

The Rubaiyat of a Civil Servant

By "Silas Wegg."

You told me months ago, Mr. Editor, that I would do it sometime before I stopped, and I have done it. I have written, by my own hand and without the aid even of Mercutio, the Rubaiyat of a Civil Servant. One hundred and twenty quatrains at two cents per quat., with ten per cent. off if you take them all! You have a bargain if you only know it, and if you will forego the editorial page and some of your advertisements, I can supply another hundred quatrains when I read the proof.

Your obedient servant,

SILAS WEGG.

[Mr. Wegg's generosity is exceeded only by the length of his contribution. We have selected, out of courtesy to Mr. Wegg, a number of his quatrains by lot for publication. We have, however, preserved his numbering of the stanzas, so that our readers may be prepared for sudden transitions of thought. The printer has suggested the introduction of the numbers at several places within the stanzas themselves, but this we have rejected on account of the ungainliness of appearance that would result.—The Editors.]

I.

Wake! For the Clock will soon be striking
Nine
Upon the Sultan's turret, and the Line,
Which drawn divides at once the sheep
and goats,
Now casts its shadow where the Faithful
sign.

III.

The Early Bird with mouth extended wide
Stuffs many a worm within its warm in-
side.

Thou tarriest still in blankets snugly
curled.
Too late to walk, hast thou the Cash to
ride?

VI.

Methinks the minutes which are saved be-
tween
The mystic hour of Nine and Nine-fifteen
Count more than all thy sweaty years
of toil
To keep the grave of thine Ambition
green.

VII.

I knew a chap who in the silent night
Read fat reports and such by candle-
light.
He overslept himself and now his name
Is Dennis, which before was Daniel White.

IX.

One versed in Hebrew, Persian and Chi-
nee,
Who knows each island in the Southern
Sea,
And can predict eclipses in the dark,
Is sealing letters in the P.O.D.

X.

Myself when young did sit up late and
cram
My head with knowledge for the Grand
Exam,
And one, who played at Hockey and
Lacrosse,
Walked in ahead. Alas for O. Kayyam!

XIX.

"Come, fill the Cup," the Goodwife says,
"and set
Some change aside to meet the Butcher's
debt;
Thou hast no time to loaf. Bring home
some bread,
And mail these letters, please. Now, don't
forget!"

XXXI.

At half-past five the catiff homeward
slinks
And shovels coal to fill the furnace chinks.
His fingers blacked with ink and coal,
he sighs,
"Slave of the Pen,"—which is a pun,
methinks.