



The horses plunge, and sweating stop.  
Dead falls Tony, neck and crop. 30  
Nay, good guard, small profit thus,  
Shooting ghosts with a blunderbuss!

Crash wheel! coach over! How it rains  
Hampers, ladies, wigs, and canes!  
O the spoil! to sack it and lock it! 35  
But, woe is me, I have never a pocket!

(From *Poems*. London, 1893)