

FACETIA  
AMERICANA

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FIRESIDE CONVERSATION  
A FRENCH CRISIS  
LITTLE WILLIE  
THE OLD BACKHOUSE

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EUGENE FIELD

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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE



# Fireside Conversation

—Mark Twain.





WESTERNITE toke Her Majestie, ye Queen, a fantasie such as she is sometimes stricken withal, and had to her closet certain that doe write plays, bokes, and such like, these being My Lord Bacon, His Worship Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Ben Johnson, and ye childe Francis Beaumont, which being but sixteen, hath yet turned his hand to ye doing of ye Latin masters into our English tongue with grete discretion and much applause. Also came with ye famous Shaxpur. A right strange mixing truly of mighty blood with mean, ye more in especial since ye Queen's Grace was present, as likewise these following, to-wit:

Ye Duchess of Bilgewater, twenty-six years of age; Ye Countess of Granby, thirty-six; her daughter, Ye Lady Helen, fifteen; as also these two maidens of honor, to-wit: Ye Lady Margery Boothby, sixty-five, and Ye Lady Alice Dillbury, turned seventy, she being two years Ye Queen's Grace's elder.

I being her Majestie's cub-bearer, had no choice but to remain and behold rank forgot, and ye high holde converse with ye low as upon equal terms, a grete scandal an ye world did heare about it.

In ye heat of ye talk it befel that one did break wind, yielding an exceeding mighty and distressful stink, whereat all did laugh full sore, and then:

YE QUEEN:

Verily in mine eight and sixty years have I not heard ye fellow of this fart. Meseemeth, by ye grete sound and clamour of it, it was male; yet ye belly it did lurk behind should now fall lean and flat against ye spine of him that hath been delivered of so stately and so vast a bulk; whereas ye guts of them that doe quiffsplitters bear, stand comely stiff and rounde. Prithee let ye author confess ye offspring. Will my Lady Alice testify?

LAD ALICE:

God, Your Grace, if I had room for such a thundergust within mine ancient bowels, 'tis not in reason I could discharge ye same and live to thank God that He did chose handmaid so humble whereby to show His power. Nay, 'tis not I that have brought forth this rich and o'ermastering fog, this fragrant gloom; so, pray seek ye further.

YE QUEEN:

Mayhap ye Lady Margery hath done ye company this favour?

LADY MARGERY:

So please your Madam, my limbs are feeble with ye weighte and drouth of five and sixty winters, and it behooveth that I be tender unto them. In ye goode providence of God, if I had contanied this wonder, forsoothe wolde I have given ye whole evening of my sinking life to ye

dribbling of it forth, with trembling and uneasy soul, not launching it sudden in its matchless might, taking mine own life with violence, rending my weak frame like rotten rags. It was not I, Your Majestie.

YE QUEEN:

O God's name, who has favoured us? Hath it come to pass that a fart shall fart itself? Not such an one as this, I trow. Young Master Beaumont—but no; 't would have wafted him to heaven like down of goose's body. 'Twas not ye little Lady Helen—nay, ne'er blush childe; thoul't tickle thy tender maidenhedde with many a mousie-squeak before thou learnest to blow a hurricane like this. Was't you, my learned and ingenious Jonson?

BEN JOHNSON:

So fell a blast has ne'er mine ears saluted, nor yet a stench so all-pervading and immortal. 't was not a novice did it, good Your Majestie, but one of veteran experience, else had he failed of confidence. In sooth it was not I.

YE QUEEN:

MY Lord Bacon?

LORD BACON:

Not from my lean entrails hath this prodigy burst forth, so please Your Grace. Naught doth so befit the grete as grete performance; and happily shall you finde that 'tis not from mediocrity this miracle hath issued.



(Though the subject be but a fart, will this tedious sink of learning ponderously philosophize. Meantime did ye foul and deadly stink pervade to that degree, that never smelt I ye like before, yet dared I not leave ye presence, albeit I was like to suffocate.)

YE QUEEN:

What sayeth Ye Worshipful Master Shakspur?

SHAKSPUR:

In ye grete hand of God I stand, and so proclaim mine innocence. Tho ye sinless hosts of heaven had foretold ye coming of this most desolatnig breath, proclaiming it a work of uninspired man, its quaking thunders, its firmament-clogging rottenness, his own achievements in due course of nature, yet had I not believed it; but had said ye pit itself hath furnished ye stink, and heaven's artillery hath broke ye globe in admiration of it.

(Then there was stillness for a space, and each did turn toward ye Worshipful Sir Walter Raleigh, that browned, embattled, bloody swash-buckler, who rising up did smile and simpering say:)

SIR WALTER:

Most Gracious Majestie, 'twas I that did it, but indeed it was so poor and frail a note, compared with such as I am wont to furnish, that in sooth I was ashamed to call ye weakling mine in so august a presence. It was nothing—less

than nothing—I did it but to clear my nether throat; but had I come prepared, then had I delivered something worthy. Bear with me, please Your Grace, till I can make amends.

(Then delivered he himself of such a godless and rock-shivering blast that all were fain to stop their ears, and following it did come so dense and foul a stink, that that which went before, did seem a poor and trifling thing beside it. Then saith he, feigning that he blushed and was confused: “I perceive that I am weak today, and cannot do justice unto my powers;” and sat him down as though to say: “there, it is not much; yet he that hath an arse to spare, let him follow it if he think he can.” By God if I were Ye Queen, I would e’en tip this swaggering braggart out of ye court, and let him air his grandeurs and break his intolerable wind before ye deaf and such as suffocation pleaseth).

Then fell ye talk about ye manners and customs of many people and Master Shaxspur spake of ye boke of ye Sieur Michael de Montaine, wherein was mentioned of ye custom of ye widows of Perigord to wear upon ye head-dress, in sign of widowhood, a jewel in ye similitude of a man’s member wilted and limber, whereat ye Queen did laugh and say widows in England doe wear pricks, too, but betwixt ye thighs, and not wilted neither, till coition hath done that office for them. Master Shaxspur did likewise observe how ye Sieur de Montaine hath spoken of a certain Emperor of such mighty

prowess that he did take ten maiden-heddes in ye compass of a single night, while his Em-press did entertain two and twenty lusty knights between her sheetes, yet was not satisfied; whereat ye merrie Countess Granby saith a ram is ye Emperor's superior, since he will tup above a hundred ewes twixt sun and sun, and after, if he can have none more to shag will masturbate until he hath enriched whole acres with his seed.

Then spake ye damn windmill, Sir Walter, of a people in ye uttermost parts of America, that copulate not until they be five and thirty years of age, ye women being eight and twenty, and do it then but once in seven years.

YE QUEEN:

How doth that like my little Lady Helen? Shall we send thee thither and preserve thy belly?

LADY HELEN:

Please Your Highness' Grace, mine old nurse hath told me there are more ways of serving God than by locking ye thighs together; yet am I willing to serve Him that way, too, since Your Highness' Grace hath set ye example.

YE QUEEN:

God's woundes, a good answer, childe.

LADY ALICE:

Mayhap 'twill weaken when ye hair doth sprout below ye navel.

LADY HELEN:

Nay, it sprouted two years since; I scarce can more than cover it with my hand now.

YE QUEEN:

Hear ye not that, my little Beaumont? Have you not a little birdie about you that stirs at hearing of so sweet a nest?

BEAUMONT:

'Tis not insensible most illustrious madam, but mousing owls and bats of low degree may not aspire to bliss so 'whelming and ecstatic as is found in ye downy nest of birdies of paradise.

YE QUEEN:

By the gullet of God! 'Tis a neat-turned compliment. With such a tongue as thine, lad, thou'lt spread ye ivory thighs of many a willing maid in thy good time, an thy codpiece be as handy as thy speche.

Then spake ye Queen of how she met old Rabelais when she was turned of fifteen, and he did tell of a man his father knew that had a double pair of bollocks, whereon a controversy followed as concerning ye most just way to spell ye word, ye contention running high betwixt ye

learned Bacon and ye ingenious Jonson, until at last ye Lady Margery, wearying of it all, saith:

“Gentles, what mattereth how ye shall spell ye word? I warrant you when you use your bollocks you shall not think of it; and my Lady Granby, be you content, let the spelling be; you shall enjoy the beating of them on your buttocks just the same, I trow. Before I had gained my fourteenth year, I had learnt that those who would a cunt explore stopt not to consider ye spelling o’t.”

In sooth, when a shift’s turned up, delay is mete for naught but dalliance. Boccaccio hath a story of a priest that did beguile a maid into his cell, then knelt him in a corner to pray for grace to be rightly thankful for this tender maidenhedde ye Lord hath sent him; but ye Abbott, spying through ye keyhole, did see a tuft of brownish hair with white flesh about; wherefore when ye priest’s prayer was done, his chance was gone, forasmuch as ye little maid had but one cunt, and that was already occupied to her satisfaction.

Then conversed they of religion, and ye mightie work ye old dead Luther did doe and Master Shaxpur did read a part of his King Henry IV ye whiche, it seemeth unto me, is not of the value of an arseful of ashes, yet they praised it bravely, one and all. Ye same did read a portion of his Venue and Adonis, to their prodigious admiration, whereas I, being sleepy and fatigued

withal, did deem it but paltry stuff and was the more discomfited in that ye bloody buccaneer had got his wind again and did turn his mind to farting with such a villain's zeal that presently I was like to choake once more. God damn this windy ruffian and all his bloody breed. I wolde that hell might get him.

They talked about ye wonderful defense which old Sir Nicholas Throgmorton did make for himself before ye judges in ye time of Mary; which was unlucky matter to broach, since it fetched out ye Queen with: "a pity that he, having so much wit, had yet not enough to save his doter's maidenhedde for her marriage-bed." And ye Queen did give ye damned Sir Walter a looke that made him wince for she hath not forgot he was her own lover in ye olde day. There was silence to uncomfortableness now. 'Twas not a good turn for talk to take, since if Ye Queen must find offense in a little harmless debauching, when pricks were stiff and cunts not loathe to take ye stiffness out of them, who of this company was sinless? Behold was not ye wife of Master Shaxpur four months gone with child when she stood up before ye altar? Was not Her Grace of Bilgewater rogered by four Lords before she had a husband? Was not ye little Lady Helen born on her mother's wedding day? And beholde, were not Ye Lady Alice and Ye Lady Margery, mouthing religion there, whores from the cradle?

In time came they to discourse of Cervantes and of the new painter, Rubens, that is beginning to be heard of. Fine words and dainty-wrought phrases from the ladies now, one or

two of them being in other days, pupils of that poor ass Lille himself. And I marked how that Johnson and Shaxpur did fidget to discharge some venom of sarcasm, yet dared they not in ye presence of ye Queen's Grace, she being ye very flower of ye Euphuists herself. But, behold there be those that having a specialty, and admiring it in themselves, be jealous when a neighbor doth essaye it, nor can they abide it in them long. Wherefore it was observable that Ye Queen waxed discontent; and in time a labored grandiose speeche out of ye mouth of Lady Alice, who manifestly did mightily pride herself thereon, did quite exhause Ye Queen's endurance, who listened till ye gaudy speeche was done, then lifted up her brows, and with vast irony, mincing saith:

“O shitte!”

Whereat they all did laugh, but not ye Lady Alice, ye foolish old bitche.

Now was Sir Walter minded of a tale he once did hear ye ingenious Margarete of Navarre relate, about a maid, which being like to suffer rape by an old Archbishophe, did smartly contrive a device to save her maidenhedde, and said to him: “first, My Lord, I prithee, take out thy Holy tool and piss before me,” which doing, lo! his member felle and would not rise again.

# A French Crisis

—Eugene Field.







INCE Butler sang of dildoes, and Villon  
loved to treat  
Of certain cross-grained margots whom  
he'd rogered on the street;  
Since Rabelais and Rochester and  
Chaucer chose to sing  
Of that which gave them subtle joy—that is to  
say, "the thing,"  
Why should not I, an humble bard, be par-  
doned if I write  
Of a certain strange occurrence which has late-  
ly come to light?  
One evening in December, on the Boulevard de  
Prix,  
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame an-  
nounced the hour of six,  
A dapper wight named Edward, met tripping on  
her way  
A madame with a character and gown quite  
decollet;  
A babbling, buxom, blooming, billowy-bubbied  
dame,  
Camille Maria Jesus Hector Limousin, by  
name.  
Tho fair she was of countenance, she was as  
lewd a bitch  
As ever wallowed in a bed or mouzled in a  
ditch;  
And maugre wealth of family, she was as foul  
a minx  
As ever fondled scabby cods or nursed gangres-  
cent dinks.  
She tumbled one American, and with his drool-  
ing yard  
The august house of "Grevy" fell, and fell al-  
mighty hard.

She toyed with Simon's senile tape, and burned  
Clemenceau's tail;  
With howling Rochefort had she drunk of  
Mother Watkin's ale.  
With Perier, and with Carnot, she had wrestled  
for a fall;  
She had drained old Goulet till he lay, no good,  
against the wall.  
She did not swive for sustenance, she rather  
lived to swive,  
And at the two-backed beast she beat the veriest  
whore alive.  
No prurient dame of high degree, nor wench of  
tarnished fame,  
Could be compared with Limousin at this close-  
buttock game.  
The Greeks had sixteen postures, and the Hin-  
doos sixty-four,  
And Cleopatra's aggregate was seventy-five or  
more.  
What were a hundred postures to this fantastic  
quaen?  
She had at least a thousand, and each of them  
tres bien.  
On top, the pumping method, or lying on the  
side,  
Or spread upon her billowy bum, a la the blush-  
ing bride,  
Or standing up, or sitting down, or resting on  
all four,\*  
Whereby the visitor could take his choice of  
either door;

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\*This was the favorite posture of the Russian  
sian Empress whore.

(The above line, probably not in the original, is  
added in one copy of the poem.)

Or dressed or naked, every way her geinus could  
 invent  
 To catch the silvery substance that tickleth when  
 'tis spent.  
 She'd nig-nog, duffle, snuggle, concomitate and  
 quag;  
 She'd dance the "Shaking of the Sheets," fa-  
 doodle, wap and shag;  
 She'd "Come the Caster," niggle, jerk, and "Hear  
 the Nightingale;"  
 She'd nest-hide, dance "St. Lager's Round," and  
 do it with her tail;  
 She'd break her leg above the knee, pound, click  
 and tread as well,  
 And with a Holy Father, put the Devil into  
 hell.  
 She'd wrestle, bang, cohabit, futuore, fornicate  
 and frig;  
 Go goosing or grousing, and if needs be cooning  
 go,  
 Rasp, roger, didle, bugger, screw, canoodle, kife  
 and mow.  
 There was no form of harlotry, nor any size of  
 tarse,  
 That had not run the gauntlet 'twixt her nos-  
 trils and her arse.  
 What shall I term that slimy pit-like orifice of  
 sin,  
 That let her liquefactions out, and other factions  
 in?  
 A tuppence, twitchet, coney, commodity or  
 nock,  
 Pundendum, titmouse, dummelherd, quaint mer-  
 kin, naf or jock?  
 Call it whatever you please, there's nothing in a  
 name,

And though it had been dubbed a rose, it would  
have smelt the same.  
And he? He was as fine a buck as ever topped  
a ewe,  
Or with his facile penis clave a virgin's clam in  
two.  
The flush of lusty manhood lent its beauty  
to his face,  
And the outlines of his study frame were full of  
virile grace.  
But what seemed fairer far than these, to  
Limousin's fair eyes,  
Was the ne plus ultra yelper that swung be-  
tween his thighs.  
To this illustrious pego and its adjacent flop,  
Let other kingoes, lobs, and yards, in adoration  
drop;  
These other virgas, placket-rackets, pintles,  
stunts and jocks,  
And all the brood of praipismic candidates for  
pox;  
Fie, on the mewling mentulae, for what, oh, what  
were these  
Beside that phallic glory that hung below his  
knees?  
Your pillycocks are competent for tickling  
mouses' ears,  
And tools hight lobs are brute enough to bring  
forth bridal tears,  
But the yelper that's ambitious to enact heroic  
roles  
Must be of such proportions as to stretch the  
roomiest holes;  
With dornicks so proficient that when they cease  
to spout,

The lady cannot pee the dose but has to cough  
it out.

This tool of his was one foot long, and had  
three corners to it;

Its bevelled velvet head stood up, when in the  
mood to do it,

And as it stood, and breathed and purred, and  
murmured sort o' sadly,

What woman, if she felt at all, but hankered  
for it madly?

And then those cods, when dainty hands in  
amorous dalliance squeezed 'em,

They'd throw a stream which ladies say, be-  
yond all telling pleased 'em.

This monumental penis had firrigged through all  
creation,

The jibby, bouser, beagle, bawd of every na-  
tion;

The courtesan, the concubine, the siren and the  
harlot.

The widow in her grassy weeds, the splatter-  
dash in scarlet;

The madam in her drawing room, with social  
homage honored,

The washee-washee almond eye, whose quim is  
cat-a-cornered.

From Colorado in the west, to Mannheim in  
the east,

(And that's a goodly distance—six thousand  
miles at least),

This prick had mown a swath of twats of every  
size and age,

So numerous I could not write their number  
on this page.

Where'er he went he left behind a gory, gum-  
my trail

Of lacerated, satiated, ripped-up female tail.  
'Twas to the bearer of this tool that Limousin  
applied,  
For the pleasant little service that he'd never  
yet denied,  
And when she asked him, "Voulez?" he was  
fly enough to see  
He would have to meet a crisis, so he bravely  
answered "Oui!"  
A crisis is a crisis, but a French one, we've  
heard tell,  
Out-crises all crises, and that is simply hell.  
He modestly unfolded his Brobdingnagian prick,  
And hit that foreign madam's thing just one  
gosh-awful lick;  
She gave a grewsome tremor, and shrieked  
aloud, "Mon Dieu!"  
Her eye-balls rolled up in her head, her lips  
turned black and blue;  
But there he lay and sozzled 'till he pumped her  
full, and then  
He went and hired a doctor to sew her up  
again.

# Little Willie

—Eugene Field.







WHEN Willie was a little boy,  
Not more than five or six,  
Right constantly he did annoy  
His mother with his tricks.  
Yet not a picayune cared I  
For what he did or said,  
Unless, as happened frequently,  
The rascal wet the bed.

Closely he cuddled up to me  
And put his hand in mine,  
Till all at once I seemed to be  
Afloat in seas of brine.  
Sabean odors clogged the air,  
And filled my soul with dread,  
Yet I could only grin and bear  
When Willie wet the bed.

'Tis many times that rascal has  
Soaked all the bed-clothes through,  
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas  
And wonder what to do.  
Yet there he lay, so peaceful-like;  
God bless his curly head!  
I quite forgave the little tyke  
For wetting of the bed.

Ah, me! those happy days have flown,  
My boy's a father too,  
And little Willies of his own  
Do what he used to do.  
And I, ah! all that's left for me  
Are dreams of pleasure fled;  
My life's not what it used to be  
When Willie wet the bed.



# The Old Backhouse

—James Whitcomb Riley.





WHEN memory keeps me company and  
moves to smiles or tears,

A weather-beaten object looms through  
the mist of years;

Behind the house and barn it stood, a  
half a mile or more,

And hurrying feet a path had made, straight  
to the swinging door.

Its architecture was a type of simple classic  
art,

But in the tragedy of life it played a leading  
part;

And oft the passing traveler drove slow, and  
heaved a sigh

To see the modest hired girl slip out with  
glances shy.

We had our posy garden that the women loved  
so well;

I loved it too, but better still, I loved the  
stronger smell

That filled the evening breezes so full of homely  
cheer,

And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human  
life was near.

On lazy August afternoons, it made a little  
bower,

Delightful, where my grandfather sat and whiled  
away an hour.

For there the summer morning its very cares  
entwined,

And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil  
behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the  
buzzing flies,

That flitted to and from the house, where Ma  
was baking pies.

And once a swarm of hornets bold had built a  
palace there,  
And stung my unsuspecting aunt—I must not  
tell you where;  
Then father took a flaming pole—that was a  
happy day—  
He nearly burned the building up, but the hor-  
nets left to stay.  
When summer bloom began to fade and winter  
to carouse,  
We banked the little building with a heap of  
hemlock boughs.  
But when the crust was on the snow and the  
sullen skies were gray,  
In sooth the building was no place where one  
could wish to, stay.  
We did our duties promptly, there no purpose  
swayed the mind;  
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we  
left behind.  
The torture of that icy seat could make a Spar-  
tan sob,  
For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a  
lacerating cob  
That from a frost-encrusted nail was suspended  
by a string—  
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a  
thing.  
When grandpa had to “go out back” and make  
the morning call,  
We’d bundle up the dear old man with a muf-  
fler and a shawl.  
I know the hole on which he sat—’twas padded  
all around,  
And once I dared to sit there—’twas all too  
wide, I found;

My loins were all too little and I jack-knifed  
there to stay;  
They had to come and get me out, or I'd a  
passed away.  
Then father said ambition was a thing the boys  
should shun,  
And I must use the children's hole 'till child-  
hood days were done.  
But still I marvel at the craft that cut those  
holes so true;  
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted  
Sister Sue.  
That dear old country landmark; I've trampled  
around a bit,  
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to  
sit;  
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed  
of yore,  
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved  
upon the door.  
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my  
faded soul;  
I'm now a man but none the less I'll try the  
children's hole.