may not touch us with impunity!"
But why proceed? Can sad complaint avail?
What though we 've seen the country's harvest fail?
Yet, *sursum corda!* hope should banish fear,
Plenty may smile upon the glad new year;
Our fruitful fields may yield us their increase,
And wars and tumults end in lasting peace!—
This is no place to scan our social life,
Nor even name the politician's strife;
We 'll only trust that every man whose fate
Calls him "to govern men and rule the State;"
At home, abroad, in ev'ry thing they do,
Are wise and honest, faithful, just and true.—
But soft! We must remember "Walls have ears,"
And metal 's not so deaf as it appears;
Although I hardly think this monotone
Can move an Edison's loud telephone,
Still it may be that from beneath this floor
A tell-tale wire stretches to Shaldon's Shore,

And that my very accents may be borne
To my *own* house, or, haply, to Cape Horn!
O wondrous age! Sound may be sold and bought,—
I only hope these wires can't read my thought!
Or anyone's; for if they only could,
Much evil would ensue, and little good.
So, if for sixpence or for half-a-crown,
We heard what folks are saying in the town,
I'm sure with me you'll readily allow
Things would be even worse than they are now.
But who can say if within this new year,
Such marvels may not suddenly appear?
Already nearly perfected we see
Pure light evolved from electricity.
Soon we'll behold bright shining through the dark
The steady rays of strong electric spark,
Whose vivid beams may pierce us through and through,
And all our inner man reveal to view;
Thus laying bare to skilful doctor's art
The wondrous workings of our very heart!—
"Oh! come!" you'll say, "Where have you strayed to now?
We cannot such wild wanderings allow;
You seem to have gone up in a balloon,
And speak as if you hailed us from the moon."
Too true, indeed! I own your chiding just,
Questions like these should not be here discussed;
So on such themes no longer I'll enlarge,
I have another duty to discharge.———
To business, then! To business, I say!
"A Pretty Piece of Business" is a play,
In which you'll see our clever actors try
To win the smiles of this fair company.
I've known it serve to pass a pleasant hour
By Leman's Lake, near Old Grey Chillon's Tower.
The laughing audience sounding plaudits raise,—
May our own actors win such meed of praise!
Of this result there cannot be a doubt,
This powerful cast know well what they're about;
The greater part of them you've seen before,
And long, I'm sure, to see them yet once more.

This being so, what skills it to rehearse
Their various gifts in my poor rugged verse,
Or sing their praise in untrained lines and rude?
No! Still must "dare not" wait upon "I would."
Yet one new face before you will appear,—
On Afric's boards he 's shone—a stranger here.
In other climes I 've Merryweather known:
Since first I met him, bless me! how he 's grown!
Behold him safe returned from Zululand,
And friendly grasp of Cetewayo's hand,
To seek your kindly suffrages to-night,—
I 'll warrant that he knows his part aright.—
But the first piece our actors shall display
Turns on the greatest question of the day;
Nay, of *all* days; for since the human race
Upon this rolling globe first found a place,
Psyche and Cupid still, in accents true,
Whisper, "Do you love me as I love you?"
And when upon this point they 're quite agreed,
He 'll "Pop the Question"—blushing, she 'll accede.
This is the name which loving couples give
The process in the country where we live.
And now you 'll see, in this our little play,
Good Harry Primrose, in his kindly way,
All smitten by bright Ellen Murray's charms,
Woo the coy maid to bless his ancient arms:
Not knowing that before him in the field
Young Thornton's suit is granted, signed, and sealed.
Say, would you learn how this was brought about?—
I 'm sure you 'll know before this evening 's out!

H. L. C.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

The Serpent and the File:

AN OLD FABLE WITH A NEW FACE.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Upon a blacksmith's grimy board,
Where tools and rusty scraps were stored,
Had lain, neglected for a while,
A rough and tough and sharp old File;
Which, urged by skilful craftsman's wrist,
No brass or iron could resist.
With this old File 'twas merely play
To wear each rugged edge away.
But on a day it so befell,
(Through what ill chance I cannot tell)
The tough old File was thrown aside,
Where long unused he did abide.——
Now close unto our blacksmith's stall,
In a snug hole beneath the wall,
A serpent dwelt,—from head to tail
Covered with many a shining scale,
Which, when her coils she did unfold,
Glanced in the sun like glittering gold.

Of burnished copper seemed her head,
Which glowed as fiery metal red;
Her eyes were keen, and sharp her teeth,—
But poison lingered underneath!
One day our snake felt much inclined
To see abroad what she could find.
So crawling here and gliding there,
At length she reached the corner where
The staunch old File, quite at his ease,
Lay still, and happy as you please.
"Ah!" cries the snake, with vicious spring,
"I'll tackle you, you ugly thing!"
So said, so done; her cruel jaws,
Armed with sharp fangs like tiger's claws,
Close on the trusty metal side,
And long her utmost strength she tried;
She bit him here, she gnawed him there,
Until her rage turned to despair:
Her teeth were worn, her venom spent,
Yet the old File mocked her intent;
And still his coat of mail is found
From fangs and poison safe and sound.
So, finding all her efforts vain,
She loosed her supple coils again.
But ere she turned to go her way,
Laughing, the stout old File did say:—
"Bethink you now, my lady fair,
If to harm me again you dare,
Some more efficient means prepare,
And calculate the wear and tear,
Before you try to make me feel
Your venomed teeth through toughened steel!"

H. L. C.

TEIGNMOUTH,
January, 1880.