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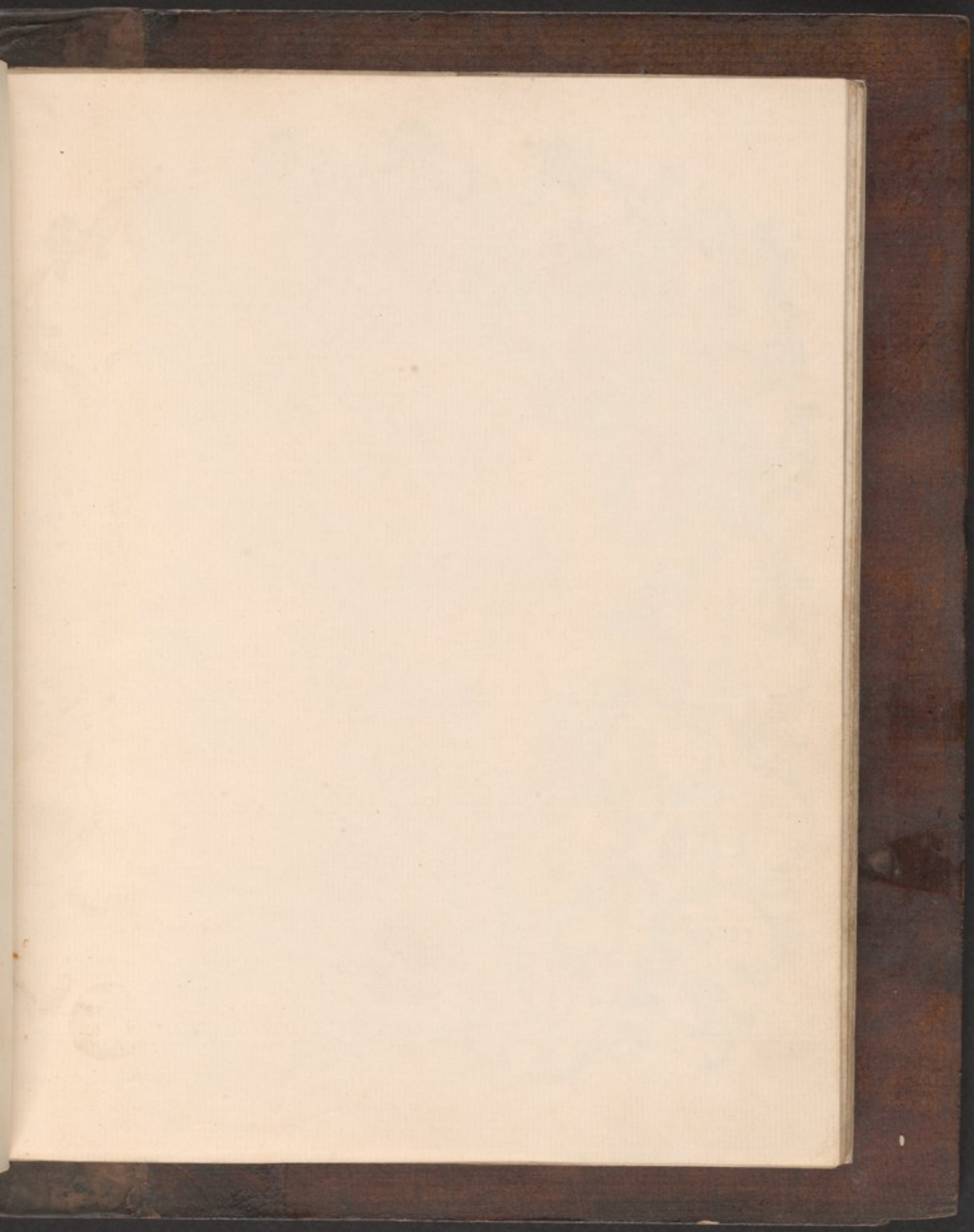
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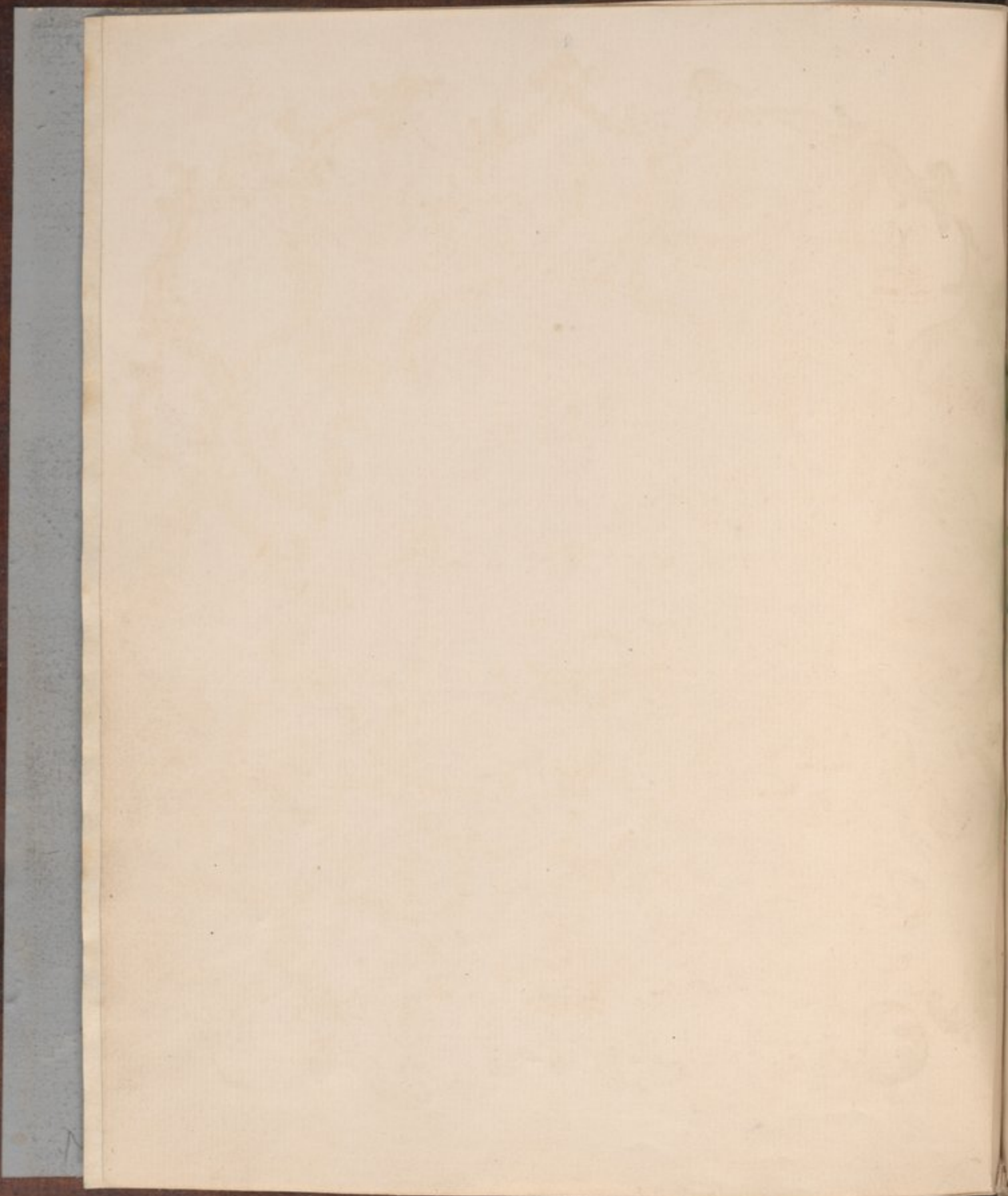
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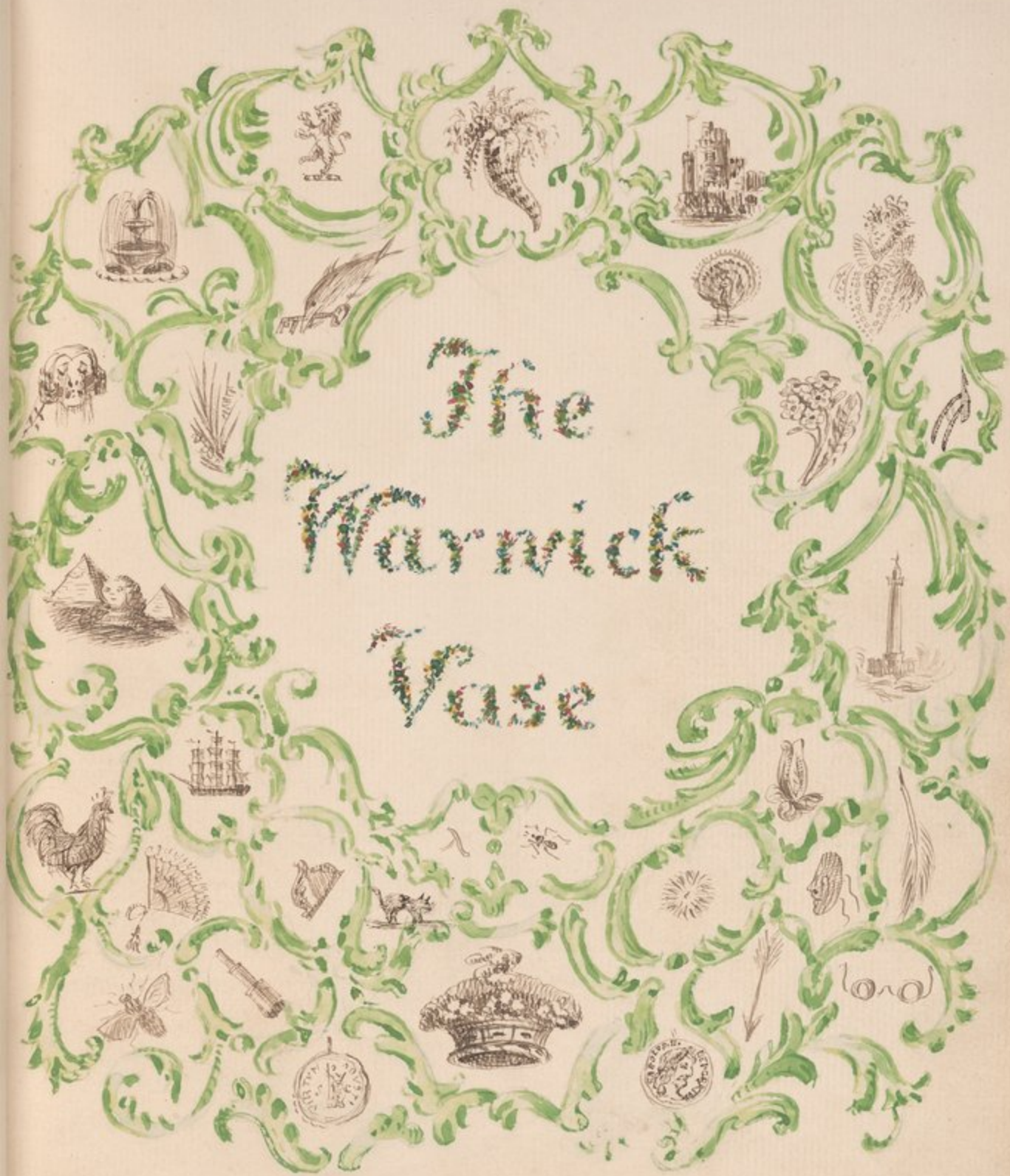
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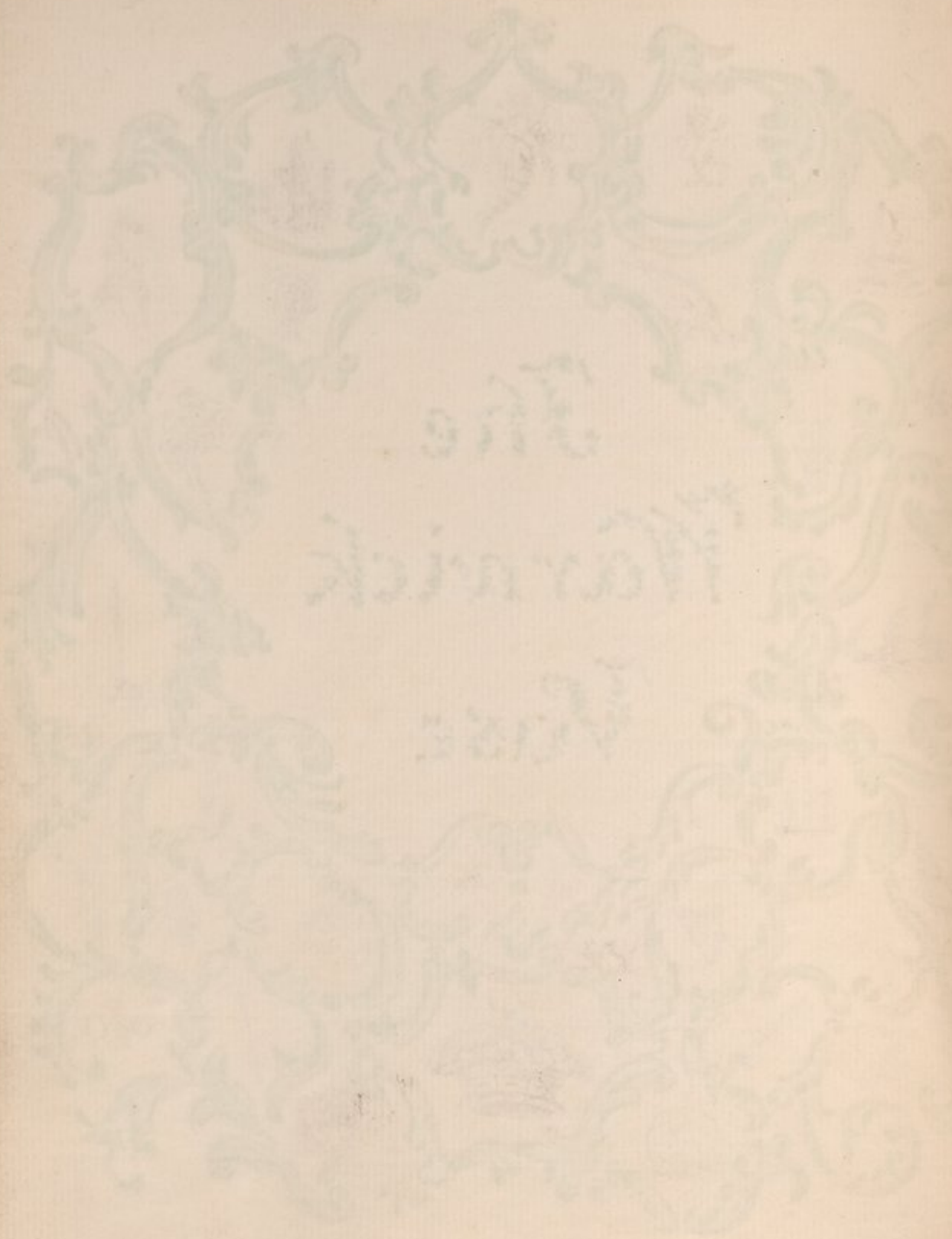




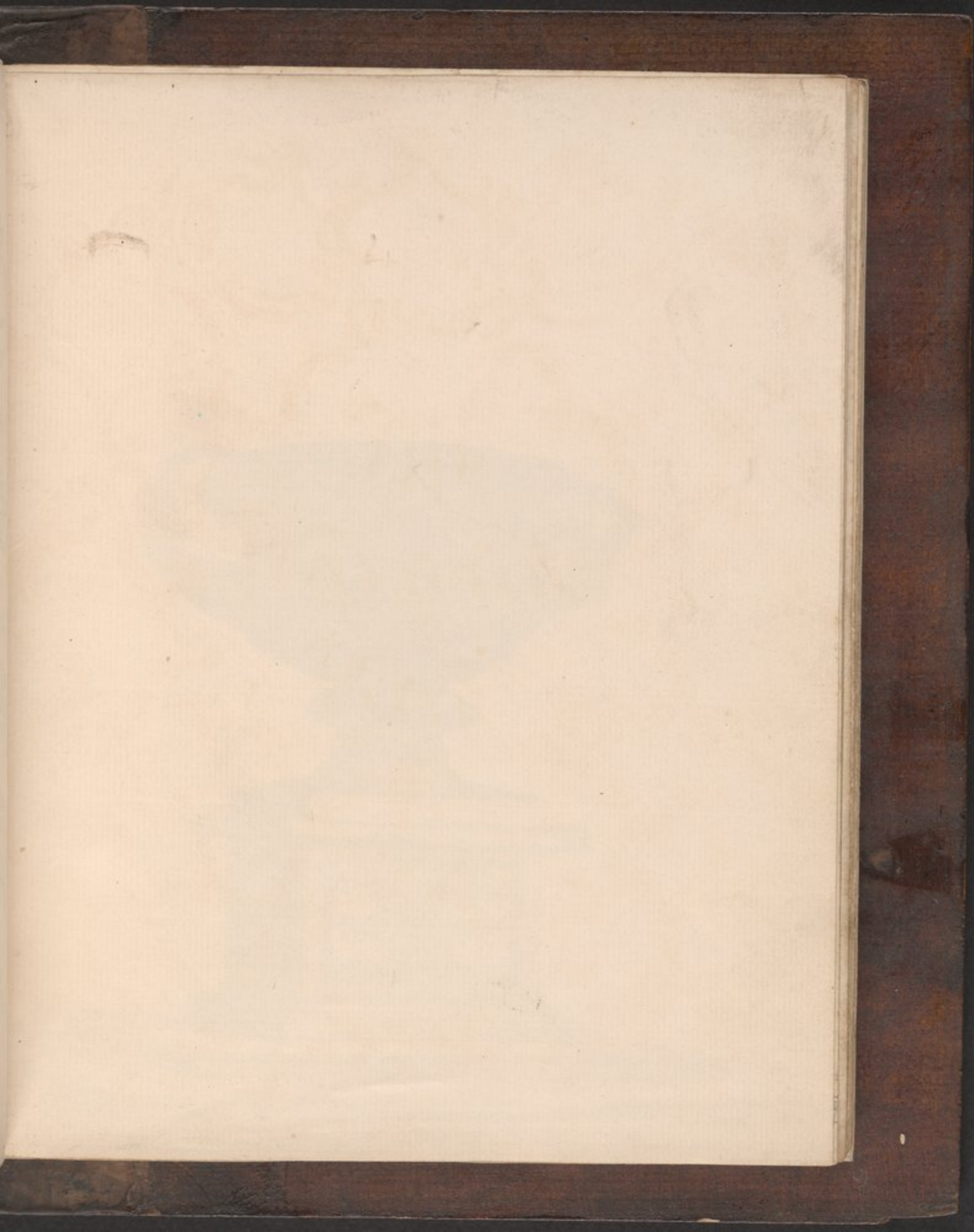
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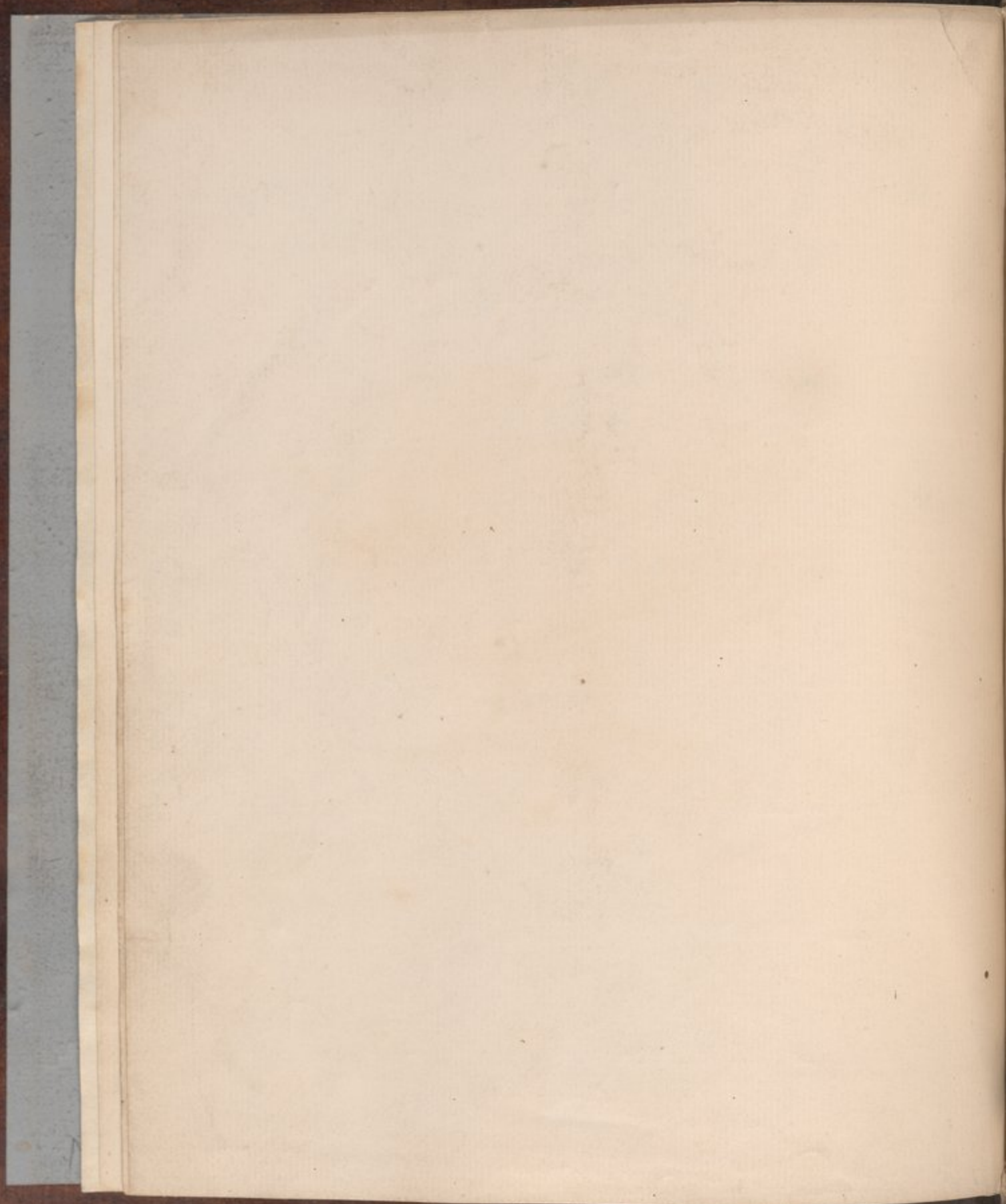


Lord

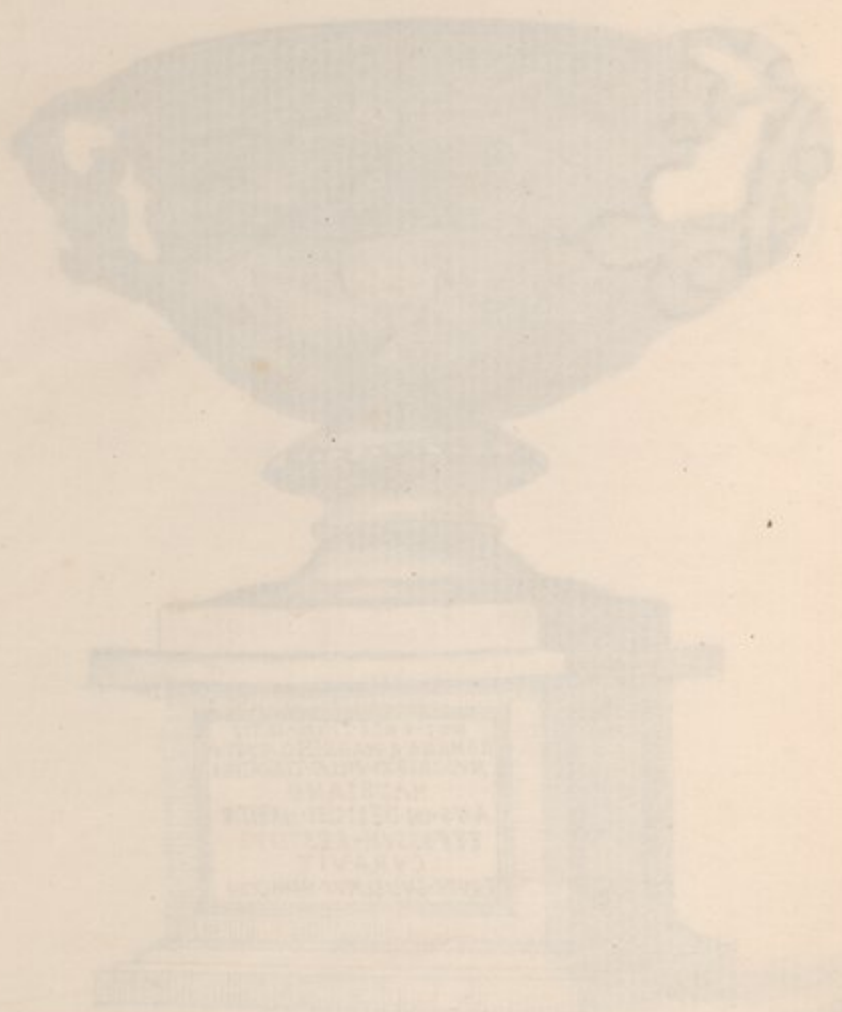


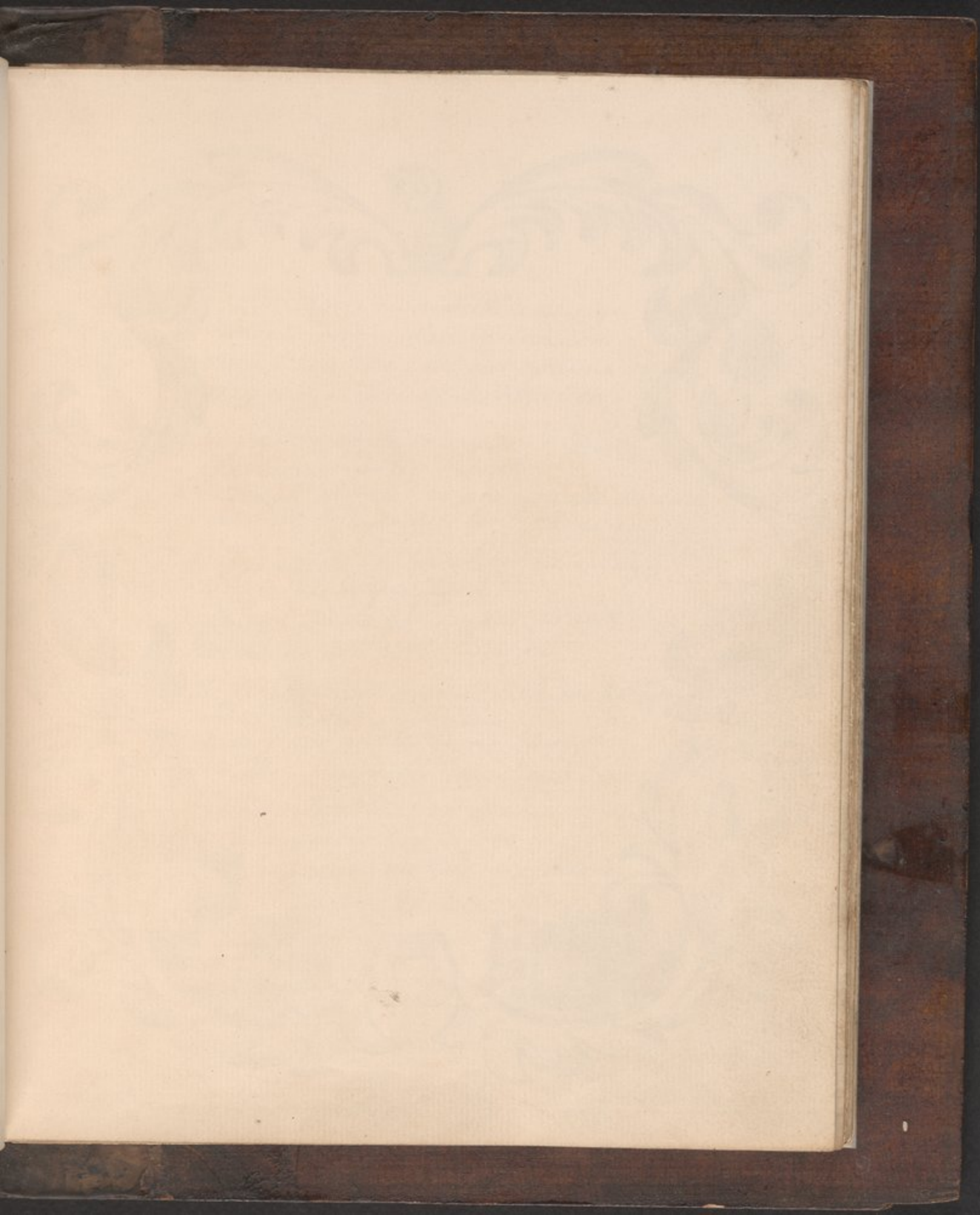


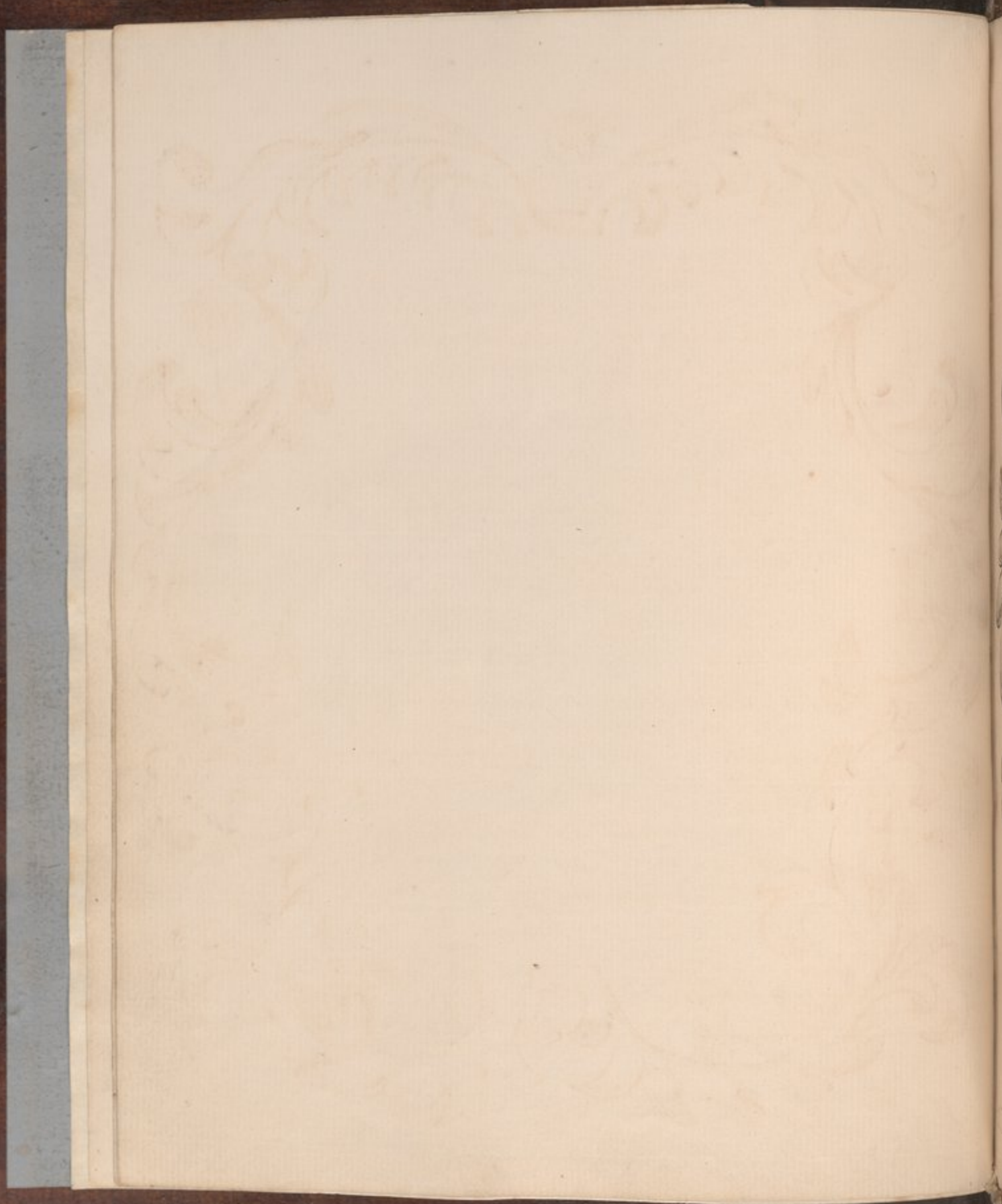















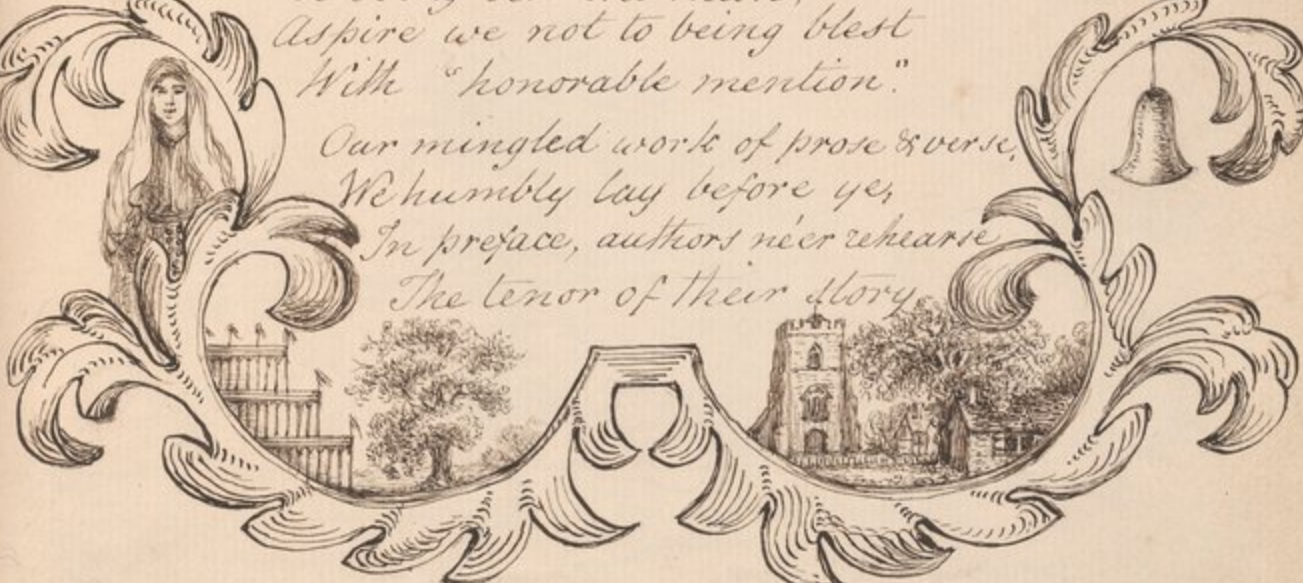
Oh stranger! read with kindly eye,  
We write with small instruction  
And when you cast our volume by,  
Say not — "Feeble production!"

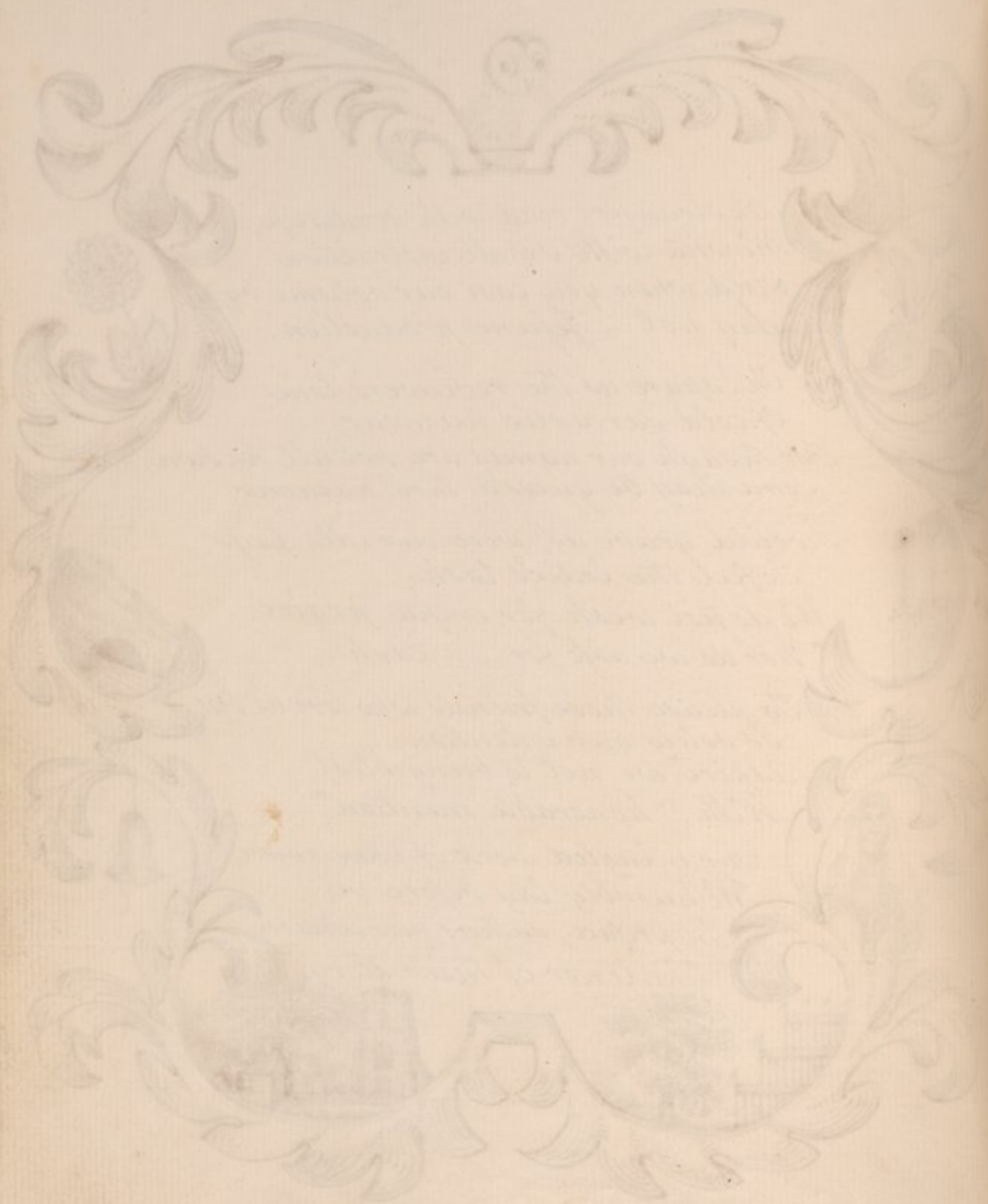
Oh! spare us the reviewer's tone  
Of cold sarcastic humour;  
For though our names are not all known,  
Some may be guess'd thro' rumour.

'T would grieve us, were our idle lays  
To feel the Critic's task;  
We do not wish for empty praise,  
Nor do we ask for — cash.

To please those friends who love us best,  
Is solely our intention;  
Aspire we not to being blest  
With "honorable mention."

Our mingled work of prose & verse,  
We humbly lay before ye,  
In preface, authors ne'er rehearse  
The tenor of their story.







Artists oft Excursions take



To sketch the Lake Killarney

Poets their sweet verses make



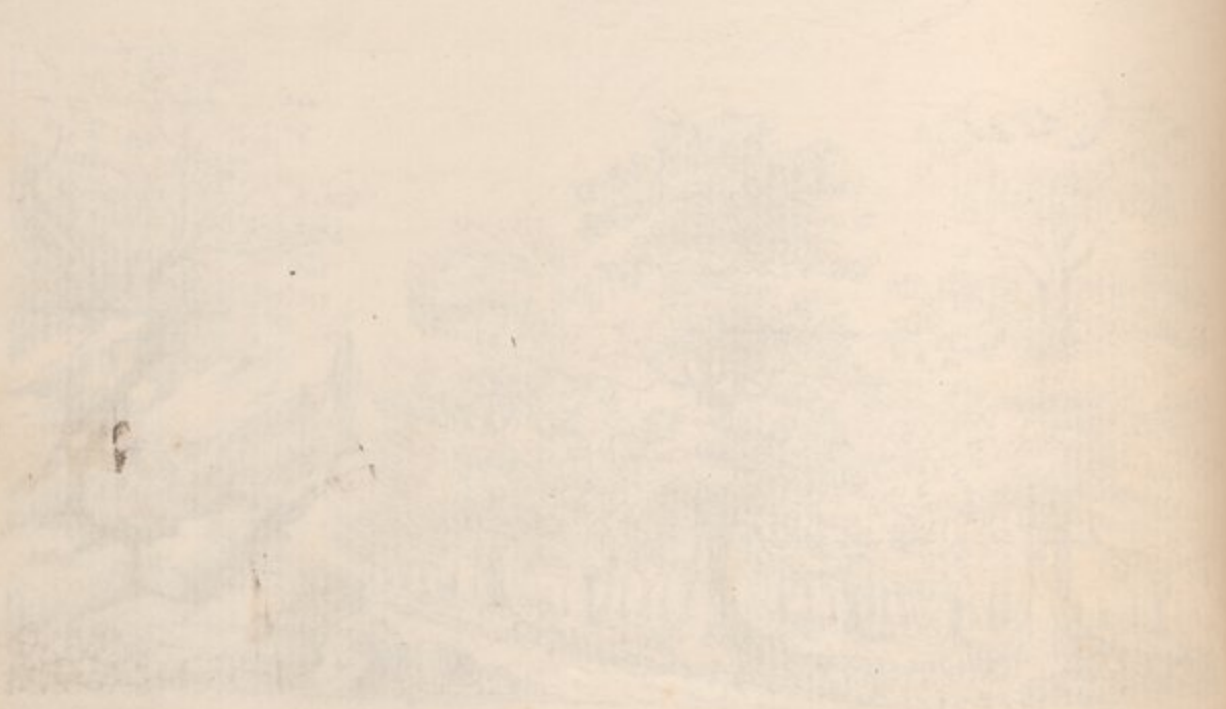
Amid the Groves of Blarney .

Printed at the University Press




By the University Press


Printed at the University Press



Printed at the University Press



I received your request with a feeling of sorrow,  
For my old stupid thoughts will not rise at my call,  
And I fear you have little to hope from my musings,  
For emptiness, is the result of them all.



I thought of you all, as I strolled in the garden  
To gather a bouquet of bright autumn flowers,  
And each that I pluck'd, seemed to bear a resemblance  
To one of the group who have thus task'd my powers;

A Rose first attracted me, fragrant and blooming,  
And recalled to me Eleanor's bright happy face,  
Then a spray of sweet Jessamine, gracefully hanging,  
Brought Charlotte before me, and claim'd the next place.

Quite pleas'd with my progress I look'd round for Kitty  
And soon found a flower that is pleasant to all,  
The cheerful Geranium, the general favorite  
Whose beautiful blossoms grace cottage and Hall.

I still wandered on, till I came to a *Fuschia*,  
A plant that so truly rewards all our care,  
Whose elegant flowers in the gentle breeze waving,  
Filled my thoughts with *Penelope*, youthful & fair.

I sought for one flower yet, to add to my treasures,  
And glanc'd round my garden, *Letitia* for you,  
And the sweet *Mignonette*, so welcome and modest  
Appear'd to my fancy an emblem quite true.

Behold then my vase, with its beautiful blossoms,  
To me doubly dear from the thoughts that have flow'd  
Of those I have seen; like the opening flowers,  
Repay all the care and the culture bestow'd.



Switzerland

2 Vicarage.

# The Priory

Vespers were over, and the monks strolled forth, I, among the rest, to taste the fresh pure evening breeze, doubly refreshing after a day of most oppressive heat, we wandered out into the park, where each chose a separate course, for such was our venerable Prior's command, and a bold man was he, who dared dispute his word. But this was the very time for a solitary ramble, every thing breathless and quietness, all nature was reposing after the heat and lurid glare of day. The deer were lying in groups under the shadow of the picturesque old oaks and magnificent chesnuts with which our Priory park abounds, nothing interrupted the quiet of the scene, but the steps of workmen returning to their homes, and now and then their distant whistling; while ever and anon the deep chime of St Mary's bells fell on the ear as they marked the flight of time. I flung myself on the grass under an oak which overhung one of the large fishponds, and traced its noble form and graceful foliage in the clear water at my feet, in the distance, my eye rested on the grey range of cloisters and massive outline of our ancient Priory, and then my thoughts reverted from the present, and I was again in the home of my childhood, in my father's baronial hall. I saw again my gentle mother's face, and heard the merry laugh of my baby sister

as she played fearlessly with my father's sword, while my brothers and myself would listen entranced to my father's tales of knightly deeds and bloody wars, in which he had borne an active part, and was but then returned; again I saw myself a studious boy, thirsting for knowledge, living in a world of my own creation, building up airy castles, while, ever as they fell, undaunted, I formed another from their ruins; and then it was resolved much to my delight, that I should quit the bustle and the glitter of the world, and embrace a monastic life. And now years had flown on, so swiftly and smoothly, that I scarce could mark their course, but they had taught me much, I had learnt that knowledge, earthly knowledge can never satisfy the cravings of man's soul, I had found a sphere of usefulness even in the convent. My brothers chose a different path, one thirsted for glory and was now battling the Saracen with our lion hearted king. The other became a statesman, and devoted all the energy of his great mind to uphold his king and country's cause under the catiff John. While thus recalling the scenes of youth, and dwelling with deep affection on them and the remembrance of former friends, I marked not the lengthening shadows, at last, lulled by the calm that reigned around me, I sank into slumber. Strange was the dream my sleeping fancy conjured up before me. Methought 'twas the noon

day service, we were all assembled in the chapel, which seemed to have strangely altered, magnificently painted glass filled the richly traced and mullioned windows; gilding, carving, and all that art can bestow of ornament, was lavished on this gorgeous edifice. The monks' voices were raised high in the solemn chant, when sounds were heard of armed men, and the tramp of many feet, the music ceased, and all were filled with dire forebodings, for 'twas said there were few convents in the land, from whence the cruel king (Henry by name) and his myrmidons, had not driven the monks, and now their time was come, their priory lands were confiscated, and the monks were driven to wander houseless and forlorn "the wide world o'er". Again the scene was changed, another tyrants devastating band entered the Priory to pillage all that the other spoiler had left, part of the house they spared, but every vestige of carving, tracery, and buttress, that marked where once the chapel stood, were all destroyed. Once more another change, a large square house without a shadow of beauty, adjoined the ivy mantled ruins of the grey old Priory, and all around were traces of the spoiler's hand, the grand old elms, the stately chesnuts, and the spreading beech, were all hewed low. — A huge bank of earth, with here and there a red brick arch, stretched

a straight line across our Priory park, I gazed speechless with horror, when a sharp shrill sound broke upon my ear; and then a monster, most unsightly to behold, with smoke and flames issuing in volumes from its long deep throat, puffing and panting as it went, rushed with lightning speed across the plain, bearing in its train hundreds of hapless human beings enclosed in wooden cages, in vain I strove to scream, that I might summon aid to stop the fiery monster's course, and free them from his grasp, but with the effort woke, to find it was a dream.







## The Eagles' Cawed for the Loss of the Eggs

Oh! thou most ancient town of Warwick!  
Abode of nymphs, but not — of swains  
Thou soon may'st cry "Alas!" with Yorick  
For steam invades thy shady lanes.  
E'en the euphonious name of "Pigwell"  
Could not protect those lovely walks,  
Whole hosts of men there, daily dig well,  
And o'er those fields, the stiff line stalks,  
Transported now will seem the Bull Oak.  
'Tis well we sketched its trunk before;  
The frogs enjoy the pits in full croak,  
For violets will be sought no more.



But what excites our, almost, phrenzy,  
And makes us dread this iron band;  
Is, that the cheerful clan Mackenzie  
Will henceforth seem in Kaffir Land!  
How shall we dare, with lantern lowly,  
To "cross the line" in dead of night?  
Stepping with care, and somewhat slowly,  
An engine's squeal would us affright!  
E'en though we thought it came from Hatton,  
I would seem quite close to these dark lanes;  
This cruel line we should fall flat on,  
And make a job for Mr. Haynes.  
Can I say more to prove the error  
Those members made, who passed a Bill

Which placed the ladies hearts in terror  
Without once asking, "What's your will?"  
Our garments too, increase our danger,  
Cheating the sweeper of his bread,  
Strange to good sense we should be stranger,  
And to the mode "resign our head!"  
There is one plan, - how can we write it?  
Which may avert our dreadful doom;  
We almost blush while we indite it,  
Shall we burst bravely into *Bloom*?



# Difficulties of

The English Language

**A** knowing man had a sack of meal on a roll  
to mow the grass, near a matted and mottled oak,  
whereon was perched a ravisht rone with some  
dough which he tried to read, for it needed  
reading for his need. A Nostick and a Nigbt rode by on  
neigting nags, with nobsticks on their hands, and napsacks  
on their backs, on their way to visit lovely Nell, who sat on  
a nob, nitting and notting nots, at her see they nelt, a nat did  
nab the Nigbt's nag, which nocked him off, and cracked his nee-  
pan, he nashed his teeth, and cried "thou naughty nave!"  
I ought to nubble thee with nout or nurle, hast thou no  
nowledge of my power?

Now that now with my wife  
I could end thy life  
And beg my sweet Nell  
So roll thy last nelt.



# A Melancholy Tale.

I do not know that I am shy, or vain, more impudent or more modest, than the generality of men, but what I do find is, that I am continually suffering from the effects of one or other of these faults, and I am reluctantly compelled to admit, that in almost all the circumstances of my life, (which by the by has been a most remarkably uneventful one) I have been either shy or impudent, bold or timid, exactly when I ought to have been the reverse. There are some men who manage always to do the right thing, at the right time, there are others who never do the right thing at all, but who manage their blunders so à propos, that they get on even better, than if they never made a mistake. I flatter myself, that, as a rule, I generally do the right thing, but as it perversely happens, that the time at which I do it, is never the right one, (and I really cannot see that it is in any degree my fault,) my well-calculated and judicious proceedings secure me nothing but failure, and though every body, at least, I would fain believe so, respects my talents, and honors my integrity, yet, not one of all my numerous friends will trust me to do anything, the execution of which can possibly be marred by a blunder. I have just lost my last friend by a misfortune which

appears to me inevitable, which happened to me solely, I will maintain, through the exactness of my calculations, had any one else been employed about the business, he must infallibly have blundered, and, by blundering, accomplished the design which was spoilt by my unhappy exactness. It may appear extraordinary that this friend, whom, for convenience's sake, I will call James Robinson, should have employed me in the affair, but the fact is, that I had, up to the date of the transaction in question, continued to keep from his knowledge the various scrapes in which I had been involved; at any rate employ me he did, and this was the unhappy consequence. My friend James Robinson had undeservedly (for he too like myself was unfortunate) acquired the reputation of being what is vulgarly called too fast, he had also, he informed me, suffered under the imputation of being too slow, now these two accusations had injured him in two different quarters; he had an Uncle, of large property, to whom he was much attached, and from whom he had considerable expectations, he was also devotedly attached to a young lady, of very great beauty, numerous virtues, and considerable wealth, and he flattered himself that both his Uncle and Miss Jackson, for that was the name of the lady, entertained the same sentiments towards him, that he did towards them. Of these circumstances, I, as his bosom friend, was of course aware, and had

often, (not I own, without some slight feeling of envy,) congratulated him upon his prospects. Last week however James came to me in very low spirits, and informed me, that evil reports had been circulated about him, that he was said to be too fast, that he was accused of being too slow, that his Uncle had heard one slander, and Miss Jackson the other, that they were both offended with him, and that he wanted my help to clear up his character. In a rash moment I undertook to do so, the remembrance of the consequences drives me almost mad. I hope in the course of a few days to recover sufficient calmness to continue my recital.



The difficulty you perceive was twofold, he had to convince one of the offended parties, that he was not fast, and the other that he was not slow, while at the same time he must take care, that what justified him in the eyes of one, did not sink him still lower in the esteem of the other: then again, there was another danger to be guarded against; his exculpation, if he was fortunate enough to get anything like one, must not appear to be made on set purpose, for then it would most probably get more examined into than would be convenient, while, on the other hand, it must not come before the eyes of his friends quite by accident, for then perhaps it would not get attended to at all. Then again, there was another consideration, would it be better to have one justification for both charges, or a separate one for each? it seemed exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to clear a man of two such inconsistent accusations by merely one statement of facts, or fiction, as the case might be, while, on the <sup>other</sup> hand, two distinct stories might, if by any chance they came to be compared, get us into a worse scrape than ever. I represented these and other difficulties to my friend James, who, I grieve to say, far from showing any gratitude, got into a rage with me, told me to go to - a very great distance, and said that I had neither given him advice nor assistance, and that, as I saw the difficulties so clearly, and



had pointed them out to him with such perspicuity, the least I could do, was to take the whole management of the concern upon myself, this, though much against my will, I consented to do, so he took his leave, promising to come in a week or so, and hear his fate. On his departure, I set about considering seriously what I ought to do, and had just made up my mind to call, on some pretence or other, both on the lady, and the gentleman, and trust to chance for some opportunity of justifying my friend; while I was beating my brains for an excuse, a horrible idea struck me, I remembered that I had not heard from James whether it was his Uncle that objected to his slowness, and the lady to his fastness, or vice versa; here was a pretty kettle of fish, it was clearly his fault; it was too late now to ask, for he had gone out of town somewhere or other, to get rid of his anxieties, so I had to trust to fortune. Under these circumstances, it would be absurd to try the plan of two exculpations, as I should not know which to address to which, so I was obliged to try and concoct a story, which should clear him in both respects. I had happened to see in the paper a day or two before, an account of a disturbance, a street row, or something of that sort, in which my friend's name figured, not, as I thought, very creditably. I determined to send, in his name, a contradiction to that scandal at any rate, so I wrote off to the Times, an indig-

nant disavowal of any participation in the disgraceful outrage, signing it of course with my friend's name. This contradiction appeared, as a matter of course, in next morning's paper, and as I knew I should meet both the Uncle and the lady at a party that evening, I determined to turn the conversation to the subject of my friend, and to speak of him in such a way as I should find advisable. Well, I went to the party, and sure enough there were both my birds, who, at that time, were unacquainted with each other. No sooner had I come into the room, than the Uncle came up to me, in as great a fury as it is possible for a man, who considers appearances at all, to be in, in a crowded room. "So Sir," he said, "that puppy of a Nephew of mine, chooses to call his Uncle names, he sets himself up for a judge of what is correct, or not, and does not like to be mixed up in a transaction with me, eh? I was quite dumfounded, it had never struck me that the Uncle and Nephew were namesakes, and that it was the rich relative himself, who had figured in the police reports, and who had clearly intended to let his Nephew have the credit of it. I had forgot to mention that the Uncle was not near fifty, but as he had always spoken of my friend as his heir, we had got into the way of looking upon him quite as an old man. Well, I thought, it is no use trying to explain this at present, so I merely said, that I had no idea

what he was referring to, but that I was sure, that any offence given by my friend to his Uncle, must be unintentional, and got out of the worthy man's way as soon as I could. In a short time I got near Miss Jackson, who appeared much discomposed, I began talking of the weather, and the mud, and, when she said, <sup>er</sup> "Talking of mud, what a sad story about your friend!" I agreed with her, said, that it was a shame to take away an innocent man's character, and then mentioned that a contradiction of the report had appeared in that morning's paper; she shook her head, refused to believe in the contradiction, and when I tried to convince her, pretended to be listening to some musical performance that was going on; just as if it was not perfectly well known that nobody in this world ever did listen to music. However the piece came to an end at last, (not that pieces generally do) and I managed to tell her that I could convince her immediately of James's innocence, if she would allow me to introduce her to his Uncle, who happened to be standing not far off, this she rather ungraciously assented to; and then I thought I had nearly gained my point, for the Uncle could hardly pretend to believe in James' guilt, when he was so well aware of his innocence, besides which I confess, that I owed the man a grudge; I knew that he hated music, and detested having to talk to ladies; Miss Jackson was sitting close to the piano, and I

took him up there, and there I left him. I then proceeded to look after my own little affairs, none of which prospered with me that evening, and saw nothing of Miss Jackson till we were going away, when she told me that every thing had been explained to her satisfaction, and as I saw the Uncle very busy showing her, I went away in great spirits, and congratulated myself warmly on my success. —


The next thing I heard was, that the Uncle and Miss Jackson were engaged!!! — What was I to do? —

We inquired of our correspondant what emblem he would choose, he said a Flood of Tears, was his favorite. Ed. —

It is sad my dear cousin

To think how the time

Has past, since you sent me, that letter in rhyme  
It gave me great pleasure and vast entertainment  
And deserved I am sure, the only just payment  
Of thanks and acknowledgement, which I now send  
With a hope that you'll pardon, your sad lazy friends.  
In London the days fly excessively fast,  
And we seem to have only just done our breakfast



When into a cab, we all got for a drive  
In the Park, and that over, see dinner arrive,  
Our hunger appeased, we must take a walk,  
It is good for our health, so away we both stalk.  
Mamma and I roam thro' the streets and the lanes,  
The squares, and the places; we take immense pains  
A "New Road" to discover; we have been East and West,  
And North and South also, so great is our zest.  
To Leadenhall, Covent-garden and the Haymarket;  
Through Drury Lane and Seven Dials we've made our feet race  
To Silver-street, Golden, Red Lion and Queen square.  
To Anson Corner we have been, and perhaps you're not aware  
We have traversed Ave Maria Lane, and Paternoster row,  
And to both the great Cathedrals, we have taken care to go.  
To Alfred, Francis, Charlotte, Charles, Edward and George's Street,  
And to the fine Victoria Tower which really is a treat.  
Into the Streets of Kings and Queens of Carls and Dukes also  
The roads and gates of Princes, we have essayed to go.  
The Zoological gardens, have claimed our first attention  
Where the far-famed Hippopotamus, is lost in meditation  
His nurse, the sage Arabian, was wrapt in his book,  
For any of the bystanders, he could not spare a look.  
The <sup>clumsy</sup> Uran Ostang with hair, and arms so long,  
Who hugged and bit his keeper, and if he were not strong;

I'm sure he must have fallen 'twas a disgusting sight  
To see a beast so like a man, yet such an ugly fright.  
We've visited the Holyland, at least so far I mean  
As Warren's famous Diorama can carry us. Each scene  
Is quite enchanting; of its kind, but what I most admire  
Is Jordan, with its woody banks, and water clear from mire.  
We've walked into St James's Park, the Green, and Hyde we've entered  
And round about the Crystal Palace, we also one day ventured,  
Tis sad to see that building now, looking so drear and bare,  
That used to hold the multitudes, that thronged this great world's fair  
Large packing cases ranged around, showed mournfully that man  
Had passed away that Pageant fair, with all its state and show,  
When all the mighty monarchs, of every foreign clime,  
Had each sent treasures, rare, and chaste, to grace our land; that too  
Is gone, but like a pleasant dream, its memory will give  
Joy to the hearts of myriads, as long as they shall live.  
When after years have fled away, and they've grown grey and old  
Around their hearths, they'll talk of it, as of a tale that's told.  
Good bye my dear cousin, there is no more time.  
To trouble you with my queer jingling rhyme  
With love to your circle Believe me my dear  
Your truly affectionate Cornucopia.





The Knight of Saint Fleur.  
It was on a fine morning in the beginning of March 1194, that a young knight was riding on the road between Pontefract and Nottingham, in Sherwood Forest. He was apparently about thirty, and looked as if he had seen a great deal of service, he was rather above six feet high, and broad in proportion, fair, with light brown hair, and large blue eyes, which, when he was animated, shot fire. He was dressed from head to foot in chain armour, with a surcoat, on the left shoulder of which, was worked a red cross, and his triangular shield bore the motto "Honor est gloria". His jet black charger was "barred from counter to tail;— A sudden turn of the road, brought him into an open glade of the forest, crossed by another road, on

which he beheld a party of horsemen, apparently a Baron and his followers, riding at full speed; as soon as they were out of sight, he rode rapidly off in the opposite direction — — —

We must now take our readers back five years, and introduce them to a wooded eminence, on the banks of the river Derwent, within ten miles of Derby, where stood the small castle of St. Meur, and inhabited by Sir Reginald de St Meur, our hero, to whom our readers have already been introduced. About twenty miles from this castle, on a high hill, stood another and much larger one, inhabited by a Baron and his only daughter. The Baron was a dark and stern man, but his daughter, the Lady Beatrice, was gentle, and beloved by all who knew her. She was tall and strikingly handsome, with black hair & eyes. Her father, the Lord Albert Fitzclare, was the very reverse in temper and manners, but with black hair, moustaches, and eyes, of the same colour; he was very ferocious, so much so, that his vassals were in bodily fear of him, and none of the nobles liked him. His castle was a strong one, and stood on a cliff, overhanging the river Derwent; between the foot of the cliff, and the river, was a narrow path of gravel, and, from a tower on the top of the rock, in which was

22



the bower of the Lady Beatrice Fitzclaire, a secret stair-  
-case communicated with it, through a door of the  
same stone as the rock itself. One morning as young  
Sir Reginald was riding out in Sherwood forest,  
he met Lady Beatrice, who was hawking, but had  
missed her party and lost her way. Sir Reginald  
accosted her, and asked if he could be of any as-  
-sistance to her. "I thank you Sir Knight," she replied  
"I cannot find the way to my father's castle, the Lord  
Fitzclaire." He offered to show her the way to it, which  
she immediately accepted. As they rode along together,  
they conversed, until they came in sight of the castle;  
when, as they were parting, up came the Hawking  
party, consisting of the Baron and some of his atten-  
-dants. He thanked Sir Reginald coldly, (for between  
himself and the Knight's father, there had been a  
deadly feud,) and then rode away. From that time  
Sir Reginald and the Lady Beatrice used to meet by  
moonlight, on the gravel walk beneath the cliff, on  
which the castle stood, and converse, as her father  
would not allow any intercourse between them.  
Soon after Sir Reginald sailed with Coeur de Lion  
for the Holy Land, carrying with him a silver cross  
hanging from a chain of the same metal, which  
he had received from the Lady Beatrice. He was

present with Richard at sieges of Cyprus and Acre,  
the battle of Joppa and several other engagements, &  
set sail at the same time for England, though by  
a different route. He landed at the mouth of  
the Humber, and then travelled to Pontefract on  
his faithful steed, who <sup>had</sup> been the companion of all  
his campaigns, and spent the night there. —  
The next day he commenced his journey to Nottingham,  
intending to proceed to his own castle, but perceiving  
Lord Fitzclaire, and some of his attendants riding  
towards Lincoln, and thinking that he might be able  
to see the Lady Beatrice that night, he turned off  
in the direction of Fitzclaire castle. He followed the  
course of the Derwent till the path left the river  
and ended in a small concealed cavern, where  
he fastened his steed, and pulling away a large stone  
at the end, he discovered a subterranean passage, by  
means of which he passed under the river, through  
a solid rock ending in steps. Perceiving a faint gleam  
of light streaming in at the top, he climbed thro' the  
aperture, and found himself in another small  
cavern, in which were two doorways over one of which was  
a window, concealed on the outside, by creeping plants;  
he forced open this door, and walked out upon a gra-  
vel path, between the river, and the rock upon which the

castle was built, till he came to a recess overgrown with shrubs. The Knight then put his hand into the breast of his mail, and drew forth the silver cross, touching a spring at the back, after kissing it devoutly, he drew out a key, which he applied to a chink in the rock, and turning it, a door flew open, and disclosed a secret staircase leading upwards. Sir Reginald ascended till he came to a low oak door, at which he knocked, but receiving no answer, he ventured to open it, and passed thro' into a small but handsome apartment, in one side of which, stood an embroidery frame, and seat, in an Oriel window. A door just then opened, at the other end of the room, and in walked the Lady Beatrice; She started with surprise, but the Knight rushed forwards, and kneeling at her feet, raised one of her fair hands to his lips, then rising, he led her to a seat, and explained to her how he had just returned from the Crusade, and that seeing her father riding towards Lincoln, he thought he would come and claim her promise, given before he went to Palestine, of becoming his bride: he urged her to fly with him, then, as such an opportunity might not occur again. After a good deal of persuasion she consented, and they retraced the way the Knight had come till they reached the rocky chamber, where the Knight assisted the lady thro' the aperture, and

opening the other door disclosed a dark passage, which conducted him up a steep incline, till a stone door, which he opened, brought him to the stables of the Castle. — It was now night, but the moon shining bright through one of the windows, he discovered many horses sleeping in their stalls, amongst them a beautiful grey palfrey, which he soon caparisoned, having found a lady's embroidered saddle and bridle hanging up on a peg in the wall. He led it away to the secret passage, where, first closing the door, he retraced his steps, till within a hundred yards of the place where he had left the Lady Beatrice, when turning to the right, he went in a zigzag direction till he arrived at the spot where he had agreed with the lady to wait for him. They then proceeded together, till they arrived at the cavern where the Knight had left his charger, and here we must leave them to rest for a few moments. Just after Sir Reginald, and Lady Beatrice had left her bower, it was entered by the waiting woman, who was much astonished not to find her lady, and still more so, when she discovered a mailed glove, which the Knight had by mistake, left behind him. She instantly raised an alarm, and a search began; one of the serving men on going accidentally into the stables, found that the Lady Beatrice's favourite Palfrey,

and her saddle and bridle were all gone, and another gauntlet, which on comparison with that already found, proved to be its fellow. One of the old retainers, then remembered hearing his father say, that there were secret passages, from the north tower, that communicated with the stables, and under the river to the wood, but how to find them he could not tell, as they were unknown to mortal man; nor could he imagine how human hands could form a passage under the river, in fine, it was impossible, and he gave no credence to the tale. The Seneschal, hearing this, opined, that it might be true nevertheless, as a former Baron, some centuries before, was known to be well skilled in the arts of magic, and therefore could be supposed, with the assistants he could call to his aid, to be able to construct such under-ground passages, "for you know Will Witten," said he to the nearest vassal, "we have often seen the rings on the moor, where the little people danced in those days, so that we know they were there." This argument was unanswerable, and they then determined to cross the ford and search in the woods. Meantime the Lady Beatrice and Sir Reginald, having rested from their fatigues, mounted their horses and followed the path, which the Knight had pursued in the morning. As they rode

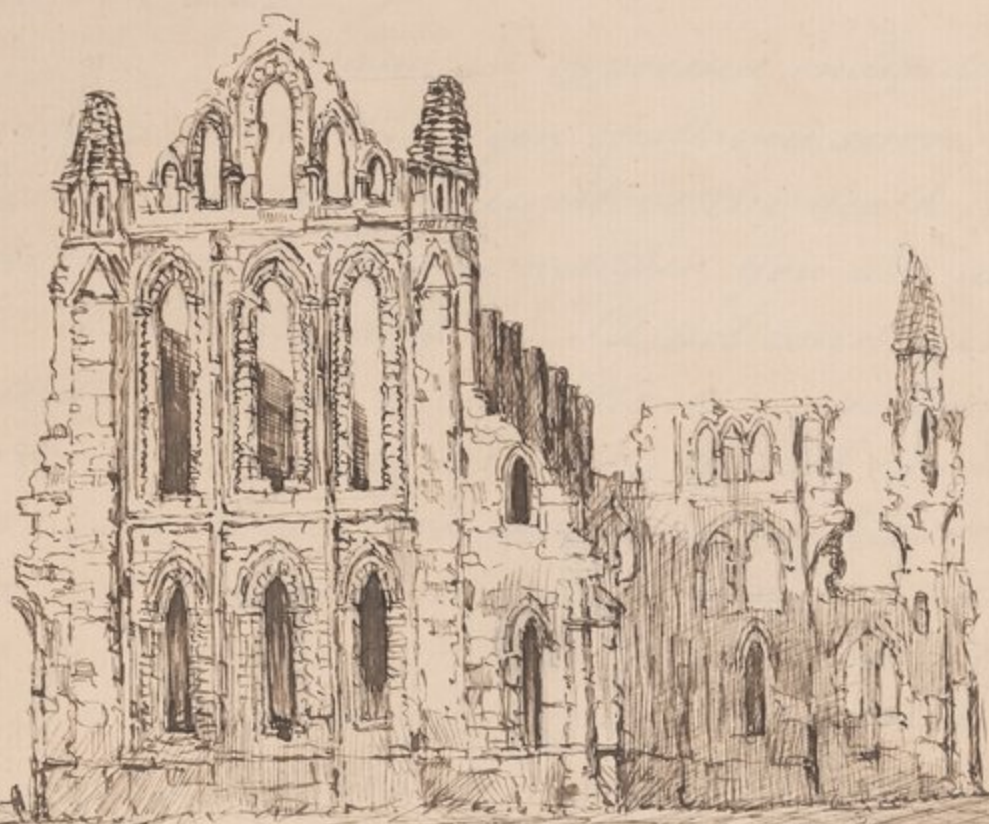
along, they were much alarmed by observing lights moving in the woods on both sides of the river, and hearing voices which seemed to approach nearer and nearer, they turned into a wood. On turning the corner of a thicket, they suddenly encountered two men, whom the Lady recognized as two of her father's retainers, and who, as soon as they came in sight, exclaimed, 'Here they are,' and riding forwards ordered the Knight to surrender. This he refused to do, and he was defending himself as best he might, when, to the consternation of the Knight and Lady, up rode the Baron Fitzclaire and his followers, who were returning home, and hearing the clash of arms rode out of their way to ascertain the cause. The Baron, much astonished at seeing his own retainers in close combat with a red cross Knight, and his dear daughter looking on, commanded them to desist, demanding the cause of the combat. The lady immediately rode forwards and springing to the ground, threw herself at her father's feet, and asked his forgiveness; Sir Reginald leaped also from his horse and joined his entreaties to hers. The Baron looked sternly first on one, and then on the other, but the accounts of the young Knight's prowess in Palestine, had reached his ears, and worked a favourable change in his

opinion of him; besides that time had somewhat softened his own stern character. He at length relented, gave his forgiveness and courteously invited the Knight to return with them to the Castle. The next morning they all met to breakfast in the great hall, when Sir Reginald, at the request of the Baron, recounted his adventures in the Holy Land, which he did with great modesty, omitting all details in which his own personal courage was concerned, so as to avoid all self commendations. The Baron then told him, that at Lincoln he heard a report, that the King had been freed from prison by the Emperor of Germany, on the receipt of a ransom of 100,000 marks of silver, and hostages for fifty thousand more. Sir Reginald was overjoyed at hearing that his dear master was liberated, of whose imprisonment he had only heard on his return through Germany, and replied that he much wished to return to his castle, but requested the Baron to grant him a private audience first; when he instantly complied, conducting him to his own chamber. How long the conference lasted and how earnestly the Knight pleaded for the hand of the Lady Beatrice, successfully combatting every objection, and skilfully overruling every scruple that the Baron opposed to their speedy union,

is not for me to relate; suffice it to say, that in  
process of time a reluctant consent was obtained, and  
a day appointed for the nuptials to be celebrated.



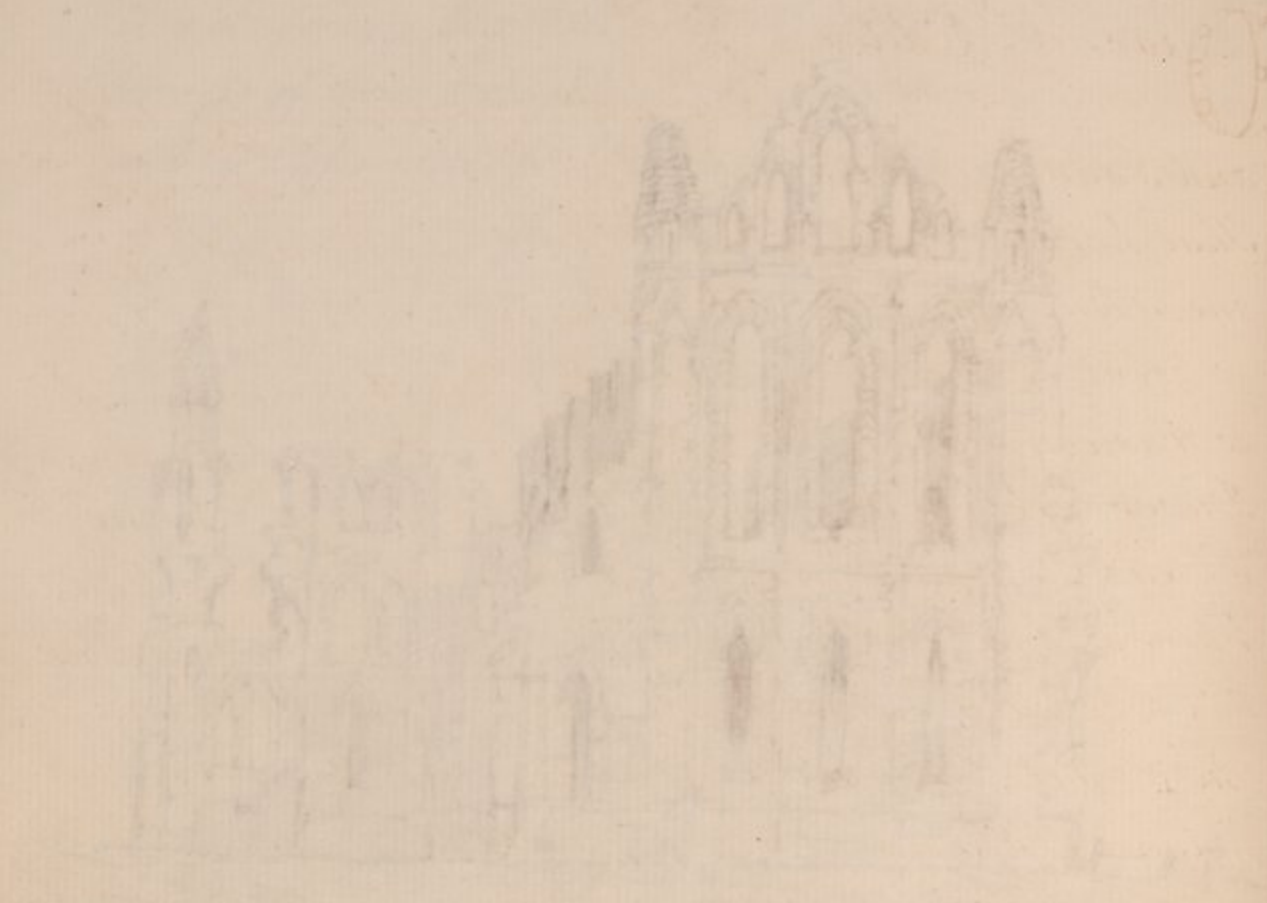




### Whitby Abbey

On towering cliff where proudly stand  
A ruined Abbey's sculptured walls,  
Points out to view from sea or land,  
The site of Streonshalk's ancient halls;  
The scenes where sainted Hilda pray'd,  
Where Cedmon penned his heavenly lays,  
Where holy men their zeal display'd,  
And sang their choral hymns of praise.





West Wall



Dear Mr. Editor

I am an oppressed individual,  
and I address you as the origin of all my sorrows.  
That horrid Magazine! 'twill be the death of  
me, I know it will. Now, remember, you are not  
to print this on any account. I'll not condescend  
to waste my time, my valuable time on such rubbish.  
I never wrote a line in my life, a line of rhyme  
I mean, - and I'm sure I wish no one else had.  
There's that brother of mine, of course he has lots  
to do, or rather, that he ought to do, I'll not say  
he does it. And there he is, writing verses and  
making stupid rhymes, forsooth! When I've  
been worked to death all day at school, - and  
read the paper through, - and made myself  
agreeable, - and go to bed to go to sleep, that's  
what I go up stairs for, - he sits up composing, scrib-  
bling, and shivering. As soon as I am fast asleep,  
and dreaming of birds, and dogs, and guns, and  
shot, and all that's jolly, and not of stupid  
Muses, this boring fellow wakes me up; - and  
what do you think 'tis for? Why just to hear  
his foolish Rhymes, Charades, Conundrums,  
and such trash! Such humbug I won't

stand, and if it last much longer, I think I'll  
run away from home, and fraternize with  
freedom.

Yours, &c,

The above-mentioned  
Oppressed Individual.



### Lines.

I do not mourn for pleasures of the past,  
Nor would I steep its woes in Lethe's stream,  
I mourn not for the shades by memory cast,  
Nor the fair fleeting feelings of a dream.

I sigh not for the mountain top,  
Nor for the leafy tree,  
Nor the vain joys that riches yield,  
And pomp and minstrelsy,  
And high ancestral castles,  
Or old cathedral towers,  
That breathe of deep devotion  
And nobler zeal than ours,  
For with energy of thought and will,  
And a heart that's taught aright,  
There's beauty in the humblest path,  
And darkest days are bright.





# CONSTANCE

The novice of Saint Clair.

**T**owards the close of a fine autumnal evening, when the last rays of the setting sun, fell in a golden stream amongst the many tinted trees of a Convent garden, two figures were seen walking, but so entirely engrossed in their own conversation, that they did not observe the beauty of the surrounding scene. One was tall and fair, with a commanding figure, her companion short and dark. "Sister Constance" said the latter, "I hope you have become more reconciled to our peaceful home?" "Reconciled. I shall never be, but do not call me sister, it reminds me continually of my unhappy condition." "And was your former life so very delightful?" "It was indeed! being the only child of a rich Nobleman, and surrounded by every luxury, that this world can bestow, and, what I knew not the value of until it was taken from me, my freedom. But my father married a second time a lady who quite governs him, and not caring for me but rather thinking me in the way, sent me, much against my will, to this Convent, my father never would have consented to part with me if she had not overpersuaded him."

"But Constance, said Agatha, it is useless to talk of enjoyments that I can never know, or you either, again."

CONSTANCE

"But why should you never know them? we have not yet taken the veil"  
"Oh sister you frighten me we shall be overheard. see Father Ambrose is coming, take that rake and smooth yonder flower bed, while I tie up this straggling rose."

"Good even daughters I am glad to see that daughter Constance is tending flowers, she will find in it an innocent amusement, and one that conduceth to holy meditation"

"Yes reverent Father I have already found its soothing influence," and gathering a passion flower she gazed pensively upon it. Agatha raised her eyes in surprize to see how easily she

could dissemble. Father Ambrose then left them and some of the sisterhood entered the garden, and the two



novices had no more time for private conversation, but they had time for thought, and Constance soon made a well arranged plan for their escape on the morrow; if she could only persuade Agatha to accompany her, so returning from vespers, she whispered to her to ask the lady libbess in the morning for the keys to clean the Chapel; they met there early, and planned

their escape through the Abbé's own private door. "But one thing perplexes me," said Constance, "our dress will betray us if we should be followed."

"Let not that distress you, I have provided for that emergency," and she unfolded a bundle of clothes they had been making for the poor, having equipped themselves, they set off; after walking several miles, they came to a small cottage, and obtained shelter for the night, but hardly had they seated themselves, when father Ambrose stopped at the door, and enquired of the old woman of the house, whether she had seen two nuns from the convent of St. Blain? No she had not, she had only seen two peasant girls, who were now in her house, perhaps they might know something, she would go and ask, but Constance said they had met nobody, and the old Abbé was satisfied and rode away. Early the next morning they started on their perilous journey, but their feet unused to the hard stiff wooden shoes, soon began aching sadly and the rain, which before fell only in single drops, now began to pour in torrents, and they were obliged to seek refuge, in a neighbouring hostelry, where the land lady, who was a kind-hearted woman, gave them supper and <sup>two</sup> nights lodging; they


told her they had nothing wherewith to repay her kindness, but she answered that she should require no remuneration, if they would sit up with a lady of rank, who was ill of a fever; as the inn was very full, and her own servants were quite worn own with watching; they readily agreed to her proposal, Agatha sitting up the first part of the night, and Constance the last. The next day they resumed their journey, at an early hour, notwithstanding their disturbed night, and reached a small seaport town, as the last rays of the setting sun, were sinking below the horizon, and although they were ready to faint, with fatigue, and hunger, they determined to set sail, that night, in a small fishing boat, that was bound for England. They were just bargaining with the Master to take them for Constance's diamond ring, when, to their dismay, they saw father Ambrose with a number of villagers, coming as fast as their mules could carry them, the Abbe hailed the fishing boat, and although the fugitives entreated the master to set sail, he insisted on waiting in the hope of gaining another passenger. We must now transport our reader to the castle of Constances father: The new Lady having got rid of her step-daughter, plunged into all the gaiety, of a season in London, in hopes to stifle her conscience, by the vain pursuit of pleasure: she was proceeding to Paris for the same purpose when she was attacked by a fever, and obliged to remain in a small wayside inn: this gave her time for reflection, and as she had seen what she imagined to be the Ghost of Constance, sitting by her side, she determined to go and rescue her as soon as she recovered, she accordingly went to the convent of St Clair as quickly as her aroused conscience could hurry her, and arrived there just as the Abbess had condemned the recaptured novices to be locked in their separate cells. At first no entreaties would induce the Abbess to



consent to Constance's return to the world, but an offering to the chapel  
of St Clair, removed every obstacle, and at Constance's request, Agatha  
was also allowed, to leave the convent, and live with her friend -  
The Harveys tried by unceasing kindness, to make Constance forget that  
she had been treated otherwise than as a daughter, and when she  
married, a few years after, they parted with mutual regret.



# Stanzas

 In Poetry I'er pretended  
My power to try, that power is ended;  
The specimen here sent to you  
Contains a wish sincerely true.

Tho' perfect happiness is here unknown  
In Verdant Pathways, may its seeds be sown,  
And may the fairest buds long cherished there,  
Blossom hereafter in celestial air.

For tho' this climate must ungenial prove,  
Its flowers to full perfection cannot rise,  
Yet firmly fixed, no storm the root can move,  
The vig'rous stem shall heavenward arise,

The chilling frost the verdant leaf may sear  
The buds may droop when gloomy tempests low'r  
Or scorching heat may sometimes wither here,  
The fairest promise of this lovely flower.

Strengthen'd and cherished by his fostering hand,  
Who seeks to save each bud and tender shoot  
Stern winter past, in its own native land,  
To blossoms shall succeed the perfect Fruit.



# Stave of the Golden Cross

**A**n old man walked his castle round,  
The day was warm and bright,  
The woods around were all his own  
Where the soft sun shed its light.  
Yet the aged Baron's heart was sad,  
And grief was on his face,  
He sighed, and murmured to himself  
"Long has he left this place,  
Before he left my side, he said  
'To Palestine I go,  
Should you not see your son again  
Ere ten years pass, you'll know  
That he has died in foreign lands  
From sickness or in fight.'  
So, much I fear grim death has seized  
Upon my brave young knight."  
The father raised his eyes to heaven  
And breathed an earnest prayer,  
"O God," said he, "protect my son  
Grant I may meet him here."  
When to his mansion he returned,  
His face shewed he was sad



His serfs essayed in many ways  
To make their master glad,  
The minstrel tried soft music's power  
Which once occasioned joy,  
To the Baron, when he'd by his side  
His brave and fearless boy.  
Of all the tunes the minstrel played,  
But one Sir Hugo moved,  
Which once some years ago, he knew  
Young Ronald much had loved—  
While by his hearth that night he sat,  
A child came to his door,  
"Help! help!" he cried, "my father lies  
Expiring on the moor!"  
"From whence come you," Sir Hugo asked,  
"We come from Palestine,  
My father is an English Knight  
Of honourable line—  
Fierce robbers met us on our road,  
And took our goods away.  
They stabbed my father who has lain  
Exposed the livelong day."  
"Haste! haste!" the Baron cried,  
"A knight of noble race



Shall never food, nor shelter want,  
When he is near this place,  
So haste and bring him 'neath this roof,  
But should death lay his ban  
Upon him, let the priest go forth  
To bless the dying man.  
The vassals haste unto the moor  
To find the wounded knight,  
And searched till they discovered him  
By the pale moon's silvery light.  
From branches of the nearest trees,  
A simple couch they form,  
And on it laid the wounded man,  
To keep him safe from harm.  
That night, one sat by his bedside  
A lonely watch to keep,  
While all within the castle walls  
Were laid in quiet sleep.  
But when the night had passed away  
And the bright morn arose,  
Then woke the young and lovely boy  
From sweet and calm repose,  
He rose and sought his father's side  
Who then his silence broke,



And thus, unto his only child

The dying warrior spoke.

I look around me, all I see

Speaks of my childhood's days,

When gambolling on the verdant turf

I joined my comrades' plays.

Strange memories of those early days

Are crowding to my mind,

But one so much beyond the rest,

As leaves them all behind

Within my father's hall there was,

A minstrel old and gray,

Who when the matin sun arose,

A hymn each day did play;

And now although my ear is dull,

And though my eyes are dim,

Yet could I hear that minstrel play,

I should remember him

That instant on the air arose

A sweet melodious sound,

That seemed to call to prayer

The listners all around—

*Psalm 138.*

Awake! arise! and with soft sleep

Put all your sins away,



And pray to God, to give you strength  
To keep you through this day:—

Up rose the sick man from his couch  
And wildly looked on all.

"It is no dream," he quickly cried,

"This is my father's hall."

News to the Baron then was brought,

And soon, with eager tread,

The father hurried to the room,

And stood by his son's bed.

"Bless me! my father," Ronald cried,

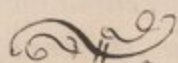
"O! bless thy dying son,

My term of life is nearly o'er,

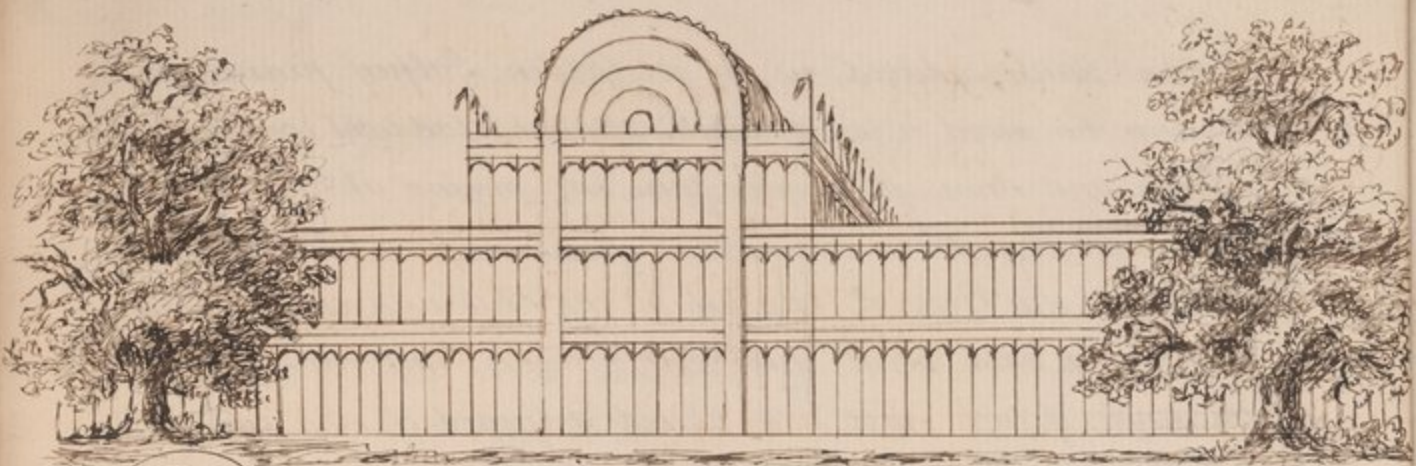
My race is well nigh run."



Sir Hugo laid his aged hands  
Upon his Ronald's head,  
And kept them there until his son  
Was numbered with the dead -  
That night within the chapel walls  
A requiem was said,  
And masses were performed oft,  
For the soul of the brave dead.  
Though the old man lamented sore,  
He yet could praise the Lord,  
For in Ronald's brave and only child,  
He saw his son restored. -







Dear Tom, the Exhibition, which you greatly wished to see,  
 Has vanished like a vision — nothing left, but an Elm Tree.  
 And lest I should forget the thing, I write what I remember  
 Though I hardly shall have done it by the twentieth of November.  
 The Journey to the Palace with some peril was attended,  
 Large Omnibuses four abreast, in lines that never ended.  
 Out Piccadilly Nobles must have felt, a trifle troubled,  
 To find that each succeeding day, the roar and dust were doubled.  
 As one day in a Fly we drove to this scene of vast attraction,  
 In our Window popped a Horse's nose, will hope to his satisfaction,  
 At the Palace front, Policemen out of number took their stand,  
 And taught us where to enter, by a slight wave of the hand.  
 A Whirligig with Iron arms, embraced us one by one,  
 And made a click, to shew we'd paid our shilling, & were gone }  
 To greet the Bard of Avon's Child — the good King Oberon }  
 Who kindly deigned to play the part of Tiger to the Fairies  
 And gnomes, who led the Prince to raise this Hall for their vagaries.

A Golden Queen received us, on a Golden Palfrey prancing,  
And near her stood a snow-white Nymph, clad light & cool for dancing.  
The Queen and Prince in marble then, sat gazing at the Fountain,  
Which played to cool the Esquimaux, or Russes from Ural Mountain,  
Who brought the Peers of Malachite, the Sars, and Chairs, & Tables,  
And told such tales about their cost, I think they must be fables.  
At the angle of each Nave was placed a Guard of size colossal.  
But where the Sculptor found such Men, caused much surprise to us all,  
'Twas right the costly Tsch-i-noor should have these giant watchmen  
To spy the Thieves amongst the crowd, and telegraph to catch them.  
Though should our Queen to Pann it wish, and take it to "her Uncle",  
He'd make no more advance I trow, than for a good carbuncle.  
Next stood a hugious Jar from Spain, which juice of Grape receives,  
Great grandsire of those Oil retreats, that held the Forty Thieves.  
A Cannon, Statues, Queen in Zinc, which latter, I much wonder  
The Frenchmen suffered to remain, to shew their Nation's blunder.  
Godfrey de Bouillon, doughty Knight, St Michael and the Dragon,  
Achilles, Amazon, Adam and Eve, Greek Slave without a rag on  
There were Silks, Plaights, Lace; Bells, Coaches, Guns; with Wigs & Jewels rare  
Pearls, Ribbons, Pipes; Furs, Fans, Arm, Chairs; Portraits in human Hair:  
Steam-Engines, Baths, Looms, Bracelets, Pumps; Glass, China, Dolls, and Faces,  
Lighthouses, Mirrors, Organs, Trunks, and rich carved Ivory Boxes.  
Three jolly Cardinals dressed in gold, and grand embroidered raiment,  
Perhaps they thought for sitting there, some converts would make payment.  
Queen Bep in tarnished Silver cast, we thought, to damp her glory.  
'Twould have got dirty fast enough, I'll bet you a John Dory.

Eldon and Stowell side by side, sat chatting on modern Law,  
In which, no doubt, could we have heard, they found out many a flaw.  
A "Lion in Love" was much admired; - I thought it was Invented  
To show the Men that in that state, folks sometimes look demented.  
I'll wind up now, 'twill weary you to mention all the treasure  
Within these Glassy walls contained, of value without measure.  
But perhaps you'll have a fancy, for a Show in Hindostan  
And if it be in Winter, I will see it, if I can.  
For a Malabar Week-Ticket, will let us see the Glory  
Of Nabobs, Dewannees, Zemindars, and Rajahs famed in Story.  
Good bye Dear Tom, do pray excuse this very stupid Letter,  
I hope that when I write again, it will be something better.

November 7<sup>th</sup> 1851.



Dear Sir.

As Editors are supposed to possess the power of remedying all human ills, I venture to intrude my distresses upon you, in hopes you may be able to advise me. Now sir for my tale. I need not trouble you with my birth, parentage, and education, suffice it to say that having been at College the prescribed period, I finally entered upon a profession for which I had always entertained the highest ambition, and was in due time called to the bar. About this time, I mean, just before I went my first circuit, I was introduced to several young ladies, who resided in the neighbourhood of my father's house, amongst others Julia D. (from obvious motives I suppress her surname) particularly attracted my attention, for besides her strikingly handsome face and fine figure, there was a liveliness and spirit in her conversation, not often found in so young a person. In a short time we were engaged, and enjoyed all that sublime dreaminess and forgetfulness, which, I believe is supposed to be the height of human bliss. Imagine therefore my horror! when on returning from my last circuit, I found my betrothed bride had adopted the Bloomer Costume! - Conceive Sir, the angel you have been adoring, turning out at last to be a Bloomer! (I do not think the wings would be in accordance with the skew! - - unwhisperables.)

and talking about the rights of woman and universal suffrage! Put yourself for a moment in my place. How should you feel after being all day at chambers, on coming home to dine and spend the evening with your wife, you find her gone to a Bloomer meeting, or parliament; no dinner ordered; she was not going to be your slave any longer, if you want dinner you must get it for yourself-- Has a husband no power to crush this evil in the bud? Or has the matrimonial authority over female costume, so judiciously exercised by Leofric Earl of Mercia over Godiva, disappeared entirely in this republican age? If you cannot suggest some remedy by which I may bring Julia back to reasonable and English habits, I must give up all hopes of connubial felicity, as I really could not think of undertaking an Amazon.

Trusting you may relieve  
me from this unpleasant al-  
ternative -

I beg leave to  
remain Dear Sir  
Your anxiously expectant  
Correspondent.



# What's in a name.

a fragment.

What is there in a name.

How much a name implies

When comes to mind one dear to fame.

To love's, or friendship's tender flame.

What varied thoughts arise

A name's no senseless thing

Nor what it means mere sound

A name will oft to memory bring

Scenes of past years to which we cling

As to lost treasures found

Our life is in the past

Peopled with names we love

Which rest deep hid in memory's waste

Till by some worldly chance upcast

Our inmost thoughts they move

With tenderest fondest themes

Of times long past and gone


Of parents - friends - and youthful dreams

O'er which a wild remembrance gleams

When we are left alone -



# ACRITTE

 We know a wise and enlightened public will fully sympathize with us in a few critical remarks which we are about to make on an ancient legend, which will well bear examination, being remarkable at first sight for its apparent simplicity, and yet on mature consideration suggesting strange undefined ideas, and affording free scope for the highest flights of imagination and fancy. We will first examine it in detail and then view it as a sublime whole.

The first word is so decidedly small that careless trifling minds would pass it over as beneath observation, but to us, it is of great import; we will take it with the noun to which it refers. 'Little boy!' not only does it bring before us a very youthful scion of the Lords of the creation, but to our fancy it speaks him small and slight of his age, though what that is, does not positively appear, he is merely described as a 'little boy', but my friends, what more could we desire? a 'boy' bespeaks him under age, a minor still, and therefore not yet a cold, cautious, designing, calculating man of the world. But it is in the next word that imagination revels to the fullest extent, 'Blue!' what does it mean? It cannot be

that the boy was blue, go where we will, wander over the whole habitable globe amidst the swarthy tribes of Africa, the copper coloured Indians, the fair inhabitants of Europe, and China, and the dark eyed dwellers in Eastern climes, no blue nation meets our enquiring eyes. His tender years forbid the possibility of his having had instilled into his system, by the learned sons of Esculapius, sufficient quantities of that subtle mineral which tinges the pale children of disease with a bluish hue. Thus, thus, the epithet must refer to the attire of our gentle hero. One of our contemporaries indeed has rendered the word 'Bluet', but that is clearly an innovation. It is decidedly blue in all the ancient copies. Now we flatter ourselves that by the aid of the next line, we have discovered the true rank and station of our hero, 'Come blow your horn'. Now it is not, as many might suppose, a little boy in an azure tunic, of whom the legend treats, as it is not likely that so fairy-like a being would be competent to perform on a sax-horn, and therefore the conviction at once flashes upon us, that the horn in question had formerly sprouted from the ample forehead of that useful domestic quadruped the Cow, and that the performer thereupon was undoubtedly a Butcher's boy, which happy discovery relieves us at once of all difficulty about the term blue,



that being the well known tinge of a Butcher's boy's smock-frock. — Then again as we revert to the familiar lines, we have the object of the rude, rustic melody, which awakened the sleeping echoes from wood and hill and hayrick. "The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn." But does this exactly specify the object?


Was it to recall these wanderers by its thrilling tones? or was it not rather to rouse the neighbours, sleeping, and waking, to drive them home? to fall, we fear, under the fearful axe of him, to whom our interesting boy owed his allegiance, even the Butcher himself, whom we may fancy commencing in deep awful tones, the concluding stanzas. And where is the boy that looks after the sheep? And the Blue boy's mild response. "Oh! he's under the hayrick fast asleep." We will not pause on this sad scene and its melancholy pathos, on the indolence of the shepherd boy, and the consequent punishment, doubtless in store for him, the ideas it raises in our minds are too painful.

We will conclude at once by giving the elegant little poem at full length.



"Little boy blue, come blow your horn  
 The sheep's in the meadow the cow's in the corn  
 And where is the boy that looks after the sheep?  
 Oh! he's under the hayrick fast asleep."




  
**I** am asked to compose  
 In verse, or in prose,  
 An effusion the "vase" to contain;  
 But, alas! 'tis my fate,  
 With reluctance I state,  
 To lack talent, so needs must refrain.





calm enjoyment of secluded life

As free from public as domestic strife,  
Lived Mister Drake.

A worthy helpmate did his lot partake.

O hasty mortal! what rare luck

Ensured to thee that loving wife,

Thine own "dear Duck"?

Her modest merits had alone for aim

A husband's love — not fame —

Delightful dame!

Not for an instant did she ever make

His honest heart to ache,

Nor raise upon his cheek the blush of shame.

My muse veracious dares not say  
That in the even tenor of their way  
They made no noise  
In the wide world — Their world at least  
With their sonorous tones resounded, when rich feast  
Of dainty snails  
Culled off the garden pales,  
Or goodly pile of caterpillars green,  
(Dislodged from leaves of cabbages between,  
Varied their innocent joys,  
Then might thier daughters emulous be seen  
Footling it feattly neath the leafy screen  
Of spreacking bolls, the water graces three  
Quackama! Quackrina Quackolleta  
Full of hilarity and glee  
And never daughters, prettier or better,  
Upon this globe could be.

Pass we of form the outward show,  
The beak of gold, the neck of snow,  
The speaking glances of the upturned eye,  
The graceful movement — the melodious tone,  
Many with these could vie;  
These catch the eye, or ear alone,

But our fair friends aimed at a higher part,  
Their best adornments those of head and heart.

X X X

(The next six stanzas descriptive of their virtues are unfortunately missing)

In strictest amity  
This family of love  
Were linked unto a worthy pair  
Who lived short space above,  
Day after day did M<sup>r</sup> Drake  
His wife and daughters thither take  
To ask them out and taste the air,  
Thence forth they sallied all together,  
In heat or cold; fair or foul weather.

Daily the selfsame path they trod,  
Through the court yard, & the green sod  
In single file,  
Or gathered into one large group the while  
Under sequestered shades all day they vied  
Till lengthening shadows from the west  
Warn them to think of home and rest,  
Thus thro' the summer went they on by rule

When lo!  
39

"A change came o'er the spirit of their dream;  
One morn, as usual, Draco took the lead,  
As regular as any Misses' Boarding school,  
This family procession moved,  
To call their friends beloved.

But ah these firm allies  
Greet not their baffled eyes,  
Silence profound  
Reigned gloomily around,  
Nor high nor low could they at first be found;  
Then doleful wail  
Aard exclamations piteous arose  
Soon echoed back by answering tones  
And plaintive moans.

The truth was clear — In stern captivity  
Their friends were caged, and doomed to die,  
Debarred from freedom's joys by cruel tyranny,  
Led by the sound the prison they descry;  
At the sad sight  
Quackama swooned outright,  
But great emergencies for action call,  
And soon in full activity were all.

Ever alive to others woes  
The' indignant heart swelled high  
Of honest M<sup>r</sup> Drake, "Shall we forsooth  
Quoth he "Stand tamely by  
And see such vile oppression? No not I!

Think of Kossuth!  
And let his glorious zeal  
In Freedom's cause inflame each ardent breast,  
I vow to have no rest  
Nor slug, nor snail nor worm to tamble,  
Till I have proved, in woe as well as weal  
A friend indeed.

Down with the Tyrant's - Bars and fetters crush!  
Then with a rush.

They make a furious onset at the fort,  
And with such skill as friendship's impulse taught  
Carried the outworks soon,  
And the poor captives freed.

Once more again they hail the precious boon  
Of Liberty! What acclamations rise!  
What tones of triumph pierce the skies!

Their old accustomed way again they take,  
The proud procession led by M<sup>r</sup> Drake,

Twice more, as faithful history doth relate,  
This pair unfortunate  
Were to captivity consigned:  
And twice again  
The trusty friends with might and main  
Did from the strong hold where they were confined,  
Rescue the captives twain—  
And to this day  
So in the annals of the Parish you may find  
The whole procession wends its solemn way  
Down to the accustomed haunts in search of prey;  
Such constant friendships and such zeal heroic,  
Might indeed melt the heart of any Stoic,  
E'en tyrants could not carry on the strife,  
But yielded them both liberty and life,  
Thus ends my story,  
Just tribute due to Friendship's fame and glory—

This is a literal account of what took place this summer  
at Whitton— The "worthy pair" put up to falcon, after  
having been three times rescued by the friends, were  
allowed to go free— and at this moment are  
benefitting the world by their quackery.






To write, or not to write? that is the question  
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer  
The imputed dulness of an empty brain  
Or take a pen to scare away the censure  
And by inditing end it? To take a Pen  
No more: — and by its use to say, we still  
The satire and the thousand cutting sneers  
That flesh is heir to: — 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. — To take a Pen —  
To write? — perchance to fail? aye! there's the rub;  
For in that lettered strife what scoffs may come  
When we have buckled on the scribbler's robe!  
Must give us pause. — There's the respect  
That makes our indolence of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of th' time  
The urgency of friends, the bard's contumely,  
The pangs of conscious idleness, the pride  
And taunts of editors, and the spurns  
That silent merit of the babbler takes;  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a fair goose quill? Who would seem morose  
Pining and fretting at a sulky name;  
But that the dread of those yclept Reviewers

(That band unmerciful, from whose lash  
No aspirant escapes) palsies the will;  
And makes us rather bear the blame we have  
Than fly to other which we know not of?  
Thus authorship makes cowards of us all;  
And thus the gentle lay of modest muse  
Is stifled at its birth by Critic's breath  
And compositions of great wit and pathos,  
With this regard are cast into the shade,  
And lose the Poet's Garland. —



**W**ha wad na write some verses?  
Wha wad na aid the cause?  
Wha wad na fill the pages  
Of the famous Warwick Vase?

## The Cat bys Contribution.

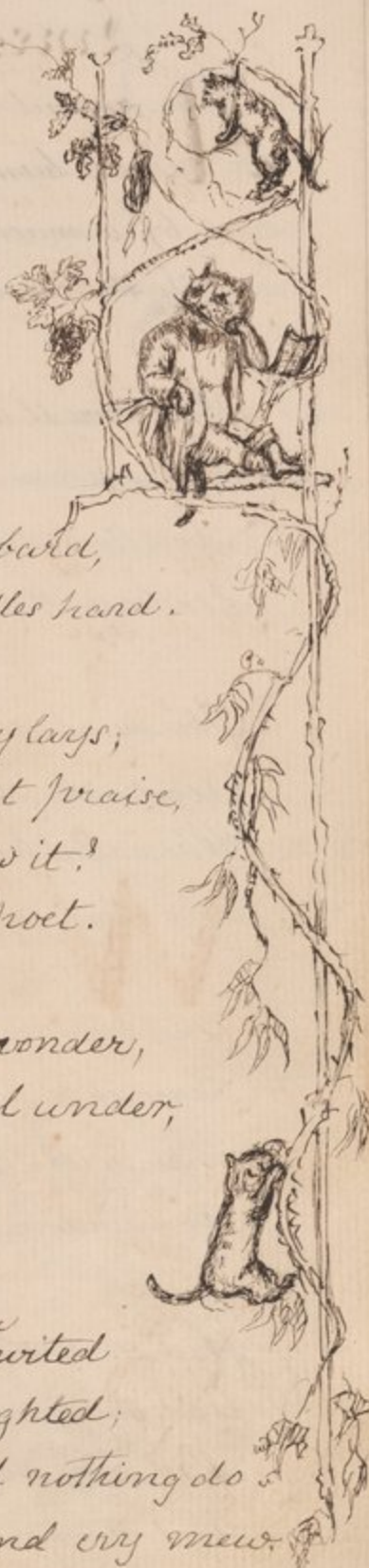
 Dear editor, pining what may be the cause,  
Cats are excluded from the Warwick Base,  
Tis unjust, cruel, are there any laws,  
Why I may'nt take a pen into my paws?

I can write essays, stories, and what not,  
Novels, far better than Sir Walter Scott,  
History, than Kollin, Plays, than Avon's bard,  
The Sphinx would even think my riddles hard.

And then my poems, could you see my lays;  
You'd think them worthy of your highest praise,  
They are so charming, Oh did you not know it?  
How in your house lives a fourfooted poet.

To see my paintings you would greatly wonder,  
And think to see the name of Raphael under,  
Therefore I state, with all humility,  
That you've lost much, by incivility.

Your friends, both far and near, have <sup>been</sup> invited  
To write, while only I, the best, am slighted;  
Doubtless you thought that cats could nothing do  
But sleep, catch mice and birds, purr, and cry mew.



## Lines on Wedding Cake

Around the social breakfast board a bridal party sat,  
A good-humoured mirth, and joyous looks mark well the happy fate  
Of a much-loved pair, who on that morn'g in Hymen's bands are tied  
To the true, and Christian gentleman then sitting by her side:

And sure it was a pleasant thing to view the cheerful scene,  
The Matrons' kind, approving smile, so tranquil, so serene  
And the lovely aunts, and Bridemaids, with mild but heart-ful eyes  
Lending their willing wit to aid the calm festivity.

The meal dispatch'd the maid so fair, who in the chair was placed  
(And with such hospitable care the banquet-honour grac'd)  
Was called to leave the place of state, and seat her near the bride,  
And then, in customary form, the Wedding-cake divide.

And then receiving from the Bride her newly hallowed ring  
Through its bright circle, bits of cake with magic art to fling,  
Wherewith, when wrapt in packets small, the bachelors to prove,  
And underneath their pillows placed, to make them dream of love

And one of these charmed packets, see, they give to one old and grey,  
And they laughed, and quizzed, and begged that he it with his would  
Nay more they urged that if he dreamt, he should his dream disclose  
And that in verse his thoughts should flow, and not in common prose

The old beav took the proffered chain, and placed it in his bed,  
And when upon his pillow there in sleep he laid his head;  
Lo! all the friends that he had met the previous morn, and night  
At last he saw them, all, appeared, before his dreaming sight.

And then he woke, but sleep returned, and he sank once more to rest  
And again he dreamt, but not of all - but still he nought express'd  
But as he turned to speak to one, who was a bridesmaid belle  
A gentleman drew near, and said, "Well Miss Morehead, well."

And is that all? in truth it is, no other words were spoken  
And with the speaking of that word the dreaming spell was broken  
And what now better could we wish, that that "well" may long betide  
The Matrons, Aunts, and Bridesmaids dear, the Bridegroom, and the Bride.





His last night at school



A Few Leaves from a Journal.

October 12<sup>th</sup>

Gampstead

My last night at school, how strange it seems; tomorrow I leave this place, which has been home, as well as school to me for the last twelve years, and enter on quite a new scene of my life. All new! and those with whom I am to live all strangers. I feel very desolate, and half-frightened, and yet there is an excitement about it that I rather like too. I must keep a sort of journal, not a common daily record of events, but a kind of safety valve to let off all feelings and opinions, and observations, that these untried scenes and people will excite in my mind, for I shall not have a single being to talk unreservedly to, but I can scribble away here just as if I was speaking to some one, I am quite glad that all the packing is done for tonight, & that I have consequently a little time to begin writing while the girls are all at evening lessons. It must be nearly eight, I wish M<sup>r</sup>. Courtenay would arrive speedily if he means to call to night, for it makes me very nervous; I hope I shall like him, and his mother and all the family. I wish I knew more about them and what they were like. Poor Mamma was very fond of M<sup>r</sup>. Courtenay, I do not

recollect much of either of my parents they died when I was so young, so I do not know whether I resemble them at all. It was rather curious I think, to say that I should live at school, till I was past eighteen and not even spend the holidays at the place which was eventually to be my home.

I hope these people will be intellectual, and not consider me a stupid school girl, I have a great horror of that, However I must try and not think about their being pleased with me, I shall only be selfish & unnatural if I do, but it will be very difficult to help it. I suppose this Mr. Courtenay is many years my senior, He is the eldest son, & master therefore at Oaklands. Oh "I'm weary weary" I wish that he would come, there's eight o'clock, I must go down stairs.

Late at night

What a comfort to have no one sleeping in my room, and to be able to sit up and write, because I am going away, I don't know that that is a comfort though, Time will show, I am glad that all my most especial friends, and allies, have left school first, so that there is no one, I am very sorry to leave, & my governess is so reserved, I never could love her very much, still she has been very kind, and I don't at all like saying good bye. There I have actually written don't, I can fancy her saying "Oh Clara



how unladylike." I am afraid I have written don't very often. Well now about M<sup>r</sup>. Courtenay, very soon after eight I was sent for into the drawing room, I tried to go in boldly, but I was very shaky, and my hands felt like a pair of Gutta Percha shoes. A tall man came quickly across the room to meet me, I believe he spoke kindly, and gave me a message from his mother, but what it was, and <sup>what</sup> I said in reply, I have not the least idea, I only know that his hand felt as warm as mine did cold, I fear he thought me a very frigid specimen altogether. He placed a chair for me close to the fire, and talked about the journey, his up to Town, and ours down tomorrow. I rather liked his voice, and by degrees ventured to look at him, when he was speaking to my governess. He was pale with dark eyes and hair, rather good looking, but not what I should call handsome, when silent he looked very grave, almost stern, but when he spoke or smiled his face lighted up wonderfully, it was like a gleam of sunshine breaking over a dark cloud. He is not so old nearly as I anticipated, not thirty I should think, He soon rose to take leave, he was going into Town for the night and we were to meet at the Station at eight next morning. M<sup>r</sup>. Phillipson said

She "would accompany Miss Sterling to the station."  
He looked at me and smiled, and said he hoped I did not expect to be treated with great state at Oaklands, they had always been accustomed to hear their Mother talk of Clara Sterling, and consequently they had always done the same, they had all looked forward with great pleasure to the idea of having another sister, he hoped I would consider them all as brothers and sisters, they would do every thing they could to make my new home happy."

He then without waiting for an answer wished us good night. "Good night Mr. Courtenay," "My name is Arthur," he said smiling, and I will tell you the names of all your other new friends before we reach home tomorrow."

How strange it sounds! will it really be a home? and so they all intend to call me Clara, they must be a brave set, well I rather like it, I do not think I shall ever venture to call him Arthur, whatever I may do with the others. he is rather alarming. I am sure, I shall be dreadfully afraid of him always, and never be able to talk easily to him, I fancy he is a being who inspires fear, and respect only.

Oaklands Wednesday

"The day was cold and dark and dreary" when the train which contained Arthur Courtenay, and myself glided rapidly away from the Euston Station, yesterday. There was no rain from the clouds, but plenty from my eyes tho' I felt very vexed with myself, for being so foolish, and tried hard to keep back the tears that would come in spite of me. I kept my veil down, and looked out of the window, while my companion obligingly busied himself with a paper. In due time I recovered my composure and ventured to put up my veil, and look at my opposite neighbour, a lady, with a great baby on her lap, believing that I looked as usual, a vain belief I soon found it. "I am afraid Madam you have a very bad cold, had you not better have the window shut?" "Oh no thank you," I replied quickly. How stupid. She must have been not to see what was really the matter, She was going to attack me again, when Mr Courtenay kindly came to my rescue by remarking on the liveliness of the little boy. Poor Arthur he knew not what he was bringing on himself. His remark set fire to a stream of maternal loquacity which continued to pour forth without intermission. At length she informed

us that she scarcely closed her eyes the night before.

Arthur suggested that she should try to sleep now, & to my great surprise offered to hold the great baby while she did so, the offer was gratefully accepted, and 'Fronsy', ie. Alphonso, transferred to his knees, I had been very wearied and impatient for some time, and as she leaned back & shut her eyes, I whispered to my companion, "How good you are, how could you take that tiresome child, only exceeded by his still more tiresome Mamma". He laughed & shook his head, "I can plead guilty to no aimable motives I fear, it was our only chance of peace." Luckily for us before very long, we reached a station, which, as far as the railroad was concerned, terminated her journey, and we had the satisfaction of seeing her depart, Baby and all,

"What a dreadfully egotistical woman! she must have such a little mind, and such ignorance of the world, to talk in that way to strangers!" I exclaimed, forgetting all fear of Arthur in the feeling of relief, and springing from my seat to look out of the other window, "All very true" he replied looking rather amused, "yet very likely she is an excellent wife and mother, and I

daresay makes her home, a very comfortable one."

"Most comfortable, and most tiresome!" I said, turning round from the window.

"How do you know that your new home is not just such another?" he observed archly.

"Oh do tell, me, pray do I so want to know all about it?"

But I must not write so many particulars, or I shall be up in room all day. only just put down Their ages, which Arthur told me, that I may not forget them. He began with his own, Five and Twenty! How surprised I was. I just stopped an exclamation in time. but my face I fear told tales, for Arthur laughed outright.

"What! did you take me for Thirty six?"

"No, no, not Thirty!"

"Only Twenty nine?"

"Oh no, no, not quite."

The next to himself had died a baby, then came Frank, just Twenty one, John, Nineteen,; Gottie at home for the long vacation, now alas! nearly ended, Lucy, just two months younger than myself Elizabeth Fourteen, and Rose, Twelve.

We did not long have the carriage to ourselves,

but had a variety of companions. How queer some of them were! An elderly lady, with an indefinite number of shawls, and cloaks, a basket, a bag, three books and a railway guide. Two fat white faced, gentleman, with no whiskers, and sleek hair, and little black eyes, one rather smaller, & with more points and angles about him than the other. They talked to each other all the time in low important tones.

The lady settled herself in one seat and all her little articles in the next. Just as she had made herself quite comfortable, a Porter opened the door.

"Seat here Sir, plenty o' room here Sir"

And in bustled a little man, with very high shirt-collars and a blue bag.

"Plenty of room indeed! I wonder where I am to sit, perhaps Ma'am you will be so kind as to remove all those things, unless you have taken two places. It's a great pity, a very great pity that people will not put things to their proper uses. Perhaps Ma'am you will excuse my informing you, that the proper use of a seat, is to sit in, and the proper use of cloaks and shawls are to wear, and not to tumble about.

People do so sadly neglect Utility now. 'Tis the grand

fault of the age, It is Madam indeed it is." And pulling up his collars till his cheek bones & his eyes only just peeped over, he looked sharply about him as if seeking some fresh subject of attack.

The day had wonderfully improved since the morning; the sun shone brightly, and set gloriously, and the dark masses of foliage stood out in bold distinct outline against the clear autumnal sky, as, leaving the city of Worcester behind us, we drove rapidly towards Oaklands, which is just within the borders of Herefordshire. It was a long drive, but the night was very lovely, and I did not feel half so nervous, as I had done the preceding day. Arthur was such a great protection, his presence quite took away the lonely feeling, strange to say. It would have been dreadful to have gone alone; not but what I could have done so had it been necessary, and with the greater show of courage, as I, in reality, felt the more frightened, Fear often produces its opposite virtue, The greatest cowards are ashamed to show by their actions that they are so. Ah! it is very easy to write about it now. But when the carriage turned off from the road, and passed through a gate, into a drive leading up to the House, and Arthur took my hand, and said he must be the first to welcome me to

Oaklands, my heart seemed to stand quite still for a moment, and then beat, oh! so fast; and when we did arrive, and he helped me out, and led me into a large hall quite full of faces and voices. (At least it seemed so to me.) I kept fast hold of his arm, and if it had not been for some confused sense of decorum still remaining, should have hidden my face behind him. He led me at once to his mother, and I received a welcome from her, and then from all the rest, so kind, so cordial, and so easy, that I felt at once restored to something like composure and propriety.

Suey took me soon to my room, and after lingering a few minutes to assist me, left me, to prepare tea, and Rose after a little time came to tell me.

"If you please tea is quite ready," and she peeped at me, from under her curls, with a shy smile.

"I will go first please, and show you the way"

and she ran quickly down stairs, and opened the drawingroom door. It was rather alarming, I looked round anxiously for my protector, he was talking to his mother, but came forward to meet me directly.

"Is not this a pleasant sight for starving travellers?"



he said, pointing to the well covered tea table, around which the family were assembling.

"Where will you sit my love," said Mrs. Courtenay.

"Any where," I replied in a small voice.

"Oh Clara will sit by me, of course, in the seat of honor, at the bottom of the table."

"You are very conceited," observed Lucy, "I should call the top, the seat of honor, and I am sure Clara must be quite tired of sitting by you, she has been doing so all day."

"Oh no!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and not in a small voice this time, how I wished it had been.

"Thank you Clara," said Arthur,

I felt very foolish, but Lucy laughed merrily and said

"Ah I see Arthur has you on his side, at present; he has had all the field to himself, but it's our turn now, I assure you we all thought it very hard that he should go alone to fetch you, it would give him such a fine opportunity of traducing us all."

They all seemed so happy, and affectionate, and there was such perfect good understanding, in the saucy speeches they made to each other, that I soon felt quite easy too, and though I did not talk much I enjoyed all that went on exceedingly.

"I hope Arthur has prepared you for a very absolute monarchy," said Frank,

"I do not think it can be very absolute, I replied, when his subjects take high treason, in his presence."

"Oh the Captives must complain, you know, of the galling of their chains, that is not treasonable."

"Indeed Clara," said Arthur pretending to lower his voice "they are a sad set, I fear, I did not properly prepare you for these scenes, only look at my poor Mother worn to a perfect shadow"

I turned involuntarily to look at Mrs. Courtenay, tho' not what is generally called a stout lady, she was certainly not thin, and though ashamed of my rudeness I could not help laughing, in which she heartily joined. Ah! my dear, you must see me by daylight, and then perhaps you will find it out."

"How could you!" I said turning again to Arthur

"How could I disapprove of such revolutionary proceedings? why of course I do, dont you?"

"You are quite as bad as all the rest, I am sure, did you not tell me, you were all prepared to fraternize with me?"

"Who said that Clara?" asked Lucy.

"Your brother."

"Which of my brothers?"

"This one," I replied pointing to him, for I could not venture to say Arthur,

"The nameless individual," he said archly, "I am as badly off as Peter somebody who lost his shadow." But I shall not write down any more conversation, though we had a great deal of sensible conversation, both last night, and this morning, as well as fun, & nonsense, and they asked me many questions about London, Mr. Courtenay has actually never been to Town all the years I have been at Hampstead.

Lucy has, twice, but then the friends she was with, were too much engaged, to take her to see me.

I like Lucy and think her quite beautiful, she is very fair, with long light ringlets, & a delicate colour, and deep blue eyes, and such a happy sunny face, with plenty of mind and expression in it too,

Elizabeth is pale, and thoughtful, more like Arthur.

and Rose has Arthur's dark eyes, and Lucy's fair hair, and is the merriest little creature. Johnnie is not at all handsome quite plain in fact, but there is so much expression, so much fun and mischief in his

face, that it is quite droll to watch it. His conversation abounds in U niversity - (I suppose I must not write slang) - dialect (will be better), I don't know whether I quite approve that. but altogether I like him the best, Oh no not better than Arthur at least it is a different sort of thing, I like John, and admire Arthur, Mrs Cowtenay too so kind, and gentle, and dignified, without the least stiffness, or reserve, and yet very firm, and decided. Oh what a blessing for me, that Mamma had such a friend, & that she promised to let me live here, when my education was finished, I am sure I shall be so happy.

Whenever Arthur marries, she tells me this house is to be given up to him, but I shall never want a home as long as she lives. I am sure I shall be very sorry when he marries. This is such a pretty place. From my window, I look down a lovely valley, with the river Temè, flowing at the bottom, and to the right I can see Malvern, with orchards and meadows, and beautifully wooded hills and valleys in the foreground. There is a nice large field in front of the house not quite large enough to be called a park but almost. and the gardens must

be beautiful in summer, they are very pretty now. I don't think I have written anything about Frank, he must not be neglected, though he is not so pleasing as the others, he is very good looking, but a little conceited. he has rather a horror of being called Frank too, he likes to be addressed as Francis. He told me that "pet names, and abbreviations, had somewhat of a nursery air, about them!" ---

Ten years after!                      Oaklands still!  
Looking over an old writing desk I found this fragment of my journal, I wonder where all the rest is? Thank God, the bright hopes which I see I expressed in the last sheet, have not been disappointed. This has been, and is still, the happiest home to me, though most of those who then were here, are now far away. Lucy married, Frank, and John, both settled in homes of their own, though only Johnnie married, Mrs Courtenay Bessie, and Rosey, living in the neighbourhood, while Tom Arthur's wife, and have three children, and it seems but yesterday I wrote this journal.

Clara Sterling, then.                      Clara Courtenay, now.



# Advertisement

Sair Litérate

I crave respectfully to ask a question in the way of trade. Are the Bas Bleues to be surmounted by the Petilloons? If so, I beg to bespeak your distinguished patronage, having, at a vast expense engaged cutters-out from Albania, Athens, Constantinople, Circassia and Affghanistan, in order to afford that interesting variety which the fair sex have been wont to display in their habiliments.

To prove my anxiety that all tastes may be suited, I have entered into negotiations with an Artiste from Holland, for such as may cherish a lingering love for the Bustle à l'antique. I have the superb Veste à la Parisienne, and dreadnoughts of a most defying character, suited to the inclemency of the approaching season, - Surtouts of every length from the Trim Spanish Coraco, to the flowing Mahometan robe.

Ladies. I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your obedient humble Servant

Leamington Spa, Nov<sup>r</sup> 1. 1857. Frank Fitemwell

N.B. A large collection of the newest Wide-awakes with the appropriate female decoration of the Jay plume, always on hand.



## The Cows.

❁ Why! why of our fields, and our meadows so cheery  
Should our race be deprived by steam's terrible strength?  
Our eyes far we strain, but the aspect is dreary,  
In the distance, no bound to the railway's vast length.

The oak-tree, that once with its wide spreading branches  
Overshadowing, formed a retreat from the sun,  
Is cut down, and gone to the caves of the Guanches,  
Or compelled to be sold by importunate dun.

*When gnats and flies tease us, to which they're addicted,  
We must bear it with patience, if near to the rails,  
And with meek eyes stand still, though so sorely afflicted,  
Lest some vile snorting engine should snap off our tails.*

*One day when we stroll'd on this region of gravel,  
We thought of the grass, which once lay at our feet,  
And said, "Are we robb'd thus, that humans may travel  
"With a speed that fam'd Pegasus's self would defeat?"*

*But we've mounted that steed quite too long for our readers,  
And though we do fear being cut into halves,  
Shareholders will call us indifferent pleaders,  
So we'll cease from our lowing, and go to our calves.*





# A Ghost Story.

**I**n these degenerate days, when bloomerism walks, or rather, strides unblushingly, not only through the streets of our metropolis, but forces itself into all the watering places, and provincial towns of our once decorous country, into the hearths and homes of our sylvan retreats; - when vegetarianism has turned the heads of our young men, who, forswearing the roast beef of old England, and deeming even french frogs, food too carnivorous, dietise on the cheap loaf of Cobden, the milk of human kindness, and universal peace or universal poverty, mean and lumm having long passed away from their vocabulary; - when our rheumatisms are cured by damp sheets, our little attacks of gout by cold water; or, "gentlest cure for every ill," just a pin's point of poison; - while mesmerism, animal magnetism and electrobiology, divide the attention, and engross the talents of our so-called philosophers, well may we exclaim with Anthony.

"Oh judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason."

If indeed we may be allowed to quote a once celebrated, but now neglected bard, uncurtailed by that paragon of modern simplifiers, the phonetic Nig. In an age I say, when

to be touched upon here,  
disbelief, too general in its nature, is contrasted, or succeeded  
by an over-weening credulity, rivaling in its wildness...  
the credulity of those wild times the middle ages. Oh! if  
we must be mad, and there are those who contend  
that perfect sanity is incompatible with human na-  
ture, if we must be mad, let us be so nobly; generally  
let us treat the errors of our predecessors, while we  
are ourselves indulging in propensities for seeing  
through the back of our heads, believing ourselves  
powder flasks, reading unopened letters, or listening to  
the important discoveries of a young woman who gives  
us a minute description of our dining room paper, with  
anecdotes of our early life, without ever having heard of us un-  
til the séance. In an age, when these, I had almost said  
incongruities, are tolerated, nay, thought the height of genius,  
have we no sympathies left for that much abused race the  
ghosts?—no corner in the march of intellect for those walk-  
ing esprits? but we live for the present, the boasted present,  
and as if bad news did not travel fast enough, we choose  
to be at speaking distance with every part of the united king-  
dom, and able to hold a gossip under the sea, with our contin-  
ental neighbours. How far this present-olatry may extend, we  
cannot attempt to define, but thus far we may venture, that  
sooner or later, the past will be revenged upon us, and though

we may scorn to believe them, though we may strive to forget them, its shadowy visitants will yet "harrow up the soul, freeze the young blood," and cause "the knotty and combined locks of many a sturdy young Englisher," to stand on end."

We subjoin an instance, on unimpeachable authority, for whatever the general reader may say, we hold that truth is truth, and, even in this perverse generation, must speak to the hearts of some -



No encumbered estate, no ruined hut, fell an easier prey to those patriotic improvers, the railways, than did Hauntley Court. Hauntley Everby Hauntley had lived abroad, so had his father, so had his grandfather, the place was too cold, and open to the East wind, but folks whispered

that it was no ordinary East wind that periodically roared along the corridors, slammed the doors, rang the bells touching <sup>with wild</sup> Aolian harmony long neglected harpsichords, and often not only making the rumbling, but leaving distinct marks of chariot wheels, in drives, for years untraversed by living man. — But engineers are not celebrated for the bump of veneration, and Mr Weavingstone sat up night after night making his calculations in those lofty chambers.

What was causeless noise to one engaged in schemes for blowing up mountains? the projector of a tubular bridge was not to be awed by hollow sounds. His studies progressed most favourably; he had been a week at Wau-  
ntley court, and was convinced that it was the best possible building for a station — "rooms so spacious," thought he, casting his geometrical glance down the long suite of apartments, while from a far-off corner, a bud clock tolled one, in the same melancholy accents that had fallen on the ears of the *cing cento* period; now, its voice was well nigh drowned amid the din of the phantom noises, growing louder at that moment; then they would become soft, sighing, moaning, like one crying for help, and then, a heavy clanging, booming sound, like thunder, or the collision of two mighty trains in the echoing darkness of the Kilsby tunnel. Weavingstone heeded it

not, but continued his reflections, "rooms spacious but much dilapidated, having been for many years uninhabited." Uninhabited! Uninhabited! repeated unnumbered voices, Uninhabited! rose from all around him, with mocking derisive laughter, while everywhere his bewildered gaze met spectral forms that beckoned triumphantly, then, in every tone from the whining treble of the Periton to the sonorous base of his Aquinout-ancestor, the following distich assailed his ear—

"Till Hall and Wall together flee  
H-auntley Court shall haunted be"

The unearthly chorus ceased, the wild fantastic shapes fled from the approaching dawn, but sights and sounds like these, could not but leave a deep impress on the most powerful of minds. Once more alone, Heavingstone dejected, and wearied with a persecution which was real from its unreality, resolved to abandon his well laid scheme, and summoning his attendants, they ordered that the building should be levelled to ground with all possible speed. Swarms of men were soon seen actively engaged in the work of demolition, but no persuasion, no largess, would induce <sup>them</sup> to continue their operations after sunset. Every stone of H-auntley Court has vanished, but it is still, on moonlight nights, the shadow of its antique roof still chequers with a mysterious darkness, the iron rails of the line that now traverses the park—





he loud gong tolls the knell of closing doors.  
The grazing herd winds slowly through the gates.  
The cabman homewards drives his weary horse,  
And leaves the world's fair, dark and desolate.

Beneath those rugged elms, those palm trees shade,  
Where fountains play in many a sparkling shower,  
Each on his pedestal erect and staid,  
The ghostly statues watch from hour to hour.

The busy hum of careawakening morn,  
The sparrow twitt'ring from the glass-built shed,  
The organ pealing, and the echoing horn,  
Arise to rouse the Pleace man from his drowsy bed.

Arise the maddening crowd with noble strife,  
Their hard-earned shillings at the portal pay,  
Along the mazes with new wonders rise,  
They keep the noisy tenor of their way.





While Knowledge to their eyes her ample store,  
 Rich with the spoils of time does here unfold,  
 And various nations varied treasures pour,  
 Which with a simple wonder they behold.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 From the dark caves of Ocean hither borne,  
 Full many a Flower in mimic beauty seen  
 The courts, the aisles, the galleries adorn.



Here standeth Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 His vis-a-vis brave Falkland oft withstood.  
 And mute, tho' glorious Milton, near doth rest.  
 And Cain, who shed his brother Abel's blood.



And boasted Malchites and Enig's power,  
 — But all that genius all that wealth could send,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour.  
 The paths of glory lead but to an end.



My dear Matilde

I know you are all impatience to hear from Paris, and as you declare that you would rather be out of the world than out of the fashion, I hasten to give you my earliest observations. Having an introduction to our Ambassador, we received cards for a morning concert the following day - I went perfectly à l'Anglaise, and, in fact, (parolen the egotism) caused some little sensation, (the Duchess of Sutherland's modiste has certainly admirable taste) - Perceiving that a dear benevolent creature in a superfine black paletôt, which I saw at a glance was made by Joerisse and a lovely cerise veste, was making room for me, I was too glad to take shelter in a fauteuil, and willing to shew my good breeding and good French at the same time, said, with the best Caerville accent, "Milles graces Monsieur."

A sort of sound between a whine and a grunt, which none but the French can produce, was the unsatisfactory acknowledgement of my politeness - However when I had recovered from the flutter of the entrée, I looked towards my neighbour, who was regarding my whole tournure, with the sweetest arch face imaginable - Conceive my dismay at finding I had addressed a most charming Paris



élégante, as Monsieur - Je rougissais aux blancs de mes yeux,  
(Do I not improve in my French?) I stammered out the best  
apology I could, taking truth for its basis, I mean my very  
near sight, but you know my dear, I never could wear  
those hideous spectacles - The charming being accepted  
it most sweetly, and we sisterized tout de suite -  
Well, I am delighted with these becoming vests, and am  
plotting night and day how to get one, but I have  
little hope of getting Mamma to consent, because our  
great Aunt, Lady Buckram, never wore anything  
at all like man's attire, and says Sir Benjamin would  
have taken her for one of his grooms, if she had ever put  
on a "waistcoat, particularly if it had been made  
with flaps" - And so we must go on with our old stiff  
high bodices, looking as if the fashions had been pre-  
served in the ark - The Parisiennes have a style cer-  
tainly, but we will not say much for the sallow faced  
men - I have been introduced to the President, who  
is a gallant man, and was pleased to say some pret-  
ty things about English belles - I wonder whether he is  
likely to be an Emperor - He is not so queer looking  
as that vile Mr Punch makes him - he would  
really look very well with a crown on his head,  
but would have rather an incomplete appearance

without an Empress by his side, - but there is no French lady fixed upon for the honor, that is certain. - This is the land to live in, the women seem to be at the head of every thing, whether plot or pantomime, ball or battle, - You will be tired of my prosy details, and perhaps I am a little dicitrait, as the Baron de Beaux-yeux is tuning his flute for the purpose of accompanying me in the dear old English air of - "Drink to me only with thine eyes," he says I must teach him to sing it, Papa don't quite like his moustaches, talks of making him a present of a Finsbury Square razor, I believe I must give my lesson when Papa is gone to hear one of the dialogues in the Chamber of Deputies. Mamma is so delightfully busy, working from the celebrated picture of Cupid learning to read, that she will never hear a word of the Baron learning to sing -

Adieu ma chère Matilde

Toujours à vous

Sucille

Paris Nov. 3 - 1851



Tuileries. 96

# LETTER TO

My

From a Cockney at Whilby

Dear Boy! when I came to this far northern clime  
I wonder'd how best I could get o'er the time,  
For I thought all the folks would be coarse, stupid, and bold,  
And the hills and the dales, bare, stupid, and cold,  
With no fun - and no life - that a Southern could join in,  
To help o'er the time of my Whilby sojourning -  
But I've found that in this I've been been nicely deceiv'd:  
And though not what I'm us'd to, yet I much should have griev'd:  
To have form'd my opinion from the "he says" and "she says,"  
And not provid for myself how pleasant the place is,  
With their picnics, and tea cakes, and railway excursions,  
Boat sailing, and steaming, and social diversions -  
And their beautiful vallies, and well wooded dells  
Their magnificent cliffs - and their heath cover'd fells;  
With their "barrows," and "srows," and a Roman Encampment,  
And "Stones," "Dykes," and mounds, none knowing for what meant;  
And to sum up The whole, Boy, where there are to be found  
More beautiful women, than we see the year round -  
Now as good luck would have it, I had sent me one night  
To a picnic ad fresco, a most friendly invite,  
The "Roman Encampment" being the object propos'd,

As the cause of the party and to give it a rest -  
So for the whole of the thirtieth, I now fairly was hooked,  
And as one of the monster picnic was I book'd -

As the hour of ten on the day drew near,  
At the railway station divers groups appear,  
With anxious looks and up turn'd eyes,  
Suspicious glancing towards the skies,  
Which threatening gloom'd with a southern wind,  
As if to rain and storm inclin'd -  
And one declared in words appalling,

Thrice had he look'd at Heigals, and each time it was fabling,  
Yet all seem'd in good heart and determin'd to go it -

Or if afraid of the wet, yet resolv'd not to shew it -  
So orders were given in spite of all dampers,  
First to secure all the prog in the baskets and hampers,  
Then next all the ladies, some thirty or more,  
And the gentlemen last, numbering at least a full score  
And away they all move from the railway office door -

Fair would I if I could, my friend;  
The names of all the fair ones send;  
But here in this free hearted land  
So well each other they understand,  
That Christian names are us'd alone,  
Amongst those that are not aged grown.



How then can I in form be telling  
Of all the charms that speak and dwell in  
Maria, Mary, Mary Ellen—  
Or of the graces that so shine  
In Dorothy, Ann and Caroline;  
Or of the winning smiles that reign  
In Hannah, Margaret, and Jane—  
Or the good humour all display'd,  
By threatening rain still undismay'd  
As if of a drenching not afraid—

Merry and natty they bowl'd along  
The lovely scenes of their vales among,

(Tho' entre nous, my dear Boy, There's no manner of doubt  
That the bright charms within, surpass'd those without,  
So from the range of the coach I did not seek to look out.)

But when we attain'd the inclin'd plane top,  
The lowering clouds began to drop,  
And to much of the merriment put a stop,  
For they thought if it really should heavily rain,  
The end of their journey they could not gain;  
And instead of enjoying the mountain air,  
In a small country all horse must take their fair—  
'Twas but a moment that thoughts so sad  
Cross'd the minds of those who were erst so glad.



So the harder it rain'd, the more merry they grew,  
 For they gave up as lost the "al fresco" to do.  
 At Thaindale arrived, the rain heavier fell,  
 And like raining, and nothing but raining, it seem'd.  
 So to the alehouse all scudol'd as fast as they could,  
 Never treading wet grass, or the puddles, or mud—  
 But, my eyes, Boy, what fun was now to be seen there,  
 To house sixty guests in rooms ten feet square!  
 Some up stairs, some downstairs, and no moveable space  
 Till a clearing of inmates, chairs and tables took place—  
 Some rustics, who their pipes were filling,  
 To smoke while they their ale were swilling,  
 By kitchen fire so snug and dry,  
 Were routed quick and forc'd to fly:  
 The cat astonished left the place,  
 And to some out-house ran a pace—  
 The dog beneath the dresser crept  
 Where oft he undisturb'd had slept:  
 But now was doom'd to cut and run,  
 That others might enjoy the fun.  
 For lo! the dresser was found able  
 Of being chang'd into a table  
 And join'd to others round and square  
 To stand before the chairman's chair,  
 For in the kitchen was found most space to spare.





In a small room adjoining, other tables were laid  
Of most irregular shapes, but to which soon were converg'd  
Lamb, chickens, and tongue, pies, cheesecakes and tarts  
In discussing of which, all so well played their parts,  
That for the raining without, we now car'd not a feather,  
Since within, we at all events, had "merry weather"  
And Oh! what a bustle! what with eating and drinking,  
The drawing of corks - all of one business thinking,  
Such the laugh, and the call, and the noise and the chatter,  
And of plates, dishes, and spoons, such the rattle and clatter,  
That the pigs in their styes wonder'd what was the matter,  
And mounting up on their hind legs and prop'd by their paws,  
Peep'd over their styedoor and grunted applause -

The sky now more propitious gleam'd,  
No more the rain in torrents stream'd;  
The dinner had given to all new glee,  
And a wish to study antiquity.  
"To the Camps" was the word, and they all got ready,  
And on lasses, or ponies, or in carts more steady,  
And some too on foot - or in formal array  
All went straggling along to the Roman way.

When half way there, a copious shower  
Bestow'd its libations for half an hour,  
But in spite of the rain they onward went,  
On seeing the Camps being fully bent.  
And the Camps they saw - but the beautiful views  
They but partially saw, for the mist and dew,  
For a glimpse now and then of the distant plain  
All bright in the sun, could be seen through the rain.  
"To return" was the cry, but in another half hour  
They once more were caught by the heavier shower,  
And thoroughly drenched at Maindale once more.

In due time they arriv'd, their wet state to deplore -  
To classical eyes they might seem to be  
A levy of Venus fresh from the sea,  
But that flounces of brown on their garments hung.  
And show'd that from earth they had newly sprung.



Or may be it happen'd, as I heard say,

Jupiter Pluvius held court in Maindale that day.

And these were the nymphs who, in duty bound

To attend his Court, had been there half drown'd.

But 'tis happy to think that after being so sou'd,

And the time that must pass ere for night they were hous'd,

They all kept up their spirits, and their zeal was unshak'd,

That they all had good nights, and no colds were taken.



## The Heiress.

Three years had pass'd since Cecilia Ponsonby came to Ellerslie Manor. she was much courted and admired less from her personal attractions and large fortune than from her gentle and unaffected manners. Her excellent mother to whose judicious training she owed her high principles and forgetfulness of self had been dead about twelve months, and an elderly clergyman's widow resided with her; her father an officer in the army, died when she was very young, and his widow and daughter resided in London till the death of Henrich Ponsonby of Ellerslie Manor; when Cecilia inherited his large property. As he was an eccentric old bachelor and had quarrell'd with his brother for marrying, he never would see him or any of his family and was therefore a perfect stranger to Mrs Ponsonby, as was also his sister, who had early married an

officer in the Indian service and died a few years after, leaving an only child who soon lost his remaining parent and at sixteen, followed his father's profession. One day, whilst Cecilia was looking in an old bureau containing family relics, she found an old parchment, on opening it, she found it was a Will, dated about fifteen years back; at the end was her Uncle's name in his own handwriting, attested by several witnesses, of whom, all but one, were now dead; which accounted for its existence having been forgotten. All the property was left to his nephew Reginald Grant, no mention being made of Cecilia. For an instant she felt tempted to return it to its old hiding place, but a moments consideration brought other and better thoughts to her mind, shutting the bureau she went to consult her old friend Mr. Stanley as to what should be done: they soon came to the resolution of sending for the solicitor, who when he arrived pronounced that it had been legally executed. Cecilia then wrote to a friend to beg that if she heard of a family in the neighbourhood of London in want of a governess she would let her know. Her friend soon heard of a family at Hampstead where there were two little girls. Cecilia immediately accepted the situation, and the week after, arrived at the house of Mr. Conyers having seen her old and valued friend Mr. Stanley, comfortably housed in an asylum for the widows of clergy; and taken leave of the Manor House, amidst the tears of her household, who testified their grief at parting from so kind a mistress. Mr. and Mrs. Conyers

were very kind, and their two children Caroline, and Louisa, were amiable girls, whom Cecilia soon became fond of, and, a twelve month afterwards she was quite surprized at the interest she took in all their studies. A month after the arrival of Miss Vere (as she was called) amongst them, Mr. Conyers's family went abroad, and as she had not given her address to any of her friends, they quite lost sight of her when she left England. A year and a half after the commencement of the story Mr. Conyers and his family were at Naples, and Cecilia was still with them, she was the same engaging unassuming girl as ever; knowing it was her duty, she endeavoured to be contented with whatever station of life she should be in; still at times the difference of her present compared with her past life would force itself painfully on her mind. To prevent this depressing feeling she avoided company as much as possible and would never appear downstairs if the Conyers's had any friends with them. One day Mr. Conyers said he hoped Miss Vere would give them the pleasure of her company that evening, as they were not going to have a gay party, only two gentlemen he had met at the table d'hôte were coming to tea, Cecilia did not refuse and in due time Mr. Grey and Mr. Percival were announced. They were like the Conyers party travelling for amusement, and like them also they made a point of seeing every thing, and being young men of observation who had evidently seen a great deal of the world, their conversation was very agreeable and the evening passed pleasantly away.

After this time the two gentlemen became frequent visitors and often joined in expeditions to the lions of the neighbourhood which the Conyerss were continually making, till at last they almost became part of the family and no excursion seemed complete without them. Mr. Grey would sometimes hesitate at giving their friends so much of their company, but Percival always found some especial reason why they should walk with them that day, they had promised to shew Mr. Conyers some particular view, and as they were better acquainted with the country than he was, they might dispense with guides. Grey was amused at his friends excuse for going in to tea, to entertain Mr. Conyers with the account of their rambles, as she was not strong enough to go with them. Now it generally happened that Mr. Conyers was at the other end of the room from Mr. Percival who was giving his account of the mornings ramble to Miss Vere who had accompanied them and to whom therefore the recital could not beneer. One morning Mr. Percival called alone on Mr. Conyers and was shut up with him alone for half an hour, at length both gentlemen came into the drawingroom and Mr. Conyers proposed a walk. Mr. Percival did not appear in his usual spirits, but talked fast as if it was the only way to prevent coming to a dead stop. When they were out of the town Mr. Conyers took both his little girls by the hand and wandered away in search of wild flowers and Cecilia was left to walk on with Mr. Percival. Never had she such hard work

to perform, as at the commencement of their conversation; she thought some calamity had befallen him for he scarcely spoke a word. When however Mr. Conyers rejoined them Mr. Percival had regained all his spirits and Cecilia was the silent one.

"What do you think I have discovered?" said Percival taking Mr. Conyers by the arm, "that Cecilia and I are cousins, in fact she is the very Cecilia Ponsonby who lived at Ellerslie Manor, and whose residence I have so long been trying to find out."

"Indeed" said Mr. Conyers, "then your name is not <sup>yet</sup> here, may I ask why you have concealed it?" "I fear I must confess," said Cecilia breaking silence, "that it was my pride, but I did not wish any of my former acquaintance to feel themselves constrained to notice me, and now I hope you are satisfied Pegginald Grant" said she turning to the young man. "Pray sir," said Mr. Conyers "by what name are we to call you? it seems the fashion to have two or three. I have been accustomed to know you as Percival and just now this lady called you Grant, or some such name."

"I do not wonder you are surprized," said he, "whom we have hitherto called Percival, the facts are these, Grey's original travelling companion was a Mr. Percival, but he was taken ill, and at the last moment, it was settled that I should take his place and (as I was rather like him) his passport also, there being no time to get another signed: when I arrived here I found that some one of the name of Grant, had made himself rather

notorious, about some gambling transaction, I therefore retained my travelling name, lest I should be suspected of having any connection with him. On their way home, as Cecilia led her two little pupils, some distance in front. Reginald Grant, detained Mr. Conyers a moment, to tell him that she had consented to return to her old residence Ellerslie Manor, as Mr. Reginald Grant.

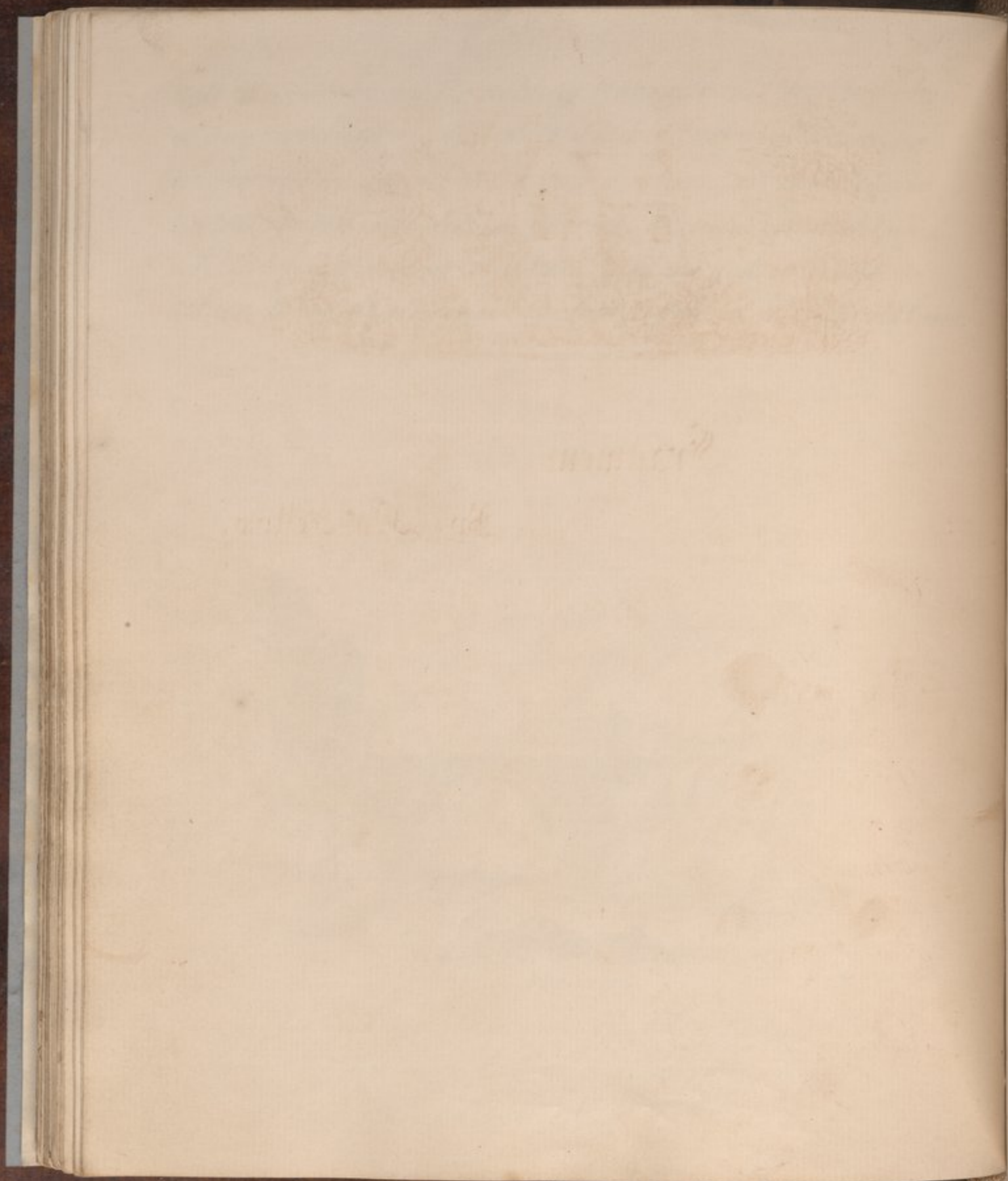


St. Maurice.

Having no drawing of Ellerslie Manor, we have selected a sketch from the travellers' note-book.



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.







## Fragment

By No-Sellow.

Dreary and dark is November! The lonely sisters  
of East-gate  
Seeking to banish its gloom by inditing an  
elegant volume,  
Wrote to their cousins at College, begging they'd  
rout up their learning.  
Strange! their appeal was unheeded, the scholars all  
pleaded no leisure;  
Poring o'er musty old tomes to obtain Uni-  
versity Honours,  
Sagely, they yielded the fame to be gained in  
the Warwick Belles Lettres.

Day after day in his parish, the deacon writes  
nought but his sermons.

Once so graceful in song, the grave and learned  
Head Master,

While he's declining *hæc Musa*, declines saying  
aught to the *Muses*.



Far in the West, a fair damsel of quaint and  
poetical fancy,  
Answers not any petition, is deaf to all earnest  
entreaty.



Teaching her own village school, with knitting-  
pins ruling the peasants,  
Fingers nor fancy has she, to waste on this idle  
diversion.

Buried in parchments, the lawyer sits drawing  
with care, This Indenture  
Twixt John a Nokes and Tom Stiles, two worthies  
of legal invention.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, wit found its way from  
the neighbours,  
Here and there by the post, was sent a discon-  
solate rebus,  
Other hope there was none. Foiled in the strong-  
hold of learning,



Christ's Church Oxford.

The editor saw with dismay the dangerous quick-  
sands of office:

So fell the mists from her mind, the press in its  
blackness before her.

Closing her labours with thanks, to those friends  
who with pen and with pencil

Aided the work with their lore, or graced it with  
sketches artistic,

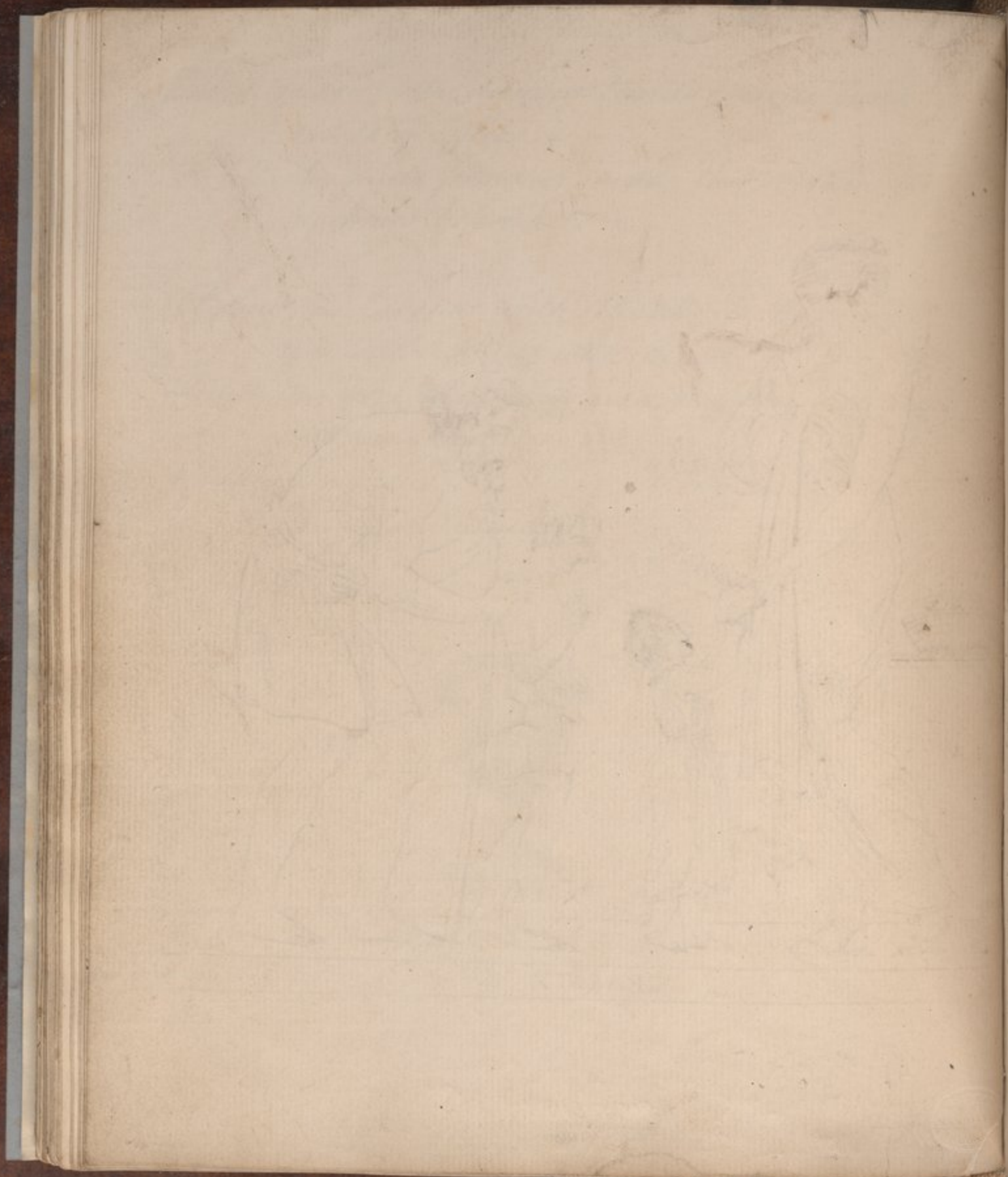
Meekly she places The Vase, at the foot of soft  
Charity's Statue.





CHARITY.

Canova.



# Enigmas Charades

What am I?

I am as comical a creature as any from Zollverein,  
For though I am ever incog yet I'm seen on the beautiful Rhine  
I enjoy myself in the skies, and am in the lightening seen,  
And as sure as there's rain or hail you may look for me I ween,  
I never affinity claim to the sun the moon or a star,  
But in the tail of a comet, I ride like a king in his car;  
Indeed I am much in the night and never appear in the day  
The morning and evening I love when by classical Isis I stray,  
But I've nothing to do with romance or the heart, or a soft blue eye  
Yet the sight of a bright coral lip brings feelings that make me sigh  
I have nothing to do with love though of marriage I've had my share  
And have help'd in the grief and pain, of many an ill-matched pair;  
In illness I always attend, and am active in making the will;  
But I fly when the Doctors appear, though I'm given in every pill  
I am first in my own estimation and associate with the high,  
Yet in the poorest dwelling you will always find me nigh  
I am always in social parties, though I never go out to tea,  
But invite to fruit or wine and then you are sure of me.

I have always avoided the Ducen and never appear at Court  
If a king reigned in the land I'd give him my firm support  
You may see me in families and I'm seen by your fireside  
And there with wit and with mirth its ever my wish to abide  
I fear you'll be shocked to hear how much I've to do with sin,  
For there never was mischief working but I had a finger therein;  
Yet though I'm so fond of vice with virtue I've much to do,  
And like Hercules of old I'm nearly pull'd in two  
And now I am sure you are tired so I'll vanish out of your sight  
And believe me your very sincere though sad egotistical Night.

2  
**A**t twilight's hour abroad I fly  
And make the woods ring with my cry  
Save yonder Monk there is no one near  
And though it is lonely he feels no fear  
Now give me a head nor deem it strange  
If to a part of his dress I change  
Give me another head and he  
Has lost his calm placidity

3  
**A**t the side I am seen of some gallant young knight  
At the Court, in the Ballroom, the Pageant, or Fight.  
Behold me and though by all ranks I am used  
The power they have over me is often abused.



Mr Delourcy is lounging in me  
 Preading the paper and sipping his tea  
 He has laid down the paper and thought for awhile  
 Ah! tonight I'm invited by Lady de Lisle


At night having cut off my head with much pain  
 And trouble he dresses me, for he is vain  
 I am sorry to say though a good sort of youth  
 He has his own faults and one must tell the truth

He drove to the mansion of Lady de Lisle  
 And entered the room in his usual style  
 Again you may cut off my head and he  
 Is the only man there that can dance with me

5 ~~~~~

Swiftly & swiftly see me glide  
 O'er your head in summer tide  
 Skimming lightly o'er the lake  
 When the stormy winds awake

Cut my head off changed am I  
 Come with me to yonder sty  
 View its inmate, see how he  
 In the mud enjoyeth me



Once again cut off my head  
It's in a word that's often said  
By domestic child or slave  
When permission they would crave

Two heads now remove from view  
And we'll read a moral true  
None so great beneath the skies  
But he's me whene'er he lies




**A** well known Pudding first I name  
Change but one letter if you will  
For sauce well suited to the same  
Change once again, improvement still  
But chang'd again alas! you find  
The whole of most unpleasant kind




**M**y whole is oft seen at Ball Soirée and Rout  
If for once found at home the next instant he's out  
But cut off a head and now see what a change  
As far as the eye can conveniently range  
What groves of fine trees with long vistas of green  
Herds of elegant deer in the distance are seen  
Behold once again and we're carried in rhyme

Whole centuries back on the pinions of time  
To a period when in destructions dread hour  
A household were saved by miraculous power.



 In the blue vault of heaven so vast & high  
Amongst the stars and comets there am I  
Cut off my head, and now with measure slow  
Does yonder sentry do me to and fro  
Again cut off my head and there are seen  
Four players seated round a table green.  
I pass from hand to hand with rapid flight  
Anon I win the game before your sight.



 In the shop of a printer I often am seen,  
Of importance excessive to lawyers and I,  
Then add but one letter, to dairy I go,  
Though in London, I fear, they in vain for me sigh.

When still more I'm increased, some men unpolite  
Say grumbling, that babies in busses should pay  
Because me they make, the poor little dears!  
'Tis nought but their nature, as nurses would say.



By verdant paths behold a happy train,  
 And here a Latin heart, and useful grain,  
 Cut off one letter, and my first will tell,  
 What may contain the ashes of Sueton,  
 Or water flowing from my second's well  
 May fill my first to cheer my whole at sea;  
 Not old nor woman, who now aids the cause,  
 With contributions to the Warwick vase;  
 And lo! the chieftain of a Scottish clan  
 Sends forth assistants to promote the plan.  
 Here too the Ocean with a heath we find  
 Forming a name, when they are both combined;  
 My golden first oft by my second grows,  
 My whole is here, in poetry, or prose.  
 My first most persons love, if quite their own,  
 And so my second, we may hope, if known,  
 And dearly too will love my third,  
 Combine all three to form one word.  
 My first is fair, my second dear,  
 In French these and my whole appear.  
 Behold the list of all I know  
 So having tried to tell you so,  
 I've added lastly who I am  
 And make to all my best Salamu.



Why spurs young Sir Roland in such breathless haste  
 Over hill over dale over meadow and waste  
 "Oh! my first! my brave friends," he exclaimed, "with all speed  
 Our king is in danger and help does much need.  
 His vassals flock round him a true loyal band  
 To fight for their king at their young lords' command.  
 When Sir Roland this troop of his vassals had brought  
 To his sovereign's assistance, his presence he sought,  
 The king in his tent was then sitting alone  
 On my second, (the only one there,) for a throne  
 The monarch as ever was gracious and kind  
 And declared a more true friend he never could find  
 When years had passed on (for life is but a span,)  
 And Sir Roland was now quite an elderly man  
 As he sat in my whole with a child on his knee  
 While two others played round him or listened with glee  
 He would tell them of battles, of knocks, and hard blows  
 And how the king triumphed at last o'er his foes



Varieties of itself <sup>12</sup> my first compose  
 Where myriads of my second find repose  
 And oft my whole seeks food and shelter there  
 Secure from sportsmans shot or wily snare—



When Adam first began to tread  
 My first did never bore his head  
 My second is a weighty thing  
 And takes some strength to make it swing;

My whole's a village in this shire  
 That has a church without a spire  
 And if you wish this place to see  
 The miles you'd go would be but three -



Who's made for sound, my first is often dumb  
 Omitted strangely where its sound should come  
 Whilst stranger still, my second oft is made  
 To yield no sound but what my first must aid  
 Altho' alone that sound should be convey'd.  
 My third to name, my second's help requires  
 Or else its simple utterance expires.

My fourth is but my second used once more  
 My fifth is, as my third, of speechless power  
 Unless my second's sound be placed before -  
 My first, my second, third, fourth, fifth, combined  
 Displays a female name well known to all mankind



# Sir Niverous Crikey

or  
The Modern Ghost.

One evening from dinner Dame Crikey arose  
At an earlier hour, and deigned to disclose  
To Sir Crikey her Mate, that, that night she meant  
To decide an affair of important intent.

2

To all the enlightened; she did therefore require,  
That until her return he should not retire,  
So there sat Sir Crikey until late at night,  
When happ'd the occurrence which caused him affright.

3

Sir Niverous Crikey sat in his chair,  
With a handkerchief thrown o'er his lately brown hair,  
He sighed as he thought of the changes in life,  
And how he was blessed with a strong-minded wife.

4

How his friends had oft joked him, and said that they knew  
When my first passed away, she would prove to be blue,  
That my second he did, tho' she might be a belle  
When he married; He felt it had turn'd out a sell.

5  
Thus musing Sir Crikey had ne'er turned his head,  
When sudden went thro' him a feeling of dread,  
That curious sensation which often comes o'er one,  
When some horrid mishap is just going to bore one.

6  
The clock had struck twelve, and Sir Niverous thought  
That his wife was out longer that night than she ought;  
So he thought he'd have tea, and to bed without loss  
Of time, for when late, his wife always was cross.

7  
So he got up and rang, and then put on a coat,  
When the door oped, and in walked, my terrible wretch.  
He nearly had fainted, the sight was so dire,  
Seemed like a dread demon just jumped from the fire.

8  
No, it cannot be true, yes it is, by my life,  
Yes those are the eyes, 'tis the face of my wife,  
But it's got on some gills, and a waistcoat, and shirt,  
And a large pair of trousers, instead of a shirt!

9  
Here, near fainting, the poor knight fell down in despair.  
'stead of bringing him essence and setting a chair,  
His wife said, "Get up sir, and just make the tea,  
How silly you are doing that before me."



## Moxas.

Up started Sir Criskey, that woebegone knight,  
Left the house, and has never been seen from that night;  
To Ladies take warning and wear decent clothes,  
For your husbands wont know you if you take to hose.



**C**an you not lend me <sup>16</sup>some money to-day,  
I have some rather long bills to pay.  
Said the wife at her breakfast table,  
Her husband replied, "Not today Mr. Hurst,  
My whole is not yet my second and first  
And therefore I am not able."



Long long ago 'mid knightly throngs  
 My first was noblest grace,  
 Nor yet to democratic songs  
 The order bright gives place.

Thoughts of my second, English hearts  
 Still cheer, as oldest wine,  
 Sweet recollection never parts  
 From "Auld lang syne."

I've still to add another word  
 From Hippocrene's spring  
 I was Adam that first tried my third  
 As antient couplets sing,

Poor travellers without my fourth  
 A weary crowd would be,  
 Though some there are, tread wild wild earth,  
 Devoid of hostelry.

My whole displays a glorious hope  
 To spirits bold and strong,  
 For riches to the Diggins slope,  
 And — perhaps you'll not be wrong.



Upon variously my first is made!  
 What should we do without it's aid?  
 Of different substances and forms,  
 It first assists, and then adorns.  
 From courts and camps, to weaver's loom,  
 From kitchen to the dressing room,  
 From lowly cot to Palace Hall,  
 We still shall find it great or small.—  
 My next's of general use, I ween,  
 But less for peasant than for Queen,  
 For luxury and comfort fram'd,  
 'Tis frequently in sickness nam'd,  
 My first it often does receive,  
 And makes my whole, you may perceive.  
 This whole, a work box now may grace,  
 And any room may give it place.—



When of my first, some poor unlucky wight,  
 Rather too much has taken, overnight,  
 Next morn he feels, as if, upon his pate,  
 Something were pressing, of my second's weight.—  
 My total, I believe all artists prize,  
 And when well filled, 'tis pleasing to all eyes.



My first's an article that's often used  
 But oftner still by many it's abused.  
 Ah! was the day that felt my second's power,  
 Most thankful may we be that time is o'er,  
 When wretched England felt a tyrant's hand  
 And groan'd beneath the Pontiff's stern command  
 Now, see my third advance, with lofty mien,  
 Proud as a king, though very poor I mean.  
 Who has not felt his soul indignant burn,  
 When reading of that conqueror, so stern,  
 Who, when his army groan'd beneath their foemen's hate,  
 Exclaim'd, I will my whole, & leave them to their fate.



My first may be you, but cannot be me,  
 My second's as countless as sands of the sea.  
 My whole you can count, but 'twill take a long time,  
 Now surely you'll think my charade is sublime!



I am worn by the Soldier, the Lady, the Peer,  
 And oft by the Peasant, in holiday gear  
 And though it seems strange, yet some how or other  
 You never see me without seeing my brother.  
 Behold me, and now to all homes I belong  
 Where the ties that do bind them together, are strong.



What Tomps! what Pageants stream along the Plain?  
 High soars the Shout, loud swells th'exciting Strain.  
 For whom, for what, is all this gorgeous show?

It leads to death, to misery, and wo:

Such is my first. My seconds calm mild ray  
 Points to benighted Man, the safest way,  
 Yet with companions joined, I must confess  
 'Tis first and foremost in all wickedness.

My third, may grace your decorated Room,  
 Enclose the Rosegay sweet, or rich perfume.

My whole, my first well knew... in by gone Age  
 And suffered greatly from its cruel rage,

But now my first and second joined, afford  
 A Harbour safe, wherein my whole is stored;

A Harbour where both Worth and Rank preside.

So may it rest, their ornament and pride.

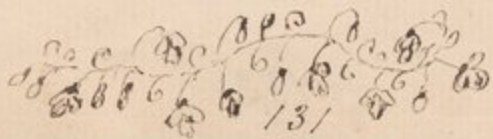
My first I hope you never will tell tho' you may do it without any fear

My next is a most melodious sound, that from yonder field now strikes the ear

My third is a useful and well known grain, some people make bread of it. has been told

My whole pray enter, and sit there with me we'll turn over authors some

centuries old.



25  
**M**y first's a creature found in every land  
In eastern climes my second forms its food  
My whole it executes with tardy hand  
Although it oft may be for its own good.

26  
**W**hen Cockneys ask of you the "when and where"  
Then see my first with rapid steps appear  
And if my third is theirs and standing by  
Then would my second aspirated fly.  
If he but said that he had had my whole  
In Birmingham for Lunch, at Dea's Coal hole.

27  
**I**n Wales, my first's my second's son  
My whole's so evident, I have done.

28  
**M**y first's not the whole of any thing you know,  
My seconds often covered with perpetual snow,  
My frightened whole the eager sportsmen try  
To shoot, when on the swift wing it does fly.

When the weather is hot, my first you will find  
 Refreshing, and if with my second combined  
 Would do you much good, tho' this last would be better  
 Were I able to give it another small letter  
 Perhaps even then, Dr Johnson might say  
 "Pshaw! study my book, and don't spell your own way"  
 It may be, of my first, if you take too much toll,  
 You will seem to be under the effects of my whole

My savage first in mighty hordes  
 Rushed fearfully o'er peaceful lands  
 Long centuries ago  
 My next you are at festive boards  
 When viands rich and tuneful bands  
 Make you, your cares forego.

My third all useful as it is  
 Will never at that scene appear  
 For palates rude more meet  
 My whole's in rueful plight I wis  
 A famished land from all I hear  
 Its misery is complete.

One evening the Lady Glenvar did invite  
 A number of children to keep the twelfth night.  
 After dancing, charades, and a bright Christmas tree  
 They went into supper with laughter and glee.  
 Then what did appear to their wondering sight,  
 But a beautiful twelfth-cake, all frosty and white.  
 Now be prudent my children, the Lady did say,  
 To each gave my second and then went away.  
 Imprudent young people, the cake was so nice,  
 They eat up my first without leaving a slice.  
 Ashamed of their conduct, the girls and the boys  
 Crept off to their rooms without making a noise.  
 Next morning the Lady sent off in a fright  
 For the Doctor, the children were ill in the night.  
 The Doctor looked angry and black as a coal  
 As he said, "They have eaten what is not my whole."





**M**y first, some thousand miles away, at present  
 Is more disturbed than is exactly pleasant  
 At home 'tis much in vogue for we thereby  
 Damp the interior, - keep the outside dry  
 My second oft consists of many creatures  
 Around two, spoiling one another's features...  
 But of a different kind, far less in size  
 'Tis looked on by the fair with favoring eyes  
 So is my total as it seems to me,  
 (If it be right to judge from what we see)  
 For often it commences with the night,  
 And does not cease until the morning light.

34

λ.

**M**y first on the head you often may see  
 Be the wearer one month or perchance eighty three  
 My second is queer to describe - I will try  
 To tell you the secret, in fact, it is I -  
 My third is the sweetest of Nature's creation  
 And mortals charge high for their own imitation -  
 My whole to this race may be said to belong;  
 A vulgar relation, not oft praised in song;  
 And though, when at home, it is right near the ground,  
 The wits have declared, on wise heads it is found.

**B**E-hold two trains are madly rushing on  
 They meet, & loudly burst upon the car,  
 Shriek follows shriek, as each one cries for help,  
 Some scream from agony and some from fear

Cut off my head, the engine-driver I,  
 When with a wild despair himself he cast  
 Beneath the wheels, which with a ponderous roll  
 O'er his devoted body now have passed.


Behold me once again, graceful and tall  
 Over your path I cast a pleasant shade,  
 Or upon yonder rugged mountain's side,  
 Attract the eye, in berries bright arrayed.




36

ailors upon the mainmast head  
 Their midnight watch were keeping,  
 All else was hushed in calm repose,  
 The ocean's self seemed sleeping.

But as the morning slowly dawned,  
 A single bird drew near.  
 'Tis my dread whole, the Captain cried,  
 Furl up your sails for fear.



My second strained their every nerve  
From the west the stormwind blew  
Cries of my first despairing fell  
From that illfated crew.





39  
Come in with me to night my friend,  
And do my first with me,  
This night at my own home we'll spend,  
Our party is but three.

Come, come, young men you're rather late,  
My first is getting cold,  
Go fetch a bottle, do not wait,  
Of my second good and old.


Pray take another glass John Howe,  
I will warm you this cold night,  
Stir up the dying embers, now  
The fire will burn bright.

My good son lend to me your arm,  
And my whole be to me,  
Your father's step though once so firm,  
Would fall if not for thee.






And loud my first is pealing,  
 Arousing many a man,  
 To get his bread by stealing,  
 Or, in any way he can.




Fragrant my second's steaming  
 From the huge kitchen fire,  
 Where the cook now slices the dripping,  
 And now shouts loud in ire.

Amid the Alpine darkness,  
 While clouds and thunder roll,  
 Listens the weary traveller,  
 For music from my whole.



When my first's on my second,  
 I think you'll declare,  
 My whole will be wanted,  
 If you're standing there.



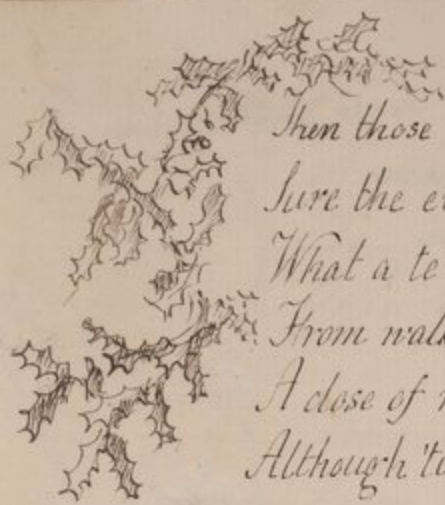
My first all animals have,  
 My next you'll find in a cave,  
 Or on a high road,  
 Near which dwells a toad.  
 My whole's a town of great renown.



41

**S**ir Frederick Fitzmaurice is fond of the town,  
Whose boots look so neat as he walks up and down?  
Whose gloves fit so well? Whose hat — such an air  
Ashis? as he saunters through Cavendish Square.  
But what ails Sir Frederick? although 'tis the season,  
He has mounted my first, and left town without reason,  
He is gone down to visit his Aunt M<sup>rs</sup> Murray,  
Who lives in a small quiet village in Surrey.  
Is his visit alone to his Aunt? I think not,  
There's a young lady staying there, Rosalie Scott.  
How swift the time flew as at breakfast they sat,  
Partaking my second, and third, as they chat.

139



Then those moonlight walks, how delightful were they,  
 Sure the evening is pleasanter far than the day.  
 What a terrible cold poor Sir Frederick has got,  
 From walking by moonlight, with Rosalie Scott,  
 A dose of my whole for his cure he will take,  
 Although 'tis unpleasant, for Rosalie's sake.



42



**I** passed one day by Charing Cross  
 And saw my first arise  
 Upholding to all eyes  
 Our nations pride and loss.  
 More suited to my wearied state  
 My second came in view,  
 I hailed it, and withdrew  
 From musings on the great.  
 My whole too of the great is reckoned,  
 And though in English ground  
 No record in my first he's found,  
 His name still lives upon my second.



43



**M**ay you my first fair Isabel  
 For years to come, said Edward Gray.  
 But ne'er my second do so far  
 As to adopt my whole I pray.



to my first at early morn  
 The sportsman takes his way,  
 When southern wind and cloudy sky  
 Proclaim a hunting day.


It's tenants all are trusty friends  
 My second have they shown,  
 And guided him thro' many a chase  
 By their clear voices' tone.

Never I ween through fairer scene  
 Did hunter urge his steed,  
 Than where my whole's grey ruined towers  
 Rise from the level mead. —


As Joseph jumped over my first,  
 For want of something to do,  
 He stumbled against my second  
 And knocked a hole quite through.

A customer entered the shop,  
 And said, considerate soul!  
 "Good lack Mr. Joseph, I'll stop,  
 Till you're able to give me my whole."





Give me wine, the Goblet bring.  
 Young Henry all impatient cries.  
 My first appears, the glasses ring.  
 The young man drinks, then rising sighs.  
 "Study fatigues me I'll descend  
 To minor matters for a while."  
 He said, (then yawning) "I'm no friend  
 Of thine old Plutarch so farewell."  
 He shuts my second, Long ere this  
 Its ponderous form unheeded lay,  
 Tho' open wide, no glance of his,  
 Upon its page was seen to stray.  
 'Twas sad in trifling thus to waste  
 Moments too precious to recall,  
 He brings my whole which for his taste  
 Contains what pleases more than all.  
 Its treasures tell of absent scenes,  
 Of friends that long have passed away,  
 Of shady groves, and rippling streams.  
 Now reader guess, I've said my say.





— Who 'my readers' learning have no bounds,  
 She will forgive me if I just apprise her,  
 That when her wit my trifling first has found,  
 She must admit she is a "whit the wiser" —

Alas me from my next a part to lose  
 And then behold a tree with flowing top;  
 To help her further, one small hint I'll drop  
 'Tis tough and often seen in wheelwrights shop

Now if Warwickshire people will study the scroll  
 By aid of Church Key, they'll discover my whole

My first old Time or Jack Frost as surely does as Morrison  
 or the fatal noose. — My second, is oft repeated by the Suggard,  
 who when urged to exertion seeks delay. — My third contains  
 the beverage so grateful to the wayworn traveller at the  
 roadside Inn, or to the eager sportsman who through the  
 stubble toils beneath the warm Autumnal Sun, and at noon  
 under the sheltering hedge reclines. — My fourth abbrevi-  
 -viates the name of one who was for peerless beauty famed.  
 Upon me grows the gnarled Oak, the tough Ash, the pliant  
 Osier, and in due season the fruitful crops of Ceres. Oft across

my back the deep tongued Hounds with joyous cry  
pursue the crafty Fox. Whilst far beneath are heard the  
clank of chains, the horriſying shrieks and all the direful  
sounds, which erst reſounded on the dark path to fabled  
Tartarus. — Where and what am I?

49

Child of proud Englands King; the fair Elizabeth,  
Far ſweeter than my firſt was held by all,  
Her manners ſo engaging, perſon fair; Her worth  
Was deemed ſo great, that they were wont to call  
Her "Queen of Hearts," but in this ever changeſut world  
The brighteſt ſunſhine fades, alas! how quick!  
This lovely Queen was from her new gained kingdom hurled,  
And then as years rolled on, her Frederick,  
Was taken from her ſide, and thus of all bereft,  
Of huſband, throne. Elizabeth was fain  
To ſeek a ſhelter in my ſecond, where ſhe's left  
Many memorialſ, precious to that Throne.  
The noble Craven, under whoſe roof ſhe once did ſtay  
My whole is eaſily diſcovered tis the work  
Of moſt induſtrious creatures; I may ſay  
That probably at Breakfast (though it is a quirk  
Our Heroine, Bohemia's Queen, was fond of it.  
For well we know tis then a reliſh fit.

The Moon was fast rising o'er turret and keep,  
 Whilst Lillian sat in her chamber to weep.  
 Ah well may she sigh and bemoan her sad fate,  
 Her uncle regards young Mac Donald with hate

The alliance indeed would have been no disgrace,  
 For Mac Donald was brave, and my third of his race,  
 Not so thought the Baron, for great was his pride,  
 On whom Lillian my first should bestow, he'd decide.

Some wealthy old Baron 'twere easy to find,  
 To wed his fair niece, a match more to his mind.  
 "Now besilent my Flora," the young maiden said,  
 As she patted, caressing my second's rough head.

Hark what is that sound that saluteth her ear?  
 'Tis the splash of an oar that comes near & more near.  
 She opened her casement, gazed forth on the lake,  
 In a boat was Mac Donald, come there for her sake.

High wared she my whole, her brave lover to guide,  
 As he climbed up the walls, he is now at her side,  
 Has born in his arms the fair girl to the boat,  
 Who now with her Donald is safe and afloat.



consonants there are which spoken clearly,  
 Reveal a name, in Eastgate lov'd most dearly,  
 Nor there alone, since she who bears that name  
 Where known, of all that's good enjoys the same.

Five sevenths of a kingly name  
 In England's annals found,  
 And four fifths of a beast well known  
 In river, as on ground.  
 Combine the two, a favorite fair we find,  
 Of graceful manners, and superior mind.

Gentle courtesy I claim  
 To guess a trisyllabical name,  
 The sound of the first, one letter tells:  
 In a particle then, the second dwells;  
 But the third no single word will give,  
 Therefore its fractions pray receive,  
 And with a consonant combine  
 Three fourth parts of the letters in "nine"  
 The three as a whole, will then declare  
 The name of a lady, as good as fair.

When ever my whole with warm affection sends

Kind wishes and sweet thoughts to distant friends,  
My first she takes into her ready hand,  
And words flow freely at her hearts command,  
But should presuming man that first require  
To urge my second with a lovers fire  
Let my fair whole repel the insidious snare  
And prove herself as good as she is fair -

~~My first~~ 55

My first permission my first implies  
It also means resistance;

My second tho' neutral word mean to sight,  
To those who speak as to those who write,  
Is ever an assistance.

Less than my second is my third,  
A letter only, not a word  
But yet with many a large pretence,  
Inanity and grandiloquence:

Though small my fourth, well known its face  
As holding in letters the foremost place  
My whole will form a word denoting Joy  
Which as a female name we oft employ.



My first grows on the hedges green,  
 My second in the fields is seen,  
 My third's a man without his head,  
 This by my whole, was quaintly said.

My first's a locksmith's daughter  
 And opens his doors with ease,  
 My second swims the rivers,  
 And also in the seas.

My whole's a human creature,  
 Who thinks himself the cheese,  
 And walks and talks and eats & sleeps,  
 Like other things called bees.

50

In yonder yard behold my first,  
 Who on my second feeds  
 With plaintive voice she calls her young  
 Who peck amongst the weeds,

Now see my whole with active steps  
 Amidst a merry throng  
 Of smiling dames, whose fancied charms  
 He celebrates in song.


If he should pen a verse to you  
This man of many parts  
His numbers flow in rhymes so new  
Pray, Maidens guard your hearts.


59


Told your may first, indignant Jacky said,  
"Tee, ya, go, sum," my second shook his head,  
"I want my Tea) your bones shall make my bread,  
Good lack! cried Jack, my third what shall I do,  
But fortune to her favourite proved true,  
Instead of dying, Jack the monster slew;  
So runs the fable such the happy end,  
And whoso'er may whole, her footsteps bend,  
May like success upon her path attend.

60



My first's a quadruped, well known, and tame;  
My next in Alpine History, bears the fame,  
Of shooting at an Apple, with a bow;  
My whole is often seen, its gentle low;  
Is heard in pleasant pastures, green and fair;  
And there its namesake walks to take the air.



 My first the name of one of our own kings,  
 Who with gentle rule did govern England,  
 Before the conqueror William with his host  
 Of Norman warriors attacked our strand


 My next's an article of dress you'll find  
 And if you also would it wish to see  
 Go to the palace, or the cottage hearth  
 It is both used by low, and high degree.


 My whole a hamlet near old Warwick town,  
 Through which ere long will fly with fearful speed  
 The noisy train, which with embankments now  
 Has spoilt the view, of which there was no need.

62



 My lively first was whilom seen  
 In shady vales and meadows green  
 When the moon sheds its silvery light  
 In the stilly summer night


 My second's sometimes register'd  
 Involable by my third  
 I hope you'll reckon one my whole  
 For this charade it is so droll





**I**n a word of seven letters, pray let me make them eight;  
 "No, no," said Joey Kume, "do not add at any rate,  
 "I'd e'en abridge my name, but the people would say, Come!  
 "We see the truth at last, Kume declares himself a Kum."  
 Bug doubtless they would say, did not this same retrenchment  
 Curl the wit upon their tongues, so thought supplies the sense meant.  
 Though I've puzzled many sages,  
 And have stood the test of ages,  
 Yet allow me Joseph's e,  
 And within me you will see  
 Two words are to be found,  
 Which might raze me to the ground.

Amongst the symbols you may find  
 My likeness, if inclined.



64



My first is to saving much given I've heard  
 I hope that my second may ne'er be my third  
 But should it be so, may we find what's my whole  
 To bring the calamity under control.



151

**M**y first within his father's realm:  
 He gazed upon the plain  
 Above him were the silent stars,  
 Around him were the slain.  
 The morning saw a proud array  
 Now with the dead were reckoned.  
 The chief of those who in the strife  
 For love of him had bartered life  
 Whose hearts were like my second,  
 Who lived and died to aid the cause  
 That nerved each generous soul  
 But loyal deeds and gallant acts  
 Were counted for my whole.



**M**y tiresome restless little first  
 Kept me awake, said Captain Hay  
 All through last night, and brought my third  
 Which I have not quite lost today.

John brought my second in a tray,  
 The Captain drank and stroked my whole,  
 I'm not so ugly, I confess,  
 As that great awkward fellow Cole.



**M**r Smith complained bitterly to Mr Jones, that  
he could not sleep at night for fear of thieves.

What city famous in remote antiquity did the  
latter mention to him in the advice, which he  
returned to Mr Smith?

**W**hat group of Islands is most like female  
passengers in a sea storm? And which would  
you place in your Museum?

**R**ivers

**P**ay, which in our Isle's the most tiresome river?

And which doth small dunces affright?

Which has always a question at top of his mouth?

Which river can kill you outright?

Then again, which is best for wild beasts, or a shrew?

And which one is equal to ten?

If abroad tell me which you would choose for your stud?

And which best to breathe in for men?

Farther off there is one you would want when you dine,

And another your battles to fight?

There is one through the jungle which roars for her prey?

And then there's the proud Spanish knight?

What Indian city names a sick mythological monster?  
What island must you visit, if you were about to probe  
a French wolf?

Why is a man mad when he stands by his own  
portrait?

## FLOWERS.

A French term of affection, and a snare. —

An abbreviation of a female name,

A large tart — a shining appearance, and the  
accusative case of a personal pronoun —

A gay scene, and part of a Christian name —

Who was the richest known knight?


When is a house not a house?

What young lady is farthest sighted than any of  
her acquaintance?


What chain of mountains in Europe is like the  
muses in a cheerful mood?

What Israelitish woman was like a Scotchman  
in comfortable quarters?

Why is Mr. Mackenzie in expectation of one of Mr. Rose's  
balls like a celebrated tragedian?



Journey was planned, to Lethgow's fair bowers  
But oh! judge of our grief, in the morn there were showers  
But thanks to our friends, who were strong minded people  
Nor heeded the scene on, St Giles's crown'd steeple.  
We both hurried forth, with these friends ever kind  
Through nook, and through alley, through close & through wynd,  
Breathless and panting the station we reached  
In spite of the warnings an old lady preached;  
Our tickets obtained, we rushed to our seats  
And soon we arrived in Linlithgow's black streets,  
My second-to the Palace, directly we cried !!  
And never heeding the storm, we thitherward hied }  
Over my ancient first this motto we spied;  
"St Michael to strangers is always most kind"  
For pure water here, you will constantly find.  
We passed an hour 'mid the Palace walls  
And enchanted stood in its antique halls,  
The halls, where Queen Mary first drew her breath,  
And her grand sire slept, ere his bloody death.



I will not now speak of the aged Kirk  
Nor its haunted chapel, where spirits lurk;  
"Wearied" and well we reached Samuels' hearth  
Where we met with my whole and hearty laugh.

## ACROSTIC

T'is hoped the East-Gate Warwick Vase  
Has prospered in its well meant cause;  
E, ach friend in verse or prose concern'd  
W, ith justice has admittance earn'd;  
A, rtistic illustrations too  
R, eceived the places to them due;  
W, hile the fair Editor 'tis known,  
I, mpartial aid and zeal has shown,  
C, onceding promptly at each call  
K, ind office readily to all.  
V, ase! favor'd thou hast surely been,  
A, s oft thy pages prove to us,  
S, uch choice results are rarely seen  
E, 'en by unworthy CAROLUS.

The Editor  
of the Liberator

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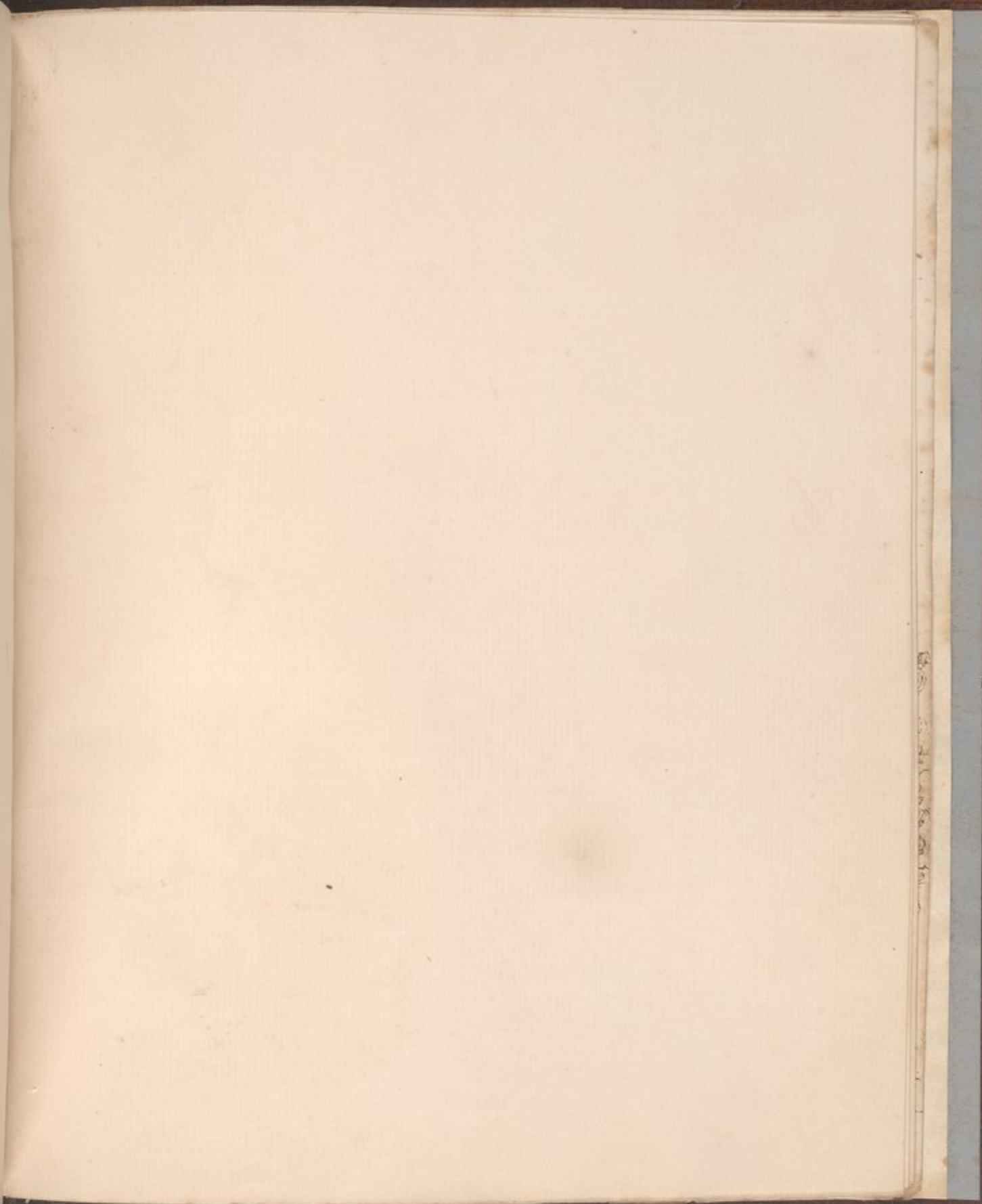
Letter from  
The Editor

The Editor of the Warwick Vase, cannot take leave of his friends, without expressing his acknowledgements, for the very able manner in which all, Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral, have aided him in his undertaking. The Pen, has done its work in a masterly style, the busy Bee, and industrious Ant, have well sustained their characters; the Cock, has given us a crow, and the Turkey has not gobbled in vain, the Light-house has illuminated not a few of these pages, aided by the pure ray of the Georgium Sidus. The clear Fountain has refreshed us with abundant sparkling showers, and though it may seem an anomaly, a Flood of Tears has added greatly to our amusement. Flora has lent us her fragrance; the elegant productions of one kind friend will be recognized under a Mask, *Gas Clara* is married, we trust she will not Fan our readers into a flame. We have been favoured with observations from the Telescope, and without the aid of Spectacles, some of these valuable papers would not have been seen. Egypt too aroused the Sphinx, to assist us, and here let us express our thanks, that he laid aside his customary Hieroglyphics. Our other Correspondents numerous as they are various, will excuse a separate mention, to All we offer our sincerest thanks, and hope they may obtain the only reward to which they aspire, the Amusement of their Friends.

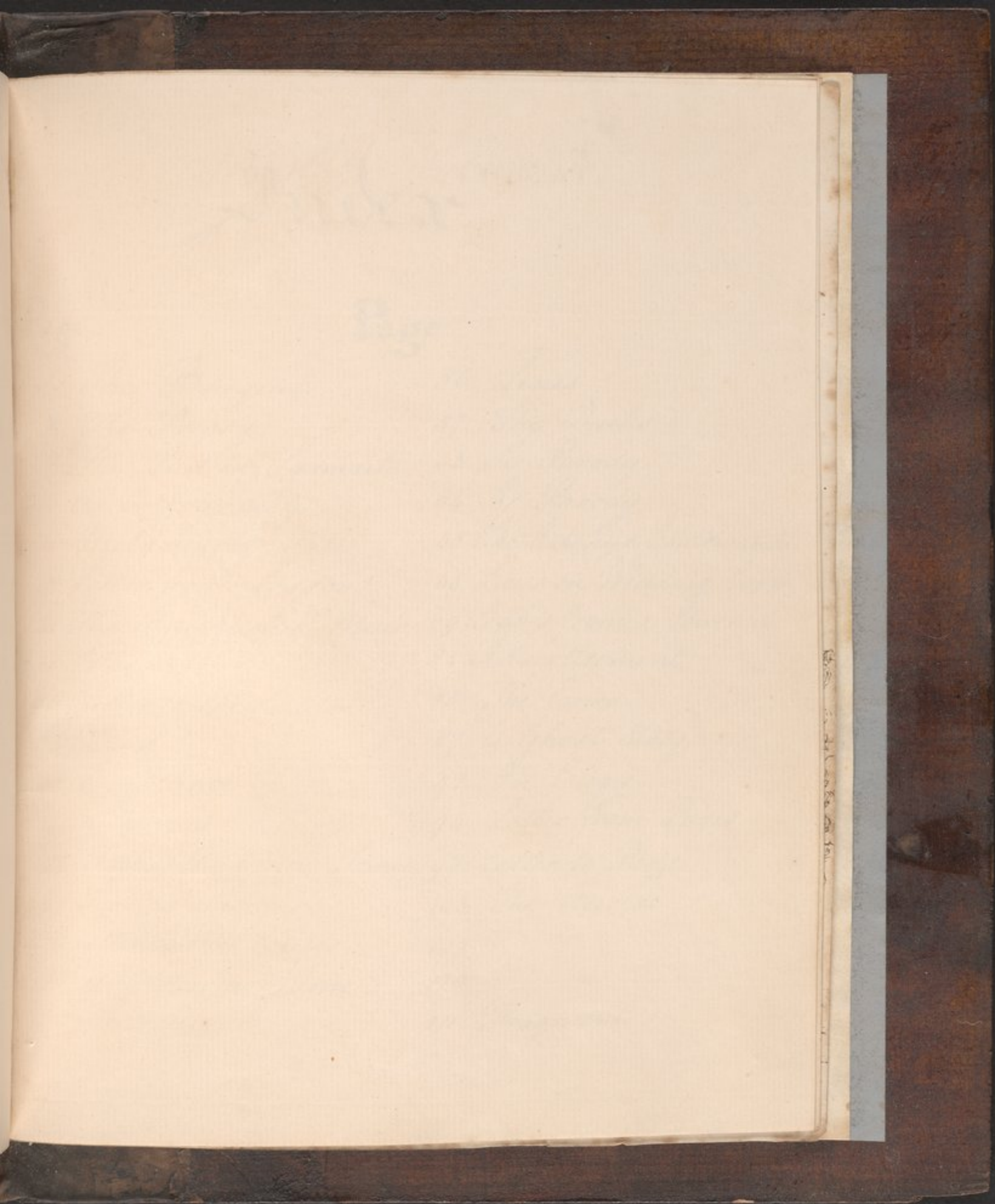


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# Answers to Charades

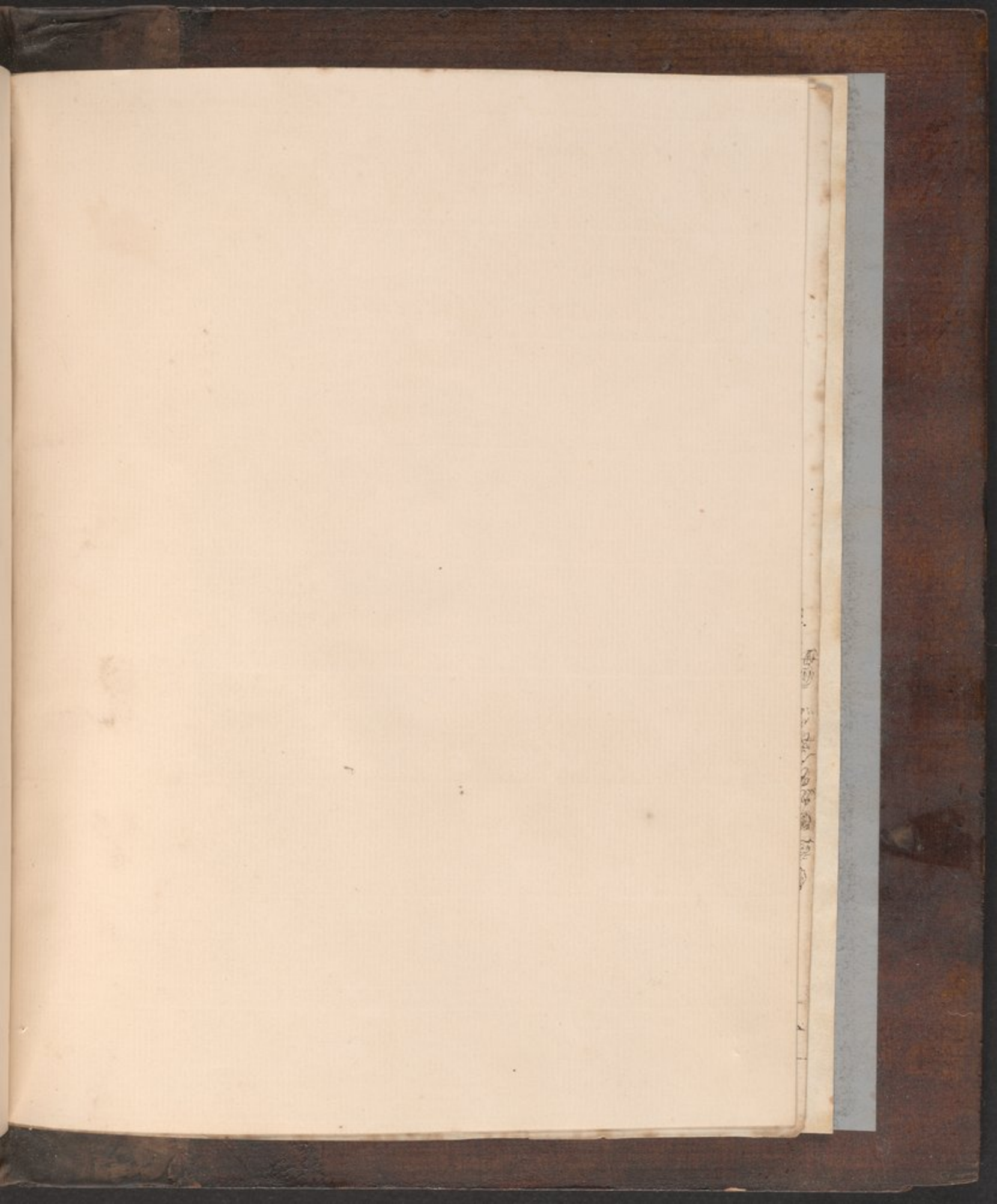
etc

- 1 The Letter I
- 2 Scowl, cowl, owl.
- 3 Sword, word.
- 4 Chair, hair, air.
- 5 Swallow, wallow, allow, low.
6. The pudding, I have named is Batter  
The sauce to take therewith is Butter  
The change I hint will make it Better  
But if again you change a letter  
The Batter, Butter, Better, become Bitter!
7. Spark, park, ark.
- 8 Space, pace, ace.
- 9 Keam, cream, scream.
- 10 Greenway, Corrie, Durnford, Newman, Camers.  
Sea-moor (Seymour) Bro(s)msfield Wil(ton)kinson  
Belle-chère (Belcher) Proope.
- 11 Arm-chair
- 12 Wood-cock
- 13 Hat-ton
- 14 Hebb-e-n.
- 15 Bloomer.



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| 34 Caul-i-flower                              | 57 Key-ling, Helgaze           |
| 35 Crash, rash, ash,                          | 58 Hen-rye, Henry.             |
| 36 Omen                                       | 59 Jaw-gian-ah, Georgiana      |
| 37 Sup-port                                   | 60 Cat-Tell                    |
| 38 Bel (G) fry                                | 61 Edmond's coat, Edmondstone. |
|   | 62 Fay-voov-rite, Favorite.    |

- 63 Pyramid  
64 Ant-i-bilious  
65 Rebel-lion  
66 Mouse-t-ache  
67 Well-come. Welcome.  
68 Acrostic- Warwick-Vase,



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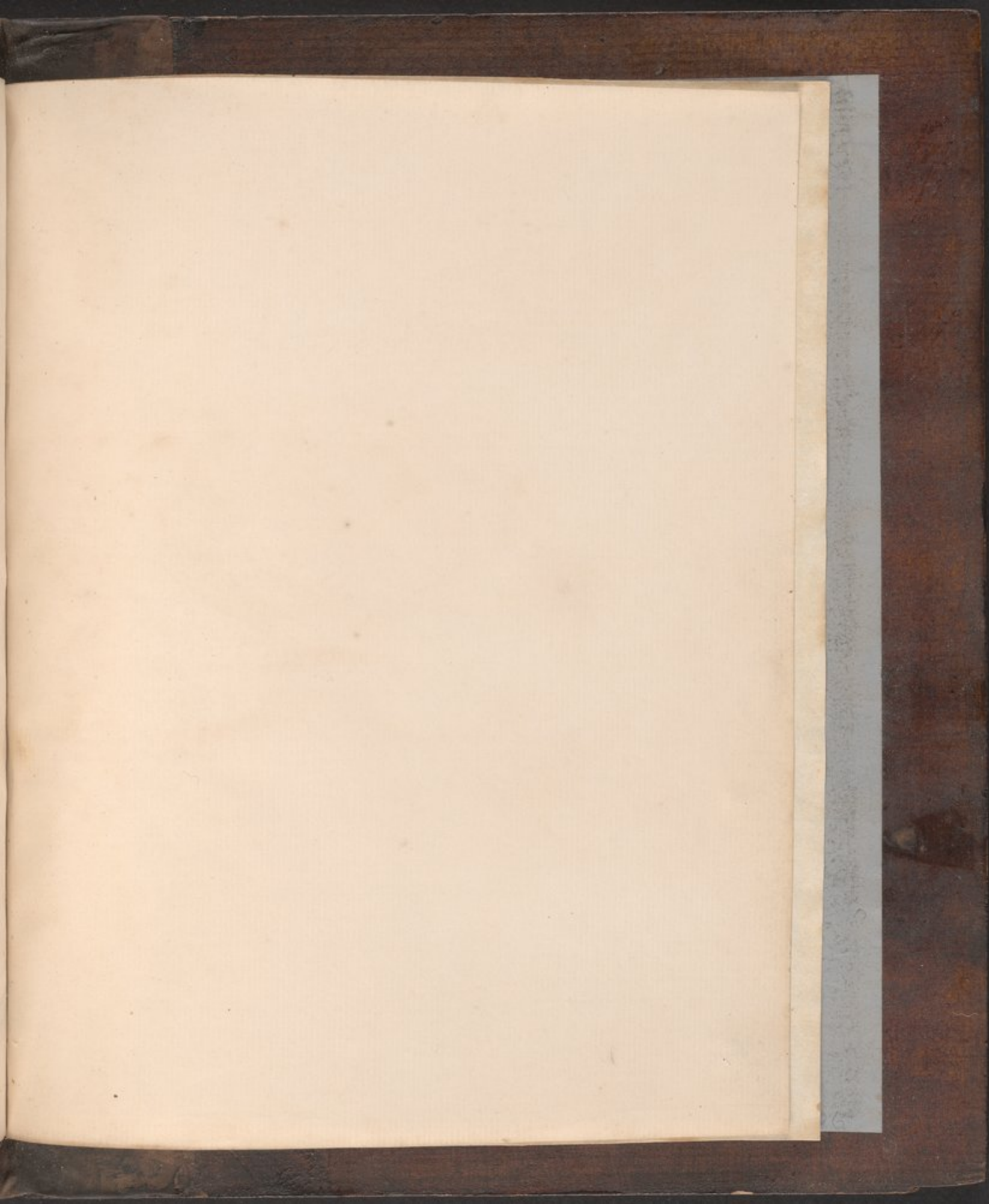
HOC PRISTINAE ARTIS  
ROMANAE MAGNIFICENTIAE MONUMENTUM  
BUDERICO VILLAE TIBURINAE  
HADRIANO  
AUGUSTINO DELICIAS HABITAE  
EFFOSUM RESTITUIT  
CURAVIT  
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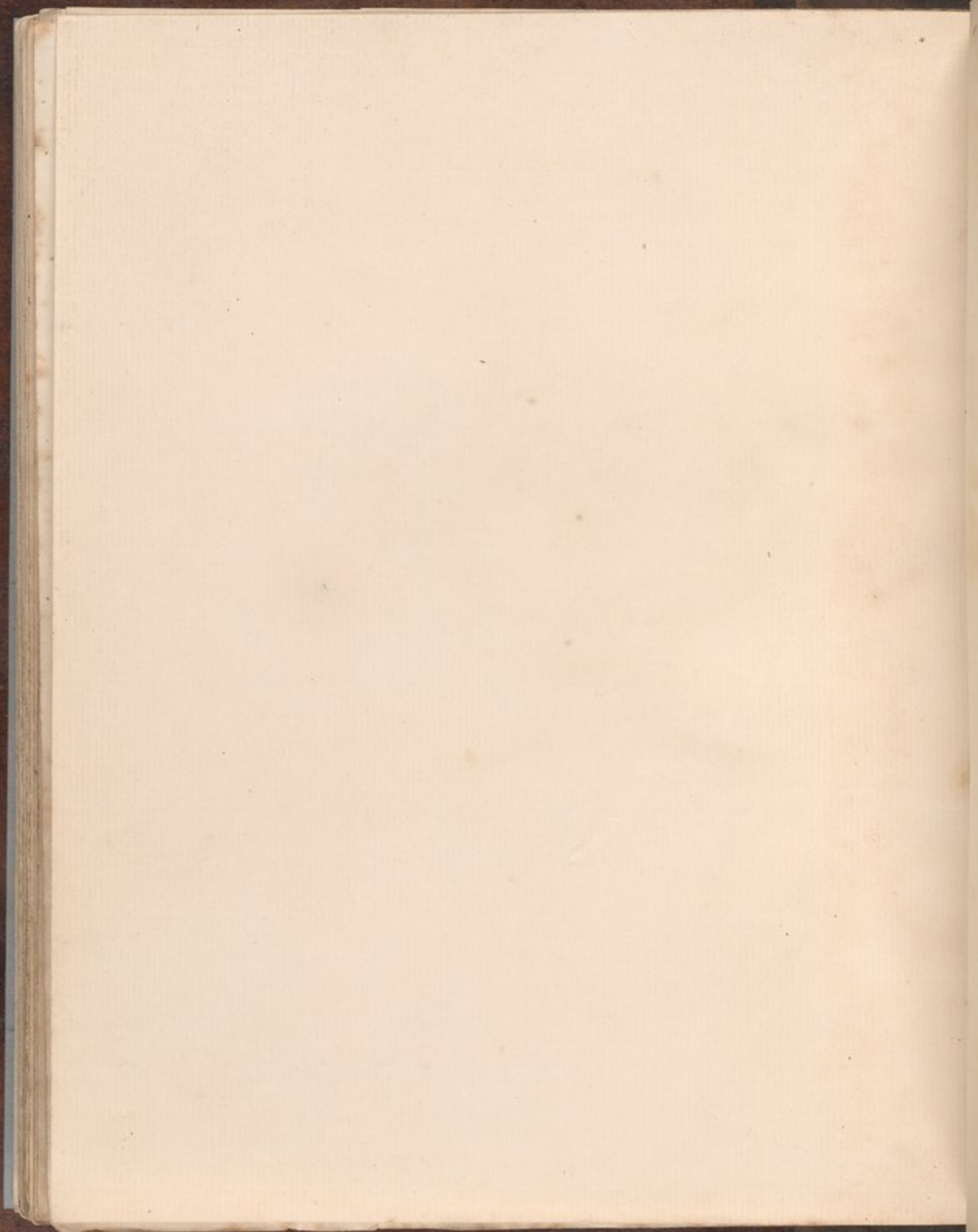


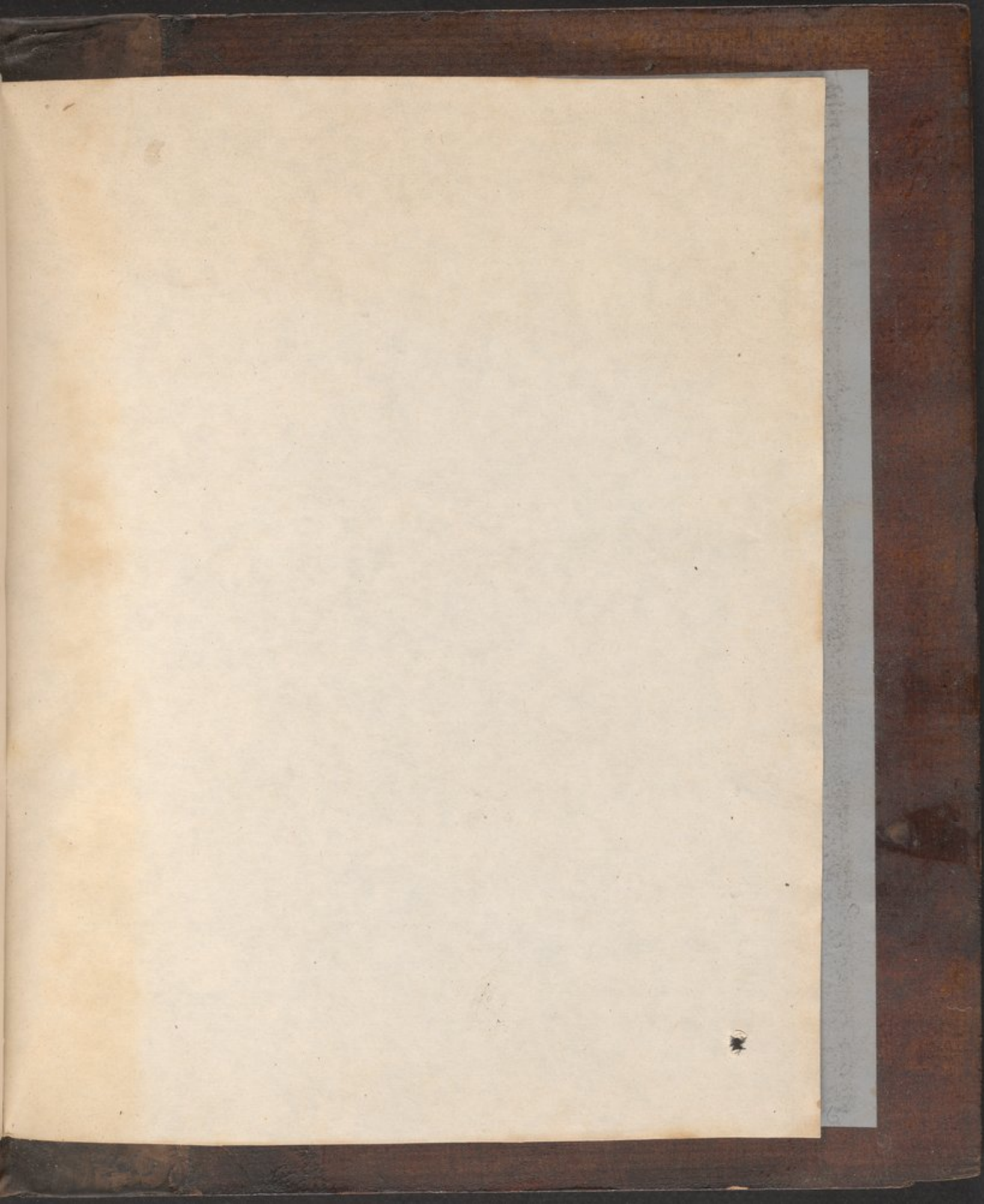
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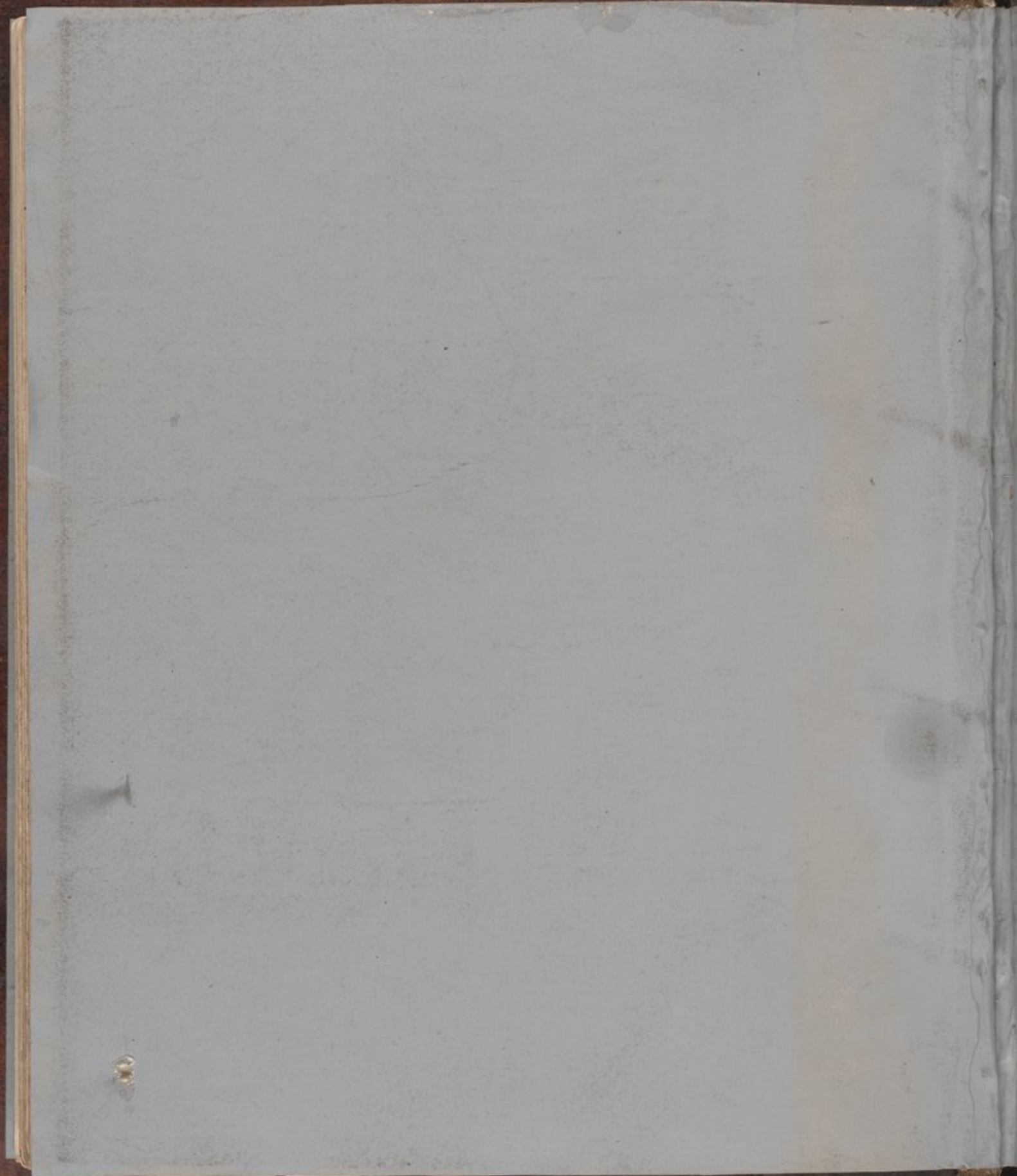












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