

XXXIX., XL., XLI.

(*Missing in the original.*)

XLII.

Fashion's fair dames, beneath your sway,
He lingered longest, though we know
Life in the highest cliques to-day
Is apt to be a trifle slow;
For though perhaps one woman may
Talk of "Bentham" and "Jean Say,"
The average run of ladies' chatter
Is silly, sinless, stupid matter.
To such a length their virtues go,
So prudent are they, so correct,
So pious, proper circumspect—
In every act so *comme il faut*,
To man so distant, I admit—
I always get a bilious fit.

XLIII.

And you, my pretty ones, who fleet
In roving droshkies late at night
Over our bridges, down the street
Of Petersburg, your revels light;
And you, Eugène, abandoned. In his den,
Yawning, he turned him to his pen
And tried to write. Alas! such work
Required some thought and thought proved
irksome