

Such penny whistling suits the cockpit's hum,  
But here's a scene deserves the biggest drum.

Behold where high above the clamorous town  
The vast Cathedral-towers in peace look down :  
Hark to the entering crowd's incessant tread—  
They bring their homage to the mighty dead.  
Who in silk gown and fullest-bottomed wig  
Approaches yonder, with emotion big ?  
Room for Sir Edward ! now we shall be told  
Which shrines are tin, which silver and which gold.  
'Tis done ! and now by life-long habit bound  
He turns to prosecute the crowd around ;  
Indicts and pleads, sums up the *pro* and *con*,  
The verdict finds and puts the black cap on.

" Prisoners, attend ! of Queen Victoria's day  
I am the Glory, you are the Decay.  
You cannot think like Tennyson deceased,  
You do not sing like Browning in the least.  
Of Tennyson I sanction every word,  
Browning I cut to something like one-third :  
Though, mind you this, immoral he is not,  
Still quite two-thirds I hope will be forgot.  
He was to poetry a Tom Carlyle—  
And that reminds me, Thomas too was vile.  
He wrote a life or two, but parts, I'm sure,  
Compared with other parts are very poor.