



—\*LITTLE+BILLEE.\*—

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



HERE were three sailors of Bristol City  
Who took a boat and went to sea,  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee;  
Now when they 'd got as far as the Equator  
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"I am extremely hungaree."  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
"We 've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we should n't agree!  
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,  
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he."

"O Billy! we 're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."  
When Bill received this information,  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

(100)



"First let me say my catechism  
Which my poor mother taught to me."  
"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

Billy went up the main-top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee,  
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment  
When he jumps up—"There 's land I see!"

"Jerusalem and Madagascar  
And North and South Amerikee,  
There 's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee,  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.





—\*THE VAGABONDS.\*—

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



WE are two travelers, Roger and I.  
Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!  
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!  
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—  
The rogue is growing a little old;  
Five years we've tramped through wind and  
weather,  
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
And ate and drank—and starved together.  
  
We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!  
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,  
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings!  
  
No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—  
Aren't we, Roger?— see him wink! —  
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?  
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!  
He understands every word that's said,—  
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

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The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;  
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
To such a miserable, thankless master!  
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!  
By George! it makes my old eyes water!  
That is, there's something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)  
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!  
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!  
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!  
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your  
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell us how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!  
The night's before us, fill the glasses! —  
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going! —  
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
 That my poor stomach's past reform;  
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?  
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—  
 The same old story; you know how it ends.  
 If you could have seen these classic features,—  
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then  
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:  
 I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
 Whose head was happy on this breast!  
 If you could have heard the songs I sung  
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed  
 That ever I, sir, should be straying  
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
 Ragged and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:  
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
 I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent  
 On the dusty road, a carriage stopped:  
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;  
 It makes me wild to think of the change!  
 What do you care for a beggar's story?  
 Is it amusing? you find it strange.  
 I had a mother so proud of me!  
 'Twas well she died before— Do you know  
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain; then Roger and I will start  
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?  
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—  
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!  
 We must be fiddling and performing  
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—  
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?  
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—  
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me!





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\*THE PARTING HOUR.\*—

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BY EDWARD POLLOCK.  
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[The following exquisite poem was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted Californian poet, on the 6th January, 1857, and has never been published. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying, "Take this; you may perhaps read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."]



HERE'S something in the "parting hour"  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part;  
But this I've seen—and many a page  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier  
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep or black frontier,  
To solitude or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dares  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

(106)

—\*—  
The bride goes to the bridegroom's home  
With doubtings and with tears.  
But does not hope her rainbow spread  
Across her cloudy fears?  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
What comfort can she find,  
But this—the gone is happier  
Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—  
An old and valued friend?  
Be sure your term of sweet concourse  
At length will have an end.  
And when you part—as part you will—  
O take it not unkind  
If he who goes is happier  
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is;  
The pilgrims on their way,  
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are  
Than all the rest who stay;  
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,  
Lies down to death resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind?





—\*—THE+ORIENT.—\*

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FROM THE "BRIDE OF ABYDOS."  
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BY BYRON.  
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NOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their  
clime,  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the  
turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom!  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the Sun,—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?  
O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell!

(108)



"Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine."