

**ROMAN RHYMES BEING  
WINTER WORK FOR  
A SUMMER FAIR,  
NEWPORT, R.I., 1869**

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Roman Rhymes Being Winter Work for a Summer Fair, Newport, R.I., 1869 by C. T. B.

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**C. T. B.**

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Duplicate.

ROMAN RHYMES:

BEING

Winter Work for a Summer Fair.

NEWPORT, R. I.,

AUGUST 27, 1869.

By C. T. B.

CAMBRIDGE:

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I.

ROME DURING CARNIVAL (1866).

(A FREE SKETCH BY A MAN FROM THE FREE STATES.)

AND this is really Rome, as I've hearn tell of,  
But little thought ever to see and smell of!  
The place that all creation comes to visit,—  
Is it?

This is old Rome, — great Rome, the 'tarnal city,  
The more's the pity!

By golly!

I'm glad I didn't bring along our Polly!  
And this is the great Carnival I've been to,  
And somewhat *into!*

As my poor powdered hat, and hair, too,  
Can testify and swear to!

Oh! I've been knocked about from post to pillar  
Till I'm as white's a miller;

And my old mop of hair, I vow, looks very  
Much like a wax-berry bush in January.  
*This* the great Carnival, I, ignoramus,  
Once fancied must be funny, 'cause 'twas famous.  
*This really* the Carnival, —  
Where folks that used to be respectable,  
Walking the streets at home,  
*Here*, just because it's Rome,  
And every man and every woman  
Think they must be in Rome a Roman,  
Stand up eight mortal arternoons,  
Just like so many loons,  
Or like so many owls  
Filling the blessed air with hoots and howls,  
And worse than that with stuff they call Confetti!  
Tell that to our Betty!  
She knows a confit from a pill, I reckon,  
Or else I'm much mistaken :  
    I should admire  
    To have you try her!  
You'd find a mess of fish grease in the fire!  
Well, there they stand, each one before his *trough*,  
Shooting the vile stuff off.

(Some on 'em in their rigs

*Look* almost like great pigs.)

I've seen a countess stand there by the hour,

And shovel down armfuls of dirty flour —

A thing ridiculous, not to say inhuman —

On every little baby and old woman!

I looked down on't from the top o' the house,

Where a man looks no bigger than a mouse,

And there, I own (not merely for a rhyme),

The *tout ensemble* almost looked sublime.

And when the troopers clanked along the street

And made that lane, the thing was done so neat,

They cleared the track so handsome, and much more so

The little dog that yelped along the Corso;

And when the little horses flew like lightning,

And all the faster for a little frightening;

And then, when they'd shot by, to see the track

Turn instantaneously from brown to black, —

It seemed up there a somewhat clean conclusion

To such a day of dirt and of confusion.

But here, a hundred feet above the people,

Having for nearest neighbors roof and steeple,