

As I ask'd for my head or its last whereabouts ;
 But he only vouchsafed an inimical glare
 As he pinion'd me down in that plush-covered chair.

Low insult to injury was piled on me when
 He tweak'd the snub nose of the saddest of men.
 Then up into space that ineffable scamp
 (After toasting his gold at a small spirit lamp)
 Pegg'd and hammer'd away with soul-harrowing blows
 Till, wrought up to madness, I wildly arose,
 Seiz'd my hat, gloves and cane, yes ! and fled in despair
 From the awful embrace of that plush-covered chair.

Sing of Cæsar's great heart ! of the Twelfth Legion braves !
 Let your tears dew the green of Thermopylæ's graves !
 Laud the mashers who swam through the corpse-choking fosse,
 As the Crescent light paled in the glare of the Cross !
 Weave your garlands of praise for the stout-hearted blades
 Who kick'd up their heels in the glorious Crusades !
 Tell of Bayard, du Guesclin and Ralph Bras de Fer !
 Yet the whole of these heroes, who lived but to dare
 Would have bolted like fun from that plush-covered chair.

VANITY FAIR.

'Tis the height of the season, and matron and maid
 Are met at Society's call,
 From eighteen to forty, or more in the shade,
 They are crying their wares from each stall ;
 And the downy-lipp'd youth with the feminine bang
 And the hoary-browed rouè are there,
 As the summer wind echoes the din and the clang
 Of the hucksters at Vanity Fair.