

OPEN  
SESAME

# OPEN SESAME



BALLARD

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.*



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“ Μάντις ἄριστος ὅστις 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 charade 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 working 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 submitted, entered heartily into the plan, and, as a result, "Open Sesame" is now offered, — not exactly 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!

## XXI

“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 !

XXVI

*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 *pro**w* was there :  
Their silent lips spake of the ships  
His *pro**w**ess* 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 gr<sup>een</sup>;  
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 sur-  
renders the body

Into the father's arms,—blood-stained and reek-  
ing 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 should n't like the girl that I *kissed*  
To be a widow or a *psychist*.  
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*!"

LXIX

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

NAPOLÉON 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. Il. 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 *asp* in Cleopatra's breast  
Stung the unhappy queen to rest,  
And every *eye* confessed a tear,  
When Death laid Beauty on the bier;  
The *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 *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*.

XCII

YOUR staring *cad* is pretty bad,  
And *mus* is quite ridiculous;  
But *Cadmus* draggin' teeth! Egad!  
Beats Diodorus Siculus.

### XCIII

*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,  
'T wixt 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 *nightshade* 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 *psychist*, 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 *aspirate* 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!*