

II. Poetical—Humorous

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH

I'd like to be a cowboy, an' ride a fiery hoss
 'Way out into the big and boundless West ;
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come
 across,
An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest !
 With my pistols at my side
 I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I
 ride—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
 An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw !
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
 An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw !
 I'd chase the pizen snakes
 And the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I would I were a pirut, to sail the ocean blue,
 With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead ;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut
 crew,
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red !
 With my cutlass in my hand,
 On the quarterdeck I'd stand,
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

And if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's
licked me!

I'd lick my brother an' my teacher too;
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through!

You bet! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an' kiss the
girls all day—

If I darst; but I darsen't!

EUGENE FIELD.

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THE PROBLEM

THE best o' bein' a bachelor
Is the fash that ye dinna' gie;
For naebody frets about how ye get on,
Or greets very sair when ye dee.
The best o' bein' a marriest man—
There's ane ye hae aye at your ca;
To do a bit darnin' and look for your specs,
And thinks ye nae bother ava.

The warst o' bein' a bachelor,
Ye're just like a cow among corn;
It's fine—but ye ken that ye sudna' be there;
It wisna' for that ye were born.
The warst o' bein' a marriest man.
Is just that ye aye hae a wife
To girn about pickles o' snuff on your coat,
For the term o' your natural life.

There's this about bein' a bachelor—
It maun be the best o' the twa;
For frae a' we hear tell o' the angels in heaven,
There's nane o' them marriest ava—

But then there's the chance, wi' a marriet man—
 It's this mak's a body sae fain—
 O' catchin' a bonnie wee angel down here,
 And startin' a heaven o' your ain.

I've coontit it up, I've coontit it down,
 But there seems to be nae ither plan—
 Than just to keep bidin' a bachelor ;
 Or else be a marriet man.

*From poems by WALTER WINGATE.
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 Gowans & Gray, Glasgow.*

OUR QUEER LANGUAGE

WE'LL begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes ;
 Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
 You will find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house is houses, not hice ;
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen.
 The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
 But a brow if repeated, is never called brine,
 And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
 And I give you a boot, would the pair be called beet.
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth ;
 If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
 Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese ;
 Then one would be that, and two would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
 And the plural of cat is cats and not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
 But though we say mother, we never say mothren ;
 Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
 But imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim ;
 So the English, I think you all will agree,
 Is the greatest language you ever did see.

ANON.

THE MAN WHO WAITED

(A Tea-shop Tragedy)

MOODY and silent he sat alone ;
 Alone in a chattering crowd
 Of jovial people who laughed and joked
 While his misery cried aloud.

Suddenly up through the crowded hall,
 With a smile on her bright young face,
 The being for whom he waited and longed
 Came tripping with infinite grace.

She gave a smile here and a merry word there
 As he watched her with eager eyes ;
 Would the sight of him bring remembrance to her,
 Would she know him again? he sighs.

Just one little word was all he desired,
 Just a tremulous "Yes!" that was all.
 How long he had waited he dared not think.
 Would she come if he dared to call?

My God! how he longed for a chance to speak
 Of the wish that was next his heart ;
 To tell her the thing that he most desired
 Ere the time came for them to part.

Nearer and nearer to him she came ;
His suspense was too great to be borne.
Would she pass him by, as she'd done before ?
Would she treat his desire with scorn ?

If she passed him by—no ! it must not be !
For his time was fast drawing near.
He must let her know his one last wish,
That each moment became more dear.

Oh ! joy of joy ! she had seen him at last,
And bending her golden head,
Softly whispered " Yes ? " In an eager voice,
" Apple tart, if you please, miss ! " he said.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

A PARTING

WE parted in darkness, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river.
See there the fragrant lime its boughs unite ;
We came and we parted for ever.
The night wind sang and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of things gone past to that kingdom of love,
Where the pall wears its mantle of glory.
Lamenting along in the pale moonlight,
Gloomy and thoughtful, silent as night ;
Then slowly and sadly, yet kindly, I said :
" To-night thou shalt sleep in the river bed.
Ha ! Ha ! I've got thee now !
This night—this very hour—thou shalt die—
No soul shall hear thy cry ! "

In a moment the horrid deed was done—
 A splash in that lonely river.
 Ah, then I knew that I stood alone,
 My victim has vanished for ever.
 And now on the midnight sky I look,
 Does my heart grow faint and weary?
 Is each star to me a kindled book
 Some tale of the drowned one keeping?

We parted in darkness, we parted by night,
 By the banks of that lonely river;
 But do I care a jot or do I shed a tear—
 The old Tom Cat is gone for ever!

ANON.

THE STORY OF ST PIRAN

(A Cornish Tradition)

'Tis the legend of old Perranzabuloe,
 On the Cornish coast where the sand-storms blow.

In those good times of myth and of dream,
 Of giant and pixy and Cornish cream,

The beautiful Duchy, I'm much afraid,
 Had not many saints that were quite home-made.

St Piran himself, of blessed fame,
 Sure 'twas from County of Cork he came.

He lived in a time when the Irish folk
 Thought of breaking of heads was a capital joke.

Now Piran hadn't a word to say
 'Gainst breaking a head in a casual way;

But at last things grew to a pass so bad
That he cried, "Be aisy now—stop it, bedad!"

Said they, "Begorra, an' what are ye sayin'?—
Och, but a saint should be afther his prayin'.

"But sure if it's marthyrdom ye would be at,
We are the bhoys to obleege ye in that."

So they tied the saint to a millstone strong;
To the top of a hill they dragged him along.

"Ye'll be wishing bad luck to the dhrop," said they;
"Go on wid your praichin' now—out in the say."

They rolled the stone over the cliff so steep,
Down where the waters were cruel and deep;

But as soon as it touched on the top of the say
It steadied and floated as nice as could be.

Said Piran, "I'm shaking your dust from me shoes"
(Though never a shoe did the good man use).

"It's demaning to spake to sich blackguards," he said;
So he turned to a drop of the crayter instead.

(Fir he'd wisely concealed in a fold of his vest
A choice little flask of the Irish best.)

"And sure 'tis to Cornwall I'm going to-day,
And wanting a something for sich a long way."

Now when the crowd saw that the saint wasn't drowned,
But sailed on the millstone quite happy and sound,

Said they, "'Tis the howly man floats on a stone."
And were straightway converted with many a groan.

But Piran sailed on till he came to that bay
Where the sand-heaps are drifting about to this day.

And with such little Latin as Piran did know
He said, "This is Piran-in-sabulo."

He got off his millstone and murmured a grace ;
And "Arrah," he said, "'tis an illigant place.

"A little too much o' the sand, maybe,
And a little too much o' the wet," said he.

"'Tis murther thrying to find one's way ;
I'm almost wishing I'd stopped at say."

And so he walked and wandered and ran,
Till he came to a hermit Cornishman.

He wished him most kindly the top of the day :
"Troth, I'm St Piran from over the way."

"You're a dacent bhoj," said the saint most sweetly,
"And a howly man," he added discreetly.

"I'm only axing a sup and a bite,
And a shake of straw for me bed the night."

So the pair of saints hobnobbed together,
And grumbled a bit at the Cornish weather.

Said Piran, "I've something to kape out the wet ;
'Tis a dhrop of the Oirish best, me pet."

But the Cornish saint looked a little awry
Out of the corner of his eye ;

So he added, afraid of a wrong solution,
"I'm ordered a dhrop for me constitution ;

"'Tis not as biverage, sure, that I take,
But arrah, me health is so mortal wake."

The Cornishman coughed, and then murmured "Aw
I reckon I'll try just a lil' bit mysel', [well,

"For I get the rheumatic so terrible bad";
Said Piran, "Rheumatic's the divel, me lad!"

They swallowed in turns, so that by-and-bye
The neat little flagon was quite drained dry.

The saint held it lovingly up to his lip;
"Bad cess to it thin, but I've had the last dhrrip.

"Niver mind, me riverend friend," he said,
"It's me that knows how the crayter is made."

They piled the stones that lay within reach,
And gathered the driftwood from off the beach;

And Piran said, "If the powers be willin',
We'll do a nate little bit o' distillin'."

The fire was lit and the barley was brought,
And St Piran did all that he had been taught.

But lo and behold, when the stones grew hot
A stream of white metal ran out on the spot.

Cried Piran, "By all powers, Amin!
Bedad if we haven't discovered Tin!

"Whirrish and whirroo! me riverend brother,
How one good thing may lead to another!"

And that is why Piran, the truth to say,
Is the miners' saint to this very day.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From "West-Country Verses." Blackwood.

By kind permission.

NOT IN IT

THEY built a church at his very door—

“He wasn’t in it.”

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—

“He wasn’t in it.”

Let them work for themselves, as he had done,

They wouldn’t ask help from any one

If they hadn’t wasted each golden minute—

“He wasn’t in it.”

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—

“He wasn’t in it.”

When men in the halls of virtue met

He saw their goodness without regret ;

Too high the mark for him to win it—

“He wasn’t in it.”

A carriage crept down the street one day—

“He was in it.”

The funeral trappings made a display—

“He was in it.”

St Peter received him with book and bell ;

“My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute.”

“He was in it !”

ANON.

THE HUSBAND’S PETITION

COME hither, my heart’s darling, come sit upon my
knee,

And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee.

I feel a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire,

That glows beneath my bosom, like coals of kindled fire.

Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly thus I
 speak,
 I feel thy arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek :
 I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with
 mine—
 I know my soul's emotion is doubtly felt by thine.
 And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my
 love :
 No, sweet, my love is shadowless, as yonder heaven
 above !
 Oh, then, do not deny me my first and fond request :
 I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best,
 By that great vow which bound thee for ever to my side,
 And by the ring that made thee my darling and my
 bride !
 Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the
 task——
 Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask !

BON GAULTIER BALLADS.

THE MAISTER

HE gi'ed us Scripture names to spell,
 But what they meant we couldna' tell ;
 He maybe didna' ken hissel'—
 The maister.

What funny dogs we used to draw
 Upon oor sklates, an' ships, an' a',
 Till keekin' roond, wi' fright we saw—
 The maister.

He gi'ed oor lugs a fearfu' pu',
 Said he would skelp us black an' blue ;
 I doot he wadna' try that noo—
 The maister.

We mind them weel—his lang black tawse,
 They nappit sair like partens' claws ;
 A crabbit little man he was—
 The maister.

He birl'd me roond like Nannie's wheel,
 Said he was telt tae lick me weel ;
 He seemed tae like tae hear me squeal—
 The maister.

His plump, roond cheeks as red's the rose,
 His twinklin' een an' redder nose
 Showed that he suppit mair than brose—
 The maister.

He opened aye the schule wi' prayer,
 An' psalms an' questions gi'ed us mair
 Than what we thocht was proper there—
 The maister.

An' after time an' siller spent,
 We left as wise as when we went ;
 It wasna' muckle that he kent—
 The maister.

It's forty years noo since that day,
 An' Time, wha's besom's aye at play,
 'Mang other things, has soopt away—
 The maister.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

By kind permission of Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.

IN THE CAR

ONE day I observed in a crowded horse-car,
 A lady was standing. She had ridden quite far,
 And seemed much disposed to indulge in a frown,
 As nobody offered to let her sit down.
 And many there sat who, to judge by their dress,
 Might a gentleman's natural instincts possess,
 But who, judged by their acts, make us firmly believe
 That appearances often will sadly deceive.
 There were some most intently devouring the news,
 And some thro' the windows enjoying the views;
 And others indulged in a make-believe nap,
 While the lady still stood holding on by the strap.
 At last a young Irishman, fresh from the "sod,"
 Arose with a smile and most comical nod,
 Which said quite as plain as in words could be stated
 That the lady should sit in the place he'd vacated.
 "Excuse me," said Pat, "that I caused you to wait
 So long before offerin' to give you a sate,
 But in troth I was only just waitin' to see
 If there wasn't more gintlemin here beside me."

Adapted.

LINES FROM THE EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK

I AM nae poet in a sense,
 But just a rhymer like by chance,
 And hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin'
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',
 And there was muckle fun and jokin'
 Ye needna' doubt.
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had addressed
 To some sweet wife ;
 It thrilled the heart-strings through the breast
 A' to the life.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
 And say, how can you e'er propose,
 You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To make a sang ?
 But by your leave, my learned foes,
 You're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon at your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns and stools,
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars ?
 Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoos,
 Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
 Confuse their brains in college classes,
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak ;
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus,
 By dint o' Greek.

Gi'e me a spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire ;
 Then though I drudge through dub and mire,
 At pleuch or cart,
 My Muse, though homely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE EXTRA LARGE PAN-DROP

WHEN plagued by hunger, cold, or thirst,
Or by some dire misfortune cursed,
Pray let your flow of language stop,
And try an extra large pan-drop.

If hungry, after such a meal,
Your drooping spirits soon you'll feel.
Ascending rapidly so high
That they will almost reach the sky.

Or when in cold you sadly shiver,
When just emerging from the river,
A giant drop will make you warm,
And save you afterwards from harm.

Or when afflicted by a thirst,
And with the heat you're like to burst,
Oh do not rush for ginger-pop,
But take an extra large pan-drop.

If in sea-sickness prone you lie,
Caused by the sea, or too much pie,
A giant drop will bring relief,
And quickly chase away your grief.

Or when in sickness worse by far
Than when you smoked your first cigar,
I mean when love's sweet pain doth come
And strike you with confusion dumb,

The question you're afraid to pop,
Then take, oh take a large pan-drop,
For it fresh courage will impart
To win the wilful maiden's heart.

And afterwards, when marriage bliss
Succeeds the matrimonial kiss,
And your good-wife in piercing tones
Orders about your weary bones,

Then quickly take a large pan-drop
And in her open mouth it pop.
Soon it will give you sweet release,
And for a time you'll rest in peace.

When tiresome infants wail and cry,
And through the night you vainly try
To snatch an hour of restful sleep,
But still your eyelids open keep,

I think I can commend a cure,
Forever certain, ever sure—
Don't hesitate their mouths to stop
With this unparalleled pan-drop.

And here the wondrous history ends,
So fare ye well, my worthy friends,
Don't stop and think, or think and stop,
But take an extra large pan-drop.

JOHN MACRAE.

By kind permission of the Author.

TROUBLE BREWING

I'M going to get licked to-night
When dad gits home, all right, all right.
I clum old Merkel's apple tree
On yesterday, some kids an' me,
An' when I'd et all I could stuff
I thought I'd hang on to enough

To last to-day. But do you know
Dad seen my pockets bulge out so ;
He asted me what I had got,
An' made me dump the hull blame lot.

You should have seen him look at me,
They was as green as they could be,
An' 'bout as big as marbles, and
He took a handful in his hand ;
An' first he nibbled one or two,
An' then he chanked down quite a few,
An' then he said : " Son, don't you know
That takes dad back to long ago
When he was just a kid like you
An' used to swipe green apples too."

An' then I gobbled two or three,
An' grinned at him ; he grinned at me.
Then, later on, when I had fell
Asleep I heard a' awful yell,
An' heard ma say : " Well, dear me, suz !"
An' I snuck in where their bed wuz,
An' ma yelled : " Light the gas-stove and
Make some hot water an' don't stand
A-lookin' at me ! Don't you see
Your pa is sick as he kin be ?"

Dad was all twisted up, an' he
Give one heart-broken look at me,
An' then I went away an' got
A kittleful of water hot
And brung it in, an' got some tow'ls—
You should have heard the groans and howls
Pa turned loose when ma slapped the lot
Right on his stummick, boiling hot !
An' when ma heard the things he said
She said for me to go to bed.

Dad kep' that noise up 'most all night
 An' you bet I kep' out o' sight,
 When mornin' come. He went away
 At noon: he'd lost half-a-day,
 An' that is why I know that I
 Will get a lickin' by, and by;
 But if I do it will be mean
 Of him. He knowed that they was green.
 An' there's another thing, by jings,
 I didn't make him eat them things!

From American Source.

JEEMSIE MILLER

THERE'S some that mak' themselves a name
 Wi' preachin', business, or a game;
 There's some wi' drink hae gotten fame,
 And some wi' siller;
 I kent a man got glory cheap,
 For nane frae him their een could keep,
 Losh! he was shapit like a neep,
 Was Jeemsie Miller.

When he gaed drivin' doon the street,
 Wi' cairt an' sheltie a' complete,
 The plankie whaur he had his seat
 Was bent near double;
 An' gin yon wood had na' been strang
 It hidna' held oor Jeemsie lang,
 He had been landit wi' a bang,
 And there'd been trouble.

Ye could but mind to see his face,
 The reid mune glowerin' on the place,
 Nae man had e'er sic muckle space
 To haud his bonnet;

And owre yon bonnet on his brow
 Set cockit up owre Jeemsie's pow
 There waggit, reid as lichtit tow,
 The toorie on it.

And Jeemsie's poke was brawly lined,
 There wasna' mony couldna' find
 His cantie hoosie i' the wynd—
 "The Salutation";
 For there ye'd get, wi' sang an' clink,
 What some ca'd comfort, wi' a wink;
 And some that didna' care for drink
 Wad ca' damnation!

But dinna' think, altho' he made
 Sae grand a profit o' his trade,
 An' muckle i' the bank had laid,
 He wadna' spare o't;
 For, happit whaur it wasna' seen,
 He'd aye a dram in his machine.
 An' never did he meet a freen'
 But got a share o't.

Ae day he let the sheltie fa',
 (Whist, sirs! he wasna' fou—na, na!)
 A wee thing pleasant—that was a',
 An drivin' canny;
 Fegs, he cam' hurlin' owre the front,
 An' struck the road wi' sic a dunt,
 Ye'd thocht the causey got the brunt,
 An' no' the mannie.

Aweel, it was his hin'most drive,
 Aifter yon clout he couldna' thrive,
 For twa pairts deid, an' ane alive,
 His billies foond him;

And, bedded then, puir Jeemsie lay,
 And a' the nicht and a' the day
 Relations cam' to greet and pray
 And gaither roond him.

Said Jeemsie, " Cousins, gie's a pen,
 Awa' an' bring the writer ben,
 What I hae spent wi' sinfu' men
 I weel regret it ;
 In deith I'm sweir to be disgrac't,
 I've plenty left forbye my waste,
 An' them that I've neglected maist,
 It's them'll get it."

It was a sicht to see them rin
 To save him frae the sense o' sin,
 Fu' sune they got the writer in,
 His mind to settle ;
 And oh, their loss, sae sair they felt it,
 To a' the toon in tears they telt it,
 Their dule for Jeemsie wad hae meltit
 A he'rt o' metal.

Puir Jeemsie de'ed. In a' their braws
 The faim'ly cam', as black as craws :
 Men, wives, an' weans wi' their mammas
 That scarce could toddle !
 They grat—an' they had cause to greet !
 The will was read that gar'd them meet—
 The U.P. Kirk, just up the street,
 Got ilka bodle !

VIOLET JACOB.

*From "Songs of Angus,"
 by kind permission.*

THE FAMILY

“How many in your family?” the census-taker said.
 “Hoo mony?” Mrs Rafferty she shook her tousled head.

“Well, shure, I think there is elivin. Jist let me count,” said she.

“There’s Mike, my mon, that’s did, an’ me an’ Patsy,
 —that makes three—

The triplets four an’ Mary five, Tim six, an’ Bridget sivin;

The blessed twins is eight. That’s all.” “But that is not eleven.”

“Now wait a bit. There’s me—thot’s wan—an’ little Patsy, two;

The triplets three an’ Bridget four, an’ Timmy there by you

Is five, an’ poor did Mike is six, an’ me darlin’ little twins

Is sivin, an’ Katy eight. Oh, dear! Now if I jist begins

Wid Mike that’s did—hivin rest his sowl!—I’m sure to git thim right,

For ’dade there’s ’livin; leastways there was when they went to bed lasht night.

“Poor Mike is wan, the twins is two, Timmie an’ Patsy four,

An’ Mary five an’ Mike—oh, no; I counted him before—

An’ Mary five, an’ Bridget six—ah, now I’ve got thim straight—

An’ Katy sivin, the triplets eight—sure, the triplets they make eight—

An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight. Where have the
ithers gone?

By all the saints in hivin, I know I've counted ivery
wan.

"Now whisht an' shtop yer shpakin'. I'll count them
jist wance more.

There's me an' Tim an' Patsy an' Katy—thot is four;
The triplets and the twins is six, an' Bridget—now
just wait—

An' Bridget sivin, an' poor did Mike—yis, poor did
Mike makes eight.

Yes, thot is right," said Mrs R., and rubbed her
tousled pate,

"I t'ought there was elivin, but I see there is but
eight."

ANON.

THAT FLY

THE cause of profanity,
The cause of insanity,
And every other 'anity—
That cursed fly.

He's in your soup, he's in your booze,
He buzzes round you when you snooze;
He's worse than any fit of blues,
That cursed fly.

As on his rounds the Colonel goes
They settle on his shapely nose,
And language not so sweet as rose
Flies through those flies.

And then the parson in the church,
They don't leave him quite in the lurch,
For as he's preaching from his perch
Of things on high

Oh, comrade, say it softly then,
For as he breathes the great amen
He'll screw his righteous face and then
He'll d—— those flies.

Then north to south, from east to west,
The blighters never give it best.
So if you hope for any rest
You'll kill those flies.

HARRY J. CLIFFORD (THOROUGHGOOD),
Late Bty.-Sgt.-Major, R.F.A.
By kind permission of the Author.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

MARRY, or not to marry? That is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cobwebbed rooms,
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
And, by uniting, end it? To live alone
No more. And by marrying say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand makeshifts
Bach'lors are heirs to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry, to live
In peace! Perchance in war; aye, there's the rub
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must make us pause—there's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock.
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,

The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
 The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,
 The insolence of servants, and the spurns
 That patient husbands from their consorts take,
 When he himself might his quietness gain
 By living single? Who would wish to bear
 The jeering name of bachelor,
 But that the dread of something after marriage
 (Ah! that vast expenditure of income,
 The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather choose the single life,
 Than go to jail for debts we know not of?
 Economy thus makes bachelors of us still,
 And thus our melancholy resolution
 Is still increased upon more serious thought.

ANON.

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

OF old the Roman bard observed, in words of classic
 grace,
 That riches never could confer distinction on a race ;
 And many a self-made man has found this moral
 maxim true
 When snubbed by folks who, though less rich, could
 boast of blood quite blue.

'Twas thus with old Josiah Binks (*the* Binks of
 "Binks's Soap,")
 Who found with social barriers his wealth could never
 cope ;
 When lo! a sudden stroke of luck came timely to
 his aid :
 A certain royal prince desired to see how soap was
 made.

And so it was arranged that he, to gratify this taste,
Should visit Binks's famous works at Wozzle-on-the-
Waste ;
And after that it was proposed that he should make
a call,
To dine, "perchance to sleep," at Binks' ancestral hall.
Great was the joy of Binks when he these blessed
tidings heard,
"Geewillikins !" he said (which is a very vulgar word),
While Mrs Binks descanted on the situation thus :
"Lor ! 'ow them stuck-up folks 'll stare and wish has
they was hus,
A thing like this 'll teach some 'ard-up swells round
'ere I 'ope,
As pedigrees won't *wash* a thing, which can't be said
of *soap* !"

The day arrived ; in semi-state the Prince came
driving down,
To watch the art of boiling soap at famous Wozzle
town ;
He saw some curious sights and smelt some interesting
smells,
What time the banners waved aloft, and gaily chimed
the bells,
And smilingly remarked that Binks should tread
distinction's path,
And as a man of Soap, must gain the Order of the Bath !
And after that *bon mot*, which set the party in a roar,
He got into his chariot and drove to Binks's door.

Upon the evening's banquet it were needless to dilate—
The crowd of pompous flunkeys, the display of silver
plate ;
The Prince despatched the viands with an appetite
robust,
And then retired to bed and slept the slumbers of
the just.

Not so his host and hostess, who debated all night
through
What princes ate for breakfast, for the point was
strange and new,
“Which,” said Mrs Binks, “I’ve laid in quite a
wagon-load of fare,
So no matter what he chooses, we are sure to have it
there—
What with truffles, pat de foy grass, chicken, turkey,
tongue, and fish,
I’ll undertake to find him any wittles he may wish.”
But upon the fateful morrow, when, with diplomatic
skill,
Binks unto the Prince’s valet went to learn the Prince’s
will,
Very curious was the message from the royal chamber
borne,
That to breakfast on a *bloater* was the Prince’s wish
that morn ;
And a look of frozen horror came on Mrs Binks’s face
When she found upon inquiry not a bloater in the
place !
Swift, responsive to her summons, grooms and foot-
men hurried forth,
Some on foot and some on horseback, ran and
galloped south and north.
High and low those flunkeys foraged, and they
wandered round and round,
But in vain, for on that morning not a bloater could
be found,
There were plaice and cod and oysters (which are very
nice with stout)
But their bloaters all the fish shops, strange to say,
had just sold out ;
So in deep humiliation, out of breath and very
pale,
Those retainers hurried homeward to relate their
mournful tale.

Straight she ordered out her carriage, and in flaming
wrath she said,
Since she could not trust such boobies, she herself
would go instead ;
But she found they'd told her truly, for her search was
all in vain,
Till, in driving past a cottage in a somewhat squalid
lane,
Like Jamaica's spicy breezes or Arabia's scented
gale,
The aroma of a *bloater* she did suddenly inhale.

To the cottage door she hastened, and, responsive to
her knocks,
Came a gruff and burly workman, with untidy beard
and locks ;
Unto him, in breathless language, she imparted her
desire
To possess the humble bloater that was sizzling at
the fire.
Suddenly he gazed, then speaking, in a most sarcastic
way—
“Why, it's Mrs Binks, wot kindly had me ‘sacked
the other day
'Cos I left a pail o' lime-wash jest outside her drorin'-
room,
And that wery dainty lady couldn't stand the strong
perfoom ;
Na' she comes to beg my bloater, and, wot's far more
funny still,
She can stand the smell o' bloaters, though the lime-
wash made her ill.”

Mrs Binks looked red and guilty ; these impeach-
ments made her wince,
And she said, “I'm very sorry, but the bloater's for
the Prince.”

“Prince be ’anged!” replied the workman; “such a thing was never known—
 Cadging for a pore man’s bloater! Can’t he get one of his own?
 Not a bloater in the city? And for this you’ll pay me well?
 Mrs Binks, revenge is sweet, mum, THIS ’ERE BLOATER AIN’T TO SELL!”

Mrs Binks grew nearly frantic, hearing bitter words like these,
 Shame and horror overcame her, and she fell upon her knees.
 “Mercy! help! the Prince is waiting, and his breakfast will be late,
 Think how much it will disgrace us if he’s nothing on his plate!
 Help me, noble, generous workman, and we’ll gladly take you back,
 You shall carry pails of lime-wash where you please without the sack!”

Then the working-man relented, and he raised her from the ground,
 And he murmured, “Take the bloater; it is very nicely browned!”
 Then she gave him thanks and money, and departed with relief,
 With the bloater, wrapped for safety, in a clean silk handkerchief.
 Mr Binks and his retainers met the carriage at the gate,
 And triumphantly proceeded through the grounds in noble state:
 First the sleek and powdered flunkeys, marching with a haughty look,
 Then the gardeners and the porter, then the page-boy and the cook,

Then a squad of grooms on horseback—most imposing
cavalcade—

Then the butler and the valet walking with the lady's
maid,

Last of all, the stately carriage came, with Mrs Binks
inside,

Hugging to her breast "THE BLOATER," weeping tears
of joy and pride.

Lo! the prince enjoyed his breakfast, for, of course,
no one explained

All the circumstances under which his fish had been
obtained.

As for Mrs Binks, she often says no tale of anglers'
sport

Can excel the thrilling story of the bloater which SHE
caught.

There's a moral to this story, one that is not hard to
gain,

For the lesson that it teaches is particularly plain ;
Don't despise the humble bloater—such a policy
will fail,

For a bloater may be *sometimes* as important as a
whale.

W. A. GAVIN.

AT THE MASQUERADE

I KNOW 'twas not the proper thing to do,
And yet I thought it would be jolly too,
To go alone to that swell masquerade,
And so I did it. Well my plans were laid.
My wife of my intentions naught did know,
I told her, out of town I had to go,

And she believed me. Leaving her to stay
At home, I went and danced in costume gay.
I had been at the ball an hour or so,
When some one introduced a domino.
I saw that she was plump and graceful, and
She had a pretty little foot and hand.
Her eyes, I noticed, flashed like diamonds bright ;
Though plump, she waltzed divinely, feather light,
And then she flirted with most perfect art,
It isn't singular I lost my heart.
Soon my sweet charmer I began to ask
To step into an alcove and unmask :
To let me see the lovely face I'd swear
Was hid behind that mask. My lady fair
At first refused. I pleaded long and hard ;
Declared my life forever would be marred,
Unless her cruelty she would relent.
My pleading won, at last, a shy consent.
Her face she would permit my eyes to view,
If I unmasked, the selfsame instant, too.
The dancing-hall had alcoves all around,
And soon in one of these ourselves we found ;
The alcove was, for two, the proper size,
And passing dancers would not recognise
You, for the light was dim within the niche,
And flowers, about, their perfume gave. My witch
Her mask removed. I meantime did the same.
"My wife!" "My husband!" So we did exclaim.
The truth we neither of us had mistrusted,
And each was disappointed and disgusted.

ANON.

THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o?"

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

When folks should be asleep,

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wait the long hours through?"

And the night would say, in its ghostly way:

"Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

My mother told me long ago

(When I was a little lad)

That when the night went wailing so

Somebody had been bad;

And then, when I was snug in bed,

Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets pulled up round my head,

I'd think of what my mother'd said,

And wonder what boy she meant,

And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew;

And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

"Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

That this was true I must allow,—

You'll not believe it, though!

Yes, though I'm quite a model now

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test ;
 Suppose when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest ;
 Suppose you ask, " Who has been bad ? "
 And then you'll hear what's true ;
 For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone :
 " Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! "

EUGENE FIELD.

By kind permission of Mr John Lane, Publisher.

THE TROUBLESOME WIFE

A MAN had once a vicious wife
 (A most uncommon thing in life) ;
 His days and nights were spent in strife
 Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
 Sweet contradiction still her song,
 And all the poor man did was wrong,
 And ill done.

A truce without doors, or within,
 From speeches, long as tradesmen spin,
 Or rest from her eternal din,
 He found not.

He every soothing art displayed,
 Tried of what stuff her skin was made ;
 Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed
 To take her.

Once, walking by the river's side,
In mournful tones, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide ;
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown, I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind
As can be,

"Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And, swimming, I once more regain
My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes ;
Already, in her thoughts, he dies
Before her.

"Yet when I see the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he said ; "beside,
I would not be a suicide,
And die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in ; nay, never shrink,
But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least suspect
She should do.

He steps aside, himself to save ;
Lo ! souse, she dashes in the wave,
And gave, what ne'er before she gave,
Much pleasure.

“ Dear husband, help! I sink!” she cried.
 “ Thou best of wives,” the man replied,
 “ I would, but you my hands have tied ;
 Heaven help you !”

ANON. —

THE WHISTLE

HE cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden tree,
 He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on
 his knee ;
 He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke
 her eggs,
 He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the
 seggs,
 He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they
 strayed,
 But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee
 herd made !

He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at
 nicht,
 He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot
 o' sicht,
 The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them
 up the close,
 The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit
 boss ;
 But he cared na doit or docken what they did or
 thocht or said,
 There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd
 made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for
 weeks,
 But noo he had his bannet on afore the lave had
 brecks ;

He was whistlin' to the parritch that were hott'rin'
on the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the
byre ;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their
trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd
made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through
the mist,
Till the hafin' squared his shoulders an' made up
his mind to 'list ;
He tried a spring for woovers, tho' he wistna' what it
meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin', an' he thocht she
maybe kent ;
He got ream and buttered bannocks for the lovin'
lilt he played,
Wasna' that a cheery whistle that the wee herd
made ?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an'
jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower
the rigs,
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain
strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin through the corn to "Clean
Pease Strae" ;
The feet o' ilka man an' beast got youkie when he
played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made ?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter
brocht him dool,
When, in spite o' hacks and chilblains, he was shod
again for school ;

He couldna' sough the catechis' nor pipe the rule o'
 three,
 He was keepit in and lickit when the ither loons got
 free ;
 But he often played the truant—'twas the only thing
 he played,
 For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd
 made.

CHAS. MURRAY.

*Taken from "Hamewith," by kind permission of the Author
 and Messrs Constable, London.*

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING

HE sat at the dinner-table there,
 With a discontented frown ;
 The potatoes and steak were underdone,
 And the bread was baked too brown.
 The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
 And the roast was much too fat ;
 The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
 'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
 I've seen my mother make ;
 They are something like, and 'twould do you good
 Just to look at a piece of her cake."
 Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age ;
 Just now I'm but a beginner ;
 But your mother has come to visit us,
 And to-day she cooked the dinner."

E. M. HADLEY.

THE UNSELFISH BACHELOR

AH, dearest, just a smile, a kiss!—
My high unselfishness is such,
I feel to ask for more than this,
Would be to ask too much.

I am content, O maid divine!
If you but love me, say, till Spring:
To want you to be always mine
Were but a selfish thing.

For if we wed, as many do,
And you were mine alone for life,
Some other man who yearned for you,
Might never have a wife.

Or were I wholly yours, maybe,
Whilst happy years with you I led,
Some other maid, who pined for me,
Might have to die unwed.

So, sweetest love, that such as they
May not be left to weep alone,
I must not give myself away,
Or make you all my own!

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

By kind permission.

JUST ONCE

IT was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car there stepped a
dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place, she straight unto
me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!" and
 kissed me as she spake;
 Then looked again and frightened cried: "Oh, what
 a bad mistake!"
 I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair, that I am not your
 Jack,
 And as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway
 give it back."
 And since that night I have often stood on the plat-
 form lighted dim,
 But only once in a man's whole life do such things
 come to him.

Adapted.

THE DOMINIE'S HAPPY LOT

THE Dominie is growing grey
 And feth he's keepit thrang
 Wi' counts an' spellin' a' the day
 And liffies when they're wrang;
 He dauners out at nine o'clock,
 He dauners hame at four,
 Frae twal to ane to eat and smoke,
 And sae his day is owre.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
 Is a job like yon—
 A' Saturday at gowf to play
 And aye the pay gaun on.

When winter days are cauld and dark
 And dykes are deep wi' snaw,
 And bairns are shiverin' owre their wark,
 He shuts the shop at twa.

And when it comes to Hogmanay
 And fun comes roarin' ben,
 And ilka dog maun tak' a day,
 The Dominie taks ten.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
 Is a job like yon,
 To stop the mill whene'er you will,
 And aye the pay gaun on.

And when Inspectors gi' a ca'
 He tak's them roun' to dine,
 And aye the upshot o' it a'—
 The bairns are daen fine;
 And sae the "Board" come smirkin' roun'
 Wi' prizes in their haun',
 And syne its frae the end o' June
 Until the Lord kens whan.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
 Is a job like yon—
 Sax weeks to jaunt and gallivant,
 And aye the pay gaun on.

From poems by WALTER WINGATE.

*By kind permission of
 Gowans & Gray, Publishers, Glasgow.*

JAPANESE LOVE SONG

SHE was a maid of Japan,
 And he was the son of Choo Lee.
 She had a comb and a fan,
 And he had two big chests of tea.

And she wore a gown picturesque,
 While he had a wonderful queue.
 Her features were not statuesque,
 Which mattered but little to Choo.

So he smiled at her over the way,
 She coquetted at him with her fan.
 "I malley you—see?" he would say
 To this queer little maid of Japan.

And day after day she would pose,
 To attract him: her little Choo Lee.
 All daintily tipped on her toes,
 This love of a Heathen Chinee.

But fate was not kind to them quite,
 For he never could reach her you see,
 Though she always was there in his sight
 And she looked all the day on Choo Lee.

For a man mayn't do more than he can
 Though a maiden may languishing be,
 When she is a maid of a fan
 And he's on a packet of tea.

ANON.

THE BETTER GRASS THE BETTER SHEEP

AULD Sandy Gray ae Sabbath day
 Was absent frae the kirk,
 Next day his pastor called on him
 For duty he'd not shirk.
 Now as it may perhaps amuse,
 Nay, happily, some may profit,
 From what transpires, I here shall give
 In full the purport of it.

"What ailed ye, Sandy, yesterday?"
 The pastor did remark.
 "Losh, man," said Sandy in reply,
 "I was hearin' Dr Spark,

An' a proper spark he is, I trow,
 He was jist up tae time ;
 ' Love one another ' was his text,
 The sermon was sublime."

" Well, really, sir," replied the priest,
 " It grieves me much to know,
 That you to other churches do
 At times a-wandering go.
 You are a shepherd, like myself,
 And would not like to see
 Your own flock stray in pastures strange,
 As you thus do to me."

" Dear me," was Sandy's next response,
 " As you the matter press,
 I wouldna' care, man, where they strayed,
 If it was better gress.
 It seems a very selfish thing
 Tae think that you should swither
 That I should visit neebor kirks—
 The ane's as guid's the ither.

" Tak' either Auld U. P. or Free,
 Just think o' them, yer reverence,
 They're workin' for the same guid road,
 There's no a screed o' difference.
 At least that's my opinion o't,
 What think ye, sir, yersel' ? "
 " Sandy, you're right," the parson said,
 " You treat the subject well.

" 'Twas from a pure sectarian view,
 With fairness be it told,
 That I deplored you had become
 A wanderer from my fold,

But from a higher point of view
 I must confess you're right ;
 As brethren we should all agree—
 In fact should all unite."

Now, reader, this was Sandy's point,
 Its moral do not miss :
 Just please yoursel', gang where ye think
 You get the sweetest gress.

JOHN DALL,

THE UNSUCCESSFUL PLAN

IN a small, pretty village in Nottinghamshire
 There formerly lived a respectable squire,
 Who possessed an estate from encumbrances clear,
 And an income enjoyed of a thousand a year.

The country he loved ; he was fond of the chase,
 And, now and then, entered a horse at a race.
 He excelled all his friends in amusements athletic,
 And his manner of living was far from æsthetic.

A wife he had taken for better, for worse,
 Whose temper had proved an intolerant curse ;
 And 'twas plain to perceive, this unfortunate wife
 Was the torment, vexation, and plague of his life !

Her face it was fair, but a beautiful skin
 May often conceal a temper within,
 And he who is anxious to fix his affections,
 Should always look farther than lovely complexions.

Nine years passed away, and to add to his grief
 No infantile prattle e'er brought him relief,
 Till at length, to his great and unspeakable joy,
 He the father became of a fine little boy.

The father grew proud of his juvenile heir,
A sweet little cherub, with dark eyes and hair,
Yet strange to relate, his paternal anxiety,
Soon debarred him the bliss of his darling's society.

For he thought, and with truth, to his termagant
wife
Might be justly ascribed all the woes of his life.
"Had I ne'er seen a woman," he often would sigh,
"What squire in the country, so happy as I!"

In a forest removed some miles, far away,
Whether Sherwood or not, the tradition don't say,
Our hero possessed an Arcadian retreat,
A snug little hunting-box, rural and neat.

Strange fancies men have. 'Twas here he designed
To watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind,
Where, only approached by the masculine gender,
No room should be left him for feelings more tender.

To further his plan, he procured coadjutors
In two very excellent, painstaking tutors.
Who agreed for the sum of two hundred a year
His son to instruct, and immure themselves here. 400

Time passed quickly on, year succeeded to year,
Yet brought no abatement to fatherly fear,
Till at length this remarkably singular son
Could number of years that had passed, twenty-one.

Now the father had settled his promising son
Should his studies conclude, when he'd reached
twenty-one,
And a view of the world was the only thing needed,
To see how his singular plan had succeeded.

The summer was come, 'twas the end of October,
 When autumn's gay tints turn to liveries more sober ;
 At the end of this month, 'twas known far and near,
 A large fair at Nottingham was held every year.

He hit on this fair as the place of début.
 Strange resolve, when to keep the fair out of his view
 Had been his most earnest endeavour through life,
 And the bone of contention 'twixt him and his wife.

This point by his firmness he had constantly carried—
 The only one gained, ever since they were married.
 And he went with a heart beating high with emotion
 To launch his young son on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the fair a young maiden tripped by,
 With a cheek like the rose, and a bright, laughing
 eye.

“O father ! what's that ?” cried the youth with delight,
 As this vision of loveliness burst on his sight.

“Oh, that is only a thing called a goose, my dear son,
 We shall see plenty more ere our journey is done.”
 So as onward they passed, each sight brought to
 view

Some spectacle equally singular and new ;

Till the joy of the youth scarcely knew any bounds—
 At the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry-go-rounds.
 When at length the tour of the fair was completed,
 The father resolved that his son should be treated.

So pausing a moment, he said, “My dear son,
 A new era to-day in your life has begun.
 Though the plan I've adopted to some may seem
 strange,

You have never induced me to wish for a change.

“ And now, in remembrance of Nottingham fair,
 And a proof of your father’s affection and care,
 Of all this bright scene, and the gaities in it,
 Choose whatever you like, it is yours from this
 minute!”

“ Choose whatever I like,” cried the youthful recluse,
 “ Oh, thank you, dear father, then give me a *goose!*”

ANON.

THE WIFE

SHE vexes me an’ touts me sair,
 Sets hope adrift an’ brings despair,
 An’ in her anger pu’s my hair—
 The wife.

The Scripters speak o’ sorrow’s cup,
 A tubfu’ I’m compelled to sup!
 She mak’s me whist an’ drink it up—
 The wife.

If ye braw leddies dinna’ ken
 The way tae tease an’ kill the men,
 Consult yer humbler sister then—
 The wife.

Like ony other simple fule
 I entered matrimony’s schule,
 She very soon proclaimed “ Home Rule ”—
 The wife.

The loss o’ freens I noo deplore,
 The joys are fled I kent before,
 Against me whiles she locks the door—
 The wife.

She tries to ape the upper ten—
 Sic wives are no' for workin' men;
 She's ower weel off an' disna' ken—
 The wife.

She says she's far ower guid for me
 An' brags about her pedigree;
 My worth, of course, she canna' see—
 The wife.

Wi' her, it is a thing of course
 Tae keep possession o' the purse,
 Which mak's me like a heathen curse—
 The wife.

My books she flings aside as trash,
 Ca's me a guid-for-naething hash!
 An' yet I wadna' like tae thrash—
 The wife.

When I'm engaged in company,
 She clanks the bairn upon my knee,
 A mere man-nurse she mak's o' me—
 The wife.

Then wi' her besom an' her cloot,
 She sets tae wark tae dust an' scoop,
 An' that's the way she gets them oot—
 The wife.

Wi' fricht the laddies roar an' rin,
 Outside she gi'es the cat the fling;
 She fair distracts me wi' her din—
 The wife.

They say I'm thin about the jaws,
 An' like a thing for frichtin' craws;
 I wish they wud remove the cause—
 The wife.

I'm losin' flesh, I'm gettin' grey,
I find I'm wearin' doon the brae ;
She'll maybe change when I'm away—
The wife.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

*By kind permission of
Messrs Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.*

A TRUE BOSTONIAN AT HEAVEN'S GATE

A SOUL from earth to heaven went,
To whom the saint, as he drew near,
Said, " Sir, what claims do you present
To us to be admitted here ? "

" In Boston I was born and bred,
And in her schools was educated ;
I afterward at Harvard read,
And was with honours graduated.

" In Trinity a pew I own,
Where Brooks is held in such respect,
And the society is known
To be the cream of the select.

" In fair Nahant—a charming spot—
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,
And, last, a handsome burial-lot
In dear Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

St Peter mused and shook his head ;
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
" Go back to Boston, friend," he said,
" Heaven isn't good enough for you."

ANON.

BILL 'IGGINS'S FIRE

YOU'VE heard of Bill 'Igginses fire, mates?
 You ain't? Lummey! where 'ave yer bin?
 Well, I'll tell yer 'ow I saved 'is missus—
 (That's right, Miss —— a quarte'n o' gin).
 It was like this, d'y'see—t'other evenin'
 I was off down the street fer a drink,
 Fer, mates, I've bin cursed with a 'orrible thirst,
 Since I spent them three months in the clink.

That "clink" was a show if yer like, boys,
 Not a gargle the whole bloomin' time,
 An' talk about bad-tempered blighters,
 If you spits on the floor it's a crime;
 An' they makes yer work 'ard fer yer livin',
 You don't draw no out-o'-work pay,
 An' you're very soon taught—(oh, 'orrible
 thought!)—
 To wash yourself three times a day.

But to get back to what I was sayin',
 This fire was the deuce of a fire.
 Tho' there's some 'ere as mightn't believe me,
 'Tain't the first time I've bin called a "liar";
 I remember the last bloke what did it,
 I laid 'im out cold, stiff and stark,
 'E's workin', they say, down the sewers all day,
 An' dares not come up till it's dark.

Still, I'd started to talk about 'Iggins.
 Let me see now, where was I?—I know!
 I was just goin' out for a gargle,
 When I sees in the sky such a glow.
 And my spine went as cold as an iceberg,
 My knees sort o' trembled with fright,
 I went ghastly sick, for I thought in that tick
 That the old "Bull and Gate" was alight.

D'y' know, that's the place I was weaned in,
 And I've stuck to it ever since,
 Their four ale's a dream—and their porter—
 Believe me, it's fit fer a prince.
 Just look at that cheap muck you're drinkin',
 It's not only flat but it's sour.
 Now I likes a drop with a froth on the top,
 Wot'll souse yer in less than an hour.

But to get back again to the subject,
 You all know Bill 'Igginses wife.
 And you know wot a twistin' she gave 'im,
 Lor', talk about trouble and strife.
 I've 'eard that 'ere woman use langwidge
 Wot's dried up the soup in the pot,
 An' then deal 'im one with the poker, for fun,
 Yus! an' mind yer the poker was 'ot.

Wot? You're waitin' to 'ear about 'Iggins,
 Who's fed up—oh, you mean me, old son?
 Well, you've got some lip for a youngster,
 An' you'll 'ave a bit more 'fore I'm done.
 'Oo says I can't fight?—Interdooce me!
 Oh! the landlord? I might 'ave know'd.
 Well, after the show you won't 'ave far to go,
 The 'orsepittle's just down the road.

'Ere stow it now!—leave go my collar—
 Or you'll wish as you'd never bin born,
 I reckon there's some as'll miss you,
 Especially your wife, when you're gone.
 Alright—alright I'm a-goin',
 If I stopped I'd be doin' a crime.
 Eh? Oh! Lord above, it's the missus. My love,
 I only dropped in for the time.

JAMES J. HANNON.
By kind permission.

WHAT MISS EDITH SAW FROM
HER WINDOW

OUR window's not much, though it fronts on the street,
There's a fly on the pane that gets nothin' to eat,
But it is curious how people think it's a treat
For me to look out of the window.

Why, when company comes and they're all speak-
ing low,
With their chairs drawn together, then some one
says "Oh!
Edith, dear, that's a good child, now run, love, and go,
And amuse yourself there at the window."

Or Bob, that's my brother, comes in with his chum,
And they whisper and chuckle, the same words
will come,
And it's "Edith, look here, oh! I say, what a rum
Lot of things you can see from the window."

And yet, as I told you, there's only that fly,
Buzzing round on the pane, and a bit of blue sky,
And the girl in the opposite window that I
Look at when she looks from her window.

And yet I've been thinking I'd so like to see,
If what goes on behind her, goes on behind me,
And then, goodness gracious, what fun it would be
For us both, as we sit by the window.

How we'd watch when the parcels were hid in the
drawer,
Or the things taken out that we never see more,
What people come in and go out of the door
That we never see from the window.

And that night when the stranger came home with
our Jane,
I might see what I heard then—that sounded so plain,
Like when my wet fingers I rub on the pane ;
Which they won't let me do on my window.

And I'd know why papa shut the door with a slam,
And said something funny that sounded like jam,
And said, "Edith, where are you?" I said, "Here I am."
"Ah, that's right, dear ; look out of the window."

They say when I'm grown up these things will appear
More plain than they do when I look at them here,
But I think I see some things uncommonly clear
As I sit and look down from the window.

What things? oh, things that I make up, you know,
Out of stories I've read, and they all pass below :
Ali Baba, The Forty Thieves, all in a row,
Go by as I look from my window.

That's only at church time, other days there's no crowd.
Don't laugh ; see that big man who looked up and bowed,
That's our butcher—I call him the Sultan Mahoud,
When he nods to me here at the window.

And that man, he's our neighbour, just gone for a ride,
Has three wives in the churchyard that lie side by side ;
So I call him old Bluebeard in search of his bride,
While I'm Sister Ann at the window.

And what do I call you? Well here's what I do :
When my sister expects you, she puts me here too,
But I wait till you enter to see if it's you,
And then I just open the window.

Dear child ! yes, that's me ; oh you ask what that's for,
Well, you know papa says you're a poet and more :
That's your poverty's self, so when you're at the door,
I let love fly out of the window.

BRET HARTE.

From Bret Harte's poetical works.

By kind permission of Chatto & Windus, Publishers.

'ARRIET

IT ain't the first time as we've quarrelled, 'Arry,
It ain't the first time as we've 'ad a row,
There ain't no call to chuck yer donah over,
We've 'ad it out—d'ye 'ear—let's pal in now.
Supposin' as I did wear William's cady,
And what if Will-i-amè put on mine,
Then why d'ye go and say I ain't no lady,
There ain't no need to go and make a shine.
For I've been a good donah to you, ain't I, 'Arry,
And, if you don't know it, I tells you so—strite ;
So if you means splicin' me, arsk me then, cawn't you,
And don't keep us both sich a time on the wyte ;
Now, I cawn't say no fairer nor that, can I, 'Arry,
I cawn't say no fairer nor that.

Sye, did I make a fuss when you mashed 'Lizer,
And stood 'er ginger pops, and cups o' tea—
A reg'ler low-born cat—ga-arn—I despise 'er,
I tells you strite she ain't no good now, 'Arry—see ;
I twigged you kissed 'er in the tunnel, 'Arry,
That's why I mashed the bloke with ginger 'air,
And if you want's to chuck it—chuck it, 'Arry ;
But if you loves me—I loves you—so there.

I've got another chap as wants me, 'Arry,
Wot's in the fried-fish line in Bethnal Green ;
But I prefers another bloke—see, 'Arry—
'Ere, stop it now—you knows who I mean.

I knows as you can pick and choose your donah—
 There's lots of 'em as wants yer donkey cart ;
 But I knows one as only wants the owner,
 And loves yer, 'Arry—strite—with all 'er 'eart ;
 And I've been a good donah to you, ain't I, 'Arry,
 And, if you don't know it, I tells you so—strite ;
 So if you means splicin' me, arsk me then, cawn't you,
 And don't keep us both sich a time on the wyte ;
 Now, I cawn't say no fairer nor that, can I, 'Arry,
 I cawn't say no fairer nor that.

J. HICKORY WOOD.

*By kind permission of Mrs Hickory Wood
 and Ward, Lock & Co:*

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE

TOGETHER to the church they went,
 Both doubtless on devotion bent.
 The parson preached with fluent ease
 On Pharisees and Sadducees.
 And as they homeward slowly walked,
 The lovers on the sermon talked.
 And he—he dearly loved the maid—
 In soft and tender accents said,
 Darling, do you think that we
 Are Pharisee and Sadducee ?
 She flashed on him her bright blue eyes
 With one swift look of vexed surprise,
 And as he hastened to aver
 He was her constant worshipper,
 But, darling, I insist, said he,
 That you are very Phar-i-see,
 I don't think you care much for me.
 That makes me so Sad-u-cee.

Adapted.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BROWN'S CHRISTMAS
PARTY

'Tis Christmas night, and Charles Brown,
While fastening his tie,
Looks out upon the snow-clad town,
Contentment in his eye ;
His face is wreathed in smiles to think
Of all there is to eat and drink
At dinner by-and-by.

As he smears his hair with grease
Extracted from the bear,
He thinks him of his dear Louise
Who's promised to be there ;
And of Louise's mother, too,
Of which good dame, 'twixt me and you,
He stands in mortal fear.

For Charles has laid his very life
At dear Louise's feet,
While she has sworn to be his wife,
And made his joy complete ;
And so, while thinking of his bride,
He eyes himself with conscious pride
From head to well-shod feet.

But soon he hears the front door bell—
The guests have come to dine—
He hastens down the stairs pell-mell
To welcome his divine ;
Her silvery laugh he hears afar,
But that of her austere mamma
Sends shivers down his spine.

The guests have come, the cloth is laid,
 The wine is placed on ice,
 And every man and every maid
 Is seated in a trice ;
 The ferns, arranged by Charlie's niece,
 Are soon pronounced a masterpiece—
 They look extremely nice.

Then to the sideboard Charlie goes
 To fetch the sparkling wine,
 'Tis champagne, and the label shows :
 " Brut-Royal, Superfine " ;
 He bears it largely in his hand
 That everyone may see the brand—
 (One bottle between nine).

He cuts the string, he breaks the wire,
 He grasps the loving cup,
 And bears it to his heart's desire
 That she may have first sup ;
 He quite forgets that sparkling wine,
 Especially when " superfine,"
 Is generally up.

Out flies the cork at fearful pace,
 Oh careless Mr Brown ;
 It strikes Louise right in the face
 And almost knocks her down,
 While all the foaming, sparkling fizz
 Flies out with one almighty whizz
 Upon her mother's gown.

Then up swells dear Louise's eye,
 Likewise her mother's wroth,
 While Charles Augustus stands close by
 Far whiter than the cloth ;
 Right ardently he prays the floor
 May swallow him for evermore ;
 He does, in very troth.

Kind reader, would you have me paint
 The scene that now ensues !
 With poor Louise in a faint,
 Brown trembling in his shoes,
 The mother brandishing a fork,
 Proclaiming him an awkward gawk—
 Nay, flatly I refuse.

Suffice it that Louise grows worse
 And hurries home to bed,
 Her mother hurling one last curse
 At Brown's devoted head,
 While all the other guests depart
 In deference to his broken heart,
 Both wineless and unfed.

And Charles Augustus, what of him ?
 Dejected and depressed,
 He soon becomes extremely thin,
 All wheezy grows his chest ;
 Upon his brow deep lines of care,
 All grey his erstwhile glossy hair—
 These details by request.

Moral

And you who read this mournful tale
 Take warning from his fate ;
 If you prefer champagne to ale,
 Remember corks fly straight ;
 Don't hit your sweetheart in the eye,
 But point the bottle very high,
 And aim to reach the grate.

GEORGE ROBEEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

WOMAN'S WAY

THEY sat together side by side, absorbed in Cupid's mission ;

"Dear John, please tell," she softly cried, "what was my pa's decision?"

"Alas!" said he, "I greatly fear" (his voice began to quaver),

"My suit is not regarded, dear" (he heaved a sigh),
"with favour.

Your pa says he can't see at all" (he sadly smoothed her tresses),

"How I, with such an income small, can even buy your dresses."

"I think," she answered (and her eye in trust to his was carried),

"I might lay in a good supply before" (she blushed)
"we're married."

Adapted.

THE COCKNEY

IT was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin ;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short ;

And his cap was very little,
 Such as soldiers often use ;
 And he wore a pair of gaiters
 And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
 And he answered in the same,
 Though he spoke it in a fashion
 That I thought a little lame ;
 For the aspirate was missing
 Where the letter should have been,
 But where'er it wasn't wanted
 He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke with admiration
 Of St Peter's mighty dome,
 He remarked : "'Tis really nothing
 To the sights we 'ave at 'ome !"
 And declared upon his honour—
 Though of course 'twas very queer—
 That he doubted if the Romans
 'Ad the *h*art of making beer.

When I named the Colosseum,
 He observed, "'Tis very fair ;
 I mean, you know, it *would* be
 If they'd put it in repair ;
 But what progress or *h*improvement
 Can those curst *H*italians 'ope,
 While they're under the dominion
 Of that blasted muff, the Pope ?"

Then we talked of other countries,
 And he said that he had heard
 That *H*americans talked *H*inglish,
 But he deemed it quite *h*absurd ;

Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE LECTURE

SHE spoke of the Rights of Woman,
In words that glowed and burned;
She spoke of the worm down-trodden
And said that the worm had turned!
She proved by columns of figures
That whatever a man essayed,
A woman could do far better—
In politics, art, or trade.

She painted in fervid colours
The bright millennial day
When man should bow submissive
'Neath woman's wiser sway.
She said—but her words were frozen—
Her eyes were wide with fear—
She mounted the chair, the table—
Then faintly gasped: "He's here!"

L

Curiosity—excitement—
Dread—overwhelmed the house!
We were rising for her rescue
When—we saw a tiny mouse.
He scurried over the platform,
And swiftly the monster ran,
Yet he was killed in a moment
By that Paltry Thing, a man!

Then what sympathetic murmurs
Rose quivering on the air!
And smelling-salts were proffered
To the heroine in the chair.
Lastly, one resolution
Was read, and passed in a trice:
“Resolved—though Men are so useless,
They're needed for killing mice.”

E. T. CORBETT.