

And the mischievous fun that flashes thro'  
 The wealths of her amber hair—don't you ?  
 No wonder the flock follows little Bo-Peep,—  
 Such a shepherd would turn all the world into sheep,  
 To trot at her heels and look up in the face  
 Of their pastor for—goodness knows what, say for grace ?  
 Her face that recalls in its reds and its blues,  
 And its setting of gold, 'Esmeralda' by Greuze. . . .  
 There you've Little Bo-Peep, dress, diamonds, and all,  
 As I met her last night at the Fancy Ball.

"From Grave to Gay."\*

A TINY *libellus* that might have dropped out of a hare-bell or slipped from the pod of a sweet-pea is that of the poet of the unpronounceable name—the 'From Grave to Gay' of Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. The paper is like fine cloth scribbled all over with delicate Kensington work in the shape of verses upright and verses zigzag and verses meandering, and tall columns of verse that stare you in the face like astonished guardsmen. A *simpatico librettino*, we should say, etched rather than written, so vivid are the lines and the outlines which it conjures into existence. Mr. Pennell (we will not attempt the full orthographical ordeal again !) has found the lost Hylas—or the lost Pleiad—or whatever it was that was lost—of grace and daintiness that hung about the songs of Herrick and the older song-writers, full of the dew of Modern Babylon, it may be, but full too of the form and joyousness and music of the student-song, the madrigal, and the *aubade*. He is infinitely saucy, moreover, and comes before us as the delightful laureate of 'Little Bo-Peep,' of 'A Case of Spoons,' of 'Ghosts,' of 'The Bloated Biggabom,' and of 'Naughty Two-Shoes.' It is spun-glass that has caught a spider in it ; and the spider—the *spirito mordace*—wound and tangled all over in shining threads, darts his little lambent sting at us, shoots fire out of his beaded eyes, and is as beautiful and harmless as you please.

There is no phase of modern life or society or sentiment that Mr. Pennell does not illustrate with his Du-Maurier-like verse, which trips like Cinderella, and peeps out from between the leaves with astonishing alertness. He is the master of bright, arch, colloquial verse ; he knows how to use an *ah!* as effectively as Whitfield ; and his slang—his 'Yes, it's awfully nice, and all that sort of thing'—is felicitous and—perennial. When he writes of 'Little Fe-Fi' or of 'Big Fo-Fum' he shows himself an artist in transcendental Chinese. 'Someone's Forget-me-nots' bloom again in a *pot-pourri* of half-humorous, half-tender verse. Even 'The Night-Mail North' is dashed off in lines swift as the train itself. Mr. Pennell on his 'Pegasus thrice-saddled' is an intrepid horseman, and attempts almost impossible feats in rhyme. One may ride up St. Peter's, but he rides up a steeple ! The quotability of his offspring is but one of their excellences : the only trouble is what to quote. To be sure, these children of gay, glad hours will never run their heads against the stars,—in Horatian parlance (improved for the occasion) *sublimi ferire sidera vertice* ; but they will be very dear to lonely old bachelors, wistful maids, and lovers of the 'muse of Mayfair.' 'Little Bo-Peep' is as quotable as anything in the book. She is not exactly one of the long-drawn maidens of Burne Jones, with ethereal skirts and up-turned lashes ; but you might paint her on your fan, or allure her within the azure horizon of a plaque for the wall :

'Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
 And some one or other's lost little Bo-Peep—  
 Or she'd never be wand'ring at twelve o'clock  
 With a golden crook, and a velvet frock,  
 In a diamond necklace, in such a rout,—  
 In diamond buckles and high-heel'd shoes  
 (And a dainty wee foot in them too, if you choose,  
 And an ankle a sculptor might rave about. . . .)  
 But I think she's a little witch, you know,  
 With her broomstick crook and her high-heel'd shoe

\* From Grave to Gay. By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. \$2. New York : George J. Coombes.