

Av. 1875

Lady McGregor requests
the pleasure of
Mr. Edward Gibson's
company at a small
dinner party on
the evening of ~~Friday~~ ^{to} ~~Friday~~ ^{to} ~~Friday~~ ^{to}
at 1/2 past 8 of
12. Hyde Park Street

Wife of Gen. Chas. W. Macgregor

1840-1887

General. Auth.

Index. Mundy

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Lady Macgregor 1840-1887
Wife of General Sir C. Macgregor
Author. Indian Mutiny etc.

Gerald Massey
1828-1901
Author 172P.2

Et memoriam.
MARK LEMON,
MAY 23, 1870.

So, close his eyes, his life's work done ;
So, close his lips, hushed mute by death ;
He here no more shall see the sun,
Nor breathe our mortal troubled breath.
He, too, has passed. The wit that shone
The humour gay that sparkled here,
The genial friendship, all are gone ;
His laugh no more our days shall cheer.
Falstaff, he jested in our eyes,
An actor, but in daily life
His jests were as his " Fat Jack's "—wise,
With unctuous fun as rich and rife.
What wit-lit nights with him we've known,
When Thackeray, Jerrold, Hood, were ours !
They clustered round him, who alone
Held wise rule o'er their wound'rous powers.
They owned him wise to choose the choice,
Their dimmer sparkles to reject ;
They bowed, obedient to his voice.

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