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BALLADS. THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM. Ax Paris, hard by the Maine barriers, Whoever will choose to repair, "Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors, May haply fall in with old Pierre. On the sunshiny bench of a tavern, He sits and he prates of old wars, And moistens his pipe of tobacco With a drink that is named after Mars. The beer makes his tongue run the quicken, And as long as his tap never fails, Thus over his favourite liquor Old Peter will tell his old tales. Says he, " In my life's ninety summers, Strange changes and chances I've seen." So here s to all gentlemen drummers That ever have thump's on a skin. "Brought up in the art military For four generations we are; My ancestors drummed for King Harry, The Huguenot lad of Navarre.

PART I.

And as each man in life has his station According as Fortune may fix, While Condo was waving the baton, My grand sire was trolling the sticks. "Ah! those were the days for

commanders! What glories my grandfather won, Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders The fortunes of France had undone! In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,â€” What foe man resisted us then? No; my grand sire was ever victorious, My grand sire and Monsieur Tureen. "He died, and our noble battalions The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook; And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance, The victory lay with Holbrook. The news it was brought to King Louis; Corbel how his majesty swore, When he heard they had taken my grand sire: And twelve thousand gentlemen more! "At Amur, Ramifies, and Malplaquet Were we posted, on plain or in trench, Holbrook only need to attack it, And away from him scamper's we French. Cheer up! no use to be glum, boys,â€” 'Tis written, since fighting begun, That sometimes we fight and we conquer, And sometimes we fight and we run. "To fight and to run was our fate, Our fortune and fame had departed; And so perish Louis the Great,â€” Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted. His coffin they pelted with mud,

His body they tried to lay hands on; And so having buried King Louis They loyally served his great-grandson. "God save the beloved King Louis! (For so he was nicknamed by some,) And now came my father to do his King's orders and beat on the drum. My grand sire was dead, but his bones Must have shaken I'm certain for joy, To hear daddy drumming the English From the meadows of famed Fontenoy. "So well did he drum in that battle That the enemy show's us their backs Corbel it was pleasant to rattle The sticks and to follow old Sax e We next had Sou bise as a leader, And as luck hath its changes and fits, At in spite of Dad's drumming, 'lid said we were beaten by Fritz. "And now Daddy cross's the Atlantic, To drum for Montcalm and his men; Morale but it makes a man frantic, To think we were beaten again! My daddy he cross's the wide ocean, My mother brought me on her neck, And we came in the year fifty-seven To guard the good town of Quebec. "In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,â€” Full well I remember the day,â€” They knock's at our gates for admittance, Their vessels were moor's in our bay.

Says our general, ' Drive me yon red-coats Away to the sea whence they come!' So we march's against Wolfe and his hull-dogs, We march's at the sound of the drum. "I think I can see my poor mammy With me in her hand as she waits, And our regiment, slowly retreating, Pours hack through the citadel gates. Dear mammy! she looks in their faces, And asks if her husband is come? â€”He is lying all cold on the glaxis, And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, no use to be glum, boys, He died like a soldierâ€”in glory; Here's a glass to the health of all drum-bovs, And now I'll commence my own story. Once more did we cross the salt ocean, We came in the year eighty-one; And the wrongs of my father the drummer Were avenged by the drummer his son. "In Chesapeake-bay we were landed, In vain strove the British to pass; Rochambeau our armies commanded, Our ships they were led by De Grass e. Morale how I rattled the drumsticks The day we march's into Tor k town; Ten thousand of beef-eating British Their weapons we caused to lay down. "Then homewards returning victorious, In peace to our country we came, And were thank for our glorious actions By Louis Sixteenth of the name.

What drummer on earth could be provider Than I, while I drummed at Versailles To the lovely court ladies in powder, And lappets, and long satin-tails? "The Princes that day passed before us, Our countrymen's glory and hope; Monsieur, who was learned in Horace, who could dance the tight-rope. One night we kept guard for the Queen At her Majesty's opera-box, While the King, that majestic al monarch, Sat filing at home at his locks. "Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette, And so smiling she look's and so tender, That our officers, privates, and drummers, All vow's they would die to defend her. But she cared not for us honest fellows, Who fought and who bled in her wars, She sneer's at our gallant Rochambeau, And turn's Lafayette out of doors. "Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath, No more to such tyrants to kneel, And so just to keep up my drumming, One day I drummed down the Bastille! Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine, Come, comrades, a

bumper we'll try, And drink to the year eighty-nine And the glorious fourth of July! "Then bravely our cannon it thunder's, As onwards our patriots bore, Our enemies were but a hundred, And we twenty thousand or more.

They carried the news to King Louis, He heard it as calm as you please, And like a majestic monarch, Kept filing his locks and his keys. "We show's our republican courage, We storm's and we broke the great gate in. And we murder's the insolent governor For daring to keep us a waiting. Lambency and his squadrons stood by, They never stirred finger or thumb, The saucy aristocrats trembled As they heard the republican drum. "Hurrah! what a storm was a brewing, The day of our vengeance was come; Through scenes of what carnage and ruin Did I beat on the patriot drum. Let's drink to the famed tenth of August, At midnight I beat the tattoo, And woke up the Pikemen of Paris, To follow the bold Barbarous. "With pikes, and with scouts, and with torches, March's onwards our dusty battalions, And we girt the tall castle of Louis, A million of tatterdemalions! "We storm's the fair gardens where tower's The walls of his heritage splendid, Ah, shame on him, craven and coward, That had not the heart to defend it! "With the crown of his sires on his head, His nobles and knights by his side, At the foot of his ancestor's palace 'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.

But no; when we burst through his barriers, 'Mid heaps of the dying and dead, In vain through the chambers we sought him, He had turn's like a craven and fled.

all know the Place de la Concorde? 'Tis hard by the wall; 'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues, There rises an obelisk tall. There rises an obelisk tall, All garnish's and gilded the base is, 'Tis surely the gayest of all Our beautiful city's gay places. "Around it are gardens and flowers, And the cities of France on their thrones, Each crown's with his circlet of flowers, Sits watching this biggest of stones! I love to go sit in the sun there, The flowers and fountains to see, And to think of the deeds that were done there. In the glorious year ninety-three. "twas here stood the altar of freedom, And though neither marble nor gilding Were used in those days to adorn Our simple republican building, Corbel but the Me be Guillotine, Cared little for splendour or show, So you gave her an axe and a beam, And a plank and a basket or so. "Awful, and proud, and erect, Here sate our republican goddess; Each morning her table we deck's With dainty aristocrats' bodies.

The people each day flock's around, As she sate at her meat and her wine; 'Twas always the use of our nation To witness the sovereign dine. "Young virgins with fair golden tresses, Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests; Dukes, Marquises, Barons, Princesses, Were splendidly served at her feasts. Ventrebleu! but we pamper our ogress With the best that our nation could bring, And dainty she grew in her progress, And called for the head of a King! "She called for the blood of our King, And straight from his prison we drew him; And to her with shouting we led him, And took him, and bound him, and slew him. 'The monarchs of Europe against me Have plotted a godless alliance; I'll fling them the head of King Louis,' She said, 'as my gage of defiance.' "I see him as now, for a moment, Away from his gaolers he broke; And stood at the foot of the scaffold, And lingerer, and fain would have spoke. 'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,' Says Santeria, 'with a beat of your drum;' Lustily then did I tap it, And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.

PART II. 'The glorious days of September Saw many aristocrats fall; 'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood, In the beautiful breast of Lambaste. Mardi, 'twas a beautiful lady! I seldom have look's on her like; And for a gallant procession, That march's with her head on a pike. "Let's show the pale head to the Queen, We said " she'll remember it well; She look's from the bars of her prison, And shriek' d as she saw it, and fell. We set up a shout at her screaming, We laugh's at the fright she had shown At the sight of the head of her minion; How she'd tremble to part with her own.

"We had taken the head of King Capet, We called for the blood of his wife; Undaunted she came to the scaffold, And bared her fair neck to the knife. As she felt the foul fingers that

touch's her, She shrunk, but she deign not to speak, She look's with a royal disdain, And died with a blush on her cheek!

"twas thus that our country was saved; So told us the safety committee! But pshaw I've the heart of a soldier, All gentleness, mercy, and pity. I loathed to assist at such deeds, And my drum beat its loudest of tunes As we offered to justice offended The blood of the bloody tribunes. "Away with such foul recollections! No more of the axe and the block; I saw the last fight of the sections, As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Sock. Young BonApabte led us that day; When he sought the Italian frontier, I follow my gallant young captain, I follow him many a long year. "we came to an army in rags, Our general was but a boy, When we first saw the Austrian flags Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy. In the glorious year ninety-six, We march's to the banks of the Po; I carried my drum and my sticks, And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we enter Milan, We seized on the Manta keys; The troops of the Emperor ran, And the Pope he fell down on his knees."Pierre's comrades here called a fresh bottle, And clubbing together their wealth, They drank to the Army of Italy, And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast, And show's us a plenty of scars, Rude presents that Fortune had made him, In fifty victorious wars. "This came when I follow bold Keeler 'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun; And this from an Austrian sabre, When the field of was won. "My forehead has many deep furrows, But this is the deepest of all; A Brunswick er made it at Jenna, Beside the fair river of Sal. This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it; (God bless him!) it covers a blow; I had it at Austerlitz fight, As I beat on my drum in the snow. "twas thus that we conquered and fought; But wherefore continue the story? There's never a baby in France But has heard of our chief and our glory, But has heard of our chief and our fame, His sorrows and triumphs can tell, How bravely Napoleon conquered, How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher, To think of the deeds that I saw; I follow bold Bey through the fire, And charged at the side of Murat." And so did old Peter continue His story of twenty brave years; His audience follow with commentsâ€” Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain Had died in defence of their land; His audience laugh's at the story, And vow's that their captain was grand! He had fought the red English, he said, In many a battle of Spain; They cursed the red English, and spray's To meet them and fight them again. He told them how Russia was lost, Had winter not driven them back; And his company cursed the quick frost, And doubly they cursed the Cossack. He told how the stranger arrived; They wept at the tale of disgrace; And they long's but for one battle more, The stain of their shame to efface "Our country their hordes overrun, We fled to the fields of Champagne, And fought them, though twenty to one, And beat them again and again! Our warrior was conquered at last; They bade him his crown to resign j To fate and his country he yielded The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood, Around him we pressed in a throng, We could not regard him for weeping, Who had led us and loved us so long. 'I have led you for twenty long years,' Napoleon said, ere he went; 'Wherever was honour I found you, And with you, my sons, am content.

" Though Europe against me was arm's, Tour chiefs my people are true; I still might have struggled with fortune, And baffled all Europe with you. "" But France would have suffered the while, 'Tia best that I suffer alone; I go to my place of exile, To write of the deeds we have done.

"" Be true to the king that they give you, We may not embrace ere we part; But, General, reach me your hand, And press me, I pray, to your heart.' "He called for our old battle standard; One kiss to the eagle he gave. 'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss Long sound in the hearts of the brave!' 'Twas thus that Napoleon left us; Our people were weeping and mute, As he passed through the lines of his guard, And our drums beat the notes of salute.

Â» Â» * Â» â€¢ "I look's when the drumming was o'er, I look's, but our hero was gone; We were destined to see him once more, When we fought on the Mount of St. John. The Emperor rode through our files; 'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn; The lines of our warriors for miles stretch's wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain, The red coats were crowning the height; 'Go scatter yon English,' he said; 'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.' We his voice with a shout; Our eagles were bright in the sun; Our drums and our cannon spoke out, And the thundering battle begun. "One charge to another succeeds, Like waves that a hurricane bears; All day do our galloping steeds dash fierce on the enemy's squares. At noon we began the fell onset: We charged up the Englishman's hill; And madly we charged it at sunsetâ€" His banners were floating there still. "â€" Go to! I will tell you no more; You know how the battle was lost. Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine, And, comrades, I'll give you a toast. I'll give you a curse on all traitors, Who plotted our Emperor's ruin; And a curse on those red-coated English, Whose bayonets help's our undoing.

"A curse on those British assassins, Who order's the slaughter of Bey; A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured The life of our hero away. A curse on all Russiansâ€"I hate themâ€" On all Prussian and Austrian fry; And, O! but I pray we may meet them, And fight them again ere I die."

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude His chronicle with curses fit. He spoke the tale in accents rude, In ruder verse I copied it. Perhaps the tale a moral bears, (All tales in time to this must come,) The story of two hundred years Writ on the parchment of a drum. What Peter told with drum and stick, Is endless theme for poet's pen: Is found in endless quartos thick, Enormous books by learned men. And ever since historian writ, And ever since a bard could sing, Doth each exalt with all his wit, The noble art of murdering. We love to read the glorious page, How bold Achilles kill's his foe: And Turn us, fell's by Trojans' rage, Went howling to the shades below. How Godfrey led his red-cross knights, How mad Orlando slash's and slew; There's not a single bard that writes, But doth the glorious theme renew. And while in fashion picturesque, The poet rhymes of blood and blows, The grave historian, at his desk, Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox, You'll duly see recorded there The history of the self-same knocks Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre. Of battles fierce and warriors big, He writes in phrases dull and slow, And waves his cauliflower wig, And shouts "Saint George for Marlboro w Take Doctor Southey from the shelf, An LL.D., â€" a peaceful man; Good Lord, how doth he plume himself, Because we beat the Corsican! From first to last his page is filled With stirring tales how blows were struck. He shows how we the Frenchmen kill's, And praises God for our good luck. Some hints, true, of politics The doctors give and statesman's art: Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks, And understands the bloody part. He cares not what the cause may be, He is not nice for wrong and right; But show him where's the enemy, He only asks to drum and fight. They bid him fight,â€"perhaps he wins. And when he tells the story o'er, The honest savage brags and grins, And only longs to fight once more. But luck may change, and valour fail, Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse, And with a moral points his taleâ€" The end of all such talesâ€"a curse.

Last year, my lore, it was my hap Behind a grenadier to be, And, but he wore a hairy cap, No taller man, methinks, than me. Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot, (Be blessings on the glorious pair!) Before us passed, I saw them not, I only saw a cap of hair. Your orthodox historian puts In foremost rank the soldier thus, The red-coat bully in his boots, That hides the march of men from us. He puts him there in foremost rank, You wonder at his cap of hair: You hear his sabre's cursed clank, His spurs are jingling everywhere. Go to! I hate him and his trade: 'Who bade us so to cringe and bend, And all God's peaceful people made To such as him subservient p Tell me what find we to admire In epaulets

and scarlet coats, In men, because they load and fire, And know the art of cutting throats?

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine! The winter wind blows cold and shrill, Come, fill me one more glass of wine, And give the silly fools their will VOL. I.

And what care we for war and wrack, How kings and heroes rise and fall; Look yonder,* in his coffin black, There lies the greatest of them all! To pluck him down, and keep him up, Died many million human souls; 'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup, Bid Mary heap the fire with coals. He captured many thousand guns; He wrote "The Great" before his name and dying, only left his sons The recollection of his shame. Though more than half the world was his, He died without a rood his own; And borrow from his enemies Six foot of ground to lie upon. He fought a thousand glorious wars, And more than half the world was his, And somewhere, now, in yonder stars, Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is. 1841.

* This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT. The noble king of Brentford "Was old and very sick, He summoned his physicians To wait upon him quick; They stepped into their coaches And brought their best physician. They crammed their gracious master With potion and with pill; They drench him and they bled him. They could not cure his ill. "Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer, I'd better make my will." The monarch's royal mandate The lawyer did obey; The thought of six-and-eightpence, Did make his heart full gay. "What isn't," says he, "your majesty; Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belaboured me With potion and with pill: My hours of life are counted, O man of tape and quill! Sit down and mend a pen or two, I want to make my will. 09

"O'er all the land of Brentford Tom lord and eke of Kew: I've three per cents and five per cents; My debts are but a few; And to inherit after me I have hut children two. "Prince Thomas is my eldest son, A sober prince is he, And from the day we breech's him Till now, he's twenty-three, He never caused disquiet To his poor Mamma or me. "At school they never flogged him, At college though not fast, Tet his little go, and great go He creditably passed, And made his year's allowance For eighteen months to last. "He never owed a shilling, Went never drunk to bed, He has not two ideas Within his honest head" In all respects he differs From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income Laid by at the year's end, Poor Ned has ne'er a strive That rightly he may spend, But sponges on a tradesman, Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies Most soberly pursues, Poor Ned must pass his mornings A-dawdling with the Muse: While Tom frequents his banker, Young Ned frequents the Jews. "Ned drives about in buggies, Tom sometimes takes a 'bus; Ah, cruel fate, why made you My children differ thus? Why make of Tom a *dullard*, And Ned a *genius*?" "You'll cut him with a shilling," Exclaimed the man of wits: "I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford, "Sir lawyer, as befits; And portion both their fortunes Unto their several wits."

"Tour Grace knows best," the lawyer said, "On your commands I wait." "Be silent, Sir," says Brentford, "A plague upon your prate! Come, take your pen and paper, And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it Was writ and signed and closed; He bade the lawyer leave him, And turn's him round and dozed; And next week in the churchyard The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband, Of mourners was the chief; In bitter self-upbraidings Poor Edward showed his grief: Tom hid his fat white countenance In his pocket-handkerchief. Ned's eyes were full of weeping, He falter's in his walk; Tom never shed a tear, But onwards he did stalk, As pompous, black, and solemn, As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford- That gentle king and just" With bell and book and candle Were duly laid in dust, "Now, gentlemen," says Thomas, "Let business be discussed. "When late our sire beloved Was taken deadly ill, Sir Lawyer, you attended him (I mean to tax your bill); And, as you signed and wrote it, I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles, And drew the parchment out; And all the Brentford family Sate eager round about: Poor Ned was somewhat anxious, But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

/ "My son, as I make ready To seek my last long home, Some cares I had for Needy, But none for thee, my Tom: Sobriety and order ne'er departed from. "Ned hath a brilliant genius, And thou a plodding brain; On thee I think with pleasure, On him with doubt and pain." (" Ton see, good Ned," says Thomas, "What he thought about us twain.") "Though small was your allowance, saved a little store; And those who save a little Shall get a plenty more." As the lawyer read this compliment, Tom's eyes were running o'er. "The tortoise and the hare, Tom, Set out, at each his pace The hare it was the fleeter, The tortoise won the race; And since the world's beginning This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, Blythe and singing, Steps gaily o'er the ground; As steadily you trudge it He clears it with a bound; But dullness has stout legs, Tom, And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom, pass with plodding feet; heed not one nor other But onwards go your beat, While genius stops to loiter With all that he may meet; "And ever as he wanders, Will have a pretext fine For sleeping in the morning, Or loitering to dine, Or dozing in the shade, Or basking in the shine. "Tour little steady eyes, Tom, Though not so bright as those That restless round about him Tour flashing genius throws, Are excellently suited To look before your nose. "Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers It placed before your eyes; The stupidest are weakest, The witty are not wise; Oh, bless your good stupidity, It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide, And plenty is my gold, Still better gifts from Nature, My Thomas, do you hold" A brain that's thick and heavy, A heart that's dull and cold.

"Too dull to feel depression, Too hard to heed distress, Too cold to yield to passion Or silly tenderness. March on" your road is open To wealth, Tom, and success. "Ned Kenneth in extravagance, And you in greedy lust." (" I faith," says Ned, "our father Is less polite than just.") "In you, son Tom, I've confidence But Ned I cannot trust. "Wherefore my lease and copy holds, My lands and tenements, My parks, my farms, and orchards, My houses and my rents, My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock, My five and three per cents; "I leave to you, my Thomas." (" What all?" poor Edward said; "Well, well, I should have spent them And Tom's a prudent head ") "I leave to you, my Thomas," To you bf T bust for Ned."

The wrath and consternation What poet e'er could trace That at this fatal passage Came o'er Prince Tom, his face; The wonder of the company, And honest Ned's amaze 1 " 'Tia surely some mistake," Good-naturedly cries Ned; The lawyer answered gravely, "Ti's even as I said; 'Twas thus his gracious majesty Ordain on his death-bed. "See, here the will is witness's. And here's his autograph ;" "In truth, our father's writing," Says Edward, with a laugh; "But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom, We'll share it half and half." "Alas 1 my kind young gentleman, This sharing cannot be; 'Tia written in the testament That Brentford spoke to me, 'I do forbid Prince Ned to give Prince Tom a halfpenny. "' He hath a store of money, But ne'er was known to lend it; He never help's his brother; The poor he ne'er befriended; He hath no need of property Who knows not how to spend it. "' Poor Edward knows but how to spend, And thrifty Tom to hoard; Let Thomas be the steward then, And Edward be the lord j And as the honest labourer Is worthy his reward,

" I pray Prince Ned, my second son, And my successor dear, To pay to his intendant Five hundred pounds a year; And to think of his old father, And live and make good cheer." Such was old Brentford's honest testament, He did devise his moneys for the best, And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest. Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent; But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'i1, To say his son, young Thomas, never lent. He did. Young Thomas lent at interest, And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured O'er Chis wick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew But of extravagance he ne'er was cured. And when both died, as mortal men will do,

'Twas commonly reported that the steward Was very much the richer of the two.

THE WHITE On deck, beneath the awning, I dozing lay and yawning; It was the grey of dawning, Ere yet the sun arose; And above the funnel's roaring, And the fitful wind's deploring, I heard the cabin snoring With universal nose. I could hear the passengers snortingâ€” I envied their disportingâ€” Vainly I was courting The pleasure of a do**! So I lay, and wondered why light Came not, and watched the twilight, And the glimmer of the skylight, That shot across the deck; And the binnacle pale and steady, And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye, And the sparks in fiery eddy That whirled from the chimney neck. In our jovial floating prison There was sleep from fore to mizen, And never a star had risen The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured; We'd a hundred Jews to larboard, Unwashed, uncombed, barbered Jews black, and brown, and gray; With terror it would seize ye, And make your souls uneasy, To see those Rabbis greasy, Who did nought but scratch and pray: Their dirty children pukingâ€” Their dirty saucepans cookingâ€” Their dirty fingers hooking Their swarming fleas away. To starboard, Turks and Greeks wereâ€” Whiskered and brown their cheeks wereâ€” Enormous wide their breaks were, Their pipes did puff away; Each on his mat allotted In silence smoked and squatted, Whilst round their children trotted In pretty, pleasant play. He can't but smile who traces The smiles on those brown faces, And the pretty prattling graces Of those small heathens gay. And so the hours kept tolling, And through the ocean rolling 'Went the brave *Iberia* bowling Before the break of day 'When A Squall, upon a sudden, Came o'er the waters scudding; And the clouds began to gather, And the sea was lashed to lather, And the lowering thunder grumbled, And the lightning jumped and tumbled,

And the ship, and all the ocean, Woke up in wild commotion. Then the wind set up a howling, And the poodle dog a yowling, And the cocks began a crowing, And the old cow raised a lowing, As she heard the tempest blowing; And fowls and geese did cackle, And the cordage and the tackle Began to shriek and crackle; And the spray dashed o'er the funnels, And down the deck in runnels; And the rushing water soaks all, From the seamen m the To the stokers whose black faces Peer out of their bed-places; And the captain he was bawling, And the sailors pulling, hauling, And the quarter-deck tarpaulin g Was shivered in the squalling; And the passengers awaken, Most pitifully shaken; And the steward jumps up, and hastens For the necessary basins. Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered, And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered, As the plunging waters met them, And splashed and over set them; And they call in their emergence Upon countless saints and virgins; And their marrowbones are bended, And they think the world is ended. And the Turkish women forward Were frightened and behorror'd; And shrieking and bewildering, The mothers clutched their children: The men sung "Allah! Allah As the warring waters doused them And splashed them and soused them And they called upon the Prophet, And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry Jumped up and bit like fury; And the progeny of Jacob Did on the main-deck wake up (I wot those greasy Rabbis Would never pay for cabins); And each man moaned and jabbered in His filthy Jewish gaberdine, In woe and lamentation, And howling consternation. And the splashing water drenches Their dirty brats and wenches; And they crawl from bales and benches, In a hundred thousand stenches. This was the White Squall famous, Which latterly overcame us, And which all will well remember On the 28th September; When a Prussian captain of Lancers (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers) Came on the deck astonished, By that wild squall admonished, And wondering cried, "Pot z tau send, Woe fer Sturm jet brausend?" And looked at Captain Lewis, Who calmly stood and blew his Cigar in all the bustle, And scorned the tempest's tussle, And oft we've thought hereafter How he beat the storm to laughter;

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