



# ‘The Raven’ Parodieën

Samenstelling Jaap van den Born

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Parodieën

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**Het Vrije vers**

## THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
" 'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before:  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
" 'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer:  
"Sir," said I, " or, madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"— here I opened wide the door: --  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, " Lenore ? "  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, " Lenore I "  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.  
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore,—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—  
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
" Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore.  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore "

Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,--  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,--  
With such name as " Nevermore/

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered ;  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends have flown before ;  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
" Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of ' Never—nevermore.'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door ;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
*She* shall press, ah ! nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor. '  
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee---by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore ! "  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore. "

" Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-  
On this home by Horror haunted-tell me truly, I implore,  
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I  
implore !"

Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet ! " said I, " thing of evil !——prophet still, if bird or devil !  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore-  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore ? "

Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !" I shrieked, upstarting,  
" Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore !  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !  
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door !  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door ! "

Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor :  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted — nevermore !

## PARODIEËN.



Al spoedig na het verschijnen van *The Raven* verschenen ook de eerste parodieën en pastiches, zoals *The Craven*, *The Turkey*, *The Owl* en *The Pole-Cat*, wat wel bewijst hoe populair en invloedrijk dit gedicht al van meet af aan was.

Als eerste wordt meestal *The Gazelle* genoemd, van de toen vijftienjarige Philip P. Cooke uit Virginia, die enkele jaren later stierf, juist toen hij naam begon te maken.

Eerder schreef hij al het door Poe hooggeprezen *Florence Vane* en zijn parodie kan beschouwd worden als een antwoord op de lofprijzing van de oudere dichter.

Poe zei zelf over deze parodie dat "hoewel een duidelijke imitatie, het toch een grote eigen zeggingskracht heeft" en hij publiceerde het in de New-Yorkse *Evening Mirror* van 29 april 1845, waarvan hij redacteur was.

Maar al in het nummer van 26 april verscheen het volgende redactionele commentaar van zijn hand waaruit bleek dat hij niet afkerig was van parodieën op wat toch zijn meest serieuze en ernstige gedicht was:

### *A GENTLE PUFFE.*

*"If we copied into our journal all the complimentary notices that are bestowed upon us, it would contain hardly anything besides ; the following done into poetry is probably the only one of the kind that we shall receive, and we extract it from our neighbour, the New World, for the sake of its uniqueness."*

THEN with step sedate and stately, as if thrones had borne him lately,  
Came a bold and daring warrior up the distant echoing floor;  
As he passed the COURIER'S Colonel, then I saw THE BROADWAY JOURNAL,  
In a character supernal, on his gallant front he bore,  
And with stately step and solemn marched he proudly through the door,  
As if he pondered, evermore.

With his keen sardonic smiling, every other care beguiling,  
Right and left he bravely wielded a double-edged and broad claymore,  
And with gallant presence dashing, 'mid his confreres stoutly clashing,  
He unpitifully went slashing, as he keenly scanned them o'er,  
And with eye and mien undaunted, such a gallant presence bore  
As might awe them, evermore.

Neither rank nor station heeding, with his foes around him bleeding,  
Sternly, singly and alone, his course he kept upon that floor;  
While the countless foes attacking, neither strength nor valor lacking,  
On his godly armor hacking, wrought no change his visage o'er,  
As with high and honest aim, he still his falchion proudly bore  
Resisting error, evermore.

Boven het gedicht van Cooke, gepubliceerd op 29 april, schreef hij: " Het volgende, van onze pas ontdekte jongensdichter van vijftien jaar, toont een buitengewoon gelukkige aanleg voor imitatie" :—

#### THE GAZELLE.

Far from friends and kindred wandering, in my sick and sad soul pondering,  
Of the changing chimes that float, from Old Time's ever swinging bell,  
While I lingered on the mountain, while I knelt me by the fountain,  
By the clear and crystal fountain, trickling through the quiet dell ;  
Suddenly I heard a whisper, but from whence I could not tell  
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well."

From my grassy seat uprising, dimly in my soul surmising,  
Whence that voice so gently murmuring, like a faintly sounded knell.  
Nought I saw while gazing round me, while that voice so spell-like bound me,  
While that voice so spell-like bound me—searching in that tranquil dell,  
Like hushed hymn of holy hermit, heard from his dimly-lighted cell,  
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well !"

Then I stooped once more, and drinking, heard once more the silvery tinkling,  
Of that dim mysterious utterance, like some fairy, harp of shell—  
Struck by hand of woodland fairy, from her shadowy home and airy,  
In the purple clouds and airy, floating o'er that mystic dell,  
And from my sick soul its music seemed all evil to expel,  
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well!"

Then my book at once down flinging, from my reverie up springing,  
Searched I through the forest, striving my vain terror to dispel,  
All things to my search subjecting, not a bush or tree neglecting,  
When behind a rock projecting, saw I there a white gazelle,  
And that soft and silvery murmur, in my ear so slowly fell,  
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well!"

From its eye so mildly beaming, down its cheek a tear was streaming,  
As though in its gentle bosom dwelt some grief it could not quell,  
Still these words articulating, still that sentence ever prating,  
And my bosom agitating as upon my ear it fell,  
That most strange, unearthly murmur, acting as a potent spell,  
Merely uttering, "Fare thee well!"

Then I turned, about departing, when she from her covert starting,  
Stood before me while her bosom seemed with agony to swell,  
And her eye so mildly beaming, to my aching spirit seeming,  
To my wildered spirit seeming, like the eye of Isabel.  
But, oh! that which followed after—listen while the tale I tell—  
Of that snow-white sweet gazelle.

With her dark eye backward turning, as if some mysterious yearning  
In her soul to me was moving, which she could not thence expel,  
Through the tangled thicket flying, while I followed panting, sighing,  
All my soul within me dying, faintly on my hearing fell,  
Echoing mid the rocks and mountains rising round that fairy dell,  
Fare thee, fare thee, fare thee well!

Now at length she paused and laid her, underneath an ancient cedar,  
When the shadowy shades of silence, from the day departing fell,  
And I saw that she was lying, trembling, fainting, weeping, *dying*,  
And I could not keep from sighing, nor from my sick soul expel  
The memory that those dark eyes—raised of my long lost Isabel.  
*Why*, I could not, *could* not tell.

Then I heard that silvery singing, still upon my ear 'tis ringing,  
And where once beneath that cedar, knelt my soft-eyed sweet gazelle,  
Saw I there a seraph glowing, with her golden tresses flowing,  
On the perfumed zephyrs blowing, from Eolus' mystic cell  
Saw I in that seraph's beauty, semblance of my Isabel,  
Gently whispering, 'Fare thee well!'"

"Glorious one," I cried, upspringing, "art thou joyful tidings bringing,  
From the land of shadowy visions, spirit of my Isabel?  
Shall thy coming leave no token? Shall there no sweet word be spoken?  
Shall thy silence be unbroken, in this ever blessed dell?  
Whilst thou nothing, nothing utter, but that fatal, 'Fare thee well!'"  
Still it answered, 'Fare thee well!'"

"Speak! oh, speak to me bright being! I am blest thy form in seeing,  
But shall no sweet whisper tell me,—tell me that thou lovest still?  
Shall I pass from earth to heaven, without sign or token given,  
With no whispered token given—that thou still dost love me well?  
Give it, give it now, I pray thee—here within his blessed dell,  
Still that hated 'Fare thee well.'"

Not another word expressing, but her lip in silence pressing,  
With the vermeil-tinted finger seeming silence to compel,  
And while yet in anguish gazing, and my weeping eyes upraising,  
To the shadowy, silent seraph, semblance of my Isabel,  
Slow she faded, till there stood there, once again the white gazelle,  
*Faintly whispering, "Fare thee well!"*

*Evening Mirror*, New York, April 29, 1845.

De volgende parodie verscheen oorspronkelijk anoniem in de *Cruikshank's Comic Almanac* van 1853, maar werd herdrukt in *The Piccadilly Annual* van 1870, waarbij vermeld werd dat het van de hand was van Robert Brough, met illustraties van H. G. Hine.

Volgens anderen verscheen het in december 1853 in *Graham's Magazine*, dat veel werk van Poe plaatste. Op dezelfde pagina staat een gedicht van de humorist John G. Saxe, zodat die ook in aanmerking komt als de auteur. Ook werd het toegeschreven aan Robert Brough Sponge (=klaploper).  
We zullen er wel nooit meer achterkomen.

## **The Vulture**

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY.  
(After the late Edgar A. Poe.)

The Vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds-of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the Victim on whom he has fixed his gripe. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather. *New translation of Cuvier.*

Once upon a midnight chilling, as I held my feet unwilling  
O'er a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four;  
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then out-skipping,  
Suddenly there came a ripping whipping, at my chamber's door.  
"'Tis the second-floor," I muttered, "flipping at my chamber's door--  
Wants a light--and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,  
And each cuticle and member was with influenza sore;  
Falt'ringly I stirred the gruel, steaming, creaming o'er the fuel,  
And anon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril bore,  
Wiped away the trembling jewel that each reddened nostril bore,  
Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect a certain draught that fanned the window curtain  
Chilled me, filled me with a horror of two steps across the floor,  
And, besides, I'd got my feet in, and a most refreshing heat in,  
To myself I sat repeating--"If I answer to the door--  
Rise to let the ruffian in who seems to want to burst the door,  
I'll be [damned]" that and something more.

Presently the row grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Really, Mr. Johnson, blow it!--your forgiveness I implore  
Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just getting  
Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of chambers' door,  
Making such a row, forgetting"--Spoke a voice beyond the door:  
'It isn't Johnson"--nothing more!

Quick a perspiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered "Dammy!"  
(Observation wrested from me, like the one I made before)  
Back upon the cushions sinking, hopelessly my eyes, like winking,  
On some stout for private drinking, ranged in rows upon the floor,  
Fixed--and on an oyster barrel (full) beside them on the floor,  
Looked and groaned, and nothing more.

Open then was flung the portal, and in stepped a hated mortal,  
By the moderns called a VULTURE (known as Sponge in days of yore),  
Well I knew his reputation! cause of all my agitation--  
Scarce a nod or salutation changed, he pounced upon the floor;  
Coolly lifted up the oysters and some stout from off the floor,  
Helped himself, and took some more!

Then this hungry beast untiring fixed his gaze with fond admiring  
On a piece of cold boiled beef I meant to last a week or more,  
Quick he set to work devouring--plates, in quick succession, scouring--  
Stout with every mouthful showering--made me ask, to see it pour,  
'If he quite enjoyed his supper, as I watched the liquid pour;  
Said the Vulture, "Never more."

Much disgusted at the spacious vacuum by this brute voracious  
Excavated in the beef--(he'd eaten quite enough for four)--  
Still I felt relief surprising when at length I saw him rising,  
That he meant to go surmising, said I, glancing at the door--  
"Going? well, I won't detain you--mind the stairs and shut the door--"  
--"Leave you, Tompkins! never more."

Startled by an answer dropping hints that he intended stopping  
All his life--I knew him equal to it if he liked, or more--  
Half in dismal earnest, half in joke, with an attempt at laughing,  
I remarked that he was chaffing, and demanded of the bore,  
Asked what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile intrusive bore,  
Meant in cloaking "Never more."

But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys and trying  
Sev'ral, found at length the one to fit my private cupboard door;  
Took the gin out, filled the kettle; and with a sang froid to nettle  
Any saint, began to settle calmly down the grate before,  
Really as he meant departing at the date I named before,  
Of never, never more!

Then I sat engaged in guessing what this circumstance distressing  
Would be likely to result in, for I knew that long before  
Once (it served me right for drinking) I had told him that if sinking  
In the world, my fortunes linking to his own, he'd find my door  
Always open to receive him, and it struck me now that door  
He would pass, perhaps never more!

Suddenly the air was clouded, all the furniture enshrouded  
With the smoke of vile tobacco--this was worse than all before;  
"Smith!" I cried (in not offensive tones, it might have been expensive,  
For he knew the art defensive, and could coster-mongers floor);  
"Recollect it's after midnight, are you going?--mind the floor."  
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

"Smith!" I cried (the gin was going down his throat in rivers flowing),  
"If you want a bed, you know there's quite a nice  
hotel next door,  
Very cheap--I'm ill--and, joking set apart, your horrid smoking  
Irritates my cough to choking. Having mentioned it before,  
Really, you should not compel me--Will you mizzle--as before?"  
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

Smith!" I cried, "that joke repeating merits little better treating  
For you than a condemnation as a nuisance and a bore;  
Drop it, pray, it isn't funny; I've to mix some rum and honey--  
If you want a little money, take some and be off next door;  
Run a bill up for me if you like, but do be off next door."  
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

"Smith!" I shrieked--the accent humbler dropping, as another tumbler  
I beheld him mix, "be off! you drive me mad--it's striking four.  
Leave the house and something in it; if you go on at the gin, it  
Won't hold out another minute. Leave the house and shut the door--  
Take your beak from out my gin, and take your body through the door!  
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

And the Vulture never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
Gulping down my stout by gallons, and my oysters by the score;  
And the beast, with no more breeding than a heathen savage feeding,  
The new carpet's tints unheeding, throws his shells upon the floor.  
And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from out my floor,  
Shall be sifted never more.

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Een andere was van Mr. Edmund Yates, gepubliceerd in *Mirth and Metre*, een vlugschrift dat verscheen in 1855.

### THE TANKARD

Sitting in my lonely chamber, in this dreary, dark December,  
Gazing on the whitening ashes of my fastly-fading fire,  
Pond'ring o'er my misspent chances with that grief which times enhances—  
Misdirected application, wanting aims and objects higher,—  
Aims to which I should aspire.

As I sat thus wond'ring, thinking, fancy unto fancy linking,  
In the half-expiring embers many a scene and form I traced—  
Many a by-gone scene of gladness, yielding now but care and sadness,—  
Many a form once fondly cherished, now by misery's hand effaced,—  
Forms which Venus' self had graced.

Suddenly, my system shocking, at my door there came a knocking,  
Loud and furious,—such a rat-tat never had I heard before;  
Through the keyhole I stood peeping, heart into my mouth upleaping,  
Till at length, my teeth unclenching, faintly said I "What a bore!"  
Gently, calmly, teeth unclenching, faintly said I, "What a bore!"  
Said the echo, "Pay your score!"

At this solemn warning trembling, some short time I stood dissembling,  
Till again the iron knocker beat its summons 'gainst the doon  
Then, the oak wide open throwing, stood I on the threshold bowing --  
Bows such as, save motley tumbler, mortal never bowed before,  
Bows which even Mr. Flexmore never yet had tried before.  
Said the echo, "Pay your score!"

Grasping then the light, upstanding, looked I round the dreary landing,  
Looked at every wall, the ceiling, looked upon the very floor;  
Nought I saw there but a Tankard, from the which that night I'd drank hard,—  
Drank as drank our good forefathers in the merry days of yore.  
In the corner stood the Tankard, where it oft had stood before,  
Stood and muttered, "Pay your score!"

Much I marvelled at this pewter, surely ne'er in past or future  
Has been, will be, such a wonder, such a Tankard learned in lore!  
Gazing at it more intensely, stared I more and more immensely  
When it added, "Come old boy, you've many a promise made before,  
False they were as John O'Connell's who would 'die upon the floor.'  
Now for once—come, pay your score!"

From my placid temper starting, and upon the Tankard darting  
With one furious hurl I flung it down before the porter's door;  
But as I my oak was locking, heard I then the self-same knocking,  
And on looking out I saw the Tankard sitting as before,—  
Sitting, squatting in the self-same corner as it sat before,—  
Sitting, crying, "Pay your score!"

And the Tankard, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
In the very self—same corner where it sat in days of yore :  
And its pewter still is shining, and it bears the frothy lining,  
Which the night when first I drained its cooling beverage it bore  
But my mouth that frothy lining never, never tasted more,  
Since it muttered, " Pay your score !"

EDMUND H. YATES

*Our Miscellany*, een ander vlugschrift, gepubliceerd in 1856, bevatte *The Parrot*, waarschijnlijk van dezelfde schrijver en hetzelfde kaliber:

#### THE PARROT

By Edgardo Pooh

"Once, as through the streets I wandered, and o'er many a fancy pondered,  
Many a fancy quaint and curious, which had filled my mind of yore,—  
Suddenly my footsteps stumbled, and against a man I tumbled,  
Who, beneath a sailor's jacket, something large and heavy bore.  
"Beg your pardon, sir!" I muttered, as I rose up, hurt and sore;  
But the sailor only swore.

Vexed at this, my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "now really, truly, your forgiveness I implore!  
But, in fact, my sense was napping—" then the sailor answered, rapping  
Out his dreadful oaths and awful imprecations by the score,—  
Answered he, "Come, hold your jaw!"

"May my timbers now be shivered—" oh, at this my poor heart quivered,—  
"If you don't beat any parson that I ever met before!  
You've not hurt me; stow your prosing"—then his huge peacoat unclosing,  
Straight he showed the heavy parcel, which beneath his arm he bore,—  
Showed a cage which held a parrot, such as Crusoe had of yore,  
Which at once drew corks and swore.

Much I marvelled at this parrot, green as grass and red as carrot,  
Which, with fluency and ease, was uttering sentences a score,  
And it pleased me so immensely, and I liked it so intensely,  
That I bid for it at once; and when I showed of gold my store,  
Instantly the sailor sold it; mine it was, and his no more;  
Mine it was for evermore.

Prouder was I of this bargain, e'en than patriotic Dargan,  
When his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, crossed the threshold of his door;—  
Surely I had gone demented—surely I had sore repented,  
Had I known the dreadful misery which for me Fate had in store,  
Known the fearful, awful misery which for me Fate had in store,  
Then, and now, and evermore!

Scarcely to my friends I'd shown it, when (my mother's dreadful groan!—it  
Haunts me even now!) the parrot from his perch began to pour  
Forth the most tremendous speeches, such as Mr. Ainsworth teaches—  
Us were uttered by highway men and rapparees of yore!—  
By the wicked, furious, tearing, riding rapparees of yore;  
But which now are heard no more.

And my father, straight uprising, spake his mind—It was surprising,  
That this favourite son, who'd never, never so transgressed before,  
Should have brought a horrid, screaming—nay, e'en worse than that—blaspheming  
Bird within that pure home circle—bird well learned in wicked lore!  
While he spake, the parrot, doubtless thinking it a horrid bore,  
Cried out "Cuckoo!" barked, and swore.

And since then what it has cost me,—all the wealth and friends it's lost me,  
All the trouble, care, and sorrow, cankering my bosom's core,  
Can't be mentioned in these verses; till, at length, my heartfelt curses  
Gave I to this cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned me o'er,  
Wicked, wretched, cruel parrot, quite coolly scanned me o'er,  
Laughed, drew several corks, and swore.

"Parrot!" said I, "bird of evil! parrot still, or bird or devil!  
By the piper who the Israelitish leader played before,  
I will stand this chaff no longer! We will see now which is stronger.  
Come, now, off!—Thy cage is open—free thou art, and there's the door!  
Off at once, and I'll forgive thee;—take the hint, and leave my door."  
But the parrot only swore.

Aud the parrot never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the very self-same perch where first he sat in days of yore;  
And his only occupations seem acquiring imprecations  
Of the last and freshest fashion, which he picks up by the score;  
Picks them up, and, with the greatest *gusto*, bawls them by the score,  
And will swear for evermore.

*Our Miscellany* (which ought to have come out, but didn't),  
by E. H. Yates and R. B. Brough, 1856.

Een satire kan ook in een meer prozaïsche vorm gegoten worden zoals het volgende stukje laat zien:

### THE CAT-FIEND.

(An original adaptation)

ON a bleak evening of December I sat alone in my gloomy chambers and brooded over the past. I had sought in vain to turn the current of my thoughts by plunging into meta physical researches: *Watts on the Mind* lay open, but unheeded, beside me. Never had the apartment worn so ghostly an aspect. My lamp threw a fitful gleam upon the sumptuous but sombre furniture ; the fire was expiring, yet I lacked energy to put on more coals. If I had been expiring myself I should have hated the man who put coals upon me.

The chief object of my memories was a young person to whom I had formerly been attached. I dwelt fondly, but bitterly, upon the day when my LEONORA, accompanied by her vulgar and intrusive mother, had brightened my dingy rooms in ——'s Inn with her presence to tea, previous to visiting Drury Lane Theatre. That was all over now; LEONORA married into the city and left me desolate. I am not even acquainted with her present name ; but it fills me with despondency to think that her graceful form will never again press the velvet lining of my quaintly carved arm—chair.

While I sat buried in my sad reflections, it seemed as though there came a soft rapping at my outer door. It was growing so late that I made my mind up to disregard the summons. "It is only BRIGGS," I murmured ; "if I admit him he will weary me with platitudes until the dawn. Or it is POTTER, perchance, advanced in liquor. I will none of him."

At this point the rapping was renewed more loudly. My resolution suddenly changed, and I resolved that I would explore the mystery. Making my way to the door I flung it wide open. The landing was in darkness; no voice gave answer to my challenge, and, feeling a little nervous, I slammed the door and went back to my arm-chair by the fire.

\Veird—ghastly--inscrutable—was the apparition that awaited me!

Stretched upon the hearth-rug at my feet lay a large cat of ebon blackness, glaring at me with a pair of wild eyes in which anger was mingled with an expression of diabolical sarcasm. The blood curdled in my veins; I seized the poker and yelled, " Get out, beast! How dare you come in here? Go away directly, or —!"

The lips of the animal opened and pronounced slowly and solemnly the words "*Never no more !*"

My hair stood on end, and the poker fell from my grasp.

" Horrible being !" I cried ;—" fearful and ungrammatical being leave me, and return to darkness and the Stygian shore."

" *Never no more !*" said the brute : " I've come to stay for ever."

" Nonsense, monster ; you are insane," I shouted.

" Fact, I assure you," replied my tormentor ;—" they hadn't got no raven handy, and so they sent me. It's about the LEONORA business." "

" Ah, that name ! Tell me, I implore you, tell me — is she a widow yet? May I hope? Shall I again behold her?"

" *Never no more !*"

This was *too* much. I ran and threw the door open again - came back - firmly grasped the poker, and---

But the beast had sought refuge under the sofa. Thence it retreated beneath my table, and thence under the armchair. Round and round the apartment I chased it vainly.

Its demoniac laugh thrilled me with rage and horror. The cat-fiend still inhabits my gloomy chambers. I have abandoned all hope of expelling it. The creature exists without food, so that the expedient of starvation is impracticable. At all hours of the day and night I am haunted by the wild eyes of my hated persecutor: at all hours of the day and night I hear the detested brute murmuring with a chuckle that maddens me,  
"Never no more !"

*Fun.* February 1, 1868.

Een andere parodie, getiteld *The Craven*, verscheen in *The Tomahawk*, een satirisch tijdschrift, op 19 juni 1867, na de executie in Mexico van Keizer Maximiliaan. "The Craven" was bedoeld voor Napoleon III, tegen wiens bewind *The Tomahawk* fel gekant was.

#### THE CRAVEN.

Once upon a midnight lately, might be seen a figure stately,  
In the Tuileries sedately poring over Roman lore;  
Annotating, scheming, mapping, Cæsar's old positions sapping,  
When there came a something rapping, spirit-rapping at the door.  
"Tis some minister," he muttered, "come, as usual, me to bore."  
So to Cæsar turned once more.

Back to Cæsar's life returning, with a soul for ever yearning,  
Towards the steps his promise-spurning prototype had trod before.  
But the silence was soon broken; through the stillness came a token  
Life had moved again, or spoken on the other side the door.  
"Surely I've no trusty servant," said he, "to deny my door  
Now De Morny is no more."

Rising, of some trespass certain, slow he draws the purple curtain,  
On whose folds the bees uncertain look like wasps, and nothing more:  
Open flings the chamber portal, with a chill which stamps him mortal.  
Can his senses be the sport all of his eyes! For there before  
He sees an eagle perching on a bust of Janus at the door:  
A bleeding bird, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, not in fear, but only fearing  
Adrien's vulgar indiscretions, Marx of eaves-dropping in store:  
"Though thy wings are torn and bleeding," said he, with a voice of pleading:  
"Thou'rt a bird of royal breeding: thou hast flown from foreign shore."  
Quoth the Eagle, "Matamore."

Started with the stillness broken, by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Silence," said he, "never utter memories of that field of gore,  
Where your poor Imperial master, whom imperious disaster  
Followed fast, was tortured faster, till his heart one burden bore:  
Till the dirges of his hope, this melancholy burden bore—  
Never see Carlotta more."

Then upon the velvet sinking, he betook himself to thinking  
How he'd forced the murdered Prince to leave his quiet home of yore;  
How he'd made him wield a sceptre, which no erudite preceptor  
Might have told would soon be wept or lost on that forbidding shore,  
Where earth cries for retribution, where for justice stones implore.  
Quoth the Eagle, "Matamore."

"Wretch!" he cried, "some fiend hath sent thee, by that mocking voice he lent thee  
Conscience-driven accusations rising up at every pore—  
Must my master-mind so vaunted, ever hence be spectre haunted—  
Must I see that form undaunted, dying still at Matamore?"  
Quoth the Eagle, "Evermore."

"Prophet!" shrieked he, "thing of evil! Here we fear nor God nor Devil!  
Wing thee to the House of Hapsburg! Up to Austria's heaven soar,  
Leave no bloody plume as token, of the lies my soul has spoken,  
Leave my iron will unbroken! Wipe the blood before my door!  
Dost thou think to gnaw my entrails with thy beak for evermore? "  
Quoth the Eagle, "Jusqu'à Mort."

En zo ging het verder in de volgende jaren:

#### THE TAILOR.

##### I.

ONCE upon a morning dismal, as I smoked in blues abysmal,  
Gazing at the curious patterns on the dressing gown I wore,  
While my cat her milk was lapping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
Like a fellow's knuckles rapping, rapping at my chamber door;  
"It's that nuisance Smith," I muttered, rapping at my chamber door--  
He may rap his fingers sore."

##### II.

Ah ! I do remember clearly small was then my income yearly,  
And to pay my lodging nearly did my slight finances floor ;  
And my prospects, never sunny, fishy were as any tunny,  
And I sadly wanted money, money to pay Baize and Blore,  
Pay the fashionable tailors called in Oxford Baize and Blore,  
Who will dun me evermore.

### III.

But my cat, prophetic pussy, now got ominously fussy,  
Clawed me, pawed me with her talons as she'd never done before ;  
So that now to stay her terror and convince her of her error,  
"Tabby," said I, " it is Smith entreating entrance at my door;  
It's that feeble Smith demanding entrance at my chamber door  
Only Smith and nothing more !

### IV.

Presently my chair removing, and most seriously reproving  
My grimalkin, for the dreadful way in which she spat and swore,  
From my writing-table's kneehole stole I softly to the weehole  
Which the people call the keyhole—keyhole of my chamber door,  
Peeping through it saw another eye the other side the door,  
Looking at me—nothing more.

### V.

Straight to stop that sly eye's prying, to the key my lips applying,  
Blew I such a puff of smoke as no man ever puffed before ;  
Then I heard him backward starting, rub his eye as if 'twere smarting,  
And he seemed to be departing, so I whispered, " Is it sore ? ”  
This I whispered through the keyhole; echo answered " It IS sore.”  
Answered thus, and nothing more.

### VI.

Back I went and felt elated, and my blues had now abated,  
When again I heard that rapping rather louder than before ;  
" Surely," said I, rising, " surely, if he- thinks I'll sit demurely  
While he makes that din securely, his mistake he shall deplore ;  
If I only catch him at it, his misdeed he shall deplore—  
He shall not annoy me more.”

### VII.

Open here I flung the portal, when there entered in a mortal,  
Crooked legged, with clothes too short all—seedy garments that he wore ;  
Never once " good morning ” bade me—not a bow or scrape he made me,  
But upon my table laid me down a bill from Baize and Blore,  
Took his stand upon the oilcloth just within my chamber door  
Stood and hiccupped — nothing more.

### VIII.

Then this festive creature winning all my sad soul into grinning,  
Such a visage idiotic I had never seen of yore ;  
"Well, you have been drinking brandy," said I, " and your legs are bandy,  
And you hardly look a dandy, though you come from Baize and Blore ;  
Tell me what on earth your name is in the firm of Baize and Blore ? ”  
Quoth the tailor, " Tick—no-more ! ”

IX.

Scarce I wondered this unsightly dun had answered unpolitely,  
And his answer little comfort, little consolation bore ;  
For you cannot help confessing that it's surely not a blessing  
When you find yourself addressing dun within your chamber door.  
Man or dun upon the oilcloth just within your chamber-door,  
With a name like Tick-no-more !

X.

But the tailor standing solus gave me like a bitter bolus  
That one word, as if his vacant soul in that he did outpour ;  
Me with no fine words he buttered, this from time to time he stuttered,  
Till I very softly muttered, " other duns have been before ;  
They will give me further credit as my tradesmen have before ; "  
Then the dun said, " Tick--no--more ! ”

XI.

Startled that he spoke so flatly and replied so very patly,  
" Limited," I said, " it seems is his linguistic stock and store ;  
If of no more words he's master, if he duns not harder, faster,  
Verily he'll bring disaster on the house of Baize and Blore,  
And I shall remain indebted to the firm of Baize and Blore  
For ever, evermore.”

XII.

Still his strange demeanour winning all my sad soul into grinning, "  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned couch in front of oilcloth, dun, and door ;  
Then upon the cushions sinking I betook myself to drinking  
Little sips of sherry, thinkin what this plague from Baized and Blore  
What this gloomy, greasy, groggy messenger from Baize and Blore  
Meant by stutterin " Tick-no-more."

XIII.

But my cat I soothed by stroking, and small bits of bread kept soaking  
In the milk, and gave them to her, dropped them for her on the floor :  
Long I sat, strange things divining, with my head at ease reclining  
Near the sherry I was wining that the dun's eye gloated o'er ;  
But the liquor I was wining with his green eyes gloating o'er  
He shall taste, oh I nevermore.

XIV.

Cloud by cloud the air grew denser, perfumed from my meerschaum censer,  
I should think I must have smoked of pipes that morning half a score ;  
"Man," I said, " I have no treasure, or I'd pay the bill with pleasure,  
Only once more take my measure for a suit from Baize and Blore  
Take your tape and take my measure for a suit from Baize and Blore."  
Quoth the tailor, " Tick-no-more ! "

IV.

" Dun I" I cried, "inhuman creature, human still in form and feature,  
Much I've hoped you'd take my orders as you've always done before  
Tell me;—for although you're fuddled, you're not utterly bemuddled—  
Tell me if this hope I've cuddled is well-founded, I implore ;  
Will they, will they give me credit? tell me clearly, I implore ? "

Quoth the tailor, " Tick-no-more ! "

XVI.

" Dun I" I cried, "inhuman creature, human still in form and feature,I  
By the piper who performed for Moses in the days of yore,  
Tell me won't, oh ! brainless brute, your firm supply to me in future  
Raiment of unequalled suture — genuine make of Baize and Blore  
Clothes of rare and radiant suture—splendid make of Baize and Blore?"

Quoth the tailor, " Tick-no-more ! "

XVII.

" Then be off, you sour curmudgeon I" cried I, starting up in dudgeon  
" Get you back to goose and scissors, get you back to Baize and Blore ;  
Leave no long account suggestive of reflections most unfestive,  
Such as make me sleepless, restive — quit my chamber, quit my door ;  
Take your bill from of my table, take yourself from out my door!"

Quoth the tailor, " Tick-no-more ! "

XVIII.

Thus the tailor dunned for payment for the raiment, for the raiment  
Mentioned in the bill he did not take from out my chamber door ;  
Thus he left me grimly staring, and that long account up earing,  
Part went up the chimney flaring, part lay scattered on the floor ;  
But that bill whose shreds went flying, or lay scattered on the floor

Now is settled ever more.

*Old Echoes from Oxford*, by A. Merion, B.A. (John Camden Hotten, London, 1872.)

THE SHAVIN'

(A piece of ravin' à la Edgar A. Poe.)

ONE morning after sleeping I thought I heard a creeping,  
As if some one were approaching close to my bedroom door :  
Then a loud impatient tapping put an end unto my napping,  
And I wondered who was rapping, rapping at my bedroom door,  
So I timidly enquired who was at my bedroom door-

Only that, and nothing more.

When there came another knock, with, " Sir, 'tis eight o'clock,"  
And, only half awakened, I leaped out upon the floor ;  
And by want of proper care hit my leg against a chair,  
Which improperly stood there, as 'twas left the night before,  
And I limped a very little as I crept towards the door-

Just a little, nothing more.

Then on asking, " What's the matter ?" said the servant, " Here's your water,"  
And you've slept in rather later than you ever did before ;  
So as I was rather press'd I got very quickly drest  
In my trousers and my vest ; then I opened up the door,  
And I muttered as I took it and shut to my bedroom door-  
" Oh, that shavin', what a bore ! "

While inwardly I cursed - thus my feelings I disbursed -  
I set about to rummage and to busily explore ;  
But I couldn't find the strop, and someone had nailed thec soap,  
Which, completely put a stop to my shavin' -horrid bore !  
And my razor, too, was blunter than it ever was before-  
Than it ever was before !

As I rushed about half raving, I bethought me of this shaving,.  
And I wondered that I hadn't stopped the practice long before :  
So I made an inward vow, that from this moment now,  
My beard should, like my pow, grow at pleasure evermore,  
And my resolution echoed as I ope'd my bedroom door-  
" I shall shave, ah ! nevermore !"

JOHN F. MILL..

Uit het Schotse blad *The People's Friend*. Ongeveer 1880)

CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE  
(*A Reminiscense of " David Garrick" and " The Casfle of Andalusia."*)

ONCE upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary  
With his quaint and curious humour set the town In such a roar,  
With my shilling I stood rapping — only very gently tapping —  
For the man in charge was napping-at the money-taker's door.  
It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse, where I linger'd at the door,  
Paid half-price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about September--  
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been before--  
Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow ;  
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,  
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor ;  
(I have been so once before.)

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,  
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before ;  
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking  
With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er and o'er ;  
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er ;  
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no longer,  
" Miss," said I, " or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore.  
Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the goodness  
To inform me if this drama is from Gaul's enlighten'd shore ?"  
For I know that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore :  
Adaptations — nothing more !

So I put the question lowly : and my neighbour answer'd slowly.  
" It's a British drama, wholly, (written quite in days of yore.  
' Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,  
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue be poor !"  
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue was poor ;  
Very flat, and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew center'd  
In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore.  
And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music ; so I mutter'd  
To my neighbour, " Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.  
Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh, tell me I implore."  
Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore !"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble — it was useless to dissemble —  
" Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more ;  
Tell me who, then, was the maid en, that appear'd so sorrow laden  
In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door ?"  
(With a bust of Julius Caesar up above the study door.)  
Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore."

I've her photograph from Lacy's ; that delicious little face is  
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),  
And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls  
From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second-floor  
(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor,)  
Comes an echo, " Nelly Moore !"

*Carols of Cockayne*, by Henry S. Leigh (John Camden Hotten, London, 1872.)

## A RAVIN'

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I slumbered cross and weary`  
Cross from several horrid boring books of theologic lore,  
While they haunted me in napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some confounded rapping, rapping at my bedroom door.  
" 'Tis some rascal," low I muttered, "who's too screwed to find his door, ---  
Only this and nothing more !"

Ah ! I vividly remember, it was in a cold December,  
And of fire I had no ember till the price of coals should low'r ;  
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; being broke, again I'll borrow,  
Even although it end in sorrow, from an Uncle, loved of yore —  
From a useful, prosp'rous Uncle, who to me is worth a score.  
Surely this, if nothing more !  
(One verse omitted)

Up I got, and ope'd the shutter, when without the slightest flutter,  
Sat a dissipated Tom-cat coolly down upon the floor ;  
Though he looked exceeding shady, not a moment stopped or stayed he, .  
But with impudence unheard of walked right to the bedroom. door  
Perched upon a corner cupboard just beside my bedroom door  
Whisked his tail, and nothing more !  
(Three verses omitted.)

"Prophet," said I, "Thing of evil! prophet still, if cat or devil !  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore ;  
Battered thou, and all undaunted, in this room they say, is haunted,  
If you are at all enchanted, tell me truly, I implore,  
*Will* the coals be ever cheaper? Tell me, tell me, I implore ! "  
Quoth the Tom-Cat, " Never more ! "  
*The Figaro*, August 27, 1873.

Opmerkelijk is de volgende, niet humoristisch bedoelde parodie:

THE DOVE  
A Sentimental Parody.

I.  
ONCE upon a storm-night dreary, sat I pond'ring, restless, weary,  
Over many a text of Scripture, helped by ancient-sages' lore,  
Anxious, nervous, far from napping ; suddenly there came a tapping  
As of someone gently rapping—rapping at my chamber-door.  
Night like this 'tis scarce a visitor, tapping at my chamber-door?  
This, I thought, and nothing more.

II.  
Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember, glimmer'd ghostly on the door:  
Earnestly I wished the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow  
From my Bible ease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Annore—  
For a saintly, radiant matron, whom the angels name Annore  
Lately wife, now wife no more.

III.

She had passed the gloomy portals, which forever hide from mortals  
Spirit myst'ries, which the living are most eager to explore.  
Poring o'er the sacred pages, guides to all the good for ages,  
Sat I, helped by lore of sages, when the rapping at my door,  
Startled me as if a spirit had come to my chamber-door,  
Tapping thus, and meaning more.

IV.

And the plaintive, low, uncertain rustling of each window-curtain  
Thrill'd me— filled my quaking heart with terrors never felt before.  
Is there, then, a life of glory, as we're taught in sacred story ?  
Can this be some prophet hoary, standing at my chamber-door--  
Prophet from the dead arisen, standing at my chamber- door,  
Rapping thus, and meaning more?

V.

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
" Truly, friend, I treat you badly, your forgiveness I implore ;  
Surely I have not been napping, but so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping— tapping at my chamber-door,  
That I scarce knew what the sound meant "—here I opened wide the door :  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

VI.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Awe-struck, thinking thoughts few mortals ever happ'd to think before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And, the only word there spoken, was the whisper'd word "Annore !" .  
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word " Annore !" .  
Merely this, and nothing more.

VII.

Back into my chamber hasting, anguish deeper still now tasting, .  
Soon again I heard a rapping— something louder than before.  
Surely, thought I, that is something at my window-lattice ;  
Let me see, then, what there at is, and this mystery explore ;—  
Oh ! my heart, be still a moment, till this mystery I explore ;  
Is't the wind, and nothing more?

VIII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when with gentle nod and flutter —  
In there, came a gracious white dove of the saintly days of yore.  
Then, as if obeisance made he, and no longer stopp'd or stay'd he,  
But in innocence array'd, he perch'd above my chamber- door,—  
Perch'd upon a bust of Paulus, just above my chamber-door—  
Perch'd and sat, and nothing more.

IX.

Then this snowy bird surprising my sad heart into surmising,  
Whether this was done at random, or some mystic meaning bore,—  
" Surely," said I, " thou art fairer than of ill to be the bearer,  
Of such saintly guise the wearer, thou art from some heav'nly shore ;  
Wilt thou help me on my journey toward that bright celestial shore ?"  
Quoth the white dove, " Evermore ! "

X.

Startled now as one from dreaming, suddenly awak'd and seeming  
To have heard a voice mysterious thrilling to his heart's deep core,—  
Ev'ry thought and feeling reaching after light and further teaching.  
In attitude of one beseeching, gazed I at my chamber-door,—  
At the bird, which had so aptly— perch'd upon my chamber-door--  
Spoken out that " Evermore "

XI.

But the white dove's aspect childly, and his soft eyes beaming mildly,  
Loving looks, as if a full heart speedily he would outpour,  
Led me to expect revealing, unto which my soul appealing, --  
With a strange hope o'er me stealing, such as never came before;—  
" May I look for peace and comfort such as I've ne'er felt before ? "  
And the bird said, " Evermore ! "

XII.

So the bright bird thus beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd chair in front of bird and bust and door ;  
Then upon the soft seat sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this holy bird of yore—  
What this lovely, sweet, angelic, quaint, prophetic bird of yore—  
Meant by saying, " Evermore ? "

XIII.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing,  
Till the calm light from those mild eyes seem'd to illumine my bosom's core ;  
Banishing all fear and sadness, bringing thither peace and gladness,  
Driving out surmise of madness— lately coming o'er and o'er—  
Madness casting dreadful shadow,— lately coming o'er and o'er—  
Shadow deep'ning evermore !

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,  
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
" Oh, my soul, thy God hath heard thee, by these angels and this bird He.  
Hath to sweetest hopes now stir'd thee—hopes of finding thy Annore  
In the far-off land of spirits—of reunion with Annore ! "  
Quoth the dove, " For evermore ! "

XV.

" Prophet," said I, " thing of glory ! prophet, as in ancient story,  
Whether sent from heaven directly, or by chance cast here ashore,  
Blessings many on thee rest now ! yea, thou surely shalt be blest now !  
Come into my open'd breast now— tell me truly, I implore,  
Is there a heaven of rest and rapture? tell me, tell me, I implore ! "  
Quoth the white bird, " Evermore ! "

XVI.

"Prophet," said I, "thing of glory! prophet, as in ancient story,  
By that Heav'n which bends above us—by the God the good adore  
Tell this soul with hope upspringing—faith undying to it bringing—  
If that radiant matron singing midst the angels, named Annore,  
Shall be mine again to love—the sainted matron, named Annore?"

And the dove said, "Evermore I"

XVII.

- "Be that word thy sign of dwelling in my heart, of to it telling  
Messages of love and mercy from the far-off shining shore ;  
Let thy white plumes be a token of the truth thy soul hath ' spoken ;  
Keep my faith and hope unbroken; always perch above my door;  
Keep thy eyes' light in my heart ; and keep thy form above my door ; "

Quoth the sweet bird, " Evermore !"

XVIII.

And the white dove, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the polish'd bust of Paulus, just above my chamber—door;  
And his eyes with kindness beaming— holy spirit's kindness seeming—  
And a soft light from him streaming, sheds its radiance on the floor ;  
And my glad soul in that radiance, that lies floating on the floor,  
Shall be basking—EVERMORE !

Deze parodie werd geschreven door dominee John W. Scott, professor aan de *West Virginia University*, ter gelegenheid van de dood van zijn vrouw en werd, met andere gedichten, gepubliceerd door Claxton and Co., Philadelphia, in 1874.

Eveneens serieus bedoeld was het volgende:

LINES BY SARAH J. BOLTON, of RICHMOND, ON THE DEATH of EDGAR A. POE.  
(Written for the Memorial Committee; November, 1875.)

THEY have laid thee down to slumber where the sorrows that encumber  
Such a wild and wayward heart as thine can never reach thee more ;  
For the radiant light of gladness never alternates with sadness,  
Stinging gifted souls to madness, on that bright and blessed shore.  
Safely moored from sorrow's tempest, on that distant Aidenn shore,  
Rest thee, lost one, evermore.

Thou wert like a meteor glancing through a starry sky, entrancing,  
'Thrilling, awing, wrapt beholders with the wondrous light it wore .  
But the meteor has descended, and the "nightly shadows blended,"  
For the fever-dream is ended, and the fearful crisis o'er —  
Yes, the wild unresting fever-dream of human life is o'er—  
Thou art sleeping evermore.

Ocean, earth, and air could utter words that made thy spirit flutter —  
Words that stirred the hidden fountain swelling in the bosom's core ;  
Stirred it till its wavelets, sighing, wakened to a wild replying,  
And in numbers never dying sung the heart's unwritten lore —  
Sung in wild, bewitching numbers, thy sad heart's unwritten lore,  
Now unwritten nevermore.

There was something sad and lonely in thy mystic songs that only —  
Could have trembled from a spirit weary of the life it bore ;  
Something like the plaintive toning of a hidden streamlet moaning,  
In its prised darkness — moaning for the light it knew before.  
For the fragrance and the sunlight that had gladdened it before —  
Sighing, sighing, evermore. .

To thy soul, for ever dreaming, came a strange effulgence, beaming,  
Beaming, flashing from a region mortals never may explore  
Spirits lead thee in thy trances through a realm of gloomy: fancies,  
Giving spectres to thy glances man had never seen before.  
Wondrous spectres such as human eye had never seen before  
Were around thee evermore.

Thou did'st see the sunlight quiver over many a fabled river,  
Thou did'st wander with the shadows of the mighty dead of yore,  
And thy songs to us came ringing, like the wild, unearthly singing  
Of the viewless spirits winging o'er the night's Plutonian shore —  
Of the weary spirits wandering by the gloomy Stygian shore.  
Sighing dirges evermore.

Thou did'st seem like one benighted— one whose hopes were crushed and blighted—  
Mourning for the lost and lovely that the world could not restore ;  
But an endless rest is given to thy heart, so wrecked and riven—  
Thou hast met again in heaven with the lost and loved Lenore  
With the " rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore ;"  
She will leave thee nevermore.

From the earth a star has faded, and the shrine of song has shaded,  
And the Muses veil their faces, weeping sorrowful and sore ;  
But the harp, all rent and broken, left us many a thrilling token,  
We shall hear its numbers spoken, and repeated o'er and o'er,  
Till our hearts shall cease to tremble—we shall hear them sounding o'er,  
Sounding ever, evermore.

We shall hear them, like a fountain tinkling down a rugged mountain.  
Like the wailing of the tempest mingling 'mid the ocean's roar ;  
Like the winds of autumn sighing when the summer flowers are dying ;  
Like a spirit-voice replying from a dim and distant shore ;  
Like a wild, mysterious echo from a distant, shadowy shore,  
We shall hear them evermore.

Nevermore wilt thou, undaunted, wander through the palace haunted.  
Or the cypress vales Titanic, which thy spirit did explore.  
Never hear the ghoul king, dwelling in the ancient steeple tolling  
With a slow and solemn knelling, losses human hearts deplore ;  
Telling in a sort of Runic rhyme the losses we deplore ;  
    Tolling, tolling, evermore.

If a living human being ever had the gift of seeing  
The grim and ghastly countenance its evil genius wore,  
It was thou unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till thy song one burden bore--  
Till the dirges of thy hope the melancholy burden bore--  
    Of never, nevermore.

MY CHRISTMAS PUDDING;  
    Or  
THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM.

(With the Author's apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)

*(By special request. )*

LISTEN, all ! I tell what happened on the night of Christmas Day,  
After I'd been eating pudding in a very reckless way.  
Just as Christmas Day was dying, as I on my bed was lying,  
When to slumber I was trying, when I'd just begun to snore,  
I became aware of something rolling on my chamber floor--  
Of a most mysterious rumbling, rolling on my chamber floor,  
    Only this and nothing more!  
Partly waking, partly sleeping, all my flesh with horror creeping,  
I could hear it tumbling, leaping, rolling on my chamber floor ;  
Underneath the bedclothes sinking, I betook myself to thinking  
If it might not be a kitten that had entered at the door ;  
" Yes," said I, " it is a kitten, entered at the open door,  
    This it is and nothing more."

Presently my heart grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
"Cat," said I, " or kitten, kindly stop that rolling on the floor."  
But it was most irritating, for the sound was unabating,  
On my nerves for ever grating was the rolling on the floor ;  
Till at last I cried in anguish, " Stop that rolling I implore ;  
    And a voice said, " Nevermore."

This convinced me of my error, up I rose in greatest terror,  
Certain that 'twas not a kitten that had spoken just before ;  
Then into the darkness peering, shivering, wondering, doubting, fearing,  
I could dimly see a pudding rolling on my chamber floor ;  
I could see a big plum pudding rolling on my chamber floor;  
    May I see it nevermore !

From its mouth a vapour steaming, while its fiery eyes were gleaming,  
Gleaming fiercely bright, and seeming fixedly to scan me o'er;  
Soon it rolled and rumbled nearer, and its aim becoming clearer,  
I could see that it intended jumping higher than the floor ;  
Yes, it jumped upon my chest, and when in pain I gave a roar  
All it said was, "Nevermore."

Though my back was nearly broken, this reply so strangely spoken,  
Seemed to me to be a token that it wished for something more ;  
So my thoughts in words expressing, I began my sins confessing,  
Saying I had eaten pudding many a time in days of yore,  
But although I'd eaten pudding many a time in days of yore,  
I would eat it nevermore.

Still in spite of my confessing, that plum pudding kept on pressing,  
Pressing with its weight tremendous ever on my bosom's core  
Till I cried, "O, monster mighty, in my work I'm often flighty,  
But, if you will now forgive me, I'll work hard at classic lore !"  
At the end of this vacation I'll work hard at classic lore,  
Quoth the pudding "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, pudding !" then I shrieked, upstarting,  
" Get the back—get off my stomach, roll again upon the floor !"  
Thus I struggled, loudly screaming, till I found I had been dreaming,  
Dreaming like a famous poet once had dreamt in days of yore ;  
But although 'twas like the poet's dream he dreamt in days of yore,  
May I dream it nevermore!

*Detroit Free Press*, Christmas Number, 1884.

The major of a Georgian regiment, writing to the United States Treasurer, said, "I send to you for redemption a fragment of a five dollar bill, the rest of which was destroyed under strangely curious circumstances. I dropped it into my pocket in company with some loose tobacco, and, after supper, taking a quid, I chewed money and tobacco, leaving scraps of the bill and fragments of tobacco in my pocket. When I discovered the *sad catastrophe* I went for the masticated quid, but all traces of the money had vanished, and, "like the baseless fabric of a dream, left not a wreck behind "

" Vainly was I bending, crooking, and with both my eyes a-looking,  
Looking for my lost spondulic, like the Pleiad lost of yore ;  
Looking for the well—chewn fragment which I lost the night before ;  
Only this, and nothing more.

" Spuds," quoth I, " for thee I pineth,  
Gone to where the woodbine twineth ;  
Gone, departed, doomed, and fated,

Gone to fragments dessicated ;  
Gone, as I've already stated,  
Where thy worth no longer shineth,  
I follow—thou art gone before."

Ook het gewone volk sloeg toe, zoals blijkt uit dit gedicht dat rond de jaren tachtig van de 19e eeuw anoniem de ronde deed.

#### NOTHING MORE.

THE ass stood by the stable door,  
The sweepings of the stable floor—  
Some scantled, musty, broken straw—  
He munched, and munched, and—nothing more.  
Yon politician struts the floor,  
His speech is gemmed with pot-house lore,  
His goose essays the eagles soar ;  
Words, only words, and—nothing more.  
The preacher, dear, good, pious bore,  
Proves all the prophets once foresaw,  
Knows what the future has in store,  
Knows what he—thinks, and—nothing more.  
The lawyer quotes you score on score  
Of great authorities in law  
To prove your case without a flaw ;  
He gains his -fee, and nothing more.  
The doctor knows you to the core,  
Apt with each fibre, nerve and pore ;  
Can catch you from Death's greedy maw,  
He " bleeds " you well, and—nothing more.  
The ass still stands beside the door,  
And still is munching as before,  
Gown, book, and pill, are broken. straw ;  
He's the same ass, and—nothing more.

#### HER "PA'S" DOG.

MEMORIES of the past steal o'er me, and remind me of a story  
That in, all its doleful sadness I have never told before.  
Well, I loved a girl named Mary, whose old daddy owned a dairy,  
And a bull-dog, large and powerful, who a frightful visage wore  
And one night I went to court her as I'd often done before,  
But I'll court her nevermore.

Quite distinctly I remember, 'twas one warm night in September, .  
That I sat and held my Mary—held her till my arms were sore  
And upon her lips I kissed her till I almost raised a blister.  
Since that night, oh, how I've missed her—missed the girl whom I adore ;  
Oh, ye gods of Mount Olympus, lend your pity, I implore,  
I shall kiss her nevermore.

“Seems to me the air grows hotter. How I love this old man’s daughter ! ”  
Were my musings as I held her--held the girl whom I adore.  
While my Mary Ann was napping, suddenly I heard a rapping  
Like a footfall softly tapping on the old man’s bedroom floor,  
And I muttered, as I listened through the slightly opened door I  
    " I have heard that step before."

I shook Mary Ann to wake her, and I said " May Old Nick take her ! ”  
(But I’m sure I didn’t mean it), then she woke with one loud snore.  
While she sat up widely gaping, barely wakened from her napping,  
I informed her of the tapping I have spoken of before ;  
Then she laughed and said, " ’twas nothing but the mice upon the floor,  
    Little mice and nothing more."

Then once more like some huge boulder fell her head upon my shoulder,  
And I held her very tightly as she snored snore after snore ;  
Soon again I heard the falling of more footsteps, and the calling  
Of her daddy, and I wished I was in Spain or Ecuador.  
" Mary Ann !" the old man uttered, as he strode across the floor,  
    " Mary Ann," and nothing more.

Suddenly, as if like magic, with a face that looked quite tragic,  
Mary woke and saw her daddy standing in the parlour door,  
Then with eyeballs wildly gleaming, and her hair about her streaming,  
From the room the girl ran screaming as the clock was striking four,  
Ran more swiftly, screamed more loudly than she ever had before,  
    Ran and screamed, and nothing more.

At the barn the cock was crowing, and I thought I would be going,  
So I started very quickly to retreat across the floor,  
But the old man quick did foller, then he took me by the collar,  
And you oughter heard me holler as he pitched me through the door.  
" Seek ’em, Bull ! " he loudly uttered, in a sort of flendish roar.  
    Merely that, and nothing more.

Quickly to my feet I scrambled, and across the yard I ambled.  
As I heard that bull-dog coming, bent on tasting human gore.  
Soon he seized me by the breeches, and I gave some awful screeches,  
As the entire seat in fragments from my Sunday pants he tore.  
With my right hand lifted skyward, " I will kill that dog !" I swore.  
    This I said, and nothing more.

Soon the dog his grip releases, and from chasing me he ceases;  
While he stopped to chew the pieces that he from my breeches tore.  
Once across my shoulder glancing, with the moonlight o’er him dancing,  
I espied the old man prancing like a madman in the door,  
And I muttered, " Men like you should be slaughtered by the score,  
    And you’ll raise the count one more."

While the broadcloth Bull was chewing, I my way was still pursuing,  
And I soon, quite tired and panting, lay upon my cottage floor  
Then I cursed my Mary's daddy, and I called him an old paddy  
And I swore I'd whip the laddy till my pardon he'd implore.  
But she's lost to me for ever, the dear girl whom I adore,  
Ay, for ever—evermore.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE PHANTOM CAT.

ON the ocean swiftly sailing, with the western daylight failing,  
And a fair south-wester with us, scudding o'er the waters blue,  
O'er the bulwarks I was leaning, and my eyes my hand was screening ;  
For I wish'd to learn the meaning of a strange sail now in view,  
Of a vessel in the ofting, coming slowly into view.  
I had little else to do.

And all thought, with expectation, what the country, what the nation,  
Might the stranger vessel hail from, sailing slowly through the night ;  
For a landsman has no notion of the sailor's heart's emotion  
When he hears upon the ocean that a vessel heaves in sight,  
Like an old friend coming to him, is a ship that heaves in sight  
With her sails so broad and white.

Scarcely had the sailor spoken, when the evening air was broken  
By a blast from speaking-trumpet : " Ship ahoy ! what cheer, what cheer ?  
We've been sailing, three years sailing, round about the Horn a—whaling.  
Food is scarce and water failing—stranger, spare a trifle here  
Biscuit, grog, and cask of water ; just a trifle, stranger, here  
You'll be paid back never fear."

Skipper says, "We can afford, man, if you only come on board, man,  
Two or three good casks of water, one of biscuit, one of ale.  
Shove the boat off ; I'm delighted, such a vessel to have sighted,  
From the mighty States United ; come and taste a glass of ale ;  
Come and chat for half an hour o'er the friendly glass of ale  
I take nightly without fail"

And our ladder was made ready by two seamen strong and steady  
And up came the whaler captain; on his shoulders stood a cat  
With her eyes both brightly gleaming, with her tail outstretched, outstreaming.  
Surely, thought I, I am dreaming, to see visitor like that,  
See a captain come to see us in a way so strange as that !  
What on earth can he be at ?

Then the cabin did we enter, and before we could prevent her,  
Came the cat with tail uplifted, straightway down the cuddy stair;  
And the lamps were not yet lighted, and we sat down, half benighted,  
We three ; and the uninvited—the intruder, she was there,  
On the shoulders of the captain, the intruder standing there,  
With green eyes and ebon hair.

Still upon the captain's shoulder, strange it seemed to the beholder,  
In the twilight of the cabin, among strangers standing so ;  
And I fancied it would fright her when the cuddy lamps I grew lighter.  
And I mused upon the writer of " The Raven," Edgar Poe,  
On that weird and wondrous genius, wilful, wayward Edgar Poe,  
Dead now eighteen years ago !

There she stood, with green eyes gleaming ; there she stood, with tail outstreaming,  
A black line athwart the cuddy, rising somewhat high in air.  
And the captain look'd behind him, as though puss in spell did bind him,  
And, without a sound, inclined him to keep looking o'er his chair,  
To keep turning to the black cat, on his shoulder o'er the chair  
With a look that held despair!

(The Yankee skipper relates that he had formerly been a slave-dealer, and that having bought a negro with his child, he was entreated not to part them.)

" Deaf was I to all compassion ; brutally I laid the lash on  
His defenceless naked shoulders ; yet I tortured him in vain  
And my anger growing bigger, out with pistol, pull'd the trigger ;  
With a cry, dropp'd down the nigger, with a startling cry of pain,  
With the spasm of the death-pang shooting o'er his face of pain,  
Never more to move again !"

Sitting in my parlour lonely, thinking on my day's work only,  
This black cat you see before you, sat herself upon the chair ;  
And in vain I tried to please her, all in vain I sought to tease her,  
Oh, if I could but release her from her hold upon me there !  
On my chair, or on my shoulder, ever will that cat be there,  
With her eyes of constant glare !"

" Smile you may, and disbelieve me ; that black cat can ne'er deceive me ;  
She is sent me from the darkie, come to haunt me for my crime  
And will leave me never, never, and on earth will haunt me ever.  
Oh, that I the tie could sever! Oh, the dismal, dismal time !  
All the horrors of the past, and all the dreary present time,  
Far too sad for prose or rhyme !"

Why should I detain you longer? Every day the tie grows stronger,  
Binding me to my familiar, who will never say farewell.  
I am here to ask your aid, sir, and have somewhat you delay'd, sir,  
With my story, I'm afraid, sir, with the sorry tale I tell ;  
Of this cursed weird grimalkin, this strange history to tell,  
Of this visitor from hel!."

Soon the ship away was steering, and the whaler's crew were cheering  
Loudly the brave British vessel that had help'd them when afloat ;  
On the poop two eyes were beaming, green eyes through the darkness gleaming,  
And a tail outstretch'd, outstreaming, as it stream'd when in the boat,  
When the captain bade farewell, and sadly left us in the boat,  
Fear in eye and husky throat.

Verschillende coupletten van deze wel heel lange parodie zijn weggelaten; het verscheen in *The Mocking Bird and other Poems*, door Frederick Field (J. Van Voorst) London, 1868.

#### THE CROAKER

ONCE in a dress-circle, weary with discussing many a query  
Of the palmy days of acting, and of quaint dramatic lore-  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at a chamber—door.  
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " outside the dress-circle door,  
Wants a seat, and nothing more."

Then the flapping—sad, uncertain, rustling of the painted curtain—  
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic visions never felt before  
Of the coming Macbeth's greeting, wondering if his repeating  
Would delight me; while the visitor kept tapping at the door  
And I said " Where is the box-keeper, to open yonder door?  
For the tapping is a bore."

And myself the door unlocking, just to end the tiresome knocking,  
In there stepped a solemn Croaker of the palmy days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
Passed each fashionable lady with long skirts upon the floor.  
Scanned his voucher through gold-mounted and green spectacles he wore,  
Took his seat, and nothing more.

Then this Croaker gave, beguiling my sad fancy into smiling  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore.  
Though his aspect was *unnerving*, I began to speak of Irving-  
For I doubted not that he had seen of Macbeths many a score-  
And I blandly then suggested a Shakespearian treat in store,  
When he answered, " Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly swell to hear discourse so plainly  
In the midst of Irving advocates, who voted him a bore-  
In an audience all agreeing that no living being  
Ever yet was blest with seeing acting such as that in store,  
Quoting *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, and *The Bells*, and many pieces more,  
For the laurels Irving wore.

But the Croaker, sitting lonely, in his cushioned chair spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered ; I was not a little fluttered,  
And at last I feebly muttered, " Other Macbeths played before—"   
" Kemble, Kean, Macready, Young, " he cried, " I saw them all of yore—  
Won't be equalled any more !"

Startled at the stillness broken, by reply so aptly spoken-  
" Doubtless," said I, " what he utters is his sole dramatic lore  
Caught from some Shakespearian master, when unmerciful disaster  
Followed faster still and faster, as the crowd his parts ignore,  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore-  
" Tragedian, play no more !"

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from a Rimmel censer,  
Swung by pretty girls, whose footfall tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch !" I cried; "pray who hath sent thee? Hath some rival Macbeth lent thee  
His spare ticket to content thee with fond memories a store,  
Of the Macbeths seen of yore ?"

" Croaker," said I, " pray be civil, and of Irving speak no evil.  
Wether rivalry hath brought thee or stage memories of yore  
Are you really not enchanted by this new Macbeth undaunted  
In this house by Hamlet haunted ? Tell me truly, I implore,  
Is there, *is there* hope of *Macbeth*? Tell me, tell me, I implore !"  
Quoth the Croaker, " Say no more !"

"Croaker," said I, "cease to level those stern glances at the revel.  
By the bust of Shakespeare o'er us—by the bard we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within thy distant Aidenn  
Ever widow, wife, or maiden Lady Macbeth's mantle wore  
With a grace beyond Miss Bateman ?" Still this croaking man of yore  
Answered grimly, " Yes, a score."

"Be that word our sign of parting, Croaker," then I said, upstarting ;  
For the curtain now is rising, and I hear a deafening roar.  
Not a word hath Macbeth spoken; he can only bow in token  
Of the homage all unbroken. Then the Croaker spoke once more :  
"Truly this Macbeth reminds me of a figure seen before  
Over many a snuff-shop-door."

And the Croaker, never flitting, still was sitting, his brows knitting,  
Growling oft at Irving's action, voice, and costume that he wore  
And his eyes had all the seeming of a croaker who was dreamning  
Of Macready, Kemble, Kean, and Young, in palmy days of yore;  
And the last words that he muttered, as he passed the circle-door,  
Were—" I'm very glad 'tis o'er."

*Funny Folks* October 9, 1875.

## THE STOKER

ONCE in February dreary, while the Commons, weak and weary,  
Pondered many a quaint and curious Tory measure then in store,  
While they nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the chamber-door;  
" Some new member `tis," they muttered, " tapping at our chamber-door ;  
      'Tis KENEALY—nothing more !"

But the house was in a flutter when, without a " Hem " or stutter,  
In there walked a stately Counsel some of them had seen before ;  
Not the least obeisance made he—not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
But with mien of ancient member took his place upon the floor,  
Hitched his " gamp " upon the mace, and hung his hat behind the door-  
      Hitched and stood, and nothing more !

Stood the Counsel grim, beguiling their " gay wisdom " into smiling  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore-  
" None come here without proposer," said the Speaker, as a poser ;  
" 'Tis the Parliamentary custom for two hundred years and more ;'  
But outspoke the doughty Premier, " Truly all know how he came here ;"  
      He's KENEALY—nothing more !

Mr. Whalley, sitting lonely on his placid bench, spoke only  
But one word, as if his soul on that one word he did outpour;  
Nothing further then he uttered. He was just a little fluttered.  
While a host of members muttered, " Other bores have flown before ;  
Some fine morning he will leave us as our bores have left before."  
      WHALLEY whispered, " Nevermore !"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
" Doubtless," said they, " what he utters is his only stock and store,  
Caught from Liberal disaster when that party had no master,  
When mistakes came fast and faster, and their songs one burden bore,  
When the dirges of their hopes that melancholy burden bore  
      Of never, nevermore."

Members willing to be civil said, "Oh, quit the Tichborne drivell !  
By the roof that bends above us—by the Commons we adore.  
Tell our souls with sorrow laden that our Parliamentary Aidenn  
Shall not echo with the name of "Arthur Orton" any more ;  
That the mystery unriddled who the name Sir Roger bore  
      Shall not vex us any more !"



Scarce the words my tongue had spoken, scarce the silence I had broken,  
Thro' the window stepped a raven like to Ingoldsby's of ore,  
Nothing took he of me never, off he hopped and looked so clever,  
Flight he took with bold endeavour, perching o'er my parlour door,  
From his perch he eyed me closely, watched me from the parlour-door,  
Sat and looked—did nothing more

Cunning looked he, as though chaffing—funny bird! he saw me laughing,  
Perched aloft, and looking grave, with both his eyes upon the floor:—  
"Ebony friend, with head all shaven, surely thou canst be no craven,  
Out so late, you funny raven, tell me what misfortune bore  
Thee unto my humble roof, and to sit above my door."  
Quoth the raven, "Say no more!"

"Tell me, raven, what has brought you, how it is that you've bethought you  
Here to Hy in midnight darkness, coming hither to explore.  
Hast thou good or evil omen to pronounce to men or women,  
Which thou wilt reveal to no men—speak the message, I implore."  
Then he ruffled all his feathers, speaking from the parlour-door,  
Said he, "Think the matter o'er."

There he was with mien so stately, looking solemn and sedately,  
Like a monk he was "completely," thinking something deeply o'er,  
All at once his wings he fluttered, and in tone sepulchral muttered  
Something indistinctly uttered, as it came from o'er the door;  
Most intently did I listen, listened as I ne'er before  
To a raven o'er a door.

At the Princes' Pierhead, said he, there you'll find a policeman steady,  
Strutting proudly ever ready to annoy the cabmen there,  
With the Jehus roughly dealing, causing them a bitter feeling,  
Vain it is the men appealing, one and all they now declare  
Pierhead rank they'll never stand in, never ply for landing "fare"  
Whilst that "bobby's" stationed there!

At the Town Hall banquet lately, was a Colonel bold and stately,  
Full of pomp he was "completely," sitting rigid in his chair.  
When the Army's health was toasted, up he rose and proudly boasted,  
Whilst with withering tongue he "roasted" Captain Douglas sitting there,  
That the Naval forces never, whilst he sat upon that chair  
With the Army must compare!

When the Colonel Yates, conceited, had his fulsome speech completed,  
And upon his chair was seated,—Colonel Steble, gallant "Maire,"  
Said with gracious tone and manly, how the noble House of Stanley  
Oft in former times like him had sat upon the civic chair;  
Then the noble Earl, replying, said with truth he might declare  
"Such an honour now was rare!"

Chinamen out there in "Peeking," Treaty obligations breaking,  
Our Ambassador is seeking wily stubborn men, to awe,  
Telling them the British nation anger'd cannot brook evasion ;  
Better listen to persuasion, or he threatens he'll withdraw ;  
So they wisely yield submission. Frightened of the Lion's paw,  
China says she'll keep the law.

Sea is rough and weather breezy, still "Serapis," steaming easy  
Slowly sails from out Brindisi, bearing son of Britain's Queen,  
Foaming billows nobly riding, Eastern seas her prow dividing,  
Soon in sunny waters gliding Royal Standard will be seen ;  
Prince will have a royal welcome, Rajahs proud, of royal mien  
Greeting son of India's Queen--

Thus he spake what he intended, and his croaking speech was ended,  
Flapping wings he soon descended from his perch above the door  
Not another word was spoken, nor again the silence broken,  
He had given me the token, and he hopp'd along the floor,  
Thro' the window into darkness—glancing at my parlour- door,  
Raven saw I nevermore !  
*The Porcupine*, (Liverpool), October 30, 1875.

A BLACK BIRD THAT COULD SING BUT WOULDN'T SING.  
(*A lyric of the American Southern States*).

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
O'er the War of the Rebellion and the things that were before ;  
While I sat absorbed in thinking, brandy cocktails slowly drinking,  
Suddenly I saw a blinking, one-eyed figure at my door--  
Saw a nasty, stinking, blinking, one-eyed figure at my door,  
Standing up as stiff as steel-yards, just across my chamber floor,  
Peeping in, and--nothing more.

Ah ! I never shall forget it, how in glancing round I met it,  
And I ever shall regret it that I looked towards that door,  
For I saw a monstrous figure—like a giant, only bigger,  
And there stood a big buck nigger, with his back against the door,  
Darting, with a hideous snigger, glances right across my floor  
A reeking, lantern—jaw'd buck nigger bolt upright against my door  
Glancing in, and—nothing more.

Quick instinctively espying where my ham and eggs were frying,  
There I saw a poker lying near the hearth upon the floor,  
And with most determined vigour seized and hurled it at the nigger,  
But so quick was he on the trigger, as he jump'd it struck the door,  
Struck beneath him, as he bounded just like lightning from the floor,  
As like a tarr'd and feather'd Mercury, up he bounded from the floor,  
Grazed his heel, and—nothing more.

Back toward my hearth-stone looking, where my ham and eggs were cooking,  
Shaking, quaking as no mortal ever shaken or quaked before,  
Soon I heard the ugly sinner mutter forth these words, " Some dinner,"  
Looking still more gaunt and thinner, even than he looked before,  
These the words the heathen mutter'd—the sole and only sound then uttered,  
As down from his high jump he flutter'd 'lighting on his major toe,  
"Dinner," said he, nothing more.

Then his impudence beginning, he displayed his gums in grinning,  
And with eyes aught else but winning, leer'd upon me from the door,  
Speaking thusly: " 'Tis your treat, man, I'll never go into the street, man,  
Till I get some grub to eat, man, I shall *never* leave your door  
Never quit them aigs and bacon, now just done, I'm very sure,  
Never till I've cleaned the platter, though you beat me till I roar,  
Treat me, or I'll charge 'em sure."

Then toward the fireplace marching, where my coffee too was parching,  
Boldly stalked this sassy nigger right across my chamber-floor,  
Never stopped to bend or bow, sir, then I knew there'd be a row, sir,  
For I made a solemn vow, sir, he should soon recross that floor,  
And I kicked him through the room, sir, back again toward the door,  
Kick'd and cuffed him, in my anger, back against my chamber-door,  
Then I kicked him yet once more.

But this midnight bird beguiling my stirr'd spirit into smiling,  
By the wretched, rabid, ravenous look his hungry visage wore,  
" Tho'," I said, "thou art a freedman, thou hast gone so much to seed, man,  
So I'll give you one good feed, man, as you seem to be so poor;  
One good feed in your sore need, man, as you seem so very poor ;  
The eggs and meat *shall* be my treat, if with light work you'll pay the score."

Quoth the nigger;—"Work no more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly nigger should refuse s0 plainly  
Just to do a little work, for food he craved and needed sore,  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Should decline to labour seeing that he was so deuced poor ;  
Should refuse to earn a dinner, which he hungered for I'm sure,  
And would have damned his soul by stealing had he hoped to make the door .  
Escaping thence to—work no more.

Awhile I sat absorbed in musing, what meant he by this refusing  
Till, mad. I turned into abusing the odious, odorous blackamoor.  
" Sure," said I, " you must be crazy, to be so infernal lazy,  
So cussedly, outrageous lazy, as to want to work no more ;  
You ugly, grim, ungainly, ghastly, heathen, savage blackamoor  
Will you even, work for wages—food and clothes and payment sure ?"  
Quoth the nigger—"Work no more."

" Nigger," said I, "horrid demon ! *Nigger still if slave or freeman,*  
Pause and ponder ere you answer this one question, I implore :  
Have you got no sense of feeling? do you mean to live by stealing ?  
Or by working and fair dealing ; tell me truly, I implore,  
On your honour as a nigger, will you ever labour more?  
Plough in corn or hoe in cotton, as you did in days of yore ?"  
Quoth the Nigger—" Nevermore !"

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so flatly spoken,  
" Doubtless," said I, " this big nigger once could eat enough for four  
When on soine grand rice plantation, he could out-eat all creation  
Until his corporal situation warned him he could eat no more;  
Scorning tiny calculation of how much cash it cost I'm sure,  
For the master paid the piper in the good old days of yore,  
Days he'll revel in no more !"

" Nigger," said I, " thing of evil ! quit my sight ! *go to the devil!*  
Or even yet, pause, reconsider terms I'll offer you no more,  
Tell me truly, I implore you, for the last time I conjure you,  
If good wages I ensure you, and clothes the best you ever wore  
Will you work three days in seven, at tasks far lighter than of yore ?`  
Only three short days in seven—labour light and payment sure ?  
Quoth the nigger—" Work no more."

" Be that word our sign of parting, nigger man," I said upstartng,  
" Get you gone to where you came from, let me see your face no more.  
Quick, vamose, cut dirt—skedaddle— seek some far-off, distant shore,  
Haste, relieve me of that visage—*darken* not again my door,  
Join the army—go to Texas ! Never come back here to vex us  
Take your gaze from off my victuals—take your carcass from my door"—  
Quoth the nigger—" Nevermore."

And the nigger, never working, still is shirking—still is shirking  
Every kind of honest labour, in the house or out of door,  
And his eye has all the seeming of a vulture's starved and dreaming,  
And my bacon, gently steaming tempts him still to cross my floor.  
But I'll gamble with that poker that I hurled at him before,  
That I'll maul his very lights out, if he dares to pass that door,  
He *shall* work or—eat no more !  
*The Figaro*, February 16, 1876.

#### COWGATE PHILANTHROPY.

ONCE, while in the Cowgate dirty, on an evening damp and murky,  
Mournfully I gazed at objects swarming there from door to door  
From a whisky palace, swearing, a poor woman issued, bearing  
A child upon her bosom bare, and that bosom stained with gore  
And she uttered dreadful threats against the man that kept the store--  
Idle threats, and nothing more.

To myself I said, in terror, " Surely here there is some error ;  
This woman seems in deep distress—distress which pierces to the core ;  
So I stepped into the palace, with the view of getting solace,  
For that creature whose deep sorrow Iny soft heart with anguish tore,  
That shadow of an angel bright, for her countenance yet bore  
Trace of beauty, now no more.

But the jingling of the glasses, and the glare of many gases,  
Made me feel so very squeamish that I was almost forced to roar  
When my tongue its wonted action ceased, as if by some attraction,  
So I stood a perfect dummy at this dreadful gin-house door,  
Pointing to that weeping woman, whom no one would now adore ;  
This I did, and nothing more.

To my speech at last succeeding, I asked gravely why the bleeding,  
Helpless, ill-clad, ill-fed woman had been out-cast from the store ?  
And the answer from the monster who had been this woman's wrongster  
Was, she had not filthy lucre to pay off her whisky score ;  
He'd he blowed, or something stronger, if he'd give her any more ;  
And he thought her quite a bore.

Then I felt my fingers itching, and my muscles all a twitching,  
To seize the rascal by the throat, and stretch him straight upon the floor ;  
But he gave a loud hoarse chuckle, let me see his mighty knuckle,  
And advised me for my safety that I'd better seek the door-  
If I didn't vanish quickly I might go upon all four:

So I vanished—nothing more.

*The Modern Athenium* (Edinburgh), March 11, 1876.

#### LINES

*Respectfully dedicated to the*

Right Honourable Henry Bouverie William Brand, M.P.,  
Speaker of the House of Commons.

" ONCE upon a Wednesday dreary, while I listened somewhat weary,  
To the dull and dismal business going on upon the floor,  
On me, in my melancholy, broke the voice of Mr. Whalley,  
Pouring forth of words a volley, and this, too, I meekly bore ;  
'Tis near five o'clock,' I muttered, and my lot I meekly bore,  
Hoping there was little more.

"For since noon I had been sitting, and the daylight now was flitting,  
As M.P.'s, their places quitting, noiselessly pass'd through the door,.  
Motions, though, in such a number did the notice-book encumber,  
That I'd vainly sought to slumber, though my eyes were tired and sore,  
Dared not nap like those around me, though my eyes were red and sore ;  
But a watchful look I wore.

“Tired of talking, Whalley finished, and my list was thus diminished  
By the Bill on ‘ Open Spaces ’—this it was his name that bore—  
Next, I saw with heartfelt pleasure, came an agricultural measure ;  
For methought no member surely over this dry Bill will pore--  
They will not discuss its details, they will never o’er it pore ;  
Merely pass it—nothing more. `

“So I thought, until up—glancing, I beheld a form advancing  
From the seats below the gangway, boldly out upon the floor,  
‘ Stay,’ mused I ; ‘ I know that figure. Yes, it is—it must be Biggar !’  
Through the House there passed a snigger, but my heart was very sore ;  
For he caught my eye, confound him! and my heart was very sore ;  
Hope was left in it no more.

" Not the least obeisance made he, nor where he had risen stay’d he ;  
But he strode across the gangway, nearer to me than before.  
All the time that he was walking, he was hoarsely at me talking,  
Nothing stopping him nor baulking, not a moment he forebore,  
Cairing not for sneers nor laughter, not a moment he forebore,—  
But talked on for evermore.

" Much it grieved me this ungainly man to hear discourse so plainly  
Though his phrases little meaning, little relevancy bore,  
For I knew his stubborn nature, knew, too, in the Legislature,  
That so obstinate a member it had never known before ;  
That a member so pig—headed never had been known before,  
Never would be evermore.

“Far too "narrer " is this measure,’ quoth he, slowly, at leisure ;  
‘ Yes, it’s very much too " narrer !” then he went its clauses o er ;  
Turn’d it inside out, and twisted its provisions, as he listed;  
Wen his friend Parnell assisted—helped this most portentous bore ;  
Backed him up, and often prompted this unmitigated bore ;  
Who kept speaking evermore !

" Presently my wrath grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,  
‘ Sir !’ I said, ‘ you’re not in order ; keep in order, I implore !  
This is but the second reading, yet you are in sooth proceeding  
As though in Committee pleading ; cease from this or leave the floor !  
Mean you long to go on speaking, mean you long to keep the 'floor ?’  
Quoth J. Biggar, ‘ Evermore !’

"Then methought his voice grew hoarser, and his manner rather coarser .  
Till that he my eye? had ever caught, I did at heart deplore ;  
Why, I thought, has Cavan sent thee? can no earthly power prevent thee?  
None bring respite and nepenthe, from thy rudeness and thy roar ?  
Am I doomed to always listen to thy inharmonious roar?’  
Quoth J. Biggar, ‘ Evermore.’

" 'Biggar,' said I, '[Joseph Biggar, why thy most undoubted vigour  
Didst thou inot devote to business on thy own Ulsterian shore?  
Why not give to lard and bacon, all the energies mistaken,  
Thou from night to night art wasting on this House of Commons floor ?  
Stick to lard ! Drop legislating! This of thee I would implore !'  
Quoth J. Biggar, ' Nevermore.°

" ' Biggar,' said I, ' tell me truly, wilt thou always be unruly?  
Is there nothing thy lost senses can to thee at last restore?  
Wilt this chamber long be haunted by thy presence so undaunted ?  
Or would'st thou at home be wanted if pigs fetched much less per score--  
If lard fell a lot per bladder? Tell me—tell me, I implore ?"  
Quoth J. Biggar, ' Nevermore !'

" 'Joseph,' said I, ' have a care, sir, lest thou shouldst me too much dare sir,  
For I give thee warning, fair sir, that if thou art much a bore  
I will henceforth always try, sir, that thou mayst not catch my eye sir,  
'When in fufureithou mayst rise, sir, and stand out upon this floor !-  
Stand in all thy blatant boldness on this desecrated floor ;  
Thou shalt catch it nevermore!!

" But J. Biggar never stirring, went on stating and averring,  
Naught him staying or deterring, still his speech did he outpour  
And back on my cushion sinking, I was filled with dread at thinking  
That this grim and greasy member might for ever harshly roar--  
That this grim, ungainly, lardy man might never cease to bore--  
But talk on for evermore !"  
*Truth*, March S, 1877.

#### THE BABY.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, whilst I waited, faint and weary,  
On the landing till the doctor the expected tidings bore;  
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, dreaming of what then was happing—  
Dreaming of what then was happing t'other side yon chamber door,  
Stood the doctor there, and whispered, opening the chamber door  
" T`is a boy !" and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, by my chilblains,'twas December,  
And I stamped each smarting member, stamped it smartly on the floor.  
Eagerly I wished for slumber, as my feet and hands grew number ;  
Oh, could I some bed encumber, oh, how quickly I would snore  
Oh, how I would wake the echoes with my deep sonorous snore !  
But my vigil was not o'er.

‘ For as I thus thought of snoring, came a sound of liquid pouring—  
'Twas a sound that oft, when thirsty, I had heard with joy before  
And when it I heard repeating, thro’ the darkness sent I greeting,  
Saying, " Who is that that’s drinking something in behind my door?"—  
For the sound came from a chamber, mine erstwhile, now mine no more—  
"Who are you and what d’you pour ?”

But no answer came, so rising with a rashness most surprising,  
" Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, when I heard some liquid lapping  
Lapping, lapping, softly lapping, in behind this chamber-door.  
Who are you in there, I pray you ?”—here I opened wide the door—  
Smell of spirits, nothing more !

Deeply that strong odour sniffing stood I "butting" there and "if-ing ;"  
Guessing, wondering, surmising who it was that I’d heard pour.  
Still the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token ;  
But a bottle brandy—soaken I remarked upon the floor.  
This I noticed, black and empty, lying there upon the floor—  
Merely that, and nothing more !

From the chamber I was turning, all my soul within me yearning  
For a little cup of cognac: since my chilblains were so sore—  
When I heard a sound of rustling, as of some stout woman bustling—  
"Ah," said I, "this chamber’s mystery I will linger and explore—  
Stay will I another minute and its mystery explore—  
Why I heard that brandy pour ?”

Opened here a folding-door was ; and in a few seconds more was  
A full stout and snuffy matron coming towards me o’er the floor ; -  
Not the least obeisance made she ; not a minute stopped or stayed she,  
But upon a chair down sitting, beckoned me to what she ‘bore :  
' Twas a tiny roll of Hannel in her portly arms she bore--  
Only that, and nothing more !

Then this flannel roll beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the strange and utter contrast that it to the matron bore,  
Sought my thoughts another channel, and I spoke unto the Hannel,  
Saying, " \What art thou and wherefore art thou brought here, I implore ?— ”  
Tell me why thou art thus carried, why so gently, I implore ?”  
But it sobbed, and nothing more !

Much I marvelled at its sobbing, and my heart was quickly throbbing  
As unto the ponderous matron said I, " Turn that flannel o’er !”  
For you cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet beheld a bundle that could sob, and nothing more—  
Ever yet; a roll of flannel saw that sobbed and nothing more !”  
Quoth the matron, " Shut the door."

Then the flannel pink unfolding, soon was I with awe beholding  
Something like to which my eyes had never gazed upon before.  
Nothing further then it uttered—but I mouthed awhile and stuttered -  
Till I positively muttered, " Tell me all, I would implore !"  
Said the matron, " There is little to inform you on that score :  
'Tis your son, and nothing more !"

" Ah," said I, no longer dreaming, with a sudden knowledge gleaming,  
" You've a monthly nurse's seeming, and 'twas you that I heard pour ;  
Tell me, then, when I may slumber, when this room you'll cease to cumber,  
Since of chilblains such a number in the passage I deplore ;  
Tell me when I may turn in and cease their smarting to deplore."  
Quoth that woman, " Never more !"

" Woman !" said I, " nurse, how dare you ? If you do not have a care, you  
Soon will find that I can spare you, for I'll show to you the door !"  
But that woman, calmly sitting, and her brows engaged in knitting,  
In a way most unbefitting took the bottle from the floor,  
Took it up, although 'twas empty, took it up from off the floor;  
Waved it and said, " Never more !"

" Nurse," I shouted, " I won't stand it ; put it down, at once, unhand it !  
As your master, I demand it, and this room to lne restore ;  
Take yon saucepan from my table ; clear my bed, for you are able,  
Of your wardrobe, and the baby take where it was heretofore ;  
For I long to sink in slumber : nurse, I'm dying for a snore !"  
Quoth that woman, " Never more !"

" Be that word our sign of parting, monthly nurse," said I, upstarting,  
" Get thee gone, thou Gamp outrageous, to where'er thou wast before ;  
Leave that bottle as a token of the rest that thou has broken  
Now be off—have I not spoken? Get thee gone, Gamp, there's the door—  
Take thy wardrobe from my bed, and take thyself out through that door !"  
Quoth that woman, " Never more !"

And that monthly nurse is sitting, drinking in a way unlitting,  
In an easy-chair luxurious just behind my chamber-door ;  
There for weeks she has been sleeping, me from my own chamber keeping .  
Degradations on me heaping, till my heart of hearts is sore ;  
Fearing that her shadow never will be lifted from my floor,  
And that, smelling strong of spirits, she through yonder open door  
Shall be lifted--Never more !  
*Finis* (Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1877.)

## THE MAIDEN.

ONCE upon a summer morning, whilst I watched the sun adorning  
All the hilltops lying round me with an ever-golden hue,  
Suddenly I saw a maiden with a basket heavy laden,  
Yes, a basket heavy laden with some clothes which looked like new,  
And I cried, " My pretty maiden, these look just as good as new,  
Have they, pray, been washed by you ?"

Ah! distinctly I remember how my soul burned like an ember,  
As the maiden's eyes grew brighter—eyes of such a lovely blue;  
How her auburn tresses glistened in the sunlight while I listened  
Wondering how she had been christened ; but her answering words were few,  
And somehow they didn't please me, these her answering words so few-  
" Truly, sir, what's that to you ?"

Then I said, " O, lovely maiden, with this basket heavy laden  
Tell me truly, I implore thee, from what parent-stock you grew?  
If your father is a humble, honest, labourer like the Bumble-  
Bee that works, but does not grumble at the work he has to do ?  
Maiden did you ever grumble at the work you had to do ?"  
Quoth the maid, " What's that to you ?"

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,  
For I felt a little angry, and thus said what wasn't true :  
" Hark you, maid, my friend, Joe Simmen, says that all you washerwomen  
Are as sour as any lemon, cross as any *ole clo' Jew* ;  
Tell me maiden, is it not so, that you're like some *ole clo' Jew* ?"  
Quoth the maid "What's that to you ?"

Deep into that countenance peering, long I stood there wondering fearing,  
Lest the girl should prove a vixen, and begin to hit me too;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token  
And the only words there spoken were the whispered words " Pooh! pooh !"  
These I whispered, for I feared her, whispered just the words " Pooh ! pooh !"  
And I knew not what to do.

Round about myself then turning, all my soul within me burning,  
For I did not dare to face her, as she was I knew not who ;  
I began at once to wonder how on earth I could thus blunder,  
And why I thus should cower under these her answering words so few,  
And I could not find a reason why her words should be so few ;  
Still I knew not what to do.

Then I glanced across my shoulder, as it were some sheltering boulder,  
And I saw the maiden laughing, laughing till her face was blue.  
Then I thought " 'Tis now or never," so I said (and thought it clever),  
"Pretty maiden, did you ever have a nice young sweet-heart, who  
Was, as I am, tall and handsome? If so, prithee tell me who ?"  
Quoth the maid " What's that to you ?"

And the maiden, thus beguiling all my angry soul to smiling,  
Made me say, " Ah! lovely maiden, fairly I'm in love with you."  
Then began my heart to flutter, and began my tongue to stutter,  
And began my lips to mutter, while around me objects flew.  
Thus I muttered, while the objects round about me swiftly flew,  
" Maiden, I'm in love with you."

But the maiden, sitting lonely on the velvet sod, spoke only  
These four words when I made of her some interrogationnew ;  
So upon the green grass sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what on earth I now should do,  
And I asked the washer maiden, what on earth I now should do,  
Quoth the maid " What pleases you."

"Torment !" said I, "thing of evil! you, at least, might I have been civil,  
And not given such answers to the questions I have put to you.  
When I bid you that I loved you, surely then I think I moved you,  
And I think it had behoved you to make answers straight and true,  
'Stead of which you gave me answers which were anything but true."  
Quoth the maid, " W`hat's that to you."

" Be these words our sign of parting, saucy maid !" I shrieked, upstarting.  
" Get you back into the village, take these clothes along with you !  
Leave no thread even as a token of these horrid words you've spoken !  
Leave my loneliness unbroken ! Take these clothes which look like new, "  
And return to where you camefrom, with these clothes as clean as new !"  
Quoth the maiden, " Not. for you'

So I left the washer maiden and her basket heavy laden,  
And I hope that I may never, never more behold the two ;  
Yet my sleep is oft enchanted, and my dreams are often haunted  
By her form when just not wanted, and the basket seems there too,t  
And she asks in tones of mockery, pointing at the basket, too,  
" What is this, now, sir, to you ?"

D. J. M.

*Edinburgh Paper*, November, 8, 1879.

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

ZOILUS *reads* :

In the lonesome latter years,  
    (Fatal years !)  
To the dropping of my tears  
Danced the mad and mystic spheres  
In a rounded, reeling rune,  
    'Neath the moon,  
To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.  
    Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,  
    (Ulalume !)  
In a dim Titanic tomb,  
For my gaunt and gloomy soul  
Ponders o'er the penal scroll,  
O'er the parchment (not a rhyme),  
Out of place,—out of time,—  
I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,  
    (O, the fifty !)  
And the days have passed, the three,  
    Over me !  
And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me !  
    'Twas the random runes I wrote  
At the bottom of the note  
    (Wrote, and freely  
    Gave to Greeley),  
In the middle of the night,  
In the mellow, moonless night,  
When the stars were out of sight,  
When my pulses, like a knell,  
    (Israfel !)  
Danced with dim and dying fays  
O'er the ruins of my days,  
O'er the dimeless, timeless days,  
When the fifty, drawn at thirty,  
Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty  
Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise !  
    Fiends controlled it, '  
    (Let him hold it !)  
    Devils held for me the inkstand and the pen ;  
    Now the days of grace are o'er,  
    (Ah, Lenore !)  
I am but as other men :  
What is time, time, time,  
To my rare and runic rhyme,  
To my random, reeling rhyme,  
By the sands along the shore,  
Where the tempest whispers, " Pay him !" and I answer  
    " Nevermore !"

GALAHAD : What do you mean by the reference to Horace Greeley ?

ZOILUS : I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars., He offers to sell it for half the money. Now, I don't mean to be wicked, and to do nothing with the dead except bone 'em, but when such a cue pops into one's mind, what is one to do?

THE ANCIENT : O, I think you're still within decent limits! There was a congenital twist about poor Poe. We can't entirely condone his faults, yet we stretch our charity so as to cover as much as possible. His poetry has a hectic flush, a strange, fascinating, narcotic quality, which belongs to him alone. Baudelaire and Swinburne after him have been trying to surpass him by increasing the dose ; but his Muse is the natural Pythia, inheriting her convulsions, while they eat all sorts of insane roots to produce theirs.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*) :Did you ever know him?

THE ANCIENT: I met im two or three times, heard him lecture once (his enunciation was exquisite), and saw him now and then in Broadway,—enough to satisfy me that there were two men in him : one, a refined gentleman, an aspiring soul, an artist among those who had little sense of literary art ; the other--

ZOILUS : Go on !

THE ANCIENT: " Built his nest with the birds of night."

No more of that!

*Diversions of the Echo Club.* By Bayard Taylor (John Camden Hotten, London.)

De volgende parodie van Prof. J. P. Stelle, redacteur van de *Progressive Farmer*, is verschillende malen in verschillende kranten in de Verenigde Staten gepubliceerd, meestal in verminkte vorm. Aangenomen wordt dat dit de juiste versie is:—

“THE AGER”

ONCE upon an evening bleary,  
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,  
In the sunshine, thinking over  
    Things that passed in days of yore ;  
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,  
Gently came a something creeping  
Up my back, like water seeping—  
    Seeping upward from the floor.  
" 'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,  
    From the regions 'neath the floor--  
    Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah ! distinctly I remember  
It was in that wet September,  
When the earth and every member  
    Of creation that it bore  
Had for days and weeks been soaking  
In the meanest, most provoking  
Foggy rains that, without joking,  
    We had ever seen before ;  
So I knew it must be very  
    Cold and damp beneath the floor--  
    Very cold beneath the floor. `

So I sat me nearly napping,  
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,  
Craving water, but delighted  
    With the breeze from 'neath the floor,  
Till I found me waxing colder,  
And the stretching growing bolder,  
And myself a feeling older--  
    Older than I'd felt before ;  
Feeling that my joints were stiffer  
    Than they were in days of yore--  
    Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping  
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,  
As if countless frozen demons  
    Had concluded to explore  
All the cavities—the " varmints " "  
'Twixt me and my nether garments,  
Up into my hair and downward  
    Through my boots into the floor ;  
Then I found myself a shaking,  
    Gently first, but more and more--  
    Every moment more and more.

'T was the " ager," and it shook me  
Into many clothes, and took me  
Shaking to the kitchen—every  
    Place where there was warmth in store ;  
Shaking till the dishes clattered,  
Shaking till the tea was spattered,  
Shaking, and with all my warming  
    Feeling colder than before ;  
Shaking till it had exhausted  
    All its powers to shake me more  
    Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,  
Then resumed with all the horror  
That it had the face to borrow,  
    Shaking, shaking as before ;  
And from that day in September  
Day that I shall long remember--  
It has made diurnal visits,  
    Shaking, shaking, oh so sore !  
Shaking off my boots, and shaking  
    Me to bed, if nothing more  
    Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting  
Round my cottage see me sitting  
Moodily within the sunshine  
    Just inside my silent door,  
Waiting for the ages, seeming  
Like a man forever dreaming,  
And the sunlight on me streaming  
    Throws no shadows on the floor ;  
For I am too thin and fallow  
    To make shadows on the floor ;  
    'Nary shadow—any more !

#### THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND THE SURPLUS.

LATELY on a midnight dreary, whilst I studied, though so weary,  
Several sheets of close-writ figures I had gone through times before ;  
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the Treasury door.  
" Is that Kempe ?" I slowly mutter'd. " If it is, pray leave the door—  
    I shall want you here no more !"

Oh! distinctly I remember, for it happen'd this December  
And each separate, dying ember seem'd a figure on the floor.  
Nervously I wish'd the morrow ; for so far I'd failed to borrow—  
From the Bank of England borrow—at the same rate as before—  
At the same low rate of interest I had borrow'd at before—  
    They would lend at Two no more.

And I had a sort of notion that this fact was known to Goschen,  
Whilst the dread of Childers fill'd me with a fear not felt before,  
So that now to still the beating of my heart I'd been repeating:  
" P'rhaps some luck may yet befall you ere you stand upon the floor—  
Stand next April with your Budget at the table on the floor—  
    And a Surplus yet restore !"

Presently the rap was stronger; hesitating then no longer  
" Kempe !" said I, " or Law, or Lingen, is that you outside my door ?"  
If it be, pray cease your tapping ; if you have no cause for rapping,  
Cease, and let me strike my balance ere I sleep, I you implore.  
Do come in if you are out there !" Here I open'd wide the door—  
    Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Seeing ghosts of former Budgets—Gladstone's Budgets—o'er me soar ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and of Kempe I saw no token ;  
He had gone with Law and Lingen shortly after half-past four.  
So I " H-s-s-h'd "—perchance assuming there were cats about the floor—  
    Merely cats, and nothing more.

Back into my room returning, where two composites were burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.  
" 'Tis too soon for chimney-sweeper; can it be the office-g keeper ?"  
This I said, and once more rising, tried the mystery to explore.  
" I will go and try the window, for there's no one at the door "—  
This I said, and nothing more.

Open then I flung the shutter, when with quite a fussy flutter,  
In there stalk'd a handsome `Surplus of the Liberal years of yore ;  
Not the least obeisance made it, not a minute stopp'd or é stay'd it,  
But—nor tried I to dissuade it—hopp'd on something on the floor;  
Hopp'd upon my rough-drawn Budget, which I'd thrown upon the floor—  
Hopp'd, then sat ; and nothing more !

Then this welcome guest beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the cheery and contented cast of countenance it wore ;  
" Welcome," said I, "Surplus comely! though you have arrived so ' rumly,'  
For `tis some years since a Budget drawn by me a Surplus bore ;  
Let this be a happy omen—that they'll come as heretofore !"  
Quoth the Surplus——" Nevermore !"

Much I marvell'd that so plainly it should answer, and sosanely;  
Though in sooth I hoped its answer little relevancy bore.  
For 't had fill'd my heart with pleasure, and with ecstasy past measure  
Once again to see a Surplus come within the Treasury door,  
To observe a real Surplus on my Budget on the floor,  
Like the one in 'Seventy-four.

But the Surplus, sitting lonely on my Budget draft, spake only  
That one: word already mention'd—I refer to " Nevermore."  
And not for its answer caring, and by no means yet despairing,  
I took heart and said : " Six millions was there left in 'Seventy—four ;  
When shall I next get a Surplus large as that in 'Seventy-four ?"  
Quoth my guest : "Why, nevermore !"

But this time 'twas not contented with the word I so resented,  
But went on and said ; " Oh, Northcote, ruin is for you in store !  
Thanks to your mysterious master, dearth will follow on disaster,  
Ills will follow fast and faster, trade will wholly leave your shore ;  
And the people, so impoverish'd, will your taxes pay no more.  
Debt will haunt you more and more !

" Now your revenue is sinking—it's no use the matter blinking,  
Every day, you know, Sir Stafford, your big deficit grows more,  
And you have to borrow, borrow (three more millions, eh, to-morrow?)  
You have now a floating debt that's ten times what it was of yore ;  
Think upon the splendid Budget Gladstone left in 'Seventy-four,  
And your muddle now deplore !"

As the Surplus thus declaiming, me to blushes deep was shaming,  
Straight I wheel'd my cushion'd seat in front the Budget on the floor,  
Sat on the morocco padding, and betook myself to adding  
Figure unto figure, madding though the look the total bore ;  
Whilst that grim, ungainly, ghastly Surplus still upon the floor  
Went on croaking: " Nevermore !"

" Surplus !" said I, "by thy figure, which methinks I see grow bigger,  
Whether Gladstone sent, or whether Fate has toss'd thee here to bore,  
Tell me, desperate and daunted, by a score of failures haunted,  
Soon by Childers to be taunted, tell me, tell me, I implore,  
Is there—can I—shall I—ever get things straight—say, I implore ?"  
Quoth the Surplus ; "Nevermore !"

" Surplus I" said I, " much I question, if I don't to indigestion  
Owe the vision of thy presence; still I'd ask thee this once more:  
In the name of Ewart Gladstone, whose finance I did adore,  
Tell me, here with debt so laden, if, before I go to Aidenn,  
I shall ever make a Budget with a Surplus, as of yore?  
Shall I e'er announce a Surplus from my place upon the floor?"  
Quoth the Surplus : " Nevermore !"

" Be that word our sign of parting, cruel thing !" I cried, upstarting;  
" Get thee back to Mr. Gladstone, who created thee of yore ;  
Go, and leave behind no token of the words that thou hast spoken ;  
Leave my vigil here unbroken, quit my Budget on the floor!  
Take thy figure off my Budget, lying there upon the floor."  
Quoth the Surplus : " Nevermore !"

"No, I will not think of flitting, but still sitting, ever sitting,  
On thy wretched, feeble Budgets, on the table or the floor,  
Will remind thee of the figure, sometimes less and sometimes bigger,  
Of the noble Gladstone's Surplus, always left in years of yore  
Yes, I'll always stay and haunt you-always stay and ever taunt you-  
As you draw up hopeless Budgets, and then throw them on the floor ;  
And my figure you shall ever see upon your study floor-  
I will leave you nevermore I"

And it doubtless had been sitting still, nor shown a sign of flitting-  
Had I not with sudden impulse started, falling by the door,  
And discover'd, slowly rising-what is not at all surprising-  
That my composites were out, whilst daylight stream'd across the floor,  
Then I knew I had been dreaming, but my brain continued teeming  
With the vision, and the Surplus that had come from years of yore,  
And my thoughts on what that Surplus said whilst there upon my floor  
Will be fixed evermore !

*Truth.* Christmas Number, 1879, ,

THE RAVEN.

(A Version, respectfully dedicated to the Duke of Somerset.)

LATE, upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, chill but cheery,  
Over certain prosy volumes of Contemporary lore-  
'Midst prophetic pages prowling, suddenly I heard a growling,  
As of something faintly howling, howling at my chamber-door.  
" 'Tis some poor stray tyke," I muttered, "howling at my chamber-door ;  
Only that, and nothing more."

Eugh! distinctly I remember it was in the cold December,  
And my fire to its last ember burned, while outer blasts did roar.  
Fearfully I funk'd the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my friends, or, to my sorrow, add to my coal-merchant's score-  
To that swollen, heavy—laden thing poor devils call a " score "-  
To be settled -nevermore.

And the windy, wild, uncertain flapping of my window curtain  
Filled me, thrilled me with fantastic fancies never known before ;  
So that, now, to check the cheating of my mind, I stood repeating,  
" 'Tis that JONES's dog entreating entrance at my chamber-door,  
Bibulous JONES's pug entreating entrance at my chamber-door,  
Only that, and nothing more."

Presently the sound grew stronger. Hesitating then no longer,  
" Tyke," said I, " low mongrel, truly this intrusion is a bore ;  
Where the deuce have you been prowling, that so late you come a howling,  
Keeping up this nasty growling, growling at my chamber-door?  
I was hardly sure I heard you." Here I open flung the door,—  
Darkness there, and nothing more !

Back into my chamber turning, where my lamp was dimly burning,  
Soon again I heard a growling, something louder than before.  
" Surely," said I, " surely, that is something stirring at my lattice,  
Let me see if ghost or cat 'tis, and this mystery explore.  
Pooh ! I have it, what a duffer, what a booby, to be sure !  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more !"

Open here I flung the easement, when, to my extreme amazement,  
In there stepped a rusty Raven of the "glorious days of yore."  
Not the least obeisance dropped he, not an instant stayed or stopped he,  
But, like ghoulish who hopped and flopped, he perched above my chamber door—  
On a plaster bust of DIZZY standing o'er my chamber-door-  
Perched and sat, and—nothing more !

Then this seedy bird beguiling my chilled features into smiling,  
By the grave lugubrious grimness of the solemn phiz he wore,  
"Thou art welcome to this haven," said I, "foul, bedraggled, shaven,  
Hopeless-looking ancient Raven, croaking as of days of ore.  
Tell me what thy lordly name is, is or was, in days of yore."  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore !"

Much I marvelled this most sickly fowl to hear respond so quickly,  
Though the *nomen* was a rum one, it a certain aptness bore,  
As to those dull dupes of folly and foreboding melancholy,  
Hopeful seldom, never jolly, doting on those days of yore,—  
Who esteem the present hopeless, utter failure or next door—  
To be mended nevermore !

But the Raven, squatting lonely on the plaster bust spoke only  
That one word, as though his soul in doldrums he would thus outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered, though his spirit seemed sore fluttered.  
'Come !' I said, or rather muttered, "you're dyspeptic—'tis a bore,  
In to-morrow you'll be better, sleep will your lost tone restore."  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore !"

Stick to find the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "this one word, now, is his only stock and store,  
Caught from pessimistic master, who in progress saw disaster,  
Coming fast and coming faster, till his wails one burden bore,—  
Till his sad vaticinations one unvarying burden bore,  
This same Raven's "Nevermore !"

But the Raven still beguiling my amused soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled my easy-chair in front of bird, and bust, and door ;  
Then, upon the cushion sinking, thought to thought by fancy linking,  
I employed my brains in thinking what this black and feathered bore,  
Like all gaunt funereal vaunters of those precious days of yore  
Meant by croaking "Nevermore !"

Then methought the air grew denser, darkened as by cynic censor,  
Some CASSANDRA whose forecastings are of evil days in store.  
"Croak no more I" I cried. "Content thee with the gifts the gods have sent thee ;  
Give us respite and nepenthe from sad dreams of days of yore !  
Let us quaff hope's sweet nepenthe, and forget those days of yore !"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore !"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil; 'Things are going to the devil,'  
Is the formula of fogies, I have heard that bosh before ;  
Times look dark, but hearts undaunted find the futur: still enchanted,  
With fair visions such as haunted valiant souls in days of yore.  
Can't you, *cant't* you look less glum? Keep up your pecker, I implore."  
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore !"

" Prophet," said I, " of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,  
But the heavens still bend above us, happy days are still in store ;  
All are not with megrims laden, still the future holds its Aidenn,  
For brave youth and beauteous maiden ; prophets have been wrong before,  
Generally are, in fact; why can't they learn, and cease to bore?"  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore !"

" Then, look here I we'd best be parting, croaking fowl !" I cried, upstarting,  
"You had better find your way to some Fools' Paradise's shore !  
Leave no feather as a token of the rubbish you have spoken,  
Leave my lonely rest unbroken, quit that bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my sight, and take thy blackness from my door I"  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore !"

And the Raven still is squatting, my aesthetic paper blotting,  
On the plaster bust of DIZZY, just above my chamber-door,  
With his wall-eyes dully gleaming 'neath the nightmare of his dreaming,  
And the gaslight o'er him streaming, casts his shadow on the floor;  
But my soul in that black shadow that lies heavy on the floor,  
Shall be shrouded—Nevermore !  
*Punch*, January 10, 1880.  
THE GOLD DIGGER.

ONCE upon an evening dreary, a gold-digger, tired and weary,  
Cogitated very sadly, brain and bone and heart were sore,  
For no gold came by his toiling, unkind fate seemed ever foiling  
All his toilsome, weary efforts, and the keeper of the store  
Had pitilessly stopped his credit; quoth the keeper of the store,  
" I can't tucker you no more."

Wild and gloomy thoughts were tumbling through his head and set him grumbling,  
And his voice in accents mumbling 'gan the harsh fates to implore,  
That they'd come to some decision, either make him some provision,  
Or at once their utmost fury on his willing head outpour—  
" Either make me some provision, or your deadliest vials pour "—  
He kept crying o'er and o'er.

Swearing, snapping, musing, napping, presently there came a tapping,  
Quite an unaccustomed tapping at this fate-tossed digger's oor,  
And it roused him from his musing with expectancy confusing,  
Made him listen to that tapping on the night's Plutonian shore,  
Wond'ring what could cause that tapping on the night's Plutonian shore,  
Wondering, guessing, more and more.

Softly then he seized a waddy, quietly he bore his body  
To that space within his hut, immediately behind the door ;  
And with easiest, gentlest motion, like the wave of summer ocean,  
He hove up the latch that barred all ingress to his shanty floor,  
Hove it up, and grasped his waddy, scanned the night's Plutonian shore,  
Saw the light, and nothing more.

Then cried he, "What shieer is it pays me this mysterious visit?  
Is't a snake or is't a wild dog? either sneak I do abhor,  
Well! I don't know about funking, but I'll just lie down my bunk in,  
And I'll leave the door wide open, open to what may explore  
The old hut, and while exploring, if the explorer don't get sore,  
Cooley on me, nevermore."

From the darkness came a fluttering, and a sort of subdued muttering  
That developed into stuttering, stuttering at the open door ;  
And a lovely Cochin China, impudent as any Dinah,  
Strutted proudly o'er the threshold like as he'd been there before,  
Just as though he had a right that came all other rights before,  
A right that still demanded more.

But a different opinion reigned without that small dominion ;  
There a calm recumbent digger eyed the proud bird o'er and o'er,  
And then stealthily arising, with a cunning most surprising,  
Ere Chanticleer had perceived it, he had fastened to the door;  
Had made the door so very fast that the chanticleer's uproar  
Might undo it, nevermore.

Then said he, " This bird celestial may I civilly request he'll  
Now disclose the cause of his nocturnal tapping at my door?  
Say ! hath my good angel sent thee? Flutter not, nay, nay, content thee,  
Thou shalt have as warm a welcome as e'er cocky had before,  
Have a regular hot old welcome, such as others had before ;  
I can offer nothing more,"

Ah ! the bird was very wary, and of eloquence quite chary,  
No clear answer did it make him as it dodged about the floor,  
Never thanked him for his kindness, but with worse than colour blindness  
It refused to see the goodness of the digger o'er and o'er,  
Really flew from his advances, as esteeming him a bore,  
And desiring such no more.

Spare my muse a dire narration, take the simple intimation  
That by fell decapitation, Cocky weltered in his gore.  
His shrill clarion brought to silence by a digger's ruthless violence  
Never more at dawn of morning, or at close of day might pour  
Its clear notes upon the air; might no matin solo pour;  
Silenced quite for evermore.

Quite soon a mouth—moistening aroma, such as a famous cook's diploma  
Might certify that famed cook's skill could draw from viands in his store,  
Filled the hut. The pot was bubbling, Cochin China's toil and troubling  
Were at an end, and he was yielding grateful broth from every pore,  
Yielding broth it for a warden, that should our digger's strength restore  
And make him a good feed once more.

'Twas no ardour scientific of immense results prolific,  
Nor a questioning of his fortunes by the ancient heathen lore  
Still our much depressed hero, whose luck surely was at zero,  
Was examining quite closely Cocky's crop upon the floor,  
Was inspecting it minutely on his knees upon the floor,  
Close and closer, more and more.

Then he rose in great elation, no swell owner of a station  
Could wear a more triumphant air than now our miner wore,  
For while he had been dissecting, he'd been curiously prospecting,  
And Cocky's crop had yielded yellow grains of golden ore.  
"No bad prospect," quoth our miner, "a good show of golden ore,,  
And around there must be more.'

When the morrow's sun had lighted up the heavens, our miner dighted  
In his clay-stained looking raiment sought the ground the fowls pecked o'er  
And with them he went a picking, and by dint of closely sticking  
To his feathered mates he picked up quite a lot of golden ore—  
Picked up nuggets large as brickbats, glorious lumps of golden ore,  
Made a pile, and nothing more.

*Newcastle Paper*, April, 1830.

#### QUART POT CREEK. (*Australasian*.)

ON an evening ramble lately, as I wandered on sedately,  
Linking curious fancies, modern, mediaeval, and antique,—  
Suddenly the sun descended, and a radiance ruby—splendid,  
With the gleam of water blended, thrilled my sensitive physique,—  
Thrilled me, filled me with emotion to the tips of my physique,  
Fired my eye, and flushed my cheek.

Heeding not where I was going, I had wandered, all unknowing,  
Where a river gently flowing caught the radiant ruby-streak ;  
And this new-found stream beguiling my sedateness into smiling,  
Set me classically styling it with Latin names and Greek,  
Names Italian and Castalian such as lovers of the Greek.  
Roll like quids within their cheek.

On its marge was many a burrow, many a mound, and many a furrow,  
Where the fossickers of fortune play at Nature's hide-and-' seek ;  
And instead of bridge to span it, there were stepping-stones of granite,—  
And where'er the river ran, it seemed of hidden wealth to speak.  
Presently my soul grew stronger, and I, too, was fain to speak :—  
I assumed a pose plastique.

" Stream," said I, " I'll celebrate thee ! Rhymes and Rhythms galore await thee  
In the weekly ' poets corner ' I'll a niche for thee bespeak :  
But to aid my lucubration, thou must tell thine appellation,  
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the Journal of next week-  
Give thy sweet Pactolian title to my poem of next week.  
Whisper, whisper it--in Greek !"

But the river gave no token, and the name remained unspoken,  
Though I kept apostrophising till my voice became a shriek ;—  
When there hove in sight the figure of a homeward-veering digger,  
Looming big, and looming bigger, and ejecting clouds of reek-  
In fuliginous advance emitting clouds of noisome reek  
From a tube beneath his beak.

" Neighbour mine," said I, " and miner,"—here I showed a silver shiner—  
"For a moment, and for sixpence, take thy pipe from out thy cheek.  
This the guerdon of thy fame is; very cheap, indeed, the same is ;  
Tell me only what the name is—('tis the stream whereof I speak)  
Name the Naiad-name Pactolian! Digger, I adjure thee, speak !"  
Quoth the digger, " Quart Pot Creek."

Oh, Pol ! Edepol ! Mecastor ! Oh, most luckless poetaster!  
I went home a trifle faster, in a twitter of a pique ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living rhyming being  
Ever yet was cursed with seeing, in his poem for the week,  
Brook or river made immortal in his poem for the week,  
With such a name as " Quart Pot Creek !"

But the river, never minding, "still is winding, still is winding,  
For the gardens where the Mongol tends the cabbage and the leek ;  
And the ruby radiance nightly touches it with farewell lightly,  
But the name sticks to it tightly,—and this sensitive physique,  
The already-mentioned (vide supra) sensitive physique,  
Shudders still at " Quart Pot Creek !"

*Miscellaneous Poems.* By Brunton Stephens.  
London (Macmillan and Co.) 1880.

In 1881 verscheen een bundel met korte verhalen getiteld *Waifs* bij Messrs. Maclehose in Glasgow. William Tait Ross was de schrijver, die het pseudoniem Herbert Martyne gebruikte. Een van de verhalen, getiteld 'A Séance with a Sequel', verhaalt over zijn ervaringen tijdens een spiritistische séance, waar de geest verschijnt van een van de ganzen die Rome van de ondergang redden met hun gegak, benevens de geest van een eend die in Noach's ark meevoer, en nog een aantal dieren, bekend in de literatuur, zoals de betreunde Cock Robin. Het verhaal eindigt met de volgende imitatie van 'The Raven':

A SEQUEL.  
THE SPIRITS

LATELY on a midnight dreary,  
Sitting by the fire so cheery,  
Listening to the storm that beat and blew  
With blustering gust and roar ;  
While I sat serenely smoking,  
Suddenly there came a knocking .  
As of some one rudely poking,  
Poking at my chamber-door—  
" 'Tis some dirty ill-bred spirit  
Knocking at my chamber-door—  
Only that, and nothing more."

But to face the audacious knocker,  
I seized the shining poker,  
While my heart went jumping, thumping,  
As I never felt before ;  
For through the storm's loud shrieking  
I heard high voices speaking--  
'Tis some thief's ghost that is sneaking  
On the outside of the door-  
Some vile spirit entrance seeking  
By the keyhole of the door-  
This, perhaps, and nothing more.

Hesitating then no longer,  
Presently my legs grew stronger,  
And, brandishing the poker,  
I strode towards the door ;  
When, without one word of fable,  
The ponderous parlour-table  
Marched as fast as it was able  
Right across the parlour floor ;  
Danced across the room, and then assumed  
Its post beside the door-  
Which is true, and something more.

Outside louder grew the knockings,  
Till I shook within my stockings,  
And then there came a thundering bang,  
Far louder than before ;  
While the ponderous parlour table  
Danced as fast as it was able  
Kicking up a noise like Babel,  
Which I could not well explore ;  
Let my legs be firm a moment,  
And this mystery explore-  
'Tis a drunken man, no more.

For now I well remember,  
In the dark days of December,  
Full many a drouthy crony  
Proceeds from door to door—  
Pouring forth the flowing whiskey,  
And, thereby getting frisky,  
Plays many a curious plisky,  
And raises many a splore--  
It may be spirit rappers  
On t'other side the door-  
                    Only that, and nothing more.

So pulling up my breeches,  
'Nith many tugs and hitches,  
I turned the key within the lock  
And opened wide the door,  
W hen arose a mighty bawling,  
And a sudden stick came mauling,  
That sent me quickly sprawling,  
Sprawling on the parlour floor ;  
And I said that spirit rapping  
I very much deplore—  
                    I think I rather swore.

And, shouting for a bobby,  
Till my voice rang through the lobby,  
I made efforts to collect myself  
Lying spilt upon the floor ;  
But it is a fact outrageous  
That no guardian beak courageous,  
With whiskers so umbrageous,  
Hears, however loud you roar ;  
So, assisted by the poker,  
I crawled towards the door-  
                    Darkness there, and nothing more.

Still the table it kept prancing,  
And a private hornpipe dancing,  
As if its soul rejoiced to see  
The sufferings that I bore.  
Wrathful at the wooden joker,  
I smashed it with the poker,  
When the loud tumultuous knocker  
Fled from my chamber door,  
Shouting out, to spirit rappers,  
" Never open wide your door any more."  
                    And I murmured, " Nevermore !"

THE DRAMA DESPONDENT!  
(A Poe-etical Parody.)

As one evening in my study, seated by the tirelight ruddy,  
I was busily absorbing portions of dramatic lore,  
Suddenly I heard a creaking, as of some one slyly sneaking  
(Setting both the hinges squeakingh sneaking through my study door.  
And I murmured, *sotto vove* " Who's that fiddling with the door?  
Doubtless some unwelcome bore !"

" Come in !" I sternly muttered, while my breast with anger fluttered,  
When there sidled in a Figure, such as ne'er was seen before ;  
Like some stagey apparition, in a woe-begone condition--  
And it took up its position just inside my chamber-door.  
" W'hat might be your name ?" I asked it. And it answered from the door--  
" I'm the Drama !"—nothing more !

" Oh, indeed in I said, politely. " Take a chair !" but that unsightly,  
Not to say dejected Figure, an unwilling manner bore.  
I remarked, "You seem in sorrow,—still bear up, perhaps to-morrow I "  
(Though some trouble has beset you, which at present you deplore)  
You maymeet with better fortune, and be brilliant as of yore. '  
Quoth the Drama, " Nevermore !"

" Why this tone of bitter anguish ?" I inquired ; " you seem to languish  
'Neath some very dreadful burden ; state the reason, I implore !  
Tell me plainly, now, what is it, that has caused this sudden visit—  
Why the unexpected entrance of your figure through my door?  
Why that stagey exclamation that you uttered just before,—  
That expression, ' Nevermore ?' "

Still it groaned, and I retreated, as that sentence it repeated.  
" What! again ?" I said. " Pray, drop it; though your grief is doubtless sore,  
You can't help trash being written for the theatres of Britain  
And 'swells' won't be always waiting for their 'pets' at each stage-door,  
And ere long the undressed syrens, may be swept away galore."  
Quoth the Drama, " Nevermore !"

Then the poor old Drama, sneering, took the cue for disappearing,—  
And it pulled its mantle round it, and stalked slowly to the door .  
And its groan was something fearful, as it said in accents tearful,  
As it sadly bent its optics on the carpet-covered floor-  
" Look here, old poetic party, I shall bet you ten to four,—  
'Twill be better, Nevermore !  
That is, hardly evermore !"

H. C. N.

*The Entr'acte*, February II, 1882.

## A VOICE.

IN the dusk, within my chamber, I sat and sadly pondered-  
Pondered o'er life's problems with my hand upon my brow.  
"When," I asked, "will adverse fortune cease to torment and oppress me?"  
A voice from out the window, shrill and piercing, answered, "Now!"

Thrilled and startled by the answer, coming from an unknown being  
I said again: "If blessing is in store, oh tell me how  
Release will come, and joy and peace? Say, when, when will it be?"  
And through the open casement promptly came the answer "N-n-now!"

Half in fear and half in frenzy, for methought the being mocked me,  
I said: "Unlock the mystery of my fate, or else I vow  
To curse thee for thy falseness. Tell me when I shall have blessing."  
The weird, shrill voice responded still, as ever, only "N-n-ow-w!"

To my feet I sprang in anger, liinging wide the casement shutter:  
"Djinn!" I shrieked, "or devil, or angelic being thou  
Shalt say when peace wilt come and joy to calm my troubled spirit!"  
The cat upon the moonlit shed below responded "N-a-ow-w-w!"  
*Free Press Flashes*, 1883.

## DUNRAVEN.

(A November Night's Vision, after reading Edgar Poe and the earl of Dunraven's Address on  
"Fair Trade", delivered by him, as President of the National fair Trade league, at Sheffield, on  
November 12<sup>th</sup>, 1884.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary  
Over many a dry and tedious tome of economic lore,  
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a snapping  
As of someone small terrier yapping, yapping at my study-door  
'Tis old *Ponto* there, I muttered, yapping at my study-door,—  
Only that, and nothing more.-

Ah, distinctly I remember it was early in November  
When to town the wearied Member came, and thought the thing a bore.  
Eagerly I hoped the morrow SALISBURY some Sense might borrow,  
And I thought with ceaseless sorrow of the streamside and the moor,  
Of the rare and radiant raptures of the streamside and the moor.  
Heather's sweep and trout-stream's roar,

Open then I flung the doorway, when, withg blast as chill as Norway,  
In there stepped "Fair Trade" DUNRAVEN, solemn as a monk of yore;  
Not the least apology made he, though I thought his manners "shady,"  
But, as stiff as TATE and BRADY, stood within my study-door,  
Underneath a bust of COBDEN just above my study-door,  
Stood, and scowled, and nothing more.

Then this sombre guest, beguiling my tired spirit into smiling  
By the *doctrinaire* decorum of the countenance he wore,  
" Smugly trimmed and deftly shaven, though I trust I'm not a craven,  
You have startled me, DUNRAVEN," said I, " yapping at my door.  
Tell me what your little game is ,late at night at this my door?"  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, " Tax once more !"

Much I chuckled (though urbanely) him to hear talk so insanely,  
For his answer little wisdom, little relevancy bore ;  
And one cannot help agreeing no sane living human being  
In " Fair Trade " salvation seeing, could come yapping at one's door,  
Snapping, late at night in winter, at a fellow's study-door,  
Just to bid him, " Tax once more !"

But DUNRAVEN, standing lonely under COBDEN's bust, spake only  
Those same words as though his creed in those few words he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered ; calm he looked, and quite unflattered,  
Then unto myself I muttered, " Other fads have flown before ;  
Very soon *this* fad will vanish, as Protection did before."  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, " Tax once more !"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,  
" Doubtless," said I, " what he utters is his only stock and store,—  
Caught from some bad fiscal master, whom trade-loss or farm-disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his talk one burden bore,  
Till the dirges of his craft one economic burden bore,—  
Of ' Tax—tax Corn once more !'

"Prophet," said I, " of things evil, Trade is going to the devil,  
Is the plea of you and LOWTHER, CHAPLIN, many another bore.  
Sophists dull, yet all undaunted, do you think the thing that's wanted  
By our land, depression—haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—  
Is it, can it be Protection ? Answer plainly, I implore !"  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, " Tax once more !"

" Prophet," said I, " of things evil, I *don't* wish to be uncivil  
But, by heaven! this Fair Trade Hggment is becoming a big bore.  
Think you Corn with taxes laden means an economic Aidenn  
For that somewhat ancient maiden who ' protected ' was of yore,  
For that very ancient maiden, Agriculture ?" With a roar  
Yelled DUNRAVEN " Tax once more !"

" Then it's time that we were parting, Parroteer !" I cried, upstarting  
" Get thee back to silly Sheffield, twaddle on St. Stephen's floor  
I requird no further token of the rot your League hath spoken,  
Fair Trade phalanx to be broken by experience sad and sore.  
Take thy BEAKEy's words to heart, who said Protection's day was o'er !"  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, " Tax once more !"

And DUNRAVEN, dolefuller waxing, still stands croaking of Corn-taxing  
Underneath the bust of COBDEN, just above my study-door,  
And his talk has all the seeming of a monomaniacs dreaming--  
Here I woke, and day was streaming through the lattice on the floor  
And I hope that no such vision e'er again my ears will bore  
    With the burden " Tax once more !"

*Punch*, November 22, 1884.

#### THE RAVENOUS BULL AND THE BICYCLE.

(*With Apologies.*)

MY name is William Rory, and I'm going to tell a story,  
Tell the story of an accident I've never told before.  
How when coming home from Dover I felt myself in clover,  
And I will say, moreover, that my feet were rather sore ;  
The landlord said, " You'll rue it," But I said " I mean to do it."  
But I'll do it nevermore.

And right well do I remember, 'twas early in September,  
'When that landlord said, " I'd rue it," as he stood against the door  
When my feet were sore with walking for that day I had been stalking  
Up and down the streets of Dover, where I'd never been before  
And I squinted at that landlord, and his warning did ignore.  
    But I'll do it nevermore.

So says I, " You're only joking, and at me it's fun you're poking"  
But the landlord looked quite solemn, and he spat upon the floor.  
And says he, " You must be silly to attempt a road so hilly.  
And see the time for starting, why it's just now striking four !  
Pray, sir, now do not do it, but stay over, I implore."  
    This he oft had said before.

But then he looked more willing, as I threw to him a shilling  
To drink my health in whisky, as oft I'd done before.  
And then I took my spanner, and all the bolts did hammer,  
And tightened up the nuts an operation I abhor  
Then I jumped into my saddle, shouting to him: '*au revoir!*'"  
    Only this, and nothing more.

And as I felt weary, the road to me seemed dreary  
Drearier than ever it had seemed to me before,  
But I was weary's master, and round the wheel went faster,  
And like a winged demon, along the road I tore,  
In an hour and three-quarters I had done of miles a score.  
    This I'd done, and nothing more.

And every minute faster, dreaming of no disaster,  
Along the road, 'mid dust and stones, my bike her master bore.  
While I my way was winging, I betook myself to singing,  
When all my nerves were palsied by a distant sullen roar ;  
And that roaring stopped my singing, and thinks I it is a boar.  
This I thought, and something more.

Just then a corner turning, my blood went through me burning  
For there in front, with fiery eyes, a bull straight for me tore. —  
A moment he stood eyeing, then bike and me sent flying,  
The perspiration trickled down my skin from every pore,  
And I rather think that in my flight I must have somehow swore.  
Merely swore, and nothing more.

After such a fearful riot, I laid there on the quiet,  
For he treated me so lively, and I wished the joke was o'er.  
He had pitched me in a gutter, and my nerves were in a flutter  
And into a thousand pieces my new uniform he tore,  
And says I he must be waiting for a taste of human gore.  
This I said, and nothing more.

While in the gutter lying, I saw that bull go flying  
Along the road, at such a speed he'd never gone before.  
So I let him go and curs'd him, and prayed the fates might burst him  
For my bicycle he'd humbugged, and he'd made me " awful " sore  
And I felt he'd quite undone me, but he'd never do so more.  
And I muttered nevermore.

I collected up the ruins of that nasty mad bull's doin's,  
And straightway did I take them unto my cottage-door.  
And my wife, when she espied me, said I wasn't looking tidy.  
And I told the awful story to the wife whom I adore,  
And she said: " My dear, stop riding; do give up for evermore.  
And I have, for evermore.

A. J. Freeland  
*Wheeling Annual*, 1885.

#### A CAT-AS-TROPHY

THE other night as I lay musing, and my weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day,  
suddenly I heard the rattling, as of serious hosts a-battling, as they mingled in the fray.  
'What's that ?' I cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting, slap! I ran against the door.  
" Oh, 'tis " naught," young Hornet grumbled, as o'er a huge arm—chair, I stumbled,?' 'tis a  
flea, and nothing more." " Then," said I, my anger rising, for I thought it so surprising that a  
flea should thus offend, " do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir? No,  
'tis not a flea, my friend." Now becoming sorely frightened, round my waist my pants I

tightened, and put on my coat and hat, and into the “ darkness peering, I saw, with trembling and much fearing, I the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat, Esq.

With astonishment and wonder I gazed upon this son of thunder, as he sat upon the floor, when resolution taking, a rapid movement making, lo ! I opened wide the door.

" Now clear out," I hoarsely shouted, as o'er my head my boot I flouted ; take your presence from my floor !" Then, with air and mien majestic, this creature, called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice heard howling, not a single word he said. And with feelings much elated, to escape a doom so fated, I went back to my bed.

*The Hornsey Hornet*, October, 1866.

THE END OF "THE RAVEN".

YOU'LL remember that a Raven in my study found a haven  
On a plaster bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door ;  
And that with no sign of flitting, he persisted there in sitting  
Till, I'm not above admitting, that I found that bird a bore.  
Found him, as he sat and watched me, an indubitable bore,  
With his dreary " Never more."

But it was, in fact, my liver caused me so to shake and shiver,  
And to think a common Raven supernatural influence bore ;  
I in truth had, after dining, been engaged some hours in " wining "—  
To a grand old port inclining—which its date was '44!  
And it was this crusted vintage, of the season '44.  
Which had muddled me so sore.

But next morn my " Eno " taking, for my head was sadly aching,  
I descended to my study, and a wicker cage I bore.  
There the Raven sat undaunted, but I now was disenchanted,  
And the sable fowl I taunted as I " H-s-s-h-d !" him from my door,  
As I took up books and shied them till he flew from off my door,  
Hoarsely croaking, " Never more !"

" Now, you stupid bird !" I muttered, as about the floor it fluttered.  
" Now you're sorry p'raps you came here from where'er, you lived before ?"  
Scarcely had I time to ask it, when, upsetting first a casket,  
My large-size waste-paper basket he attempted to explore,  
Tore the papers with his beak, and tried its mysteries to explore,  
Whilst I ope'd the cage's door.

Ever in my actions quicker, I brought up the cage of wicker,  
Placed it on the paper basket, and gave one loud " H-s-s-h !" once more.  
When, with quite a storm of croaking, as though Dis himself invoking,  
And apparently half choking, in it rushed old " Never more !"—  
Right into the cage of wicker quickly popped old " Never more !"  
And I smartly shut the door.

Then without the least compunction, booking to St. John's Wood Junction,  
To the " Zoo " my cage of wicker and its sable bird I bore.  
Saw the excellent Curator, showed him the persistent prater—  
Now in manner much sedater—and said, " Take him, I implore!  
Hes a nuisance in my study, take him, Bartlett, I implore !"  
And he answered, " Hand him o'er,"

" Be those words our sign of parting !" cried I, suddenly upstarting,  
"Get you in amongst your kindred, where you doubtless were before.  
You last night, I own, alarmed me (perhaps the cucumber had harmed me),  
And you for the moment charmed me with your ceaseless ' Never more!'—  
Gave me quite a turn by croaking out your hollow ' Never more !'  
But ' Good-bye !' all that is o'er !"

Last Bank Holiday, whilst walking at the Zoo, and idly talking,  
Suddenly I heard low accents that recalled the days of yore ;  
And up to the cages nearing, and upon the perches peering  
There, with steak his beak besmearing, draggle-tailed, sat " Never more !"  
Mutual was our recognition, and, in his debased condition, he too thought of heretofore;  
For anon he hoarsely muttered, shook his draggled tail and fluttered, drew a cork at me and  
swore-  
Yes, distinctly drew three corks, and most indubitably swore !  
Only that, and nothing more I  
*Funny Folks Annual, 1884.*

Op pagina 217 van de biografie over Poe van J. H. Ingram citeert hij het volgende citaat uit een van zijn brieven: " Have you seen 'The Moral for Authors' a new Satire by J. E. Tuel? Who, in the name of Heaven, is J. E. Tuel? The book is miserably stupid! He has a long parody of the 'Raven'—in fact, nearly the whole thing seems to be aimed at me. If you have not seen it and wish to see it I will send it."  
Het bedoelde boekje verscheen in 1849 bij Stringer and Townsend in New York, en bevatte 48 pagina's. Hier de bedoelde parodie uit dit uiterst zeldzame werkje.  
Het is gedateerd: 'van de

PLUTONIAN SHORE,

*Raven Creek, In the Year of Poetry*

*Before the Dismal Ages, A .D. 18—*

" ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I ponderd weak and I weary  
Over many a weary volume of recent published lore-  
While I nodded o'er '*The Sleeper*\*' suddenly I heard a creeper,  
As of some one peering deeper-deeper in my chamber door ;  
'Tis some author new, I mutter'd, or some other midnight bore ;  
Only this and nothing more! "

\* The name of one of Mr. POE's Poems,

“ Oh ! distinctly I that volume do remember in its solemn  
And sleepy double column as it fell upon the floor—  
Eagerly I wished to borrow from ‘ COOPER’S LAST’ of sorrow,  
Or my own dark books of horror—horror for having more !  
A sure cure for the blues, which were darkly creeping o’er  
My ‘Dream’ and nothing more. ”

"And the bleak and dread re-over turning of each volume cover  
Chill’d me—filled me with fantastic poems, never penned before,  
So that, to still the rushing of my thoughts towards the head-in,  
I said, ‘ ’Tis an author sure, entreating entrance through the key-hole door ;  
A waylaid child of Poetry on a midnight ‘bust,’ or more,  
Or else some other bore. ”

" Presently my pen grew fiery,—hesitating an inquiry,  
‘ Sir,’ said I (or Madman !), ‘ truly your late visit I deplore;  
For the fact is, I’m inditing a piece of murky writing,  
And so unseeming you came lighting, lighting on my chamber door,  
Which was never done before’—here be bolted in the door,  
And sat down upon the floor."

" Then this strange trick beguiling my phrenzy into smiling,  
By the cool audacious impudence his brazen features wore--  
Tho’ thy hat is old and napless, thou, I said, art sure not sapless,  
Young and tender in thy hapless wand’rings from thy mother’s shore ;  
Tell me what thou business here is on this dark and dismal floor  
Quoth the Author, ‘ Read this o’er.’ ”

" Much I wonder’d this ambitious youth to see an act so vicious,  
Tho’ its answer good deal meaning, I voted him a bore—  
For we cannot help believing that no genius living grieving  
Ever yet was blind in seeing a Manuscript read o’er  
By the ‘Reader ’ in a book-shop, or Book-boy in a store,  
Yet he cried on, ‘ Read it o’er !’ ”

" Startled at the stillness broken by reply so greenly spoken,  
Said I, ‘Before like POE you flutter you should like BRYANT soar -  
Forc’d from some disaster—perhaps you think to master  
Something in the Markette faster, faster than was ever sold before  
Till the bird-en of your hopes is ‘ Read it o’er—read it o’er.’  
Quoth the Author, ‘ Nothing more !’ ”

" But the Author still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I plackd the faded manuscript in front of Author, book and door,  
Then into its beauties sinking, I betook myself to thinking  
What this young aspiring Author with his Manuscript, and more ;  
What this bold aresum tuous Youth, with his head bor’d through a bore,  
Meant in saying, ‘ Read it o’er !’ ”

" Thus I sat, engaged in reading, but no syllable revealing,  
To the Youth, whose fiery eyes roll'd a fiery phrenzy o'er,  
And o'er its pages turning, with thoughts of mystic learning,  
I began a critique burning on its MATHEWS style and more,  
When coming to a chapter, which I heartily did deplore,  
Cried the Author, ' Read it o'er.' "

" Then methought the style grew duller, and the hero rather fuller  
Of thoughts which even BLUE—PARD never gloated o'er.  
' Man I ' I cried, ' thy brain has turn'd thee—by this chapter I have learn'd thee ;  
' Re-write—re-write—and re-*pen* thee these pages blotted o'er—  
'Take—oh ! take it, and re-*pen*-t thee—and correct these pages more :  
Cried the author, ' Read it o'er.' "

" 'Author I' said I, ' Imp of Evil—Author great, or Good or Devil,  
Whether PUTNAM sent or HARPER toss'd thee here ashore,  
Dull and stupid, yet undaunted—on this sheet romantic wasted-  
On this floor by volumes haunted—tell me plainly, I implore,  
Is there—is there sense in this? tell me, tell me, I implore ;  
Quoth the author, ' Read it o'er ! ' "

" 'Author I " said I, " thing of peril—of paper, ink and ferrel,  
By that Public which looks over us--by that Fame we both adore,  
Tell this head with furies laden if, within the distant trade-en  
It shall find in man or maiden one to read its pages o'er,  
And yet the chorus of your melody is ' Read it o'er—read it o'er.'  
Quoth the Author, 'Nothing more ! ' "

" Be that word our sign of parting, Author, Fiend, ' I shrieked upstarting,  
Get thee back unto the HARPERS on Cliff Street's Plutonian shore,  
Leave no blank page as a token of that word thy tongue has spoken,  
Leave my murky thoughts unbroken--quit the threshold of my door,  
Take thy Manuscript ' out' with thee and take thyself from out my door.'  
Quoth the Author, ' Read it o'er ! ' "

" And the Author never flitting still is sitting, still is sitting  
On a bust of pallid Manuscripts just above my chamber door ;  
And his pen has all the seeming of an engine ever teeming,  
And the smoke that's from it streaming throws his shadow on the floor  
And the only words this engine repeats is ' Read it o'er, Read it o'er,'  
And nothing more. "

THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

ONCE, it happened I'd been dining, on my couch I slept reclining,  
And awoke with moonlight shining brightly on my bedroom floor;  
It was in the bleak December, Christmas night as I remember,  
But I had no dying ember, as POE had ; when near the door,  
Like a gastronomic goblin just beside my chamber door,  
Stood a bird,—and nothing more.

And I said, for I'm no craven, " Are you EDGAR'S famous raven,  
Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up with LENORE?"  
Then the bird uprose and iluttered, and this sentence strange he uttered—  
"Hang LENORE," he mildly muttered; "you have seenj me once before,  
Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely once before.  
I'm the Goose,"—and nothing more.

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady,  
Straight he leapt upon my bed. I simply gave a stifled roar;  
And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose Club I was winner,  
'Tis a mem'ry of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four ;  
Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past four."  
Quoth he hoarsely, " Eat no more ! "

Said I, " I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back ; but tell me, Goose, is  
This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a bore?  
For gooseflesh I will no more ' ax' if you'll not sit on my thorax.  
Go, try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat is sore ;  
You speakl grunly though too plainly, and I'm sure your throat is sore."  
Quoth the nightmare, " Eat no more "

" Goose ! " I shrieked out, "Leave, oh, leave me! Surely you don't mean to grieve me?  
You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance must be o'er ;  
Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, comfort surely comes to-morrow.  
Some relief from thee I'd borrow at my doctor's ample store,  
There are pills of purest azure in that doctor's ample store. "  
Quoth the goblin, " Eat no more ! "

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a nightmare still is sitting  
With me all the night, emitting words that thrill my bosom's core ;  
Now, throughout the Christmas season, while I lie and gasp and wheeze, on  
Me he sits, until my reason nothing surely can restore,  
I am driven mad, and reason nothing surely can restore ;  
While that Goose says, " Eat no more."

*Punch*, January 1, 1881.

THE COLLEGE CRAVEN.

ONCE when in the evening walking, with my darling softly talking,  
Wandering by the shining river, as we'd often done before ;  
While the clear full moon was beaming, on the flowing waters gleaming,  
And the little waves were streaming, streaming, rippling towards the shore  
Like small bars of silver dancing, gliding in towards the shore,  
Noiseless save for splash of oar.

Oh, distinctly I remember 'twas in bright and clear September  
Soon after I had returned to this ancient seat of lore,  
Vainly I had sought to borrow from my books surcease to sorrow,  
Fearing, dreading that the *harrow* would pass over me once more,  
Little hoped I for Testamur, dreading to be *ploughed* once more,  
Ploughed perhaps for evermore.

So I pondered deeply thinking, fancy into fancy linking,  
Balmy air of cool night drinking soothingly through every pore.  
Whilst I wandered with my dearest, and the moon was at her clearest,  
Earth to heaven seemed the nearest it had ever been before ;  
Life was sweeter at that moment than it had ever been before,  
Than it will be evermore.

Thus while we were entstrolling, pleasant thoughts our minds enrolling,  
Suddenly I heard a footstep that I had not heard before,  
And I felt my blood run colder, and in fact was no way bolder,  
As I felt upon my shoulder the "bulldog`s" hand I so abhor  
Then he said with gleeful malice those old words I so abhor  
" The proctor wants you, " nothing more.

"Bulldog," cried I, "thing of evil, how I wish you at the devil,"  
But the " bulldog," most ferocious, never let me from his paw,  
But before the proctor hurried, who my wits completely flurried,  
Since they were already worried, " Your name and college I implore, ! '  
And your presence In the morning I must earnestly implore,"  
Quoth the proctor, nothing more.

In the morning by fears riven, though against them I had striven,  
That the penalty was heavy I in no way could ignore.  
But my case being duly stated, I was most severely rated,  
And within the college gated, gated till the term was o'er,  
Ne'er to wander forth at even till the weary term was o'er,  
Only this, and nothing more.

Wadham College, Oxford, P. G. S.  
Nov., 1884.

## THE (C) RAVEN STUDENT.

Once upon a morning dreary, through my lodging window smeary,  
Came the cold and blacks and street-cries making getting up a bore.  
And I wished I still were napping : suddenly I heard a tapping,  
As of some one pertly rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
" 'Tis," growled I, " that maid of all-work rapping at my chamberdoor—  
What on earth can it be for.'

But too well do I remember that hungriest, dreariest November ;  
Not a single blessed ember cast its glow upon the floor,  
Nor dared I hope that on the morrow I could venture more to borrow  
On my books, which, to my sorrow, had been carried by the score ,  
" To my uncle's," by the slattern whom the Missis called Lenore-  
Why, I could not say, I'm sure.

And the shiv'ring, cold, uncertain rustling of each paper curtain  
Told me of a bleaker draught than I had ever felt before ;  
So that, while to rise objecting, I turned again and lay reflecting,  
Through the crazy rattling sashes as the rain now came by dashes,—  
I began to think the knocking at the panel of my door  
Was the wind, and nothin more.

Soon again it came, and stronger; hesitating then no I longer,—  
"Girl," I cried, "had you but listened, you could well have heard me snore,  
"For the fact is, I was napping when so rudely you came rapping ;  
And if you again come tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
I will give you such a slapping as you never had before !"  
Shrieked the maiden :—" Never, sure !"  
By the Author of "*Flemish Interiors*."

## POE-TISCHE VERVALSINGEN

Vervalsingen zijn weer een verhaal apart: In de Londense *Morning Star* van 1 september 1864 verscheen de volgende ingezonden mededeling:

“ EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SIR—I have noticed with interest and astonishment the ' remarks made in different issues of your paper respecting Edgar A. Poe's "Raven," and I think the following fantastic poem (a copy of which I enclose), written by the poet whilst experimenting towards the production of that wonder ful and beautiful piece of mechanism, may possibly interest your numerous readers. "The Fire-Fiend" (the title of j the poem I enclose) Mr. Poe considered incomplete and threw it aside in disgust. Some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers, he sent it in a letter to a friend, labelled facetiously, " To be read by candle-light at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum." I was intimately acquainted with the mother—in—law of Poe, and have frequently conversed with her respecting "The Raven," and she assured me that he had the idea in his mind for some years, and used frequently to repeat verses of it to her and ask her opinion of them, frequently making alterations and improvements, according to the mood he chanced to be in at the time. Mrs. Clemm, knowing the great study I had given to " The

Raven," and the reputation I had gained by its recital throughout America, took great interest in giving me all the information in her power, and the life and writings of Edgar A. Poe have been the topic of our conversation for hours.

Respectfully,  
M. M. CREADY.  
London, August 31.

THE FIRE-FIEND.  
A NIGHTMARE.

I.

IN the deepest depth of midnight, while the sad solemn swell  
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest Chapel  
Faintly, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air  
That were through the Midnight rolling, chafed and billowy, with the tolling-  
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful gleaming,  
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart fore-doomed to Care !

II.

At the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic chime-  
Lifting through the sable billows to the Thither Shore of time-  
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace--  
In a quivering sigh departed; from my couch in fear I started :  
Started to my feet in terror, for my Dream's phantasmal error  
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face !

III.

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of oak  
Seemed to gibe and grin this Phantom when in terror I awoke,  
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to the floor  
Still in that dread Vision seeming, turned my eyes towards the gleaming  
Hearth, and—there! oh, God! I saw it! and from out its flaming jaw it  
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore !

IV.

Speechless; struck with stony silence; frozen to the floor I stood,  
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling, blood :—  
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent lips :—  
Till the Demon seemed to name me ; then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,  
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp stiff and gluey,  
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse !

V.

Then, as in Death's seeming shadow, in the icy Pall of Fear  
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear :—  
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep :—  
Muttering, " Higher ! Higher ! Higher ! I am Demon of the Fire!  
I am Arch-Fiend of the Fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,  
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep !"

VI.

" How I revel on the Prairie ! How I roar among the Pines!  
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines,  
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a Life in every breath !  
How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each crackling rafter  
Down the fell abyss of Fire, until higher ! higher I higher !  
Leap the High Priests of my Altar in their merry Dance of Death !"

VII.

" I am monarch of the Fire ! I am Vassal-King of Death !  
World-encircling, with the shadow of its Doom upon my breath !  
With the symbol of Hereafter flaming from my fatal face !  
I command the Eternal Fire! Higher! higher! higher ! higher !  
Leap my ministering Demons, like Phantasmagoric lemans,  
Hugging Universal Nature in their hideous embrace !" |

VIII.

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn shrouded sleep,  
And I slumbered like an infant in the " Cradle of the Deep,"  
Till the Belfry in the Forest quivered with the matin stroke,  
And the martins, from the edges of its lichendidden ledges,  
Shimmered through the russet arches where the Light in torn files marches,  
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

IX.

Through my ivy fretted easement filtered in a tremulous note  
From the tall and stately linden where a Robin swelled his throat :—  
Querulous, quaker breasted Robin, calling quaintly for his mate  
Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber nightmare ridden,  
With the memory of that Dire Demon in my central Fire  
On my eye's interior mirror like the Shadow of a Fate !

X.

Ah! the fiendish Fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,  
And no knot of oak was flaming as it Hamed upon my sleep ;  
But around its very centre, where the Demon Face had shone,  
Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger  
To a BIBLE, massive, golden, on a table carved and olden—  
And I bowed, and said, "All Power is of God, of God alone !"

Een aardige hoax, maar het gedicht was al eerder gepubliceerd in een boekje met parodieën, *The Fire-Fiend and other Poems*, van Charles D. Gardette (Messrs. Bunce and Harrington, New York 1866. Niettemin werd het warm ontvangen en besproken door de critici.

Ook het volgende werd aan Poe toegeschreven, hij was tenslotte excentriek, maar dit lag toch niet in zijn stijl en is een tikkeltje té *gothic*:

G O L G O T H A :  
A PHANTASM.

WHILE the embers flare and flicker, gathering shadows thick and thicker—  
While the slender shaded lamplight sheds a glimmer gray and dull—  
On my mantle, smoke encrusted, o'er two war-knives hacked and rusted,  
In my fascinated vision grins a dark and dented Skull !

Through the midnight Forest leaping—Death's red harvest fresh from reaping—  
Once this skull was steeped and drunken in a revelry of gore :  
In his crimson orgie shrieking, mad with lust, and murder reeking  
Thus the Blood-Avenger found him—smote him !—and he raved no more !

In that forest, leaf-enfolded, many a nameless year he mouldered,  
Withered, shrivelled, fell to utter dry and desolate decay;  
Till of all his savage glory naught there was to tell the story  
Save this dark uncouth and dented skull I found, and bore away

With the coward thought to mock it, in each eyeball's blackened socket  
Once I set a globe of silver as a dread and dismal jest.  
Oh! full often has the glitter of those pale orbs caused a bitter  
Burst of sharp and sudden terror to a timid twilight guest

But to-night their flashes daunt me, and their changing glances haunt me,  
And their cold glare shivers through me like a scimitar of ice !  
Well I know their threat is seeming—that no life is in their gleaming,  
Yet my soul is strangely troubled by my own accurst device !

Ay! my soul is strangely troubled! and my heart—throbs fiercely doubled !  
And I cannot wrench my gaze from off those silver demon balls !  
To my brain their blaze seems burning—Ah ! by Heaven ! I saw them turning !  
Yes! see—see them! there! they roll! O God! a red light from them falls !

How its white teeth glint and glisten ! Listen ! Am I mad ! O, listen I  
No ! It speaks ! I hear a whisper rattle through its hollow jaws !  
"With this jest my front adorning, Pale-Face, you are blindly scorning—  
Sadly, sorrowfully scorning all your Being's Primal Laws !

" Count the dim descent of ages ! Turn Life's crisp and crumbling pages !  
Is a single leaf forgotten in this Golgotha of Doom?  
Fool ! You bear a fragile carnal shroud around your ghastly charnel  
But to add another atom to the Inevitable Doom !

" I have stripped my shroud before you : You, perchance, now wear it o'er you !  
Every shred of Life is worn from the Dead Past o'er and o'er !  
Through the years the Earth is heaving with this weird and wondrous weaving,  
And your slender thread but waiteth till the Loom hath need for more ! "

It hath ceased ! There is no glimmer on the hearth ! The lamp grows dimmer,  
Dimmer, dimmer;—now it flickers, flashes, wildly flares—is fled !  
Through the Darkness round me heaving, now I hear a sound of weaving,  
As a mighty loom were working, viewless, with a viewless thread !

Nou weer een gewone parodie:

THE RAVEN.

*Scene*-Study in Chief Secretarys Lodge, Phoenix Park.

\* *G.O.T. loguitor*—

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary  
Over two delightful volumes rich in biographic lore.  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping ·  
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
" 'Tis the footman with the tumblers, tapping at my chamber door  
Only that and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November ;  
Wrought each separate dying ember, Gladstones nose upon, the floor,  
Terror-struck I feared the morrow; Vainly had I sought to borrow  
From those books surcease of sorrow ; agony perhaps in store.  
If those students, sons of Gladstone, failed to top Sir Stafford's score!  
Name it not for evermore.

Open then I flung the portal, when, with impudence immortal,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of old Buckshotst days of yore.  
Not the leastobeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
Bat as cool as joseph Brady, perched upon my chambers door  
Perched upon a bust of Bradlaugh just above my chamber door- ·  
Perched and spat, and nothing more.

" Prophet I " said I, " thing of evil, prophet still, Parnell, or devil,  
Whether Gladstone or young Herbert sent or brought thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this island disenchanted,  
In this home by horror haunted, tell me truly,I implore,  
Shall I, shall I poll as many as did Roseberry before? "  
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

" Prophet I " said I, " thing of evil, prophet still, Churchill or devil,  
By that bust that scowls beneath thee, by that God he don't adore,  
Tell this soul with terror haunted, tell this Secretary I daunted,  
Of the triumphs which we've vaunted, of the victory in store,  
Shall the newsboys shout to-morrow how I've topped Sir E Stafford's score ? "  
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

ANONYMOUS. ( Rond 1880)

## SPIRITUELE POËZIE

Poe was nog niet dood of zijn geest verscheen in tal van spiritistische séances, waar ook menig gedicht werd doorgegeven, want stoppen met de poëzie was er niet bij voor hem.

De kwaliteit van zijn werk had wel ernstig te lijden van zijn overlijden, en ook zijn stijl leek drastisch gewijzigd. Maar voor gelovigen telt zoiets niet.

Vooraf vrouwelijke mediums kregen hem door, maar het resultaat leverde weinig herinneringswaardigs op.

Hier volgt een meer lezenswaardig staaltje van een zekere R. Allston Lavender jr., die het volgende gedicht gedicteerd kreeg van de geest van Poe. De heer Allston Lavender was woonachtig in het 'lunatic asylum' in Raleigh, N.C.:

FIRES within my brain were burning,  
Scorning life, despairing, yearning;  
Hopeless, blinded in my anguish ;  
                    Through my body's open door

Came a Raven, foul and sable,  
Like those evil birds of fable,  
Downward swooping where the drooping  
                    Spectres haunt the Stygian's shore.

Ghosts of agonies departed,  
Festering wounds that long had smarted,  
Broken vows, returnless mornings,  
                    Griefs and miseries of yore,

By some art revived, undaunted,  
I gazed steadfast ; the enchanted,  
Black, infernal Raven uttered  
                    A wild dirge—not Evermore.

Gazing steady, gazing madly  
On the bird, I spoke, and sadly  
Broke down, too deep foreshorning,  
                    Sought for mercy to implore.

Turning to the bird, I blessed it—  
In my bosom I caressed it ;  
Still it pierced my heart, and revelled  
                    In the palpitating gore.

I grew mad ; the crowning fancies,  
Black weeds they—not blooming pansies—  
Made me think the bird a spirit.  
                    Bird, I cried, be bird no more;

Take a shape--be man, be devil,  
Be a snake ; rise in thy revel !  
From thy banquet rise—be human I  
I have seen thee oft before ;

Thou art a bird, but something more.  
Tapping, tapping, striking deeper,  
Rousing pain, my body's keeper,  
Thou hast oft ere while sought entrance  
At the heart's great palace door ;

Leave me, leave me, gloomy demon,  
Fiend or spirit, most inhuman ;  
Strike me through, but first unveiling,  
Let me scan thee o'er and o'er—  
Thou art a bird, but something more.

Still with sable pinions flapping,  
The great Raven tapping, tapping,  
Struck into my breast his talons.  
Vast his wings outspread, and o'er

All my nature cast a pallor,  
But I strove with dying valor,  
With the poinard of repulsion,  
Striking through the form it wore—  
Of a bird, and something more.

Oh I thou huge, infernal Raven,  
Image that I fell's King hath graven,  
Image growing more gigantic,  
Nursed beyond the Stygian shore,

Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee,  
I would not of wrong, impeach thee ;  
I cried madly, then earth opened,  
With a brazen earthquake roar.

Downward, downward, circling, speeding,  
Cries of anguish still unheeding,  
Striking through me with his talons,  
Still the Raven shape he bore ;

Unto Erebus we drifted,  
His huge wings by thunder lifted,  
Beat 'gainst drifts of white-flamed lightning,  
Sprinkled red with human gore--  
'Twas a bird, but demon more

I'm no bird, " an angel brother,"  
A bright spirit and none other,  
I have waited, blissful tended  
    Thee for thirty years and more.

In thy wild, illusive madness ;  
In thy blight, disease and sadness,  
I have sounded, tapping, tapping  
    At thy spirit's Eden door,  
    Not a bird, but angel more.

In my Palmyrenian splendor,  
In Zenobian regnance tender,  
More than Roman thought Aurelian,  
    Were the kingly name I bore ;

I have left my angel-palace,  
Dropping in thy sorrow's chalice  
Consolation ; oh I 'twas blessed,  
    Sweet thy pillow to bend o'er,  
    Not a bird, loveis angel more.

Shining down with light Elysian  
Through the pearly gate of vision,  
On thy tranced soul lighted fancy,  
    When across thy chamber-floor,

Fell the spirit moonlight laden,  
Laden with soft dewes from Aidenn,  
Shaken downward, still Nepenthe  
    Drunk by dreaming bards of yore.

Eden is life's mocking fever,  
Where through citron groves for ever  
Blow the spice winds, and the love-birds  
    Tell their raptures o'er and o'er,

From earth's hell by Afrits haunted,  
From its evil disenchanting,  
I have borne thee, gaze upon me,  
    Didst thou see me ne'er before ?

Then I wakened, if to waken  
Be to dwell by grief, forsaken, ,  
With the God who dwelt with angels  
    In the shining age of yore.

And I stood sublime, victorious,  
While below lay earth with glorious  
Realms of angels shining,  
    Crown-like on her temples evermore,  
    Not on earth, an Eden more.

Earth, I cried, thy clouds are shadows  
From the Asphodelian meadows  
Of the sky-world floating downward,  
    Early rains that from them pour ;

Love's own heaven thy mother bore thee,  
And the Father God bends o'er thee,  
'Tis His hand that crowns thy forehead,  
    Thou shalt live for evermore,  
    Not on earth, an Eden more.

As a gem has many gleamings,  
And a day hath many beamings,  
And a garden many roses  
    Thrilled with sweetness to the core ;

So the soul hath many ages,  
And the life's book many pages,  
But the heart's great gospel opens  
    Where the Seraphims adore,  
    Not on earth, an Eden more.

I will write a book hereafter,  
Cheerful as a baby's laughter  
When its mother's breast o'er leans it,  
    On the sainted spirit shore ;

Like Apollo, the far data,  
I, the poet and the martyr,  
Will chant peans of soul music  
    That shall live for evermore,  
    Not a friend, a brother more. °

*American Paper.*

*Je vind soms wel eens wat:*

IN de bibliotheek van het British Museum bevindt zich een in eigen beheer uitgegeven boekje van 24 pagina's, getiteld *Pot-Pourri*. Het bevat geen auteursnaam, maar heeft als opdruk:

" Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by ABEL REID, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington." S. W. GREEN, Printer and Electrotyper, 16 & 18, Jacob St., New York." Er staan elf parodieën in op het werk van Poe, waaronder een op 'The Raven':

*Raving*

ONCE upon a midnight, weary,  
As I maundered, gin-and-beery,  
    O'er an oft-repeated story,  
Till my friends thought me a bore—  
    Sitting weeping, and half sleeping,  
    Something set my flesh a-creeping,  
And I saw a Raven peeping  
Through my room's unopen'd door.  
" See that Raven," said I to them,  
"Trying to get through the door,—  
A Black Raven——nothing more? "

Now, I was not drunk, but weary,  
For my head was out-of-geary  
With close study of quaint volumes,  
Curious in forgotten lore;  
(Though they said delirium tremens)  
I'd been reading bits of Hemans,  
And some leaves of Jacob Behmen's,  
Two or three-epershaps a score ;  
And I said—" It is a Raven  
Rampant just outside the door—  
Striding through," I said—and swore,

I insisted, and I twisted,  
And resisted and persisted  
Though they held me and, closedisted,  
Saw no Raven at the door:  
I forgot all I had read of,  
For that ill bird took my head off,  
Like a coffin lid of lead off  
The dead brain of one no more.  
Would I trust their words instead of  
What I saw right through the door?  
Through the door,—I said--and swore.

Yes ! it is a Raven surely,

Though he does look so demurely  
Like a doctor come to assure me  
I am drunk: Not so,—I swore.  
Drunk? I drunk 't I've not been drinking ;  
I'm but overcome with thinking g  
There I saw that Raven winking  
In the middle of the floor.  
Doctor! there's tho Raven rampant  
In the middle of tho floor ;  
He has hopp'd straight through tho door.

Look! his curst wings brush tho dust off  
That fallon, broken, batter'd bust of  
Psyche,—where it lies in the shadow,  
Shatter'd flung down on the floor.  
Soo ! he spurns the broken pieces.  
Catch him, Doctor ! When ho ceases  
He will rend me Past releaso is—  
Nothing ! Nothing on the floor?  
Yes ! The Psyche lies in the shadow,  
Lieth shatter'd on the floor—  
To be lifted nevermore.

Na 1885 verschenen ook veel parodieën die een politieke strekking hadden, die niet allemaal meer even begrijpeleijk zijn of van mindere kwaliteit. Hier volgt een selectie van de betere in hun geheel, en een paar uittreksels van mindere.

#### AN APPEAL.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, Gilbert pondered weak and weary  
Thinking of a curious tittle his new Comic Opera for,  
When a volume from him flinging, suddenly there came a clinging, —  
As of some one madly clinging to the bell at his front door;  
" It is D'Oily Carte," he muttered, " ringing at my big front door,  
Merely this and nothing more."

Poking then the glowing ember, for 'twas cold as bleak December  
Gilbert said "Ah, I remember in the olden time of yore,  
Yea, and shall forget it never, though I were to live for ever  
How I vainly did endeavour once to see my ' Pinafore,'  
Sat and suffered awful anguish in the stalls at ' Pinafore,'  
Just that once, but nevermore."

's' For the feeling—sad, uncertain—at the rising of the curtain  
Thrilled me, filled me with such terrors, that a solemn oath I swore,  
And the oath have oft repeated, that though kings and queens entreated,-  
I would ne'er again be seated in the stalls as once before,  
There to try and see the piece through, as I tried to do before  
Now to do so nevermore."

Open here was flung the portal by a pompous powdered mortal, —  
Who then ushered Mr. Carte in, as he oft had done before ;  
Not a moment stopped or stayed he, but a slight obeisance made he  
And in voice of thunder said he, " Mr. Carte "—then slammed the door,  
And in tones stentorian said he, "I\|r. Carte, "—then slammed the door.  
Only this and nothing more.

Mr. Carte then said quite coolly, "Mr. Gilbert, tell me truly  
Have youi found a proper title our new Comic Opera for ?  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, as you hope to go to Aidenn  
Have you really, really made `un? Tell, O tell me, I implore !  
Tell me what its funny name is—tell, O tell me, I implore ! "  
Answered Gilbert—" Ruddygore!! "

Carte uprose, alarmed, astounded, by this title much confounded  
For this word of dreadful meaning such a world of horror bore  
And he said, "This title gruesome, I feel very sure will do some  
Injury, and we shall lose some thousands ere this piece is o`er  
Such a name will surely ruin both your words and Arthur`s score  
Therefore change it, I implore."

Then said Gilbert, calmly smoking, " D`Oyly Carte, you must be joking ;  
I have never found a title that I liked so much before,  
For it gives the play the seeming of a drama that is teeming  
With deeds of blood all streaming, which the people gloat so o`er  
Of those deeds all grim and ghastly that the people gloat so o`er  
Therefore be it Ruddygore."

And with title so unfitting, people still are nightly sitting  
In this gallery, stalls, and boxes, from the ceiling to the floor ;  
And although they can`t help glancing at D. Lely when he`s dancing,  
Think Miss Brandram`s song entrancing, and give Grosssmith an encore,  
Still all cry, ‘ Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, change this title" Ruddygore. "  
Not in spelling— we want more."

*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

About a week after the production of *Ruddygore* (January, 1887), when both the opera and its title were being adversely criticised, Mr. Gilbert jocularly remarked : " I propose altering the title of the piece, and calling it ‘ *Kensington Gore; or, Not so yood as the Mikado* ’ "

AN ARTIST`S RAVIN`.

(*A pro-Poe of the Royal Academy Exhibition.*)

IN my studio, listless, dreary,  
As I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over heaps of washy sketches I had painted years before,  
Suddenly there came a tapping  
(A curious wild mercurial tapping ).  
'Twas the postman`s double rapping,  
Rapping at the big front door.  
Only this, and nothing more.

But it brought to me a feeling  
Ever growing—never healing—  
" Still so gently o'er me stealing,"  
Which I'd often felt before.  
The Academy were sending  
Round those cards, those never-ending  
Monitors to the offending .  
Limners they'd turned out before.  
This it was—and nothing more.

As I sat there, half demented,  
Our Jemima Ann presented  
Several letters which were left me by that postman at the door;  
And amongst them lay the verdict .  
The Academy had sent me,  
And I swooned upon the floor-  
Simply this—and nothing more.

Rising, on the verge of madness,  
Should I-courting joy or sadness-  
Find it now by bursting open the portentous seal it bore;  
Or, in frenzy, should I burn it,  
Or to the R. A.'s return it,-  
And their secrecy implore—  
Their forgiveness—Evermore !

Or still feeling that without full  
Knowledge, if a Gross or Doubtful  
Might be lurking in the missive I've adverted to before,  
Should I tenderly unfold it;  
And in trembling digits hold it  
To confront me Evermore  
With its verdict—Evermore!

Musing thus, I opened wide the  
Envelope, and looked inside the  
Deep abyss, and found a curious card I'd never seen before:  
As of some one madly clinging to the bell at his front door;  
'Twas the varnishing permission  
For the coming Exhibition !  
May I get it—Evermore ;  
Be accepted—Evermore !

*Funny Folks.*

Op 31 oktober 1886 publiceerde de *Weekly Dispatch* (Londen) vijf parodieën op 'The Raven' i.v.m. een wedstrijd. De volgende inzendingen wonnen de prijs van twee guineas:

ONCE beneath a tree at Hawarden, while I pondered in my garden  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of Homeric lore.  
While I nodded, nearly napping, came a noise like distant tapping,  
Or shillelaghs gently rapping, on the verdant Shannon shore.  
"Tis more Irishmen," I muttered, "from the verdant Shannon shore—  
Home Rulers, and nothing more !"

Ah, distinctly I remember—'twas in Eighty-six, November,  
' After every " Union " member had conspired my bill to floor  
In a state of agitation, I sought some vaticination  
Which should show me if the nation would their G.O.M. restore:  
If the public their old leader would to place and power restore  
Once again, or nevermore.

Once again I heard the tapping; then, his ebon pinions flapping,  
O'er the wall there flew a Raven, of the stormy days of yore.  
An old bird of aspect cheeky, with a croak extremely creaky,  
And a bill extremely "Beaky," and a curl that hung before,  
Like the curl once worn by Dizzy, which, you know, hung down before,  
And he croaked out " Nevermore !"

Then methought the air grew denser, and he changed to Mr. Spencer,  
And he gibbered, ghostly, ghoul—like, on the garden's tufted floor.  
" Wretch !" I cried, " from distant Berlin, cease thy fierce moustache from twirlin' ;  
Tell me, for my brain is whirlin', will the Fates my power restore ?  
Will the dissidents surrender and once more my power restore ?"  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore !" ]. C. Rose

Highly commended :—

ONCE upon an evening dreary, as I pondered worn and weary -  
Over many a dusty packet of unsettled bills of yore,  
As I sat serenely rocking, thinking it was very shocking,  
Suddenly I heard a knocking—knocking at my study door.  
"Tis`is my tailor gay," I muttered, " knocking at my study door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinct my recollection, for I had a chest affection  
Out of cash -and in dejection I was gazing at the floor  
Vainly I had tried to borrow half-a-crown to meet the morrow,  
But discovered, to my sorrow, none would trust me anymore  
From the too-confiding butcher to my tailor, tradesrnen swore  
They would trust me-nevermore !

Then, my study door unbolting, in there stepped, with bow revolting,  
He, my stern, relentless tailor, whom, I fear, I hated sore  
Made a most polite oration-didn't show the least vexation  
As he calmly took his station just within my study door,  
With his bill upon the matting just within my study door  
Merely waited-nothing more.

"Tailor," cried I. "Imp of evil! Tailor still, or else the Devil  
Whether Satan sent thee-whether 'bus thy body hither bore;  
Standing in thy frock-coat braided on my carpet very faded  
Having this my den invaded, tell me truly, I implore."  
Is there, is there trust no longer? Tell me, truly, I implore. ",  
Quoth the tailor, "Nevermore!"

F. B. Doveton.

"JOE " AFTER POE. *A Chamberlainian Dream.*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and skeery,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of Midlothian lore  
While I studied-deeply napping--suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping with something wooden on the door.  
" 'Tis some Radical," I murmured, 'with a cudgel at the door  
Waiting for me-nothing more."

Presently my views grew broader; "it must be that great marauder,  
The big and hurly-burly Harcourt, sturdy limb of legal lore.  
Yes, 'tis he of frame Titanic, massive jowl, and sneer Satanic,  
That puts his foes to flight and panic when he occupies the floor.  
Or perhaps it's Gladstone coming meekly pardon to implore-  
"This it is, and nothing more."

Back I dashed the door, half crazy-had my wits turned mad or hazy-  
For in there stepped a pompous raven, full of paunch and sleek galore,  
And his look was grave and crafty, neither smiled, nor looked, nor laughed he, `  
As he slowly strutted past me, perching o'er my chamber door-  
Perched upon a bust of Schnadhorst--somewhat broken o'er the door,  
Croaking "Caucus," nothing more.

"Bird," I cried, "with voice so raucous--thou who pratest of that caucus  
(Which once my highest praise and presidential honour bore)  
Know that we're the Liberal party, and my brothers Dick and Arty,  
We are the leaders--we-and Harty. And you shall return no more  
Unless your vows and Grand Old Leader you throw over and ignore.  
'Tis all we ask for--nothing more."

"Prophet," cried I, "thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil  
Whether Gladstone sent or lent thee thus to guide me back to shore,  
Thro' that cloud the future veiling, say which way my bark is sailing?  
Are our efforts unavailing? Shall I ever hold once more  
My old position in our party? Tell me, tell me, I implore."  
"Morley," quoth he, nothing more.

" Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend ;" I cried, upstarting ;  
" All our conferential meetings only serve to part ps more.  
Get thee gone with this defiance, tho' we have no real reliance,  
In the strength of our affiance—for 'tis rotten to the core-  
This our aim, our hidden purpose, we don't want to cross the floor. "  
" Gladstone," croaked he, nothing more.

But that raven never Hitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Demos—grimly mocking o'er the door  
And when Parnellites decrying, and stern common-sense defying,  
All my former self belying, the shadow steals across the floor  
The prescience of a Dissolution stealing darkly o'er the floor  
Annihilation, nothing more.

W. L.

(zeven strofen weggelaten )

*Pall Mall Gazette*. April 13, 1887.

#### THE YANKEE CRYPTOGRAM.

*A Tale of Shakespeare's Bacon.*

ONCE within an autumn dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Of the only actress playing in my half-forgotten lore,  
While I nodded—nearly napping, which is something oft does happen,  
When some actors try the tapping, tapping of my written lore  
Someone muttered, " Not his writing." This has sure been said before.  
Only this, and nothing more.

Open then I flung the shutter, and with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a lengthy Yankee from Columbia's shore ;  
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped or stayed he ;  
But with haste like all the Yankees, wrote a book about my plays ;  
Wrote that it was Francis Bacon who had written all my Plays,  
Wrote and wrote, and nothing more.

Then the Yankee scribe beguiling all my sad soul into smiling  
By the queer and strange arrangement of the nonsense that he wrote.  
"Though thy pate's unshorn, unshaven, thou," I said must be a craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and lengthy Yankee, wandering from Atlantic's shore,  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Baconian shore ? "  
" Donnelly, and nothing more."

Then the Yankee creature, holding Bacon s bust, spoke only  
One long word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered, not a pamphlet even fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other men wrote thus before ;  
On the morrow he will leave me as the others did before.'  
Said the Yankee, " Crypto ! More ! "

Startled at the stillness broken by the words so oddly spoken,  
" Doubtless," said I, " what he utters is his only stock and store,  
Caught from an unhappy master, who some shocking brain disaster,  
Turned into a poetaster, till his thoughts one burden bore—  
Till the echoes of his thoughts one melancholy burden bore  
Of Crypto—cryptogram ! "

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed by an unseen censer,  
Swung by creatures whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor ‘  
Romeo cried, " Shakespeare hath sent me, to the world he lent me,  
Showing through me and Juliet how it is true lovers love.  
Leave, oh leave thy stupid fiction, and forget this cryptogram."  
Quoth the Yankee " Nevermore."

" I am Richard ! Man of evil ! Hero still, though fiend and devil !  
Whether tempter sent, or ill wind blew thee to our shore;  
Take my word—me all undaunted—see Macbeth on ground enchanted,  
Poor Macbeth by Banquo haunted-see them with a hundred more!  
Hamlet and his murdered sire I Leave him, leave him, I implore."  
Quoth the Yankee " Nevermore."

Said Orlando, " Thing of evil Yankee man, be civil  
By the heaven that bends above us, by the God we both adore, —  
" Tell this soul all loving-laden, do you think that Francis Bacon  
Could have made a sainted maiden, like the one called Rosalind ? "  
Made a fair and radiant maiden like to Shakespeare’s Rosalind ?"  
Quoth the Yankee " Cryptogram."

" Be that word our sign of parting, Yankee fiend," I shrieked, upstarting ;  
" Get thee back to Sampson Low’s, or your own Atlantic shore  
Leave no proof-sheet as a token of the lie that you have spoken,  
Leave my glory still unbroken, take that bust without my door,  
Take thy book from off the press, and that bust without my door."  
Quoth the Yankee " Nevermore."

And that Yankee never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting,  
With the pallid bust of Bacon to and from his printer’s door,  
And his tale has all the seeming of a madman who is dreaming,  
And the Crypto o’er him streaming, holds him wriggling on the floor .  
And his book from out that Crypto wriggling with him on the door  
Should be published—Nevermore !

( *Acht strofen weggelaten.* ) .

Mr. Donnelly’s ingenious, but absurd, theory that what we call Shakespeare’s plays were written by Bacon, has been utterly demolished by Dr. Nicholson, in " No Cipher in Shakespeare " (London, T. Fisher Unwin.) The theory was also most amusingly parodied in *The Cornhill Magazine* for 1 August, 1888. In an article entitled " Who wrote Dickens’s Novels" it was demonstrated, on Mr. Donnelly’s system, that they were certainly written by Mr. W. E. Gladstone. *The Topical Times*. December 3, 1887

## VISION.

Once within my little study, while the firelight gleaming ruddy  
Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,  
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations  
Had known nought but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore—  
Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore,  
Going on for evermore.

And I thought, all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,  
All this plundering and oppressing and this spilling lakes o' gore,  
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger,  
Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er,  
Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give o'er  
And have peace for evermore.

While unto myself thus speaking, on the stairs I heard a creaking  
As of someone softly sneaking up to listen at the door ;  
Then said I, "You need not fear me, you can just come in and hear me,  
Take a seat or stand a-near me, let us talk this matter o'er—  
'Tis a grave and serious subject, let us talk it calmly o'er,"  
Then I opened wide the door.

Then a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky  
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor ;  
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and jangled,  
And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—  
When it fell, he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before  
This he did and nothing more.

" Now," said I, the shape addressing, "dost you think 'twould be a blessing  
If this Anglo—Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—  
If this age-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and gladness  
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore  
And no words but words of kindness, pass across from shore to shore !"—  
Quoth the lank one, " Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly  
As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore ;  
So my thread of thought resuming, I said, " There are dangers looming  
Over England's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore,  
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battlethunders roar ? "  
Answer made he, " Tullamore."

Then said I, " Across the Waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters  
Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in ear bosom's core,  
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what, happiness would thrill them  
If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—  
If she spoke the word of freedom to the land her sons adore "—  
But his word was " Tullamore."

" Think," said I, " of England's masses; every day that o'er them passes  
Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than before,  
They object—and 'tis no wonder—to the rule of force and plunder  
That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every pore--  
Have you any word of comfort that their patience will restore ?"

His reply was " Tullamore."

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart I then decided  
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,  
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story,  
But, I said, that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore :  
These words from both the peoples soon will ring from shore to shore  
" We are friends for evermore. "

Uit " *Prison Poems* ; or, Lays of Tullamore " door T. D. Sullivan, M.P. (Lord Mayor of  
Dublin). Dublin Nation Office, Middle Abbey Street. 1888. In augustus 1888 hield *The  
Weekly Dispatch* (Londen) een parodiewedstrijd. De winnaar:

TULLAMORE.

YE who Erin's history dreary oft have pondered, shamed and weary  
Of our Saxon sway's inglorious volume of unrighteous lore ;  
I Castle knaves her sons entrapping, cruel laws her vigour sapping,  
Vampire landlords ever lapping at the blood her bosom bore;  
Weep ! for Mandeville is martyred, stilled the hero heart he bore--  
Done to death in Tullamore !

Ah, distinctly we remember peasants, thrust, in bleak December,  
From the peat-fire's smouldering ember, wandering on the barren shore,  
Shiveringly to wait the morrow, vainly to attempt to borrow  
Solace and surcease of sorrow-sorrow for their homes of yore—  
For the poor dismantled cabins that they named their homes of yore—  
Their one shelter, Tullamore !

Tyrant Balfour ! slave of evil! Tyrant still if man or devil  
Whether Satan sent, or whether Cecil set thee at her door.  
Erin's sons, who, all undaunted, hear thy tinsel bravery it ? vaunted,  
See their isle coercion-haunted—yet their patriots' lives implore.  
Is there, is their hope of respite? Tell us, tell us, we implore !  
Croaks brave Balfour, "Tullamore."

And brave Balfour, venom spitting, chief in council still is sitting,  
While the pallid face of Dillon smiles behind his prison door ;  
For he sees, beyond all seeming, Erin's dawn of justice beaming,  
Knows that when the daylight streaming throws its radiance o'er her shore .  
Erin's soul from out thy shadow, that now desecrates her shore,  
Shall be lifted, Tullamore!

SAMUEL MAPEHAM.

## De 20e eeuw en verder.

Ook de eerste helft van de 20e eeuw zal ongetwijfeld een aantal parodieën opgeleverd hebben - zij het waarschijnlijk minder dan de eerste tientallen jaren - maar moeilijker traceerbaar, verspreid over het Noord-Amerikaanse continent in obscure blaadjes en niet meer vindbaar.

Met de komst van nieuwe media verschenen ook satires als strips en speelfilms (o.a. een met Vincent Price en Peter Lorre, de ultieme griezel) en ook internet biedt nieuwe mogelijkheden en het aantal parodieën stijgt daarmee, maar dat valt buiten het kader van de hier verzamelde teksten. Het volgende krantenartikel toont aan dat de kennis over Poe-parodieën in het begin van de 20e eeuw aan het verminderen was; in feite betrof het een parodie, gepubliceerd in 1850, van Mrs, Winslow, dat ze daarvoor naar Poe gestuurd had en waar hij persoonlijk wel enkele wijzigingen in had aangebracht, maar dat wel degelijk van haar hand was (even terugbladeren om er achter te komen welke parodie het hier betreft):

*“Times. Saturday Nov. 27, 1909*

In the Saturday Review of Books, an article discusses “a curious and interesting Edgar Allan Poe item,” sold at auction last Monday: a manuscript of a parody of “The Raven” inscribed under the name Harriet Winslow, sold along with an 1845 edition of “The Raven and Other Poems.” The article offers evidence that the author of the parody may have been Poe himself. The manuscript is undoubtedly in Poe’s own autograph. The auctioneers stated that it was not only written but composed by Poe. It was purchased at a sale at Bangs’s, in this city in 1896, included in which were a number of manuscripts and other items of interest from the library of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, known to fame as co-editor with Poe of Graham’s Magazine, as author of ‘The Poets and Poetry of America,’ and as editor of Poe’s Works with a memoir by him.... Griswold, before his death, seems to have told his friends that Poe not only wrote but composed the parody, and the Bangs catalogue says of it: ‘There is no doubt, in spite of the clear statement on the Ms. “By Harriet Winslow,” that the parody was original with Poe.’ ... It is as follows, written on pieces of blue paper pasted together in a long strip, as was Poe’s wont.” It was at the same auction that J. Pierpont Morgan paid \$3,800 for a Poe pamphlet, reportedly the highest price ever for a book printed in the United States. As for the auction’s lot of “The Raven” and the manuscript of the parody, “George H. Richmond thought enough of this to pay \$245 for it at the sale.”

Ravin's of a Piute Poet Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary -- eerie, scary -- I was wary;  
I was weary, full of sorry, thinking of my lost Lenore.  
Of my cheery, eerie, faery, fiery dearie -- nothing more.

I lay napping when a rapping on the overlapping coping  
woke me -- grapping, yapping, groping -- I went hopping,  
leaping!, hoping that the rapping on the coping  
was my little lost Lenore.

That, on opening the shutter, to admit the latter critter,  
in she'd flutter from the gutter, with her bitter eyes aglitter.  
So I opened wide the door -- what was there?  
The dark wier and the drear moor -- or, I'm a liar!:  
The dark mire, the drear moor, the mere door ...  
And nothing more.

Then in stepped a stately raven, shaven like the Bard of Avon.  
Yes, a shaven, rovin' raven seeking haven at my door.  
And that grievin', rovin' raven had been movin' (get me, Steven?!)  
For the warm and loving haven of my stove and oven door.  
Oven door and ... nothing more!

Ah, distinctly I remember, every ember that December  
Turned from amber to burnt umber. (I was burning limber lumber  
in my chamber that December and it left an amber ember.)  
With each silken sad uncertain flirtin' of a certain curtain,  
That old raven, cold and callous, perched upon the bust of Pallas  
just above my chamber door -- a lusty, trusty bust thrust  
just above my chamber door.

Had that callous cuss shown malice, or sought solace there on Pallas?  
You may tell us, Alice Wallace! Tell this soul with nightmares ridden,  
Hidden in the shade and broodin', if a maiden out of Eden  
Sent this sudden bird invadin' my poor chamber  
(and protrudin' half an inch above my door!).

Tell this broodin' soul (he's breedin' bats by so much sodden readin'--  
Readin' Snowden's "Ode to Odin"!)

Tell this soul with nightmares ridden if -- no kiddin'! --

on a sudden, he shall clasp a radiant maiden born in Aiden  
(or in Leyden, or indeed in Baden-Baden) ...

Will he grab this buddin' maiden, gaddin' in forbidden Eden,  
Whom the angels named Lenore? And that bird said, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet", cried I, "thing of evil, navel, novel, or boll weevil,  
You shall travel! On the level! Scratch the gravel now, and travel --  
Leave my hovel, I implore!"

And that raven, never flitting (never knitting, never tatting,  
never spouting Nevermore) still is sitting (out this ballad!)  
On the solid bust, and pallid -- on the vallid, pallid, bust  
Above my chamber door.

And my soul is in the shadow which lies floating on the floor --  
Fleeting, floating (yachting, boating) on the fluting of the matting,  
Matting of my chamber door!

[And that's all there is, and nothin' more!]

C. L. Edson

1955

Je kunt het getal pi natuurlijk ook onthouden door het aantal letters in een  
woord te tellen. Een van de langste teksten met pi is deze, die zijn eigen  
webpagina heeft en afgedrukt werd in Berggren, Borwein and Borwein's *Pi:  
A Source Book* :

Poe, E.

Near a Raven

Midnights so dreary, tired and weary.

Silently pondering volumes extolling all by-now obsolete lore.

During my rather long nap - the weirdest tap!

An ominous vibrating sound disturbing my chamber's antedoor.

"This", I whispered quietly, "I ignore".

Perfectly, the intellect remembers: the ghostly fires, a glittering ember.

Inflamed by lightning's outbursts, windows cast penumbras upon this floor.

Sorrowful, as one mistreated, unhappy thoughts I heeded:

That inimitable lesson in elegance - Lenore -

Is delighting, exciting...nevermore.

Ominously, curtains parted (my serenity outsmarted),

And fear overcame my being - the fear of "forevermore".

Fearful foreboding abided, selfish sentiment confided,

As I said, "Methinks mysterious traveler knocks afore.

A man is visiting, of age threescore."

Taking little time, briskly addressing something: "Sir," (robustly)

"Tell what source originates clamorous noise afore?

Disturbing sleep unkindly, is it you a-tapping, so slyly?

Why, devil incarnate!--" Here completely unveiled I my antedoor--

Just darkness, I ascertained - nothing more.  
While surrounded by darkness then, I persevered to clearly comprehend.  
I perceived the weirdest dream...of everlasting "nevermores".  
Quite, quite, quick nocturnal doubts fled - such relief! - as my intellect said,  
(Desiring, imagining still) that perchance the apparition was uttering a whispered "Lenore".  
This only, as evermore.  
Silently, I reinforced, remaining anxious, quite scared, afraid,  
While intrusive tap did then come thrice - O, so stronger than sounded afore.  
"Surely" (said silently) "it was the banging, clanging window lattice."  
Glancing out, I quaked, upset by horrors hereinbefore,  
Perceiving: a "nevermore".  
Completely disturbed, I said, "Utter, please, what prevails ahead.  
Repose, relief, cessation, or but more dreary 'nevermores'?"  
The bird intruded thence - O, irritation ever since! -  
Then sat on Pallas' pallid bust, watching me (I sat not, therefore),  
And stated "nevermores".  
Bemused by raven's dissonance, my soul exclaimed, "I seek intelligence;  
Explain thy purpose, or soon cease intoning forlorn 'nevermores'!"  
"Nevermores", winged corvus proclaimed - thusly was a raven named?  
Actually maintain a surname, upon Pluvios seashore?  
I heard an oppressive "nevermore".  
My sentiments extremely pained, to perceive an utterance so plain,  
Most interested, mystified, a meaning I hoped for.  
"Surely," said the raven's watcher, "separate discourse is wiser.  
Therefore, liberation I'll obtain, retreating heretofore -  
Eliminating all the 'nevermores' ".  
Still, the detestable raven just remained, unmoving, on sculptured bust.  
Always saying "never" (by a red chamber's door).  
A poor, tender heartache maven - a sorrowful bird - a raven!  
O, I wished thoroughly, forthwith, that he'd fly heretofore.  
Still sitting, he recited "nevermores".  
The raven's dirge induced alarm - "nevermore" quite wearisome.  
I meditated: "Might its utterances summarize of a calamity before?"  
O, a sadness was manifest - a sorrowful cry of unrest;  
"O," I thought sincerely, "it's a melancholy great - furthermore,  
Removing doubt, this explains 'nevermores' ".  
Seizing just that moment to sit - closely, carefully, advancing beside it,  
Sinking down, intrigued, where velvet cushion lay afore.  
A creature, midnight-black, watched there - it studied my soul, unawares.  
Wherefore, explanations my insight entreated for.  
Silently, I pondered the "nevermores".  
"Disentangle, nefarious bird! Disengage - I am disturbed!"  
Intently its eye burned, raising the cry within my core.  
"That delectable Lenore - whose velvet pillow this was, heretofore,  
Departed thence, unsettling my consciousness therefore.  
She's returning - that maiden - aye, nevermore."  
Since, to me, that thought was madness, I renounced continuing sadness.  
Continuing on, I soundly, adamantly forswore:  
"Wretch," (addressing blackbird only) "fly swiftly - emancipate me!"  
"Respite, respite, detestable raven - and discharge me, I implore!"

A ghostly answer of: "nevermore".  
 "'Tis a prophet? Wraith? Strange devil? Or the ultimate evil?"  
 "Answer, tempter-sent creature!", I inquired, like before.  
 "Forlorn, though firmly undaunted, with 'nevermores' quite indoctrinated,  
 Is everything depressing, generating great sorrow evermore?  
 I am subdued!", I then swore.  
 In answer, the raven turned - relentless distress it spurned.  
 "Comfort, surcease, quiet, silence!" - pleaded I for.  
 "Will my (abusive raven!) sorrows persist unabated?  
 Nevermore Lenore respondeth?", adamantly I encored.  
 The appeal was ignored.  
 "O, satanic inferno's denizen -- go!", I said boldly, standing then.  
 "Take henceforth loathsome "nevermores" - O, to an ugly Plutonian shore!  
 Let nary one expression, O bird, remain still here, replacing mirth.  
 Promptly leave and retreat!", I resolutely swore.  
 Blackbird's riposte: "nevermore".  
 So he sitteth, observing always, perching ominously on these doorways.  
 Squatting on the stony bust so untroubled, O therefore.  
 Suffering stark raven's conversings, so I am condemned, subserving,  
 To a nightmare cursed, containing miseries galore.  
 Thus henceforth, I'll rise (from a darkness, a grave) -- nevermore!

-- Original: E. Poe

-- Redone by measuring circles. (Mike Keith, 1995)

Gilbert Adair, zonder letter e, (vertaald uit het Frans van George Perec 'A Void', 1969)  
 Black Bird, ' by Arthur Gordon Pym'.

'Twas upon a midnight tristful I sat poring, wan and wistful,  
 Through many a quaint and curious list full of my consorts slain -  
 I sat nodding, almost napping, till I caught a sound of tapping,  
 As of spirits softly rapping, rapping at my door in vain.  
 "'Tis a visitor," I murmur'd, "tapping at my door in vain -  
     Tapping soft as falling rain."

Ah, I know, I know that this was on a holy night of Christmass;  
 But that quaint and curious list was forming phantoms all in train.  
 How I wish'd it was tomorrow; vainly had I sought to borrow  
 From my books a stay of sorrow - sorrow for my unjoin'd chain -  
 For that pictographic symbol missing from my unjoin'd chain -  
     And that would not join again.

Rustling faintly through my drapings was a ghostly, ghastly scraping  
 Sound that with fantastic shapings fill'd my fulminating brain;  
 And for now, to still its roaring, I stood still as if ignoring  
 That a spirit was imploring his admission to obtain -  
 "'Tis a spirit now imploring his admission to obtain -"  
     Murmur'd I, "- but all in vain."

But, my soul maturinng duly, and my brain not so unruly,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your aquittal would I gain;  
For I was in fact caught napping, so soft-sounding was your rapping,  
so faint-sounding was your tapping that you tapp'd my door in vain -  
Hardly did I know you tapp'd it" - I unlock'd it but in vain -  
For 'twas dark without and plain.

Staring at that dark phantasm as if shrinking from a chasm,  
I stood quaking with a spasm fracturing my soul in twain;  
But my study door was still as untowardly hush'd and chill as,  
Oh, a crypt in which a still aspiring body is just lain -  
As a dank, dark crypt in which a still surprising man is lain -  
Barr'd from rising up again.

All around my study flapping till my sanity was snapping,  
I distinctly caught a tapping that was starting up again.  
"Truly," said I, "truly this is turning now into crisis;  
I must find out what amiss is, and tranquility obtain -  
I must still my soul an instant and tranquility obtain -  
For 'tis truly not just rain!"

So, my study door unlocking to confound that awful knocking,  
In I saw a Black Bird stalking with a gait of proud disdain;  
I at first thought I was raving, but it stalk'd across my paving  
And with broad black wings a-waving did my study door attain -  
Did a pallid bust of Pallas on my study door attain -  
Just as if 'twas its domain.

Now, that night-wing'd fowl placating my sad fancy into waiting  
On its oddly fascinating air of arrogant disdain,  
"Though thy tuft is shorn and awkward, thou," I said "art not so  
backward  
Coming forward, ghastly Black Bird wand'ring far from thy domain,  
Not to say what thou art known as in thy own dusk-down domain!"  
Quoth that Black Bird, "Not Again".

Wondrous was it this ungainly fowl could thus hold forth so plainly,  
Though, alas, it discours'd vainly - as its point was far from plain;  
And I think it worth admitting that, whilst in my study sitting,  
I shall stop Black Birds from flitting thusly through my door again -  
Black or not, I'll stop birds flitting through my study door again -  
What I'll say is, "Not Again!"

But that Black Bird, posing grimly on its placid bust, said primly  
"Not Again", and I thought dimly what purport it might contain.  
Not a third word did it throw off - not a third word did it know off -  
Till, afraid that it would go off, I thought only to complain -  
"By tomorrow it will go off," did I trustfully complain.  
It again said, "Not Again".

Now, my sanity displaying stark and staring signs of swaying,  
"No doubt," murmur'd I, "it's saying all it has within its brain;  
That it copy'd from a nomad whom Affliction caus'd to go mad,  
From an outcast who was so mad as this ghastly bird to train -  
Who, as with a talking parrot, did this ghastly Black Bird train  
To say only, `Not Again.'"

But that Black Bird still placating my sad fancy into waiting  
For a word forthcoming, straight into my chair I sank again;  
And, upon its cushion sinking, I soon found my spirit linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of Cain -  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of Cain  
Sought by croaking "Not Again."

On all this I sat surmising, whilst with morbid caution sizing  
Up that fowl; its tantalising look burn'd right into my brain;  
This for long I sat divining, with my pain-rack'd back inclining  
On my cushion's satin lining with its ghastly crimson stain,  
On that shiny satin lining with its sanguinary stain  
Shrilly shouting, "Not Again!"

Now my room was growing fragrant, its aroma almost flagrant,  
As from spirits wafting vagrant through my dolorous domain.  
"Good-for-naught," I said, "God sought you - from Plutonian strands  
God brought you -  
And, I know not why, God taught you all about my unjoin'd chain,  
All about that linking symbol missing from my unjoin'd chain!"  
Quoth that Black Bird, "Not Again."

"Sybil!" said I, "thing of loathing - sybil, fury in bird's clothing!  
If by Satan brought, or frothing storm did toss you on its main,  
Cast away, but all unblinking, on this arid island sinking -  
On this room of Horror stinking - say it truly, or abstain -  
Shall I - shall I find that symbol? - say it - say it, or abstain  
From your croaking, `Not Again'."

"Sybil!" said I, "thing of loathing - sybil, fury in bird's clothing!  
By God's radiant kingdom soothing all man's purgatorial pain,  
Inform this soul laid low with sorrow if upon a distant morrow  
It shall find that symbol for - oh, for its too long unjoin'd chain -  
Find that pictographic symbol missing from its unjoin'd chain."  
Quoth that Black Bird, "Not Again."

"If that word's our sign of parting, Satan's bird," I said,  
upstarting,  
"Fly away, wings blackly parting, to thy Night's Plutonian plain!  
For, mistrustful, I would scorn to mind that untruth thou hast sworn to,  
And I ask that thou by morn tomorrow quit my sad domain!  
Draw thy night-nibb'd bill from out my soul and quit my sad domain!"  
Quoth that Black Bird, "Not Again."

And my Black Bird, still not quitting, still is sitting, still  
is sitting  
On that pallid bust, still flitting through my dolorous domain;  
But it cannot stop from gazing for it truly finds amazing  
That, by artful paraphrasing, I such rhyming can sustain -  
Notwithstanding my lost symbol I such rhyming still sustain -  
    Though I shan't try it again!

Ook de stripfiguren Calvin & Hobbes deden mee met dit gedicht in *The essential Calvin & Hobbes* uit 1988 met duidelijke verwijzingen naar 'The Raven':

A Nauseous Nocturne  
By Bill Watterson

Another night deprived of slumber,  
Hours passing without number,  
My eyes trace 'round the room. I lay  
Dripping sweat and now quite certain  
That tonight the final curtain  
Drops upon my short life's precious play.

From the darkness, by the closet  
Comes a noise, much like a faucet  
Makes: a madd'ning drip-drip-dripping sound.  
It seems some ill-proportioned beast,  
Anticipating me deceased,  
Is drooling poison puddles on the ground.

A can of Mace, a forty-five,  
Is all I'd need to stay alive,  
But no weapon lies within my sight.  
Oh my gosh! A shadow's creeping,  
Omnious and black, it's seeping  
Slowly 'cross a moonlit square of light!

Suddenly a floorboard creak  
Announces the bloodsucking freak  
Is here to steal my future years away!  
A sulf'rous smell now fills the room  
Heralding my imm'nent doom!  
A fang gleams in the dark and murky gray!

Oh, blood-red eyes and tentacles!  
Throbbing, pulsing ventricles!  
Mucus-oozing pores and frightful claws!  
Worse, in terms of outright scariness,  
Are the suckers multifarious  
That grab and force you in its mighty jaws!

This disgusting aberration  
Of nature needs no motivation  
To devour helpless children in their beds.  
Relishing despairing moans,  
It chews kids up and sucks their bones,  
And dissolves inside its mouth their li'l heads!

I know this 'cause I read it not  
Two hours ago, and then I got  
The heebie-jeebies and these awful shakes.  
My parents swore upon their honor  
That I was safe, and not a goner.  
I guess tomorrow they'll see their sad mistakes.

In the morning, they'll come in  
And say, "What was that awful din  
We heard last night? You kept us both from sleep!"  
Only then will they surmise  
The gruesomeness of my demise  
And see that my remains are in a heap.

Dad will look at Mom and say,  
"Too bad he had to go that way."  
And Mom will look at Dad, and nod assent.  
Mom will add, "Still, it's fitting,  
That as he was this world quitting,  
He should leave another mess before he went."

They may not mind at first, I know.  
They will miss me later, though,  
And perhaps admit that they were wrong.  
As memories of me grow dim,  
They'll say, "We were too strict with him.  
We should have listened to him all along."

As speedily my end approaches,  
I bid a final "buenas noches"  
To my best friend here in all the world.  
Gently snoring, whiskers seeming  
To sniff at smells (he must be dreaming),  
He lies snuggled in the blankets, curled.

HEY! WAKE UP, YOU STUPID CRETIN!  
YOU GONNA SLEEP WHILE I GET EATEN?!  
Suddenly the monster knows I'm not alone!  
There's an animal in bed with me!  
An awful beast he did not see!  
The monster never would've come if he had known!

The monster, in his consternation,  
Demonstrates defenestration,  
And runs and runs and runs and runs away.  
Rid of the pest,  
I now can rest,  
Thanks to my best friend, who saved the day.

En als tussendoortje nu een songtekst:  
Once upon a midnight dreary  
While I pondered weak and weary  
Lost my wife named Leonore  
An angel now for evermore

Thunder, lighting crushed the sky  
A raven stood before my eye  
Flew into the chambers door  
With such name as nevermore

Raise your face to the midnight sun  
Don't touch the angel, don't hide and run  
Look into the eye of this evil toy  
Fly with the raven, seek and destroy

Caught from some unhappy master  
An unmerciful disaster  
The raven fades away my sadness  
Made me smile but made me restless

Prophet said, I think of evil  
Haunting horror, priest of Devil  
Let me stay here with my pain  
Sorrow crawls through my veins

Raise your face to the midnight sun  
Don't touch the angel, don't hide and run  
Look into the eye of this evil toy  
Fly with the raven, seek and destroy

Raise your face to the midnight sun  
Don't touch the angel, don't hide and run  
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Raise your face to the midnight sun  
Don't touch the angel, don't hide and run  
Look into the eye of this evil toy  
Fly with the raven, seek and destroy

Grave Digger 2003 Raven lyrics

En met de komst van het internet is er nu een ware opleving van parodieën aan de gang, om het woord revival te vermijden:

### **The Maven**

Once in some decrepit low-end diner, flirting with my girlfriend,  
Hoping she would gladly put out for me and I'd get to score,  
While we chatted, warmly talking, and I played down previous stalking,  
I then mentioned Stephen Hawking - physicist whom I adore.  
"He's a scientist," I stated, "Have you read his books before?  
Just one book, or maybe more?"

I recall it was a bummer that this happened in the summer  
Since I was left feeling glummer - we had broken up before.  
Angered by my heart's reliance and my ex's bold defiance  
Bitterly I turned to Science and the truths it held in store -  
To the strange and complex truths that Astrophysics held in store -  
Particles, and nothing more.

Startled at the mood I'd shattered, with my thoughts on things that mattered,  
"Sorry," said my girl, "for I know little of such nerdy lore.  
I have not the faintest notion of the simplest Laws of Motion -  
I have not read with devotion of the atom's quantum core."  
I was not placated by her answers, so I chose to roar,  
"Spare me your excuses, whore!"

"Idiot!" said I, "foolish schoolkid! - are you ignorant or stupid! -  
Don't they teach you simple physics in your classes anymore?  
Have you never spared the trouble to learn of the work of Hubble?  
Are you living in some bubble, that these things you just ignore?"  
Whereupon she scowled and stood, then stormed right out the diner door,  
Out the dodgy diner door.

Countenance still unremitting, staring where she had been sitting,  
I was suddenly surprised by someone I'd not seen before.  
"I could not help overhearing that your conversation's veering  
Into physics - how endearing!" said this lady. "Name's Lenore.  
I am educated in such mysteries myself." She wore  
A 'fractal' dress, and little more.

Then this geeky lady winning my red raging into grinning  
By her prim and proper manner, made me want to know her more.  
"Though you don't seem up for raving, you've induced in me a craving  
For a spot of moonlit bathing on some sultry, sandy shore -  
We can chat of Stephen Hawking on some hot Hawaiian shore!"  
Quoth the Maven, "Tell me more..."

Presently my rod grew longer, and the beer I downed seemed stronger,  
So I asked this clever lady, "Come back to my flat, Lenore.  
I have books on odd equations, papers, journal publications!  
I would love carnal relations with you on my bedroom floor."  
But she coldly uttered, "Nerd! Your science fetish I deplore!"  
Quoth the Maven, "You're a bore!"

I was speechless, promptly flushing; to my head the blood was rushing,  
As this femme fatale was crushing all my hopes of something more;  
And the pain her words effected, when my offer was rejected,  
I have herein recollected, so that you will shun 'Lenore';  
And my ego from that rebuff, which is damaged to the core,  
Shall be swollen - nevermore!

### **The Raven (Parody)**

Once upon a motherfucking night, it was cold and dark out  
I tried sleeping but that never really works, what does anymore?  
I lost my sweet Lenore, oh that whore, she knew how keep me going and what else more? She  
was great in bed as well.

Then I heard someone at the door, so what else would I do? I went to go get it and nothing  
more.

Oh how I wish I could just get some decent sleep, that's what I wanted and secretly something  
more. I still miss that little whore, maybe she will sleep with me one last more.

I swear I saw her at the door, who else would be here?  
Maybe this is all a dream because well, I'm Edgar Allen Poe and who other more, that's all I  
do with my life, write dreams and nothing more.

I felt a presence though. A rather interesting one at that.  
A bird came by. A Raven actually. What do I do now? I sat there and pondered, not so much  
more.

I went on chattering away to this innocent bird, but all it could say was "Nevermore."  
What does this mean? Why is this bird talking to me? Should I listen? I guess I should and  
nothing more. Nevermore what exactly? That I can sleep? If so, that is so annoying and plenty  
more.

Man, I miss Lenore. I loved her body, but miss her soul so much more. Cheering me up,  
Making love, Walking down the street, Getting crack, because what else would we do?  
Nothing more, that's right.

Not too much more, I became tired of this bird, it kept repeating itself and not so much more. "Nevermore." That still puzzled me. It came along at my chamber door, maybe it was just bored and not really much anymore.

I said goodnight to the little bird. "Nevermore." I think I have it. Nevermore...will I have sex. THAT HAS TO BE IT! NEVER MORE WILL I SEE THE WOMAN I FUCKED PLENTY! But wait.....there are other things I can do with my "spare time alone". Oh, but it won't be the same without Lenore. And once upon a midnight dreary? How about let's have some fun on a midnight scurry. IT WILL BE BETTER AND NOTHING MORE! HAHA! HAHA!

Goodnight on this pleasuring evening, and nothing more.

Poem by behind.blue.eyes

**This is a parody I did on Edgar Allen Poe's 'The Raven' for my English Class, some lines are taken from the poem but for the most part the idea is original and flows well with the timbre. Hope you enjoy.**

### **The Clerk (& the Smudge)**

By

James J. A. Gray

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I wandered, weak and weary  
Over to a quaint and curious shop I called the Liquor store,  
While I walked on, slightly hammered, suddenly I stopped and stammered,  
As if my whole brain had melted, melted to the concrete floor  
"Tis my drunkenness" I muttered, "Must get to the liquor store.  
I am drunk and nothing more."

Ah how vaguely I remember was it May or late December?  
Anyway I can't remember but I walked into the door.  
I hit the glass with quite a clatter luckily, it didn't shatter  
But right now it doesn't matter, all that matters is Lenore  
For the rare and radiant drink for whom I've come to name Lenore  
Sold here at this liquor store.

And the calling, sad uncertain of the liquor to my person  
Thrilled me- filled me with a sense of warmth I've never felt before;  
So that then, to still the beating of my heart I spoke repeating  
"Hopefully they have the liquor that I've fondly named Lenore-  
Please say they have this liquor that I've fondly named Lenore;-  
Right here in this liquor store"

Presently my drawl grew stronger, stumbled to the clerk and pondered,  
"sir" said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was drinking and while walking wasn't thinking  
Again sir, madam wasn't thinking as I crashed into your door  
So stood I and checked for damage after standing from the floor  
A little smear but nothing more

Deep into the Clerk's eyes peering, long I stood there wondering staring,  
Doubting, that someone had ever walked into the glass paned door  
But the silence was unbroken, and the clerk did give no token  
And the only word there spoken was the small slurred word "Lenore"  
This I drawled and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore?"  
Silence then and nothing more

Back down aisle six a-turning, all the soul within me burning  
Suddenly I heard a tapping, tapping upon the glass door  
"Surely said" said I, "surely that is something can be cleaned or mended quickly  
Let me see, oh I feel sickly" said I returning to the door  
"Look there at the glass a moment, look there look upon the door;-  
"Tis a smudge and nothing more."

Grabbed I then a rag and cleaner, and with such a grim demeanor  
Went I to work upon the smudge that I had given to the door  
The clerk not much obeisance made she; not a minute stopped or stayed she;  
But with unknown haste did make she, moved and perched against the door,  
Perched upon a sign of Pallas just beside the smudged door-  
Perched, and watched, and nothing more.

Then this stately clerk beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By her grave and stern decorum of the countenance she wore.  
"Though thy door is smudged young maiden, thou" I said "should not be shaken,  
By some grim and ghastly youngster wandering into your door-  
Tell me pray miss what thy name is while I clean this smudged door"  
Quoth the maiden, "Missed a spot"

Much I marveled at the maiden to hear, while cleaning, been mistaken,  
I made to clean the smudged pane, proceeding to gaze about the store;  
While I knelt at glass door cleaning couldn't help but laugh agreeing  
I had ever been so clumsy as to walk into a door-  
And to have a clerk so stately perched beside me at the door,  
Telling me I've "Missed a spot"

But the maiden, perched there lonely, on that white doorframe, spoke only  
That one phrase, as if her mind intent on cleaning that smudged door.  
Nothing further then she uttered- not a movement, not a flutter-  
Then I stopped and slightly muttered, "Ne'er have I seen a cleaner door-  
I must admit with my assistance, tis cleaner than it was before."  
Then the Clerk said, "Missed a spot"

Startled then by stillness broken, by her statement aptly spoken  
"Doubtful," said I "You have ever, ever seen a cleaner door,  
Run into by drunken cleaner who with such a grim demeanor  
On bended knee did take cleaner and take to the smudged door  
Surely never in your life have you seen more a cleaner door  
I don't think I have "Missed a spot"

But still stately maiden beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I stood and moved a chair in front of smudge, and clerk and door,  
Then upon the chair a-sinking, I did take myself to thinking  
What the obsessive, stately Clerk did mean by saying  
“Missed a spot”

So I sat engaged in guessing, yet no syllable expressing  
To the maiden who’s piercing gaze now burned right through me to the door;  
This and more I sat divining while, with my head at ease reclining  
On the wooden back a-shining with the store-light gloating o’er  
As I sat there, still reclining, thinking whilst I’m in the store  
She shall obsess, ah, evermore

Suddenly, the air grew denser, perfumed by unseen dispenser  
Hung by brackets somewhere on a counter over by the door.  
“Clerk” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee- by his angels he has sent thee  
Please miss where is thy nepenthe, one I’ve come to name Lenore?  
Might I quaff this, my nepenthe that I have come to name Lenore?”  
Quoth the maiden “Missed a spot”

“Maiden” said I, “With hair disheveled, look at me with eyes so leveled!-  
The door is cleaned the smudge is gone, tell me please my task is done  
Tell me truly, I implore-  
Do you have the sweet nepenthe, the one I’ve come to name Lenore?  
Tell me, tell me maiden where, with eyes so leveled and disheveled hair,  
Do you have my sweet Lenore?”  
Quoth the Maiden “Missed a spot”

Maiden!” said I, “With hair disheveled, look at me with eyes so leveled!-  
By the heaven that bends above us- by that God we both adore  
Do you, do you, say now would you could you have my sweet Lenore?  
The rare and radiant drink that I have so fondly come to name Lenore?  
Quoth the maiden “Missed a spot”

Standing now with anger swelling, in me then, I started yelling  
“Taunt me not oh disheveled maiden, your presence here is like the raven,  
Take thyself from off the door and search the bloody liquor store  
Search until you can search no more until we find my love Lenore,  
Take your eyes from off the door and help me find my love Lenore!”  
Quoth the maiden “Missed a spot”

Then the anger in me burst, like some horrible monster cursed  
It came upon me like a flash and then, suddenly I hit woman with a blow  
That would send her head over toe into the door with such a crash that through the window  
pane she smashed and hung their limp, bleeding and still... yes that maiden I did kill and then  
I searched the liquor store to find my sweet nepenthe Lenore

And when I found my sweet Lenore I headed out the liquor store  
But before I left the store I knelt beside the maiden and felt, her pulse was gone and she was  
dead but before I left, leaned by her head, my lips did part and then quoth I  
"You missed a spot"

**The End of the Raven**  
**by Edgar Allen Poe's Cat**

On a night quite unenchanted,  
when the rain was downward slanting,  
I awakened to the ranting  
of the man I catch mice for.

Tipsy and a bit unshaven,  
in a tone I found quite craven,  
Poe was talking to a Raven perched  
above the chamber door.

"Raven's very tasty," thought I,  
as I tiptoed o'er the floor,  
"There is nothing I like more".

Soft upon the rug I treaded,  
calm and careful as I headed  
Towards his roost atop that dreaded  
bust of Pallas I deplore.

While the bard and birdie chattered,  
I made sure that nothing clattered,  
Creaked, or snapped, or fell, or shattered,  
as I crossed the corridor;

For his house is crammed with trinkets,  
curios and weird decor -  
Bric-a-brac and junk galore.

Still the Raven never fluttered,  
standing stock-still as he uttered,  
In a voice that shrieked and sputtered,  
his two cents' worth - "Nevermore."

While this dirge the birdbrain kept up,  
oh, so silently I crept up,  
Then I crouched and quickly leapt up,  
pouncing on the feathered bore.

Soon he was a heap of plumage,  
and a little blood and gore-  
Only this and not much more.

"Oooo!" my pickled poet cried out,  
"Pussycat, it's time I dried out!  
Never sat I in my hideout  
talking to a bird before.

How I've wallowed in self-pity,  
while my gallant, valiant kitty  
Put and end to that damned ditty" -  
then I heard him start to snore.

Back atop the door I clambered,  
eyed that statue I abhor,  
Jumped - and smashed it on the floor.

(from Henry Beard's, POETRY\_FOR\_CATS, copyright 1994)

Op internet circuleren verschillende versies van de volgende parodie waarin de computer de plaats van de raaf inneemt. We laten twee voorbeelden zien, eerst de originele en dan nog een variant

#### POE PUREE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over user guides and handbooks piled up on the desk and floor --  
As I nodded, after nine or ten straight hours of design,  
I finely drew the final line, then pulled a floppy out to store --  
Locked and loaded, then, I saved, and waited for the disc to store;  
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I kept hearing such a sound it set me fearing,

Fearing as I sat there peering at the Saved Percentage score,  
Fearing, as the disc kept turning, turning with a grinding, churning  
Sound while I was yearning -- yearning as I'd never yearned before,  
"Save!" I yearned again, but hopeless, read the words I'd feared before:  
Read: "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

"What is this?" I barely muttered, "What's this message you have uttered,  
Uttered as my floppy fluttered, fluttered locked inside your door?"  
But there came no soothing voices helping me among these choices,  
With these unfamiliar choices, just the cursor's either/or --  
Just the cursor blinking, blinking for my choice of either/or  
From "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

Much I marveled: this repeating cursor like a heartbeat beating  
Answered nothing, thus defeating all attempts to re-explore  
Whether I'd done something sloppy -- what had happened to that floppy  
I'd inserted there to copy all the work I'd done before --  
What had happened to the art, the artwork I had done before,  
Before "Abort, Retry, Ignore."?

Art, not software, is my calling; it's particularly galling  
To be hesitating, stalling, stalling over one key more  
When, instead of starkly staring, stunned, at high-tech so uncaring,  
High-tech blindly overbearing, I could open up my drawer,  
Get my low-tech colored pencils from their matching low-tech drawer  
Beneath "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

But no, I had to get ambitious, buy some modern meretricious  
Merchandise that leaves me vicious messages that seem to roar,  
Well, not really roar, but tease, as, fingers trembling over keys,  
I finally choose from one of these atrocious choices I abhor  
A choice I know will be atrocious, one I finally must abhor  
Among "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

No result! So twice as hard, to try and catch the thing off-guard,  
I pressed, but still the same canard appeared until I nearly swore.  
Frantically in desperation, pushing keys in combination,  
Getting tintinabulation: "Beep beep beep", and nothing more,  
Cacaphonous concatenation, "Beep beep beep", and nothing more;  
Except "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

Then I thought I heard the thunder, felt the thunder rumble under,  
Through, the floorboards, and no wonder! Lightning split the dark night's core!  
Lightning piercing lightning slashing through the night like sword-wounds gashing  
Darkness deeply, when my flashing cursor flashed! -- then flashed no more;  
Flashed a final time and then -- erased itself to flash no more;  
Erased "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

The lights went out, then came back on, and in the cold grey light of dawn  
Profit and design were gone; gone, returning: nevermore --.  
Gone my imitation Titian, like a ghost or apparition,  
But gone as well the admonition I must choose and choose once more,  
Gone: the price of manumission from demands to choose once more  
Among "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

Now my cursor still is blinking; is it winking? Yes! It's winking! --  
Winking at me from the screen beside the disc that wouldn't store;  
Winking at me from the black, though nothing else comes blinking back  
Along the phosphorescent track that throws a shadow on the floor;  
And my art, from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be found now -- nevermore!

Marcus Bales

## The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,  
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,  
Longing for the warmth of bed sheets, still I sat there doing spreadsheets.  
Having reached the bottom line I took a floppy from the drawer,  
I then invoked the SAVE command and waited for the disk to store,  
Only this and nothing more.

Deep into the monitor peering, long I sat there wond'ring, fearing,  
Doubting, while the disk kept churning, turning yet to churn some more.  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.  
"Save!" I said, "You cursed mother! Save my data from before!"  
One thing did the phosphors answer, only this and nothing more,  
Just "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

Was this some occult illusion, some maniacal intrusion?  
There were choices undesired, ones I'd never faced before.  
Carefully I weighed the choices as the disk made impish noises.  
The cursor flashed, insistent, waiting, baiting me to type some more.  
Clearly I must press a key, choosing one and nothing more,  
From "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

I tried to catch the chips off guard, and pressed again, but twice as hard.  
Pleaded with the cursed machine: I begged and cried and then I swore.  
Now in mighty desperation, trying random combinations,  
Still there came the incantation, just as senseless as before.  
Cursor blinking, angrily winking, blinking nonsense as before.  
Reading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

There I sat, distraught, exhausted, by my own machine accosted.  
Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.  
And then I saw a dreadful sight: a lightning bolt cut through the night.  
A gasp of horror overtook me, shook me to my very core.  
The lightning zapped my previous data, lost and gone for evermore.  
Not even, "Abort, Rety, Ignore?"

To this day I do not know the place to which lost data will be stored,  
Beyond the reach of mortal souls, beyond the ether, into black holes?  
Bit sure as there's C, Pascal, Lotus, Ashton-Tate and more,  
You will one day be left to wander, lost on some Plutonian shore,  
Pleading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

En tot slot deze over een hacker;

### *The HACTRN*

Once before a console dreary, while I programmed, weak and weary,  
Over many a curious program which did TECO's buffer fill, --  
While I pondered, nearly sleeping, suddenly there came a feeping,  
As of something gently beeping, beeping with my console's bell.  
"Tis my DDT," I muttered, "feeping on my console's bell:  
Once it feeped, and now is still."

Ah, distinctly I remember that dark night in bleak December,  
And each separate glowing symbol danced before me, bright and chill.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my HACTRN aid for sorrow -- sorrow for the bugs which fill --  
For the strange unknown and nameless bugs which ever all my programs fill --  
Bugs which now I searched for still.

And the coughing, whirring, gritty fan I heard inside my TTY  
Made me with fantastic terrors never known before to thrill;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,  
"Tis some interrupt entreating DDT to signal me --  
Some strange interrupt entreating DDT to signal me --  
Its importance surely nil."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer  
I decided that I would respond to this strange program's call;  
TECO, which I then attended, to my soul more strength extended;  
With ^Z I ascended, going to my DDT --  
<esc><esc>V I typed, and answered soon my DDT -- TECO there, and that was all!

Dumbly at my console peering, as I sat there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting now that any interrupt was ever there to call;  
But the silence was unbroken, and my HACTRN gave no token,  
And the only sound there spoken from my TTY's whirring fan --  
The low and rough and distant sound came from my TTY's whirring fan --  
TECO there, and that was all.

Back into my TECO going, with my pounding heart now slowing,  
Soon again I heard a feeping, somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely this is some strange bug of RMS's  
Which an interrupt professes, though I have no other job;  
Let me then ask DDT if it thinks there's another job --  
'Tis a bug, and nothing more!"

Again I went up to my HACTRN while cold shivers up my back ran  
<esc><esc>V I typed, my jobs now once more to display.  
Only TECO was there listed; though my trembling heart resisted  
Yet I willed my hand, insisted, <esc>J to quickly type --  
To answer this bold query DDT did hesitantly type  
A ghostly "FOOBAR J"

From <esc><esc>V protected, now, this phantom job, selected  
Gave no clue to why it had invoked that former beeping shrill.  
"Though," I said, "you're no inferior, I shall act as your superior  
And examine your interior, this strange matter to explore."  
Then I typed a 0/ this matter further to explore --  
Quoth the HACTRN, ":KILL".

Much I worried -- this outrageous bug might prove to be contagious,  
Though thus far it had not seemed to do my TECO any ill:  
For we cannot help concurring such a bug would cause a stirring,  
Feeeping on a console whirring, disappearing then from sight --  
An evanescent mystery subjob disappearing then from sight  
With no clue but ":KILL"!

But my HACTRN, swapping, running, gave no further sign of cunning  
By this unknown phantom, which was in a thirty second sleep;  
None of this I comprehended; to my TECO I descended,  
And in terror I pretended that the bug had gone away --  
I pretended that for good the mystery bug had gone away --  
When my console gave a feep.

Now I quickly, hoping, praying, started up a PEEK displaying  
All the the jobs and subjobs there which did the system fill:  
What I found was quite unpleasant, for there was no FOOBAR present:  
Only TECO was there present, underneath my DDT;  
I quit the PEEK, and "FOOBAR<esc>J" typed out my DDT --  
Then quoth the HACTRN, ":KILL".

But -- this FOOBAR now beguiling all my sad soul into smiling --  
I tightly grinned, determined that this glitch should cause nobody ill;  
Now, into my armchair sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking why this unknown phantom job --  
Why this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and unknown phantom job  
Feeped and did a ":KILL".

This I sat engaged in guessing, but conceived no thought expressing  
How a phantom job could sound those strange and ghostly beeps;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining,  
With the symbols coldly shining at me from the CRT,  
With the bright, sharp symbols coldly shining on the CRT --  
Which suddenly gave seven feeps!

Then methought the air grew denser, filled with clouds which grew immenser,  
As when under darkened daylight thick and stormy weather brews;  
With some bit of hesitation stemming from my trepidation  
Again I typed that incantation finding out how much I'd lose --  
<esc><esc>V I typed again to find how much I'd lose --  
TECO there, and seven FOOs!

"Job!" said I, "with ghostly manner! -- subjob still, if LISP or PLANNER!  
Whether accident, or feeping as another hacker wills!  
Tell me now why I am losing, why my HACTRN you're abusing,  
Which no doubt is of your choosing: echo truly on my screen!"  
Then DDT as if in answer echoed quickly on my screen,  
Typing seven ":KILLs".

"Job!" said I, "with ghostly manner! -- subjob still, if LISP or PLANNER!  
By the ITS above us which the DSKDMP doth fulfill,  
I shall be the system's saviour: I shall mend your crude behaviour,  
I shall halt your strange behaviour, and thee from the system lock!"  
Madly, wildly laughing I made DDT invoke a LOCK,  
And quickly typed thereat -- "5KILL"!

"Be this now our sign of parting, phantom job!" I shrieked, upstarting,  
As my HACTRN now informed me ITS was going down in 5:00.  
"You have run your last instruction and performed your final function!"  
But, refuting this deduction HACTRN then my TTY grabbed --  
To type out yet another message HACTRN now my TTY grabbed --  
Quoth the HACTRN, "ITS REVIVED!"

And the FOOBAR, never sleeping, still is beeping, still is beeping  
On the glaring console out from which I cannot even log!  
And other happenings yet stranger indicate inherent danger  
When bugs too easily derange or mung the programs of machines;  
When programs too "intelligent" start taking over the machines:  
Is this the end of AutoProg?

-- The Great Quux  
(with apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

### **Notes for those not familiar with the terms in this poem:**

#### TTY ("titty")

any terminal, not necessarily a teletype (in this case, a CRT); in particular, a terminal associated with and in control of a job tree (see "DDT" below). The terminal may be passed up and down the job tree; at any point in time only one job in the tree may use the tree's TTY. When ^Z is typed on the TTY, the system intervenes, stopping the job which has the TTY, and interrupts that job's superior in the tree, which may then grab the TTY from the inferior job.

#### DDT ("dee dee tee")

HACTRN ("hack-tran") = top level debugging and job controlling procedure, capable of controlling up to eight simultaneous jobs (which may themselves be DDTs!) and performing other miscellaneous functions. HACTRN specifically denotes a DDT at the top of a job tree, while DDT is the more general term. The two terms refer to the same job in the poem, and are thus treated as synonymous. Note that DDT requires its subjobs to have unique names for obvious reasons; hence the concern over seven jobs all named FOO.

## PEEK

a program similar to the SYSTAT of certain PDP-10 monitor systems of dubious quality. PEEK is actually much more versatile, giving information in any of some dozen modes, such a job status, DECTape status, Arpanet sockets, terminal status, and scheduler variables and statistics. It also has provisions for maintaining a continuously updated display on a CRT, and for line printer usage.

## TECO ("teeko")

text editor and corrector (that is, the good version of several versions of TECO which are floating around).

## :KILL ("colon kill")

message typed out by DDT whenever it kills a subjob. Note that subjobs, if running, may request DDT to kill themselves. If the job does not have the TTY when it makes such a request, DDT merely rings the TTY's bell (which on the CRT in the poem above is a particularly obnoxious flavor of "beep"), and prints nothing until you ascend to DDT, and perhaps type <esc>J (see below).

## LOCK

utility program, which interprets the particular command "nKILL" to mean "please bring the time-sharing system down in n minutes" (where it is required that n > 5). The system will then go down at the prescribed time unless the request is countermanded with a "REVIVE" request.

## ITS

Incompatible Timesharing System, the good timesharing system for the PDP-10.

## DSKDMP ("disk dump")

program used to, among other things, bootstrap ITS into a running state.

<esc>

"altmode"; read it as such to preserve the meter.

<esc><esc>V

command to DDT, requesting it to print out the names of all its subjobs.

<esc>J

command to DDT, asking that it select the job which has requested attention so that it may be dealt with. DDT responds "jobname J" so that you will know which job it was.

<esc>Z ("control zee")

command to ITS to stop the job which currently has the TTY, and interrupt the next higher job in the job tree. Ordinarily this has the effect of returning to DDT.

0/ ("zero slash")

command to DDT, asking it to print out the contents of location zero of the selected subjob. This operation is theoretically transparent to the subjob itself.

## RMS

Richard M. Stallman, who does an admirable job of keeping DDT, as well as many other programs, relatively bug-free.

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