OPEN SESAME

RHYMED ANSWERS TO BELLAMY'S CENTURY OF CHARADES

HARLAN H. BALLARD
OPEN SESAME

ONE HUNDRED ANSWERS IN RHYME
TO
WILLIAM BELLAMY'S
CENTURY OF CHARADES

BY
HARLAN H. BALLARD

"Come to the amicable conflict with difficulties;
the antagonist is your helper."—Burke.

BOSTON
JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY
1896
"Μάντις ἄριστος ὡστὶς εἰκάζει καλῶς."
—Euripides.
THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

FOR HIS BOOK

Within a few days of its publication, Mr. Bellamy's fascinating "Century of Charades" passed through my hands on its way to a shelf in the Berkshire Athenæum. Never was more clearly demonstrated the proverb, "The librarian who reads is lost."

Instead of mechanically cataloguing the little book, I opened it, and, struck by the grace and ingenuity of the charades, soon found myself a captive.

Piqued by the intricacy of many of the riddles, I determined to solve them all.

Having succeeded, after three or four evenings, it occurred to me (with no thought of their publication) to throw the answers into rhyme, and send them to Mr. Bellamy.

The notion then came that, should they amuse him, they might also please those who had enjoyed his charades. The following very kind and flattering note from Mr. Bellamy confirmed what
had been a passing thought into a possibly rash
determination:

Dorchester, June 1, 1895.

My Dear Sir:

I have been very much amused by your answers to
my charades. They are very bright and witty; in fact,
in many cases the answer is far wittier than the cha-
rade itself.

I have had a lingering fear that many who guessed
the answers, with the aid of the key, perhaps, would
fail to see how the parts fitted, would overlook some
of my puns, and would be unable to explain many of
my allusions. I am happy to see that in your case,
at any rate, my fears were unfounded. Your verses
make quite an exhaustive commentary on mine.

I am particularly pleased at your ingenuity in work-
ing into your hundredth answer the words that make
up the hundred answers.

For my own sake as well as for yourself, I should
like to see these rhymes published. Every one who
has enjoyed my book, I am sure would enjoy yours.

Very sincerely yours,

William Bellamy.

H. H. Ballard, Esq.

Mr. Knight, to whom these answers were sub-
mitted, entered heartily into the plan, and, as a
result, "Open Sesame" is now offered,—not ex-
actly to the public, but to that comparatively
small circle of readers who know how to condone
a pun, and who relish "a little nonsense now and
then."

H. H. Ballard.

Pittsfield, Mass., Nov. 20, 1895.
I

HAVE you heard of the wonderful "one-hoss shay,"
That ran a century to a day,
Then stopped and shivered as if afraid?
Ah! but I've answered the first charade.
II

"GIVE me the Latin word for crow,"

Thundered Professor Raucus:

"Crocus," replied poor frightened Joe.

"The next!" "Please, sir, it's 'caucus!'"

[This, by memory's curious laws,
Suggested by "defend his caws."]

A ballad quaint of long ago
Sings of a youth who used to mow:
Mansfield vipers bit in vain,
For Molly mollified the pain.

The huckster, fraudulentus homo,
Sells tea, and purchaser, per chromo.
III

Pussy's purr beside the fire
Sings of satisfied desire;
While in the chase appears confessed
The misery of man's unrest.

They purchase truest "consol"-ation,
Who take a share of relaxation.
IV

The Roman $L$ has been reduced
To English ell and Flemish.
From out the *egg* the wild thrush "lays"
Break songs without a blemish.
The *ant*, industrious little soul,
Makes holiday in sugar-bowl.
Boston frowns with tolerance scant
When New York calls an aunt an *ant*,
For Boston must be *elegant*!
V

My love cares little for the sight
Of outward show or masquerade,
_In_ child and husband her delight,
    Her _fancy_ dwells not on parade;
Yet it would _try_ her soul to see
No gleaming arms of _infantry_!
VI

Sparkling dews upon the grass
Are Diana's looking-glass.
N, though ever out of sight,
Ends the dawn and brings the night.
Bury it as best you can, sir,
We shall resurrect the answer.
For the name we cannot find,
Dusenbury comes to mind.
VII

No galleys now bring myrrh from far
To stately dames of Rome;
Where Cæsar drove his conquering car
Now stands the farmer's home.
VIII

*Tar* is the blood of pine-trees, shed
To save the gallant *tar;*
Napoleon had cause to dread
The “*Tartars*” of the Tsar.
IX

APRIL had a little Ram,
    Its fleece was bright as gold,
It cast a blur upon the sight
    Of Rambler overbold.
X

Who wrote this riddle is a scamp
That well deserves the writer's cramp;
About his neck should be a tie
Would hang the offender mountain high;
'Twould do me good to stick a knife in
The perpetrator of this hyphen!
XI

The student from the Charles returning
May think his skull the seat of learning;
But down in New Haven they learn quite well
On the sliding seat of a six-oared shell.

The *pin* disturbs dear baby's sleep;
And the *sculpin* scuttles adown the deep.
XII

The number four comes square in view
When two is multiplied by two.
A misconception here I find;
Judgment severe,—almost unkind:
Though history may not decide
Lesseps was greatest when he died,
His sternest critics must confess
Without his "end" he had been "Less."

"Torturing fangs of pain" is good
When "forceps" makes it understood.
XIII

"With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,"
"Tripping the light fantastic toe,"
Behold the undaunted Graf:
My lady may well refuse to mount
The fiery steed of the terrible Count;
Except as a photograph.
XIV

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."
Flower of flax, and flour of rye,
Both shall one day justify
Human faith and industry.
XV

Unrivalled is the fern in queenly grace,
Daintily mirrored in our mountain springs;
Bold Warwick finds his rival in the ace,
"Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!"
Is "furnace of affliction" metaphoric?
Ask the poor debtor for the year's caloric!
XVI

Thor was a heathen god of old,
Whose thorax might a whirlwind hold;
His breath was like the smoking flax,
He thundered with his battle-ax.
Odin's halls have passed away,
Odin's son has had his day;
Yet every Thursday shall proclaim
The awful glory of his name.
XVII

IN "Sartor Resartus" the lesson is taught
Of the trouble by clothes to humanity brought.
The pin may be old, and decrepit, and bent,
But for woman its strength and its beauty were lent;
And though in dark alleys its days may be passed,
It will come to the ball, like the Princess, at last.
    Hail, King Clothespin! take thy throne!
Power is thine before unknown.
'Gainst thy might no bands prevail,
Glistening arms, nor shirts of male;
Stainless glory shall be thine,
Monarch of an endless line!

[N. B. Our author's pride seems scanty,
   To fetch his hero from a shanty.]
XVIII

The structure of the earth is called
By scientists molecular.
Sainted Assisi wore a cross,
And so do asses secular.
Though your "complete" be ne'er so "sweet,"
My true-love none surpasses;
With lassies sweet naught can compete,
Except it be — mo' lassies.
XIX

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
   And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
   And the flowers that grow between."

This did my lady oft repeat,
   Alone on her couch of pain;
And the hours passed by with lingering feet
   Breathing the sad refrain—
A tiny bell rang sweet and clear
Eternity was drawing near.

Now, for the love of Mary, Peter;
Open the golden gates, and greet her!
XX

The maidens at Lochinvar's wedding, I note,
Imagined he had n't a crown or a groat.
For he rode from the Esk all dripping, you see,
Grotesque as a lover could possibly be.

But Scotland's bright waters leave never a stain;
His suit he will press, and his bride he will gain;
No flood can extinguish the flame in his breast,
For, unlike his raiment, that can't be re-pressed!
"MAN wants but little here below,"
Give him a checque and let him go;
Give him a mate to share his pain,
Or cry checkmate, and end his reign.
XXII

No cry too faint for anxious mother's ear;
With draughts of tea are filled the cups that cheer;
When coming through the rye two lovers met;
And, sure, before you ride, it's on you'll get.
Is this charade a touchstone for my wit?
Kindly criterion; I will challenge it.
XXIII

There lived a clam in days of yore,
    His bride a sweet Molluscan;
Their humble home was by the shore,
    Its architecture, Tuscan.
And tides might ebb and tides might flow,
    They gave no sign or token;
Mid all the clamorous winds that blow,
    They lived in peace, unbroken!
XXIV

Where flows the Dee, a burning
Beacon blazes bright;
And this, on his returning,
Is the fisherman's delight.
XXV

This riddle teaches me not to heed
A maiden's first refusal;
For what at first looks dark, indeed,
Grows bright on re-perusal.

The man who composes charades bright as these
Should receive in return a whole lac of rupees;
But if into annas the lac be divided,
Give a part to the fellows that guess them,—as I did!
Rep-covered arm-chairs? "Tile" for hat?
Yes, in a sense colloquial;
But Noah's reptile? — Well, for that,
Consult the schools parochial.
XXVII

CYPRESS and olive both we bring,
   A nasty, heartless offering,—
"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
   When monarchs die.
Forgetting him whose life is done,
   To the new king we lightly run:
"Monarch and dynasty are one,"
   Our fickle cry.
XXVIII

Study this riddle a bit, my dear,
Until your wits are ripened:
The answer clear
Will then appear,
The pig was in the sty penned.

But beware of one of the riddler's tricks,
By which attention he tries to fix
On incidents misleading:
The clever rogue
Omits the brogue
From Patrick's special pleading!
XXIX

The reindeer fattens on the moss,
   The cow, perhaps, would spurn it;
The French to Moscow marched with loss,
   How could the Russians burn it!
XXX

MY FIRST

ABSURD contradictions our language employs;
We call that a still that occasions most noise;
And when from the body the spirit has fled,
We wake the still sleeper with spirits, I've read.

MY SECOND

In Hebrides greater and Hebrides less,
The seacoast is outlined by many a ness.

MY WHOLE

When Nature lay in silent sleep,
And Darkness brooded on the deep,
Before the morning stars had sung,
Or ever seraph's harp was strung,
Ere Brahma wakened from his dream,
Stillness reigned, and reigned supreme.
XXXI

A HEALTH to Shakespeare! shall it be "milk-shake,"
Or Roman punch? Ah, no! this were to make
A frivolous jest of all that's great in man:
Mix wine and blood and tears—and drink it, ye
who can!
XXXII

He who sings and runs away
*May* live to sing another *lay.*
XXXIII

Detestable trick on words to play;
"Forequarter of lamb" — the "L," you say!

Without the "L," its plain to see
The other three quarters are a-m-b.

That lamb was ewe, but did you know
Yew'll kill a horse, and make a bow?

When Henry felt Montgomery's lance
Small need was there of ambulance.
XXXIV

Here’s outrage foul, beyond a doubt:
   The judgment groundless, — quite too fly;
The players rightly feel put out,
   And score the error as a lie.

Such base hits give the game short stops;
   Bawling with rage, home runs the sly cur,
His shady words suggest the cops,
   But they are pitching on the striker!
XXXV

Dear girl with rosy lips apart,
Eau de Cologne will cure the smart;
Then may it be your pleasing hap
To find another, smarter chap.

He'll lead you down by Lover's lane,
Through flowery fields, through groves of birch:
May naught that hallowed path profane;
The chaplain waits in yonder church.
XXXVI

How Mary's sad yet queenly face
Outlives her record of disgrace!
The tear, the *smile*, the glittering *ax,*
Might make e'en Azrael's hand relax.

Then twine the *smilax* round her bed,
   Her stainless bed of sculptured stone;
Weep for the grace and beauty fled,
   But judgment leave with God alone.
XXXVII

High in the Roman Forum
   Where brave men used to speak,
To left and right stood, huge and bright,
   Full many a brazen beak.
In honor of old Camillus,
   Each battered prow was there:
Their silent lips spake of the ships
   His prowess did not spare.

[Some truth in your last remark I find,
Nor is it to Webster’s words confined;
But except, if you please, the word “caress,”
For that becomes plural without the s.]
XXXVIII

In joining music, monk, and ham,
A man of taste is not mistaken;
And why not add a dithyramb
For polka dance with friar Bacon!

Philanthropists do not regret
That captives are no more “to let.”

Though hamlet be an unknown town,
Hamlet shines in Shakespeare’s crown.
XXXIX

A gallant knight drew up his steed,
And stood beneath his lady’s bower;
Of gathering gloom he took no heed,
He took no heed of summer shower.

The lady, at her lattice high,
A father’s stern command obeyed,
With heaving breast and downcast eye
She slowly dropped the window-shade.

Bella donna is known for “fair lady,” I ween,
Her berries are deadly, her leaves darkest green;
But is Bella-my fair, in not giving the right shade,
Since black, and not “red,” is the fruit of the night-shade?
XL

THETIS, distracted by fear, distressed for the fate of Achilles, Secretly bore the child to the goat-breeding island of Scyros. Here in a maiden’s garb, far distant from tumult of battle, Long she kept him hid; but when the crafty Ulysses

Opened his peddler’s pack, the boy caught the flash of a sword-blade. Eagerly he uprose; tore off the effeminate garments, Sheathed his limbs with brass, and donned a glittering helmet. Then, while Thetis wept, he joyfully rushed to the conflict,

Bearing destruction to Troy; swift death to invincible Hector. Him to his conquering car he fasten’d with thongs unrelenting; Raptatum bigis, ut quondam, atremque cruento Pulvere, par pedes trajectum lora tumentes!
Lo! where Priam comes bringing a ransom for Hector;
White is his hair with age, and bent his tottering figure.
Moved by the old man’s prayers, Achilles surrenders the body
Into the father’s arms,—blood-stained and reeking with garbage.
XLI

The seas of old, as I've been told,
Held many a gay and good nymph,
And every breeze that moved the trees
Disclosed a startled wood-nymph.

Still further back, there is no lack,
In the remotest periods,
Of girls with wings, and girls in springs,
Bright goddesses and nereids.

In modern times the poet's rhymes
Delight in sprite and fairy;
And in the sea, dear mermaids be,
Blue-eyed and golden-hair-y.

Yet this charade reveals a maid
Better than Neptune's finned lass,
She whirls on the deck at the boson's beck,
The sailor's rollicking windlass!
XLII

The number over this refrain
Shows how much figures may contain,
For when you come to think it o'er
You see it's forty, — and two more;
Nor can we quite the thought exclude
That tumors call for forti-tude!
XLIII

ALAS, poor maiden, with sad, tear-dimmed eyes!
With you most heartily I sympathize,
'T is not for fathers of such girls as you
To dog each lover that may come to woo.

Were I your lover I would brave the ire
Of your too hasty, too impetuous sire;
Were I your father, I would take your part;
Were I your ma, I'd press you to my heart.

I cannot chide you for your bitter plaint;
Treatment so cruel might provoke a saint;
Nor will I dogmatize on filial duty;
I'm only sorry for you, little beauty!
XLIV

The fairest bud "comes out" at sweet sixteen,
The blushing promise of a social queen.
Not only in the fountain, plays the jet,—
Clarissa's eyes are brighter, blacker yet.
What other measure, when the Lords shall judge it,
Can pass unanimous, except the budget?
XLV

This is about as difficult as breathing;
For tea plus thing can equal naught but teething.
XLVI

You need not seek the hermit’s cell
To fare as simply, and as well;
Add to your soup the savory herb,
And you will find the feast superb.
XLVII

MAIDEN, to your plaintive song,
Chimes a tale forgotten long;
Your simple faith, your lover's candor,
Rival Hero and Leander.

Many ways the tales agree,
You are fair and so was she.
Both your lovers leave you pale,
Both are anxious for a sail;
Did Hero's hero swim the sea?
Yours takes to water, well as he;
And, grandest attribute of man,
Both can, because they think they can!
They agree in one thing more,—
When they come, they come to adore!
XLVIII

If any the opinion share
That men are made by what they wear,
Then, for their guidance, be it said,
That clothes may make a guy instead.
Thus, when a dude begins to dance,
We recognize it at a glance.
XLIX

Let not those straying locks alarm,
They give your neck an added charm;
Were you a man you'd thank the lace
That parted with such kindly grace;
Yet never necromancer vex
For transformation of your sex;
No doubt you might enjoy a row,
When freed from dress and furbelow;
No doubt you'd find it rather nice
To look unawed on tramps and mice;
No doubt the girls would call you "sir,"
'Twould be but natural, if you were;
And yet, dear child, 't were better far
To stay precisely as you are!
L

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand
Will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green — one red." — Macbeth.

When oceans blush and seas grow red,
What basin can be used instead?
Can Bengal's bay, or Baffin's? No,
Nor the great gulf of Mexico;
The stain is on thy soul, Macbeth,
The wages of thy sin is death!
LI

ONE bitter night, when skies were gray,
    And frozen was the ground,
It chanced upon your homeward way,
    A little *wren* was found.

Like good Samaritan of old,
    You deemed it but a pleasure
To save the bird all *chilled* with cold
    For *children* dear to treasure.

And so, I wonder not at all
    The thought came ere you slumbered,
"Who careth for the sparrow's fall,
    Our very hairs hath *numbered.*"
LII

OVER the main, through mist and rain
Toward hidden reef we drave;
But warning wave, the ship to save,
Shouted aloud "Refrain!"
LIII

Where, oh, where, is good old Jacob?
Where, oh, where, is good old Jacob?
Where, oh, where, is good old Jay-cub?
Safe now in the Promised Land.

In their blood, his children he brews?
In their blood, his children, Hebrews!
They'll meet him in the Promised Land.
LIV

The *fez* is a sort of Arabian cap,
The *ant* puts the sluggard to shame for his nap.
And what can there be more decidedly pleasant
Than to feast with a friend on a well-ripened
*pheasant*!
LV

Riddles to right of us,
Riddles to left of us,
Riddles in front of us,
Harder than thunder!
Quick must the fight be made;
Charge on the bright charade!
Yet, every step, afraid
Lest we shall blunder.
LVI

Clap your hands if actors please,
Bait your trap for mice with cheese;
Men are caught an easier way,
Clap-trap takes them every day.
LVII

For youth be love and fond desire;
Give me a book and open fire.
Dry are the fountains nereids love,
My nymphs have slipped away in triads;
John, take your adze to yonder grove;
Cut me a cord of hamadryads!
LVIII

That Crete was false as 't was reputed,
Cannot discreetly be disputed.
LIX

When on the tennis court you tread
The startled lob lifts up its head;
I have a somewhat hazy notion
That stir may end in wild commotion;
My lady may, as like as not,
Have dropped a lobster in the pot.

Sadly he feels the cruel smart,
Yet wears her image on his heart.
LX

That sigh may well be pardoned you,
Your lady’s stockings are so blue;
I shan’t like the girl that I kissed
To be a widow or a psychiatrist.
Like Cupid, I prefer, you see,
To end my “Psy” with “c-h-e”!
LXI

Without "me" women might be won,
But without us they'd be undone,
For let the "men" depart, and, lo!
Women have nothing left but "wo."
When lightnings fill the world with dread,
And heaven trembles overhead,
What spell is known to end the thunder,
Excepting "d-e-r," I wonder?
LXII

My Muse has discovered in Hamlet, the “Dane,”
And further discourse does the lady disdain.
LXIII

If in life's lottery I had my *pick,*
I'd make the choice unerringly and quick,
I should not pick my way with patient toil,
Nor set a *wick* on fire with midnight oil;
I'd go with *Pickwick* and his comrades three,
And spend the day in jollity and glee.
LXIV

Doubtful tricks require a trump;
For your first, I venture pump;
And, the second trick to win,
What's the matter with the kin'? 
Finally, to clear the track,
I shall lead this little Jack; —
Not, of course, the Jack of Hearts,
But that other "Jack," that darts
Fiery glance from pumpkin shell,
Where Peter kept his wife so well!
LXV

No title won in foreign land,
   No garland brought by Beauty's hand,
No epitaph the world has known,
   Can equal "G. A. R." alone.
LXVI

"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall,"
I will drink surcease to the maiden's grief,
In Lucknow, sore afraid, an' all
The Highlanders marching to her relief.
LXVII

_Age_, in a timely, kindly way,
With peaceful twilight ends the day;
The _ax_, with sharp and sudden blow,
Lays kings and queens and empires low.
The blood by dying _Ajax_ shed
Still dyes the hyacinth with red.
LXVIII

A girl of ordinary sense
  Would like him all the better
Who showed enough intelligence
  To kiss before he met her!

For if, in some celestial sphere,
  She dreamed her lips had his met,
She'd cry on seeing him appear,
  "It is the will of Kismet!"
If letters two the thought express,
There is no virtue in X-S.

*Essex*, by his pride betrayed,
Angered England's mightiest maid.
LXX

The knights are dust,
    And I mistrust
Their swords are dull with
    Mist and rust.
LXXI

The *curfew* tolls the knell of parting day,
The moon and stars resume their silent sway,
Night settles peacefully on vale and hill,
Save when yon *cur*—Whoa! Pegasus, stand still!

[Few know the trouble Peggy makes
When, in his lofty flight, he "breaks."
LXXII

NAPOLEON and seven kings
Conferred intent on serious things;
The seven monarchs grow to eight
By counting in the Potentate.
LXXIII

You back the bay? Well, I won’t quarrel,
But,—here’s a tip,—hedge on the sorrel.

A cat may look upon a king;
But ”tip-cat,”—that’s another thing.
LXXIV

_T-i_ in "mountain" may be found,
And so may "_m-o-n;_"
While _Timon_ is a play renowned
From William Shakespeare’s pen.

**Note.** Although "Timon" is not the correct answer, it will be seen that it fits the riddle fairly well, inasmuch as the letters both in "Ti" and "mon" are found in the word "mountain." The charade is as follows:

"My first from out a mountain came,
My last like origin may claim,
Of one of Shakespeare's plays my whole's the name."

The right solution first came to me in a note from Mr. Bellamy, who wrote,—

"Though well were aimed your shafts of wit,
One little _mouse_ you failed to hit,
That _trap's_ the rock on which you split.
The play was _Mouse-Trap_ Shakespeare writ,
At least so Hamlet christened it."
LXXV

WATCH and ward the angels kept
Over Samuel while he slept.

Fire, the word the Marshal gave;
Died the "bravest of the brave."

Samphire — Crithmum maritimum —
   Grows on rocks beside the sea:
Dangerous rocks; I would n't climb 'em,
   Rather let those pickles be!
LXXVI

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,
Dear little, queer little, artless maid.

In Cæsar’s fit shook all the powers of earth;
In scissors’ fit lay all the strength of Worth.

The temperate man who guards against excess
Avoids a surfeit, and escapes distress.
LXXVII

YOUR first is curious? That is queer!
The ass has not a brilliant mind.
Though Cromwell wore his "long before,"
Richard's cuirass was short behind!
LXXVIII

Point de raison d'être, ma chère,
Pour mariage ou pour *trousseau*
C'est *vrai, ainsi* que dit "ma mère,"
Ton ami, Jean Jacques Rousseau.
LXXIX

Wisdom of the ass confessing,
Balaam changed his curse to blessing.

The foe looked on with bated breath
When Bayard closed his eyes in death.

Fair, in some Elysian dell,
Grows the immortal asphodel.
LXXX

$M$ for a thousand ought to go;
A bar above it makes it grow.

On floating Earth and all its cargo,
Napoleon tried to lay embargo.
LXXXI

Bobby Cupid shot at me,
Shot at me a shaft, Oh!
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.
LXXXII

When the dreadful day was done,
When the glorious field was won,
Spectral warriors came by night
To renew the ghostly fight.

Saintly prayer or priestly ban
Naught avail with wrath of man;
Deaf to mercy's pitying knock,
Ghosts renew the battle-shock.

Time and place can not control
The eternal passions of the soul:
Human love in Heaven shall dwell,
Human hate shall burn in Hell.

Wraiths of warriors pale and stern
Fight by night at Bannockburn.
LXXXIII

The *Hun* once made the Roman fear;
The *tress* falls light on lady's ear,
The *huntress* loves to chase the deer.
LXXXIV

Alph is the sacred river
   Runs darkling to the sea;
A is doomed forever
   To be pursued by B.
Who took your bet is in your debt,
For Cadmus stole the alphabet.
LXXXV

By all the racers flying past,
The *bicyclist* was quite outclassed;
Dropping behind, the rider, quick missed,
Was sought and found upon the *sick-list*. 
LXXXVI

When Love conquered Pan, and put him to flight,
The nymphs of Arcadia laughed with delight;
And dryads and nereids, dancing for joy,
Expressed in gay pantomime thanks to the Boy.
LXXXVII

Harry loved a pretty maid,
Fickle-hearted, I'm afraid;
For, to each impassioned sigh,
"Hal, sigh on!" was her reply.

"Perque dies placidos, hiberno tempore, septem
Incubat Halcyone pendentibus æquore nidis."
— Ovid. II. xi, 382.
LXXXVIII

The last of Ilium's sad reverses,
    The cause of toper's zigzag track,
The history of our empty purses,
    The fate of odalisques, alack!
Epitomized in Shakespeare's verse, is
    "Intolerable deal of sack."

What many a marriage has undone,
    What brings dark days to every one,—
Except the straight Republican,—
    Is non-arrival of the son.

Before she felt the conqueror's hand
Old England was a Saxon land.
LXXXIX

Up and down the fireflies flew
On bank of wild thyme wet with dew,
While Puck, and Moth, and Cobweb there,
The fairies' banquet did prepare.
XC

The \textit{asp} in Cleopatra's breast
Stung the unhappy queen to rest,
And every \textit{eye} confessed a tear,
When Death laid Beauty on the \textit{bier};
The \textit{irate} Furies turned to stone
Octavius Cæsar's heart alone.

The "spirit" on which England frowned
In each New England home is found,
Though long repressed by British art,
It breathes in every Yankee heart;
Exiles \textit{exasperate} and distressed
Columbia welcomes to her breast.
XCI

When Don Huidizo ran away
From Zama, on that fatal day,
A stain obscured his bright escutcheon,
With blazoned pall and fesse and such on.
Some say its field of gules was dim-méd;
The scroll new written,—"Don el Timid!"

But the knight's lady, good and handsome,
Quickly gained Huidizo's ransom.
XCI

Your staring *cad* is pretty bad,
And *mus* is quite ridiculous;
But *Cadmus* draggin' teeth!  Egad!
Beats Diodorus Siculus.
Si quis amator feels oppressed
Sub frigore puellæ,
Confiteatur his unrest,
Et dulcior she than melle.

The Christian interest in the Lenten fast
From a crude principal of penance springs:
What Jews have lent, as principal is classed,
And accrued interest, quite as fast, it brings.

The solemn stars that watch above;
The oysters you Bostonians love;
The country churchyard’s grassy knoll;
And William, strong in self-control,
May yet be brought beneath one head,
Since all are silent as the dead.
XCIV

The doors and windows of their bark
Did Japhet, Ham, and Shem lock,
Then lightly floated Noah's ark,
A miracle in hemlock!

[N. B. Should any gopher this reply,
And claim the ark was cypress;
Such critics are referred to my
Bewitching little typress.]
XCV

Two pipes make a butt, one butt is a ton.
“Sure and sutton”
It’s a button!
XCVI

"ONCE formed a state?" Sit still my pen!
Ha! No; but yes, I'll risk it,—Men.
The "guinea's stamp?" What's Bob's reply?
Why, "Rank,"—Burns never would say "die!"
"Spied on a wall!" An egg? A plant?
Cannon, or can? No, just a cant.

Why should we our assistance lend
To those who vow they cannot mend?
Time, thought, or money, spend I can't
On mumbling Maynooth mendicant.
XCVII

The *bell* bids seamen all beware
The *bar*, or they'll be stranded there.

This might be *bar belle*, I suppose,
With tawdry finery, if you chose;
But *barbel* suits the epicure
As well, or better, I am sure.
XCVIII

ONE

Mid fakirs and dervishes
Though we may roam,
Whatever they mumble,
There's no word like "om"!

TWO

When friar dined on haunch of buck
With Robin Hood, 't was "nip and Tuck!"

THREE

In the days of "'T was whispered," and "muttered in Hell,"
This play upon letters succeeded quite well;
But to-day every baby in Boston would know—
—Just pinch one and see—that the answer is O.

[Did I your "I. O. U." espy?
In French I answer,—o. u. i.]
FOUR

A fool finds fortune in a star,
Accepts "telepathy" at par,
Lets poor impostors read his mind,
Sees ghosts, and takes the faith-cure blind,
To moon and horseshoe looks for luck,
And on "theosophy" is stuck.
You know these all are idle fancy
"Like gypsies' cards and chiromancy:"
And yet, my friend, with little grace
Can you deride the Gypsy race,
'Twixt them and you small difference,—
You both find oracles in tense!

WHOLE

Breathes there a man with mind so dense
As not to read "omnipotence?"
XCIX

The sweetest month in all the year?
May, when daffodils appear.
But "shortest?" Shortest just as well,
To those who know its mystic spell.

With her analytic key
Gladys, Vassar Ph. D.,
Strives the secret to unlock
Of her specimen of dock:
Thinks its inner bark bespeaks
Some affinity with leeks!

Literary men, I think,
Find Médoc a favorite drink.
C

CRUSHED by the burden of our verses,
— Like Issachar between his curses—
Brave Pegasus has kept the track,
Nor thrown the rider from his back.
Now, as I finally dismount,
And rest by the Pierian fount,
One lingering backward glance I throw
On the long road that winds below.

The rambler's progress has been pleasant,
Disturbed by naught but whirring pheasant;
Now passing through a silent grove
Where the dark hemlock towers above;
Now through a field of asphodel,
Where fawns grotesque, and dryads dwell.
Soon as the nighshade did prevail
I sought yon hamlet in the dale,
In guidance of a farmer's boy
I found, to my delight and joy,
The chaplain of the little town
Superb in kindness, — plain in gown.
Naught of defect or of excess
Showed in his Saxon friendliness;
Discreet he was, yet full of grace,
And perfect candor marked his face.
A generous banquet soon was spread;
No curfew hurried us to bed;
We sat till pretty late o’clock,
With chat, cigars, and old Médoc.
Where is the clap-trap necromancer,
Or psychic, for our dreams can answer?
I wonder whether pumpkin pies
Photograph them in our eyes;
Did lobster, clam or barbel smite
For surfeit of the previous night?
Or was the outrage only due
To bark cinchonian from Peru?
No matter! Shakespeare’s “ghastly dreams”
With the pale moonlight came in streams;
(Fair Dian, huntress of the sky,
Shot shaft o’ silver from on high;)
They danced a quickstep on the door,
And writhed like reptiles on the floor;
Not fearless Ajax could refrain
From terror, nor with calm disdain
Regard these phantoms of the brain.
Jacob may lay him on a stone,
And try the prowess of a ghost alone,
But when your thorax in a nightmare sinks
None o’er that potentate prevails, methinks!
My dream defies the alphabet,
’Twas mainly pantomime, and yet
Throughout there ran some tie absurd,
Like hyphen in an unknown word.

Pickwick, with garland on his head,
Cringed like a mendicant beside my bed;
Armed with a forceps which he thrust
Right at my face; and I mistrust
He sought to get a purchase on my nose.
"Samphire!" I shrieked, and hastily arose;
Bathed in a basin, and put on my clothes.
I roused the family,—all were sleeping fast,—
For roof, and bed, and elegant repast,
Thanked brother Dusenbury, and set out,
Chorused by children's voices. What a shout!
They numbered ten, the youngest (who was teething),
Outcried the utmost aspire of his breathing.

Through meadows green with smilax and with bay,
With better luck now I pursued my way,
I'll bet a button to a furnace-door
Old Timon ne'er enjoyed the stillness more:
Tipcat and chromo to a gold repeater
Molasses to a schoolgirl ne'er seemed sweeter;
Rupee for stipend ne'er was more delightful
Than morn to me after a night so frightful.
A robin-bride was ordering her trousseau,
And Halcyon builded in the bank below.
A bicyclist flashed by with sudden turn,
Like wheel of infantry on Bannockburn,
Or glint of cuirass when it strikes the sun,
Or any other stock criterion;
As Cadmus, with his gleam of brazen spears,
Or Tartar lances in long glistening tiers,
Or Arab warrior on carnage bent,
"Kismet!" his cry,—"Allah, omnipotent!"

But now upon my Muse I lay embargo,
Unman the windlass, and discharge the cargo,
I started out in answering this charade
To bring in the whole budget; but I ’m ’fraid
That “dogma,” “industry” and one or two more,
Like “garbage,” say, will overlast the humor;
Mousetrap and “Moscow” can’t be rhymed with
ease,
And find me one for “sculpin,” if you please;
For all the clothespin’s high and merry dance,
We ’ll have to send him home in ambulance;
And, to conclude the game, it grows so late,—
I ’ll check the answers, and declare checkmate!

Should others follow in our train
With weary step and aching brain,
Let them not falter nor retreat
Until their journey is complete.
Hearty shall their welcome be,
Both from Bellamy and me!
Should any find the road too rough,
Charades too intricate or tough,
Let them not with malice task us,
Nor, when they ’re stuck, say Damn,—but ask us!