

The Dog of the Sail of the 'Sailors' Rest.



Gape of Good Hope.

PHILANTHROPY sweet, with her merciful eyes,
Is bent on effecting, a wondrous surprise,
With the highest of motives — somewhat to amuse
She will rig herself out, in the “bluest of blues” —
With the daintiest Yachting cap poised on her brow
And a broad sailor collar, bewitchingly low,
She will cruise about gayly — the sauciest craft,
Tho’ men may esteem her, a little bit daft
And win them by all sorts of nautical wills —
Tho’ naught of the naughty, will flash in her smiles,
To allow her to anchor a wish in each breast,
To secure most securely — the Mariners’ Rest
Attached to its moorings — well payed and supplied,
And awaiting the flood of Prosperity’s tide,
For this, — with no other design in the world
She’d become a Jack Tar, with the ensign unfur’d
Aflame with bright promise, her venture to back,
Like the “Cherub aloft” — she’ll “Look after poor Jack”
For you see when a woman has “*ought*” on her brain
She’s prepared for whatever may come in its train.