

1892.

A MEDITERRANEAN JAUNT.

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FEBRUARY 12.

Old England's shores are growing dim,  
And my ideas at all times slim,  
Conceive a little doggerel hymn  
By way of diary.  
Read of a future, passing whim,  
By lenient friend or critic grim,  
'Twill not sound briary.

We're eighteen hours upon our way ;  
From England many miles away,  
And getting into Biscay's bay,  
That sea of storms.  
All appetites have now full play,  
Soon heads and stomachs giddy'll sway,  
Prone will be forms.

The German cookery is crude,  
Suited to stay on stomachs rude ;  
But scarcely fit to be the food  
Of, say, Lucullus ;  
Tho' kraut may fit the sweeter mood,  
The sausage make inductive brood,  
The lager lull us.