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PUCK'S
YULE FAGGOT,
1873 & 1874.

2705





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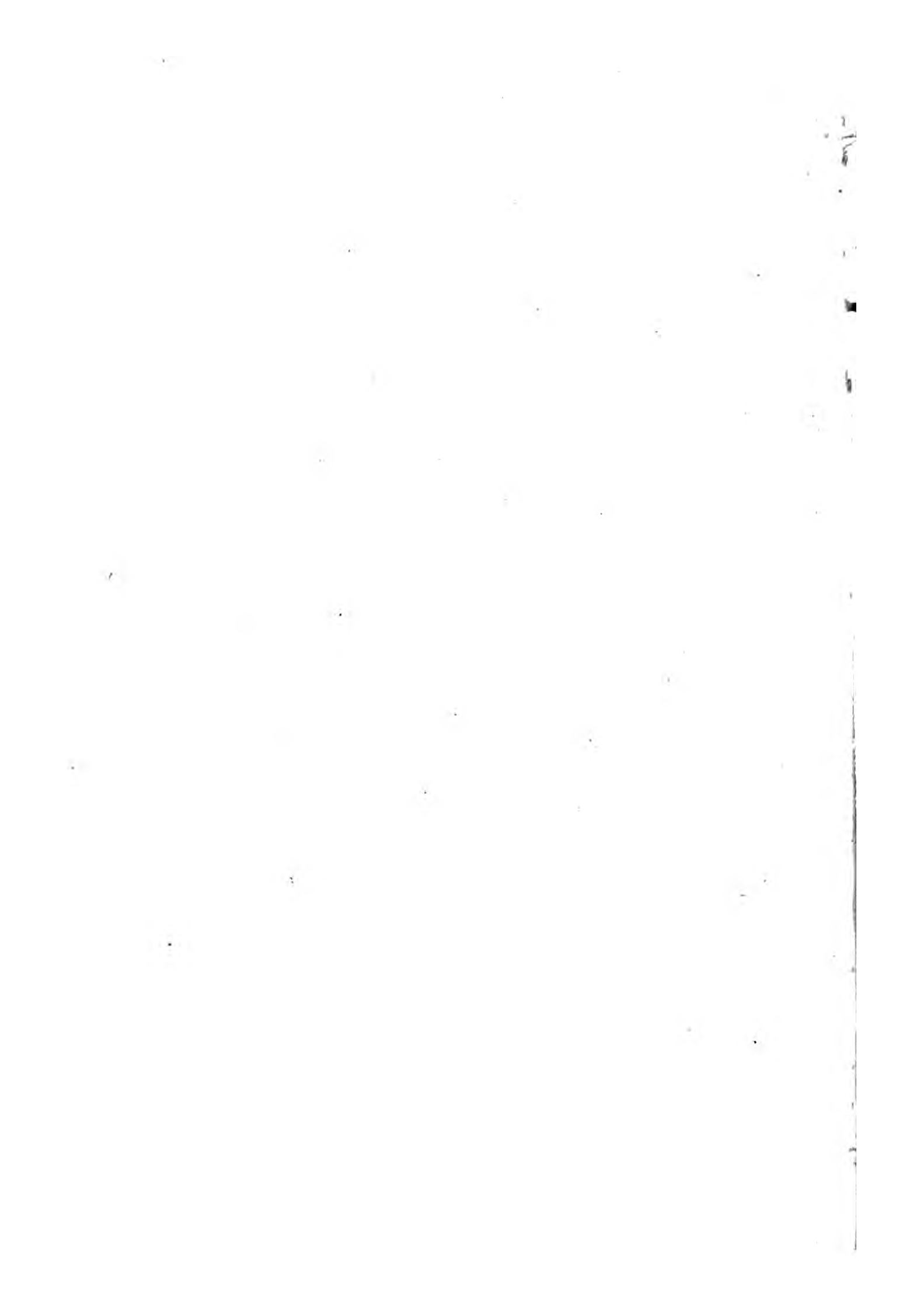
A. M. Heathcote

40 Cranley gm

S. W

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Cornish	Arthur M. Heathcote
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Ragged Robin	Miss Fannetta A. Heathcote
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Mustard Seed	Miss Emily M. Heathcote (afterwards Mrs. Chapman)
Blue bottle	Miss Helena M. Heathcote
Hobgoblin	Col. Charles G. Heathcote
Pease Blossom	Mr. Cooke French
Puckle	Stuart M. Austin
Tomtom	Rev. Wm. C. Heathcote
Witch	Rev. Wm. C. Heathcote





• PUCK'S
YULE FAGGOT.

1873 & 1874.

Cowell & Clermont.

COWELL ANASTATIC PRESS.
IPEWICH.



PUCK'S
YULE FAGGOT.

A

SELECTION

FROM

PUCK'S POST-BAG

FOR

1873 & 1874.

WINCHESTER:
JAMES PAMPLIN, HIGH STREET.

1875.





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WE have long felt a conviction that the old jingling verses to which we have all been accustomed from our infancy, contain almost invariably hidden in them a meaning deeper down than that which appears on the surface, and are traceable either to historical events and traditions, or to some moral or useful precept which it was the wish of the author to impress on youthful minds. If this be the case, what mines of valuable information or salutary teaching is now withheld from the infantine population of the present day, by the absence of any commentary or explanation on these time-honoured rhymes, many of which by slight corruptions and the such like have almost lost their original signification, while others though bearing their meaning pretty clearly on their face, are yet allowed by the neglect of parents and teachers of the present day, to represent to the children who

read them, nothing more than the history of some fictitious Humpty-dumpty or Margery Daw.

Impressed with the desirability of some such work to explain to the young of this generation, the hidden or neglected meaning of their favourite verses, we have been induced to invite a correspondence on the subject with a view to publication in these pages ; the object of which would be to elicit from the varying opinions of different minds the true interpretation of each poem.

We are happy to be able to add that our appeal has been answered, and we shall be able to present to the reader the various opinions of five different correspondents on the subject of the rhyme which we have chosen for the first debate, viz :—"The old woman who lived in a shoe " ; the words of which we subjoin to refresh the memory of those who have left their infancy far behind on the road,—

" There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."

LETTER I.

FROM MATER-FAMILIAS.

DEAR MR. PUCK,—

I think your idea a capital one, and deserving of the gratitude of all the mothers in the kingdom; and I am sure if your plan will only teach the children a few useful lessons, such as not to walk in the puddles in their best boots, and not to slam the doors, and to keep their hair tidy when once you've brushed it, you will render us all a service we shall never forget.

The Rhyme you have chosen to begin with is in my opinion an excellent one, and I think it must be clear to everyone what it means. It's evidently a warning to children, and mothers too as far as that goes, for I know those (I mention no names) but I know those who are no more fit to take care of their babies, than their babies are to take care of them. I say it's a warning against wearing your indoor shoes out of doors—and a very good warning too, for, if you'll believe me, Mr. Puck, there's nothing delights a child more than to run out into the garden in it's thin shoes over the wet grass, and then what becomes of the soles? To return to the verses, I have no doubt, but that the sensible person who first wrote them put "There was an old woman who lived in *her shoes*," not *a shoe*. *Lived* in them you see! Never took the

trouble to change them when she went out! No wonder she looked so *old*! Well, what was the consequence? "She had so many *chilblains* she didn't know what to do."

This alteration (chil-blains for chil-dren) is very slight, and of course we all know that that would be the result, while the expression "She didn't know what to do" seems very applicable to the restless fidgety state one gets into with itching chilblains. Of course it *might* mean that she didn't know how to cure them, but that can't be, because the end of the rhyme contains a receipt for treating them—how sensible by the way this is, making the children learn a useful receipt, in this amusing form. Well, what does she do? "She gave them a *bath* without any bread"—that is, of course she was sensible enough to know that a poultice would do them no good. "She whipped them all soundly"—with nettles of course, it is rather an old fashioned prescription, but, I daresay it's an excellent plan. "And put them to bed"—the very best thing she could do. The substitution of *bath* for *broth*, meaning that she put her feet in cold water to allay the inflammation—will approve itself to the minds of all; and I'm sure I need say no more to convince you Mr. Puck, and your readers too, of the correctness of my interpretation of this excellent and useful little verse.

So believe me to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

MATER-FAMILIAS.

LETTER II.

FROM LINNÆUS GRUBWEED, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

I have for many years devoted my time to the all-absorbing science of Natural History, and have endeavoured in my humble way to impart to others my discoveries in the animal and vegetable world. You may not improbably have met with my pamphlets on "Extinct Animalculæ," and the "Demi-semi-vivacious submarine formations;" or may perchance have seen a trifle of mine, entitled "A Chat with the Ichthyosaurus about his bones;"—but to the point.

My attention has been drawn to your invitation for a correspondence on some of our time-honoured Nursery Rhymes, and seeing the particular one chosen to commence your series, I have been tempted to address these few remarks to you; as I have long held it as my opinion that these verses were written to convey to the youthful mind some scraps of information in Natural History. In considering these verses we may, of course, pass over at once any notion of their being intended to relate merely the history of some old woman; there must be some second signification concealed in the words, and in my opinion the "old woman" means a caterpillar, and the whole thing is written in a metaphorical way.

By "shoe" we are no doubt to understand the French "chou" or cabbage, and then we have the whole thing clearly before us. I should propose to make two more trifling alterations in the wording, and then it would read thus—

"There was an old woman who lived in a chou,
She had so many children *I* didn't know what to do,
I gave them some broth," &c., &c.,

When so read it becomes quite simple. The person speaking is evidently the owner of the garden in which grows the cabbage. Going out one day to inspect his vegetables, he finds to his horror that a caterpillar has taken up her abode in his favourite cabbage, has gone through the chrysalis stage between the leaves, has been laying her eggs in the same, and now her innumerable progeny are swarming over the choice greens and devouring the hearts before his eyes! Well may he exclaim, "She had so many children I didn't know what to do."

Now, so far, this contains a useful bit of instruction for the young, it not only shows them that caterpillars do take up their abode in cabbages, but it tells them how rapidly they increase, and warns them of the damage they will do in the kitchen garden if not kept down. In the latter part of the verse we see that the owner of the cabbage, throwing off his despair, determines to act. He gets a pail full of scalding water—humourously described as "broth without any bread"—and dashes it over the swarming mass; then when they are dead or dying, he whips them carefully (or, as the verse says, *soundly*) off the leaves and "sends them to bed:" *i. e.* leaves them to lie harmless on the cabbage-bed. Here the young are taught how to act in case the danger against which they

are warned at the beginning of the verse should really come. And thus do we find a simple and easy explanation of this well-known rhyme derived from the observation of Nature, and teaching a wholesome and practical lesson.

Believe me yours,

LINNÆUS GRUBWEED.

LETTER III.

FROM SIR CATO BLOOBOOK.

SIR,

I came across your notion for improving the minds of the young yesterday, and think it a capital hint for the Educational Department. We can't begin too early to make our youngsters take an interest in important topics.

Allow me to point out to your notice the obvious application of the lines you mention to the condition of Ireland, as it has been in the past, and is in the present.

She is called an "old woman" partly in allusion to the age of her traditions, &c., &c.; partly (I take it) from the premature ageing of her women when scarcely past their prime.

For "Shoe" (which is nonsense) read "*Stew*." She always does live in a stew, and Irish Stew is a well-known term.

The number of her children for whom she has no employment is notorious. What can she do for them at home? Give them broth (meaning probably porridge) and no bread—only potatoes.

Her course then is to "whip" or drive them from her shores, and "bed them out" (metaphor from gardening) in other lands where there is space for their energies and bread for their children.

The moral of this verse is excellent and should be widely spread.

Apologizing for taking your time and space.

I am, Sir, yours,

CATO BLOOBOOK.

P.S.—There is probably an allusion in the word "broth" to the common Irish term "a broth of a boy."



LETTER IV.

FROM MISS CYNTHIA NEW-MOON.

MY DEAREST MR. PUCK,

What a charming clever plan you have hit upon to be sure for teaching the dear little children all that is meant by those sweet pretty rhymes about Bopeep, and Little Boy Blue and every body. Only, dear Mr. Puck, how *could* you choose such a stupid dull ugly one to begin with, all about nasty broth which makes one fancy one is ill in bed, with toast all round, that will get so soppy in what is spilt from the maid being so careless in bringing it up stairs ; but do you know I really think I have been very clever, and I think *you* will say so too, for although it is such an ugly, stupid rhyme, I have found out something very pretty in it, all the same, and I think I ought to be called the Busy Bee, because I have extracted the honey from the nettle. Only I don't quite know whether bees *do* get honey from nettles—but you will understand me dear Mr. Puck I am sure for you are *so* clever.

Well, what do you think my idea is? I think that the "old woman" is the moon! because you see though it is very rude to call her *old*, because Diana was very young, and beautiful of course, still you know the moon *must* be very old, now mustn't it? Besides you know one talks of the moon being on the wane, which means that she

is rather "going off," doesn't it? Now I daresay you're wondering and looking quite puzzled about how she can be said to live *in a Shoe*; but I'm not to be beaten by that, as you'll soon see, for *I* think the crescent of the moon very like a Turkish slipper, don't you? So that that does really very well; but if you don't like that, and I daresay you are very *precise* and *particular*, then I should say that the lines perhaps once said that she lived in a *boat*, (for everyone knows that a half-moon is exceedingly like a boat) and someone called that boot, and thence it got to shoe. Now I'm sure that's very sensible and logical (though I always forget what logic is, except that it has something in it about a miner's premises, which seems funny.)

Then all her children are the dear little stars of course and I'm sure there are so many that she would never know what to do with them, if she wanted to do anything you know; so that really fits capitally so far, and so does whipping them and sending them to bed, because that means when the day comes, and they all disappear, and then there's only that nasty broth and bread, and I really can't imagine what that means, unless—oh yes—perhaps it means the nectar that the gods lived upon, which I daresay Diana's attendant stars wouldn't be able to get, unless she gave it them. So that disposes of the broth, and of course the stars really never *do* eat *bread*, so that you see I have made it all out, and I'm sure you ought to be very grateful to me, for I've inked my fingers all up, and I've got a lot of important things to do for I'm going to a ball to-night, so you must really excuse me for remaining,

Ever your most devoted admirer,

CYNTHIA NEW-MOON.

LETTER V
FROM SCHOLASTICUS.

To the Editor of the Magazine entitled Puck's Postbag.

MR. EDITOR, SIR,

Attracted by the invitation you have promulgated among all such with whose faculties and dispositions it may accord, requesting discussions on the recondite and underlying signification in those traditional doggrel-verses of our infancy that we have had orally transmitted to us from our progenitors; and induced by the desire of elucidating for the benefit of minds whose leisure, and perhaps capabilities for research are less than my own, some of those traces of antiquity and references to classical lore that I am confident are to be found in these curious old verses: influenced, I say, by these considerations, I take up the pen to embody in an epistolary form the result of some of my investigations regarding the particular example you have chosen wherewith to commence your series.

I hold then, and feel confident that I shall be able to confirm my assertion, that by this "old woman" mentioned in the Rhyme is indicated the Mistress of the world—the Queen of Nations—the Imperial City, Rome.

As a woman—the mother of her people—we know that she was ever considered. *Old* she certainly was, if ever city

had claim to that title ;—but (perchance some antagonist—some scoffer, may say)—What do you make of “she lived in a shoe?” It is ever the part of truth to gain strength from the very weapon brought forward to annihilate her ; so here it is on this supposed difficulty that we most rely to prove our case.

Turn to your map—inspect the form of Italy—a boot. To what then can this description so fitly apply as to the mother-city situated in the boot-shaped land. I have no doubt but that this has originally been translated from a Latin epigram which would be sufficient to account for the word “shoe” being used instead of “boot.”

How well too do the next words apply “She had so many children she didn’t know what to do.” A Nation’s children, what are they? Her colonies. And who the mother of so many, who so harrassed to manage them, who so cumbered with them, that in truth “she didn’t know what to do,” as the mighty Rome?

So far all has been plain sailing, and I may fairly hope to have borne my readers with me, but in the latter lines arises, I frankly own, an apparent difficulty.

“She gave them some broth without any bread.” How does this apply? How will history bear us out in fitting this to the Imperial City? In order to unravel this intricate knot, in order to break down this barrier that impedes our progress, we must return to the fact that our English version is doubtless but a translation from the Latin. What then is the word that has been rendered “broth”? Here a light breaks in. Doubtless it was “jus,” a word that means, in that tongue, both the nourishing compound above-mentioned, and also *law*. The

mistake then is in the translation, and instead of "she gave them *broth*," we should read—"she gave them *law*." Of course she did to her own native subjects, but yet they were *not* her children, and the next words mark it, "without any bread." She legislates for them, but does not provide for their bodily needs.

It was a saying that what was required of a Roman Emperor, in order to keep on good terms with the people, was "Panem et Circenses" (bread and games) to which there is doubtless an allusion in these words, which point out the difference drawn by the haughty Mistress of the world between those she regarded as children, and those she ruled as slaves.

The words "she whipped them all soundly" are doubtless a vulgar rendering by the translator (evidently an ignorant man from his mistake regarding "jus") for some words implying that she entirely subdued them; and in the last words "and sent them to bed," I am inclined to see an allusion to the arts of civilization and luxury, which it was her policy to introduce among the tribes subjugated by her, in order to render them less able to resist her power—beds being probably unknown among the savage nations over which she ruled, until the Roman Conquerors brought with them the luxurious "torus," to supersede the couch of leaves, or the mossy bank.

In conclusion I beg to draw your attention to the following version of the Rhyme which I have arranged, with a view to its being substituted for the very inaccurate and misleading translation to which our children are accustomed, and in the hope that from it they may form a more correct idea of its true meaning:—

There was an ancient City—Queen of the boot-shaped land,
 ("There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,")

Who held so many nations beneath her puissant hand,
 It was no easy task, I wot, to keep them 'neath command ;
 (" She had so many children she didn't know what to do ; ")
 She gave to all her subjects the famous laws of Rome,
 (" She gave them some broth," [jus])
 But could not treat the foreigners like those she left at home—
 The games for hours of leisure, the granaries filled with toil,
 The brimming markets, these were for the children of her soil—
 (" without any bread ;")
 Yet did these nations she had brought beneath her mighty rule,
 (" She whipped them all soundly ")
 Feel soon a subtle influence from that old Roman school ;
 Her luxuries she taught them, and eke before them spread
 The costly banquet and the couch bedecked with Tyrian Red.
 (" and sent them to bed.")
 Thus did she strive to hold them enfeebled 'neath her sway,
 And make her reign for ever which was but for a day.

Thus then we have traced out the hidden meaning of
 these curious lines ; with some checks at first, but "labor
 omnia vincit." Alas ! that the original Latin should have to
 be numbered among those many gems of classical lore long
 since devoured by the voracious Cronos !

Sir, I subscribe myself,

Your Servant,

SCHOLASTICUS.



FIRE, WATER, AND HONOUR.

BY CLERICORN.

I dreamed a dream, a little dream,
 It did not last a minute,
 A childlike fairy dream, and yet
 It had a moral in it.
 Methought I saw before my eyes
 The forms of Fire and Water rise,
 And then a third,
 Without a word,
 I knew it must be Honour.
 I do not know
 What told me so,
 I think it was my face a-glow
 That said the third was Honour.

And then methought the others sighed,
 And Fire complained he could not bide
 In one place long together.
 And Water said 'twas just the same,
 The self-same spot she found but tame,
 Besides she felt the weather.
 And if she stood still in the cold,

'Twas bad for her as she'd been told ;
 What if the three
 Joined company,
 To see the world and roam a bit ;
 She'd take upon her
 That Fire would be charmed with it,
 And so would Honour.

And then methought the three agreed
 To wander forth and travel,
 Yet ere they started Honour wished
 They would a point unravel.
 " Suppose, if as we journey on,
 " You two should lose the way,
 Say, what shall tell where you have gone,
 " What be the sign I pray ?"
 Said the Fire,
 " Should it chance that I should be
 " Separated far from thee,
 " Quickly climb the bleak hill side
 " And never tire.
 " Scan the prospect through and through ;
 " Penetrate the distant view ;
 " Keen be the eye to pierce the blue
 " That hangs o'er valley, wood and tide ;
 " Then where you see the smoke ascend
 " Curling higher,
 " Thitherwards your footsteps bend,
 " You will find me there, my friend."

Said the Water,—

“ If I’ve wandered out of call,
 “ Look to Earth, she’ll tell you all,
 “ She’s my reporter.
 “ Yet search not where she’s dry and hard
 “ I’ve never passed o’er surface scarred;
 “ To keep a visage cracked and starred
 “ I never taught her.
 “ But where you see the willow springing,
 “ Reed to alder dankly clinging,
 “ Feathered grass its tassels swinging,
 “ Haste quickly yonder,
 “ There I’ve been,
 “ May-hap unseen,
 “ And there I wander.”

Then spoke Honour, “ As for me
 “ Hither turn your eyes and see
 “ What I am, and know me well,
 “ Hold me tightly,
 “ Daily, nightly,
 “ Lest I vanish like a spell.
 “ Should misfortune guide amiss,
 “ Should we once sever—
 “ Search where you will, be sure of this,
 “ You’ll find me never.”



THE SARACEN'S WELL OF ETTINGTON :

A FAMILY LEGEND.

BY SPEEDWELL.




 ONE sultry eve in days long past,
 When Richard filled the throne,
 From 'Hampton sped a traveller,
 A Knight, and not alone,
 A youthful Squire his lord attends
 Close 'neath the tangled wood,
 No braver Knight, no fairer youth,
 In Palestine e'er stood.

From Holy Land's far distant shores
 The Knight and Squire are come,
 And now, both sea and danger past,
 Right glad approach their home.
 For Saxon Shirley's ancient seat
 Stands as it did of yore
 'Neath over Ettington's steep hill,
 On Stour's winding shore.

Well did the Knight those precincts know,
 Full oft a gamesome boy
 He'd climb the hill on sport intent,
 And every youthful joy ;
 Now dusty, travelled, hot and tired,
 Both sought a crystal well,
 Which bubbled clear beneath a cross,
 So doth the legend tell.

But what is that the which the Knight
 Hath brought from foreign shore?
 Or rather, which the youthful Squire
 In careless fashion bore?
 Methinks it is a bloody crest,
 A Moslem's gory head,
 From which long since in Palestine
 The caitiff spirit fled.

On brink of well the weary youth
 Set down his precious load,
 Both Knight and Squire slaked their thirst
 Hard by the village road.
 When lo! by some unlucky fate
 The bloody trophy fell,
 With turban wreathed of blue and gold,
 Deep in the crystal well!

Nor was it seen again on earth
 Till a hundred years were gone,—
 Till the third Edward's days—and then
 The head was turned to stone!

The crystal fountain still is there
Beneath the Sign of Life,
A peaceful and a shady spot
Far from all worldly strife.

It gushes 'tween those "caitiff lips,"
Nor night nor day hath rest;
From Edward's time that Moslem's head
Remains the Shirley's crest.

The village sign attests the fact,
Who doubts may come to see,
What better proof could doubters have
Of this true history?



A FLAME AND A THOUGHT.

BY RAGGED ROBIN.

I SAT musing in the firelight in my little room at home.

My eyes were fixed on the glowing caves and bold dark rocks made by the burning logs.

Presently a spark flew out of one of these caves and settled on a piece of wood not hitherto lighted, growing by degrees, and after a time bursting into a tiny flickering flame, which gradually as it took stronger hold of the wood burnt brighter and clearer, and was soon a blazing tongue of fire.

Then as I was thinking it was now so strong that it would surely live on till the wood, which it was burning away, failed; a log, which had its support burnt from under it, fell, and falling on the flame I had been watching, half put it out. It left but a little tongue, which burnt so low and fitfully that I thought it would soon go out altogether, and that the cold heavy log lying on it would gain the mastery.

But no! it still flickered on between the two pieces of wood, and gradually getting the better of the uppermost log, first warmed it, then charred it, and finally, setting it on fire, burnt brighter and stronger than before; for though at first

the wood seemed damp, and it was difficult to make way, it did at last, and made as hot a fire though not so brilliant a blaze as before.

Then, as the wood failed, the flame died, leaving behind it a glowing heap of embers. As I watched this, a thought came into my mind.

It seemed to me that the life of a man, with all his troubles and difficulties, is like this flame.

At first, as a child, he is weak like the spark, but as he lives he grows in strength, and ere long reaches manhood. Then when he is rich, and strong, and happy, and is looking forward in confidence to a prosperous future, some heavy sorrow or loss falls upon him, which seems at first too heavy and as if it must kill him ; but he lives still against it, and by degrees he learns that the blow was a blessing, and by the strength he gains from the trial which seemed at first so hard, he lives, and his life is better, though less worldly than before; and when his days are finished, he leaves the memory of good works behind him.



ABECEDARIAN ELEGY.

BY COBWEB.



[Being the lament of a little girl locked up in the garret to learn her Alphabet, (while her companions are at play,) and somewhat muddled by poring over the letters.]

I FEEL so C D shut up here,
 I wish I could go out,
 I N V all the children near
 Who 're scampering about.
 The sweet P's to the window creep
 And jeer at me, I see,
 A passing J upon me peeps
 And laughs that he is free.
 The breezes from the open C,
 How fresh and sweet they R !
 Hard by I hear the humming B,
 The bleating U's afar.
 List how the village brooklet goes !
 Much—very much—I doubt
 If X or D more brightly flows,
 Or Y Z bubbling out,
 I hear the neighbours' voices too,
 There's broad-toned L N Ray.

"Take the door K to feyther do,
 "Don't drop it in the A."
 And now she's scolding little Kate,
 "You've M'd that wrong agen!"
 And now it's Jack, "You're very late,
 "And where's the sitting N?"
 She'll O him one for that I see,
 I'd not be in his shoes,
 He'll get a blackish I, if he
 Cannot himself X QQ.
 But he *can* run about can Jack,
 I must stay here till T,
 And learn these horrid letters black,
 And write this L. E. G.



FALLEN STARS.

BY BROWNIE.

—◆—

IN the canopy of heaven
Their lamps no more are bright,
No more they scatter radiance
Round the pinnacles of night.
Their pathway for a moment
Lit up the waste of air,
Then darkness closed behind them,
And they vanished—where ?

Lo ! some of them have wandered
Into this world of ours,
They were flower-like stars in heaven,
On earth they are star-like flowers.
And many a one now wears the form
Of a cavern-hidden gem ;
The diamond hath a starry sheen,
For that is one of them.

Others, and these the brightest,
To the Poet's world belong ;
They have turned to flames of fancy,
To burning words of song.
But the rest—ah ! weary wanderers !
Have no abiding place,
They fall for ever and ever
In the utter void of space.

—◆—

A CALF'S REMARKS
ON
ESSEX DIALECT.
BY MUSTARD-SEED.

I MUST preface my remarks by begging the reader to remove from his ill-informed mind all his preconceived ideas and prejudices as to the nature of the much belied county of which I shall speak—unless (happy man!) he has been there, in which case he will know how erroneous and ill-natured is public rumour in describing it as marshy and damp! You might as well call Kent marshy because it contains Romney and Plumstead marshes, and so on; and as to damp, there is less rain falls there than in forty-four other counties in England. It is perhaps rather flat, but then it is less tiring to the legs; and there *is* rather a sticky clay in parts, but then how much better to stick to your ground like a good Conservative, instead of being on shifting sand like a Radical! And in conclusion let me remark, that a county to which we are indebted for so much of the public *weal*, is more to be respected than one like Hampshire producing hogs, whose only object is naturally to save their bacon.

The pronunciation in Essex is not pretty, being as broad and drawling as can be imagined in some words, and clipped and sharpened in others. As for instance, a bullock is always "bullick," while women are "wimmun." The universal request at the parish library is, "may oi jine?" or else, "may I have a liburry out?" "I wornt a tile (tale) book." Coals are invariably "cows," and a cow a "keow."

I heard a boy (or "bwoy" in his own language) call to his friend, "'Ere comes your father!" to which the answer was, "Le' me 'oyd!" Perhaps the uninitiated may not recognize "Let me hide" under that disguise.

Some of the real *country* language is quite unintelligible even to those who have lived all their lives in Essex; and when one hears such expressions as the following, one rather needs an interpreter, though this of course is plain English compared to some of the phrases one hears. "He ount a come a tant a bin for me," Anglice "He would not have come if it had not been for me." The use of "ta" for "it" is very common; "ta dooze" for "it does" is frequently heard. A curious form of *extreme negation* is contained in this form of expression, "Would he come, no that he would not," question and answer being used by the same person.

There are a good many old English words in use, "large" or "largess" for a gift; a "mort" for a large quantity; while "a few" is expressed by "a werry two or three," or even "a werry one or two"; and houses are always "housen."

There is a word of which it is very difficult to find the exact meaning as employed in Essex, *i.e.* "together."

One person will meet another and say, "Where are you going together?" or else, "She is not well together"; "She

is gone away together"; it apparently means "just now," or something of that kind.

Another expression which one often hears is, "It was not about one o'clock"; "He was not about six years old," which I think must have been originally "not above," and is only a corruption.

Some of the words and phrases are very graphic and expressive, such as "terrify" for "tickle"; "that new flannel dooze terrify me!" "He is a nigh dweller, but no neighbour"; and when a person is ill without looking so, they will always say, "Ah! yes, my face don't show me no pity." Then if you wish to express your former powers or habits—"when I was a boy I used to could jump and run," is much shorter than "I used to be able to."

There is a peculiar way, too, of stating any fact or telling any news. Frequently it is prefaced by "I suppose"; for instance, "I suppose Mrs. — is dead." "Why?" "Because I seed her funeral go by." "I suppose Mr. — sold a cow to-day." "I suppose there was an accident yesterday," etc.

A very strong expression of dislike is contained in the word "grizzly" or "gristly," meaning grumbling, grumpy, stingy, etc.

A few Americanisms are distinctly east country, such as "bugs" for any kind of insect; "sauce" or "sarse" for all sorts of green vegetables; no doubt there are many more, but these have come under my own notice.

The next Essex expression that I have to mention is one that I am sure must come home to my friends in Hampshire; if you wish to specify a dislike or indifference to a thing, you would in Essex parlance say, "I am not a hog about it,"

meaning obviously you are not greedy or over-fond of it. Then I may tell you, if you are of Essex you may be a member of the Travellers' Club without ever going beyond the shores of Great Britain, or indeed the bounds of the parish, for travelling there means to take a walk, perhaps even only moving about a room; an invalid will say, "I can't travel about much yet;" or a mother of a backward baby, "He ain't but a very poor traveller;" while "to go abroad" merely means to go for a walk, "I h'aint been abroad this week past." On the other hand, "going out" always stands for going away; I have known the question being asked on a fine day, "Have you been out Mrs. ——" to which the answer was, in rather an offended voice, "Oh dear yes, we were in Belgium for a fortnight."

There is a very respectful way the old poor have of speaking in the third person of some one who is there at the time, which is, alas! very much going out; and there are a few old-fashioned words which still linger among us, such as, "holp" for helped; "house" for the back kitchen, and "pumped up" for being smart and proud of it; and doubtless in the country places many more might be found. "Jurisdiction" is a word very oddly used, as expressing under the control or ken of a person; I have heard of a gardener saying, "I don't consider that part under my jurisdiction"; and a man saying of his wife just dead, "I do believe she was the best woman under the jurisdiction of the sun."

I don't know whether "a young Turk" in other counties stands for the impersonation of mischief and unruliness, but nothing else comes up to it in Essex. "He is such a young Turk," applied to anybody or to a puppy (especially if an *owdacious* Turk) speaks volumes here; while "pisoned"

is expressive of being overwhelmed with anything unpleasant, whether the word applies or not; "pisoned o' dust," "pisoned o' smoke," "pisoned o' birds in the garden," and so on, generally ending "I can't get riddy on 'em." Perhaps someone can explain the meaning of "making a hand," not a *hand of pork* (though I believe that is an east country phrase or rather joint,) but getting rid of anything, as pawning it, or doing away with it, "I was that put to it, I was forced to make a hand of some of my things," or else "He made a hand of it long ago"; whether it originally meant "making an end" I cannot find out; "I am very duberous about it," as we should say here, (meaning anxious and doubtful together.)

Occasionally one comes across a word which, if invented by the speaker, is an addition to the language, such as "persavance," feeling and sense together, as in a paralysed person "he has no persavance"; "hautorious" for proud and grand; one expression that is used for a person having just died sounds like an old one, but may be only a localism, "He lays by the walls."

In conclusion let me tell you, Mr. Puck, and such of your readers as belong to the "Shires," that Essex looks down with great contempt upon "Sheer people." "I don't know nothen about them, they seem poor ignorant sort of people come from the Sheers," is the remark with which I have heard them dismissed. "The Sheers" is a terra incognita, which is looked on with astonishment and no little "despise." I heard a woman describe her daughter's home in Yorkshire as "a lone place down in the Sheers, where there is gret mountains as big as the Sheer Hall, and no one to speak to."

Here must end my account of Essex parlance ; but in spite of Hampshire hogs and Essex calves grunting and bleating in contempt of each other, let us hope that veal and bacon may long live in the happy union in which we have always seen them.



The magistrate now joined his voice—

“ You have been making rain !

And those who practice magic arts

Are ne'er set free again.”

Our friend seized up and filled his squirt—

They drew back in affright—

Then squirted them from top to toe,

At which they fled outright.

And unmolested since that day

Lived our old man retired,

And if he practised magic arts

'Twas never more enquired.





“Tender and true
“Must my own love be,
“Tender and true.”

So sang a maiden passing fair,
With soft brown eyes and golden hair;
And as she sang, with fingers light
She wove a scarf for her own true knight,
Cunningly mixing colours two,
Crimson red and gentle blue.

“Tender to vanquished, to poor, and to weak,
“True to his knightly oath honour to seek;
“Evil to fight against
“Wherever found,
“Boldly the right to fence
“’Gainst all around;

"Ever his word to keep
 "When it is passed ;
 "The foremost in courage,
 "In vengeance the last.
 "This is the honour that fain I would see
 "In the knight who should carry these colours for me ;
 "Ah ! tender and true must my own Knight be,
 "Tender and true."

Low at her feet knelt a suppliant youth,
 Gallant and handsome was he in sooth,
 Glowing with hope was his upturned face
 With passion he poured forth his words apace.

"Oh ! gentle lady, yield to me
 "Thy scarf, I'll bear it gallantly."

But the lady smiled and shook her head,
 And still in song these words she said—

"Tender and true
 "Must my own love be,
 "Tender and true.

"Tender thou shouldest be yet, Sir Page,
 "Ere thou hast seen the battle's rage ;
 "True thou hast been, I know it well,
 "Since right from wrong thou learnt to tell ;
 "But a love and a truth that have never been tried,
 "May fall 'neath temptations' surging tide."

The Page passed out with a flashing eye,
 Ready to do and ready to die,
 So he might but his courage prove
 And win the scarf from his lady-love.

* * * * *

The years rolled on, and the stripling bright
 Came back to that chamber a gallant Knight;
 And blithely he knelt at the lady's feet
 And craved the same boon in sentence meet.
 And now she sighed as she shook her head,
 And ever in song these words she said—

“Tender and true

“Must my own love be,

“Tender and true.

“Courage in battle

“Thou lackest it not,

“But when hast thou vanquished

“Thy spirit hot?

“When hast thou pardoned

“A wrong or a slight?

“Should not thy motto be,

“Might over right?

“The earldom thou'st gained

“At point of the sword

“Should still own another—

“The vanquished—for lord.

“Thy name though 'tis vaunted

“By knights far and near,

“Is cursed by the peasant

“Or named but in fear.

“So conquer thyself ere these colours so fair,

“The guerdon of honour, I give thee to bear.”

The Knight in his wrath raised his face to reply,

But it silently drooped 'fore that sorrowful eye;

Lowly he bent him, kissed the hem of her gown,

And gloomy and sad from the chamber went down.

* * * * *

Time's wheel moved round until summers ten
 Had flitted by, when he came again :
 Ten years of a warfare waged within
 In crushing down self and pride and sin.
 No glory he'd won by might of arm,
 Except by defence of the weak from harm.
 Men marvelled that he, the Knight so gay,
 Should dwell alone in his castle grey ;
 That he who had been so fierce and bold
 Should wait on the sick and cheer the old ;
 They scoffed aloud when his earldom broad
 He gave again to its rightful lord.
 He came, I say, to the chamber door,
 But he dared not pass the threshold o'er,
 But stood, and calm on the lady gazed,
 The old request ere again he raised.
 Those years had marked the good Knight's brow
 With many a line and seam, I trow ;
 And scarce they'd call her any more
 " The lovely lady " as once of yore.
 Yet both their careworn faces seem
 With deeper love and strength to beam ;
 More steadfast his for joy or woe,
 And her's with charity aglow.
 She by her window pensive stood
 Deep wrapped in melancholy mood,
 But quick she turned with kindling eye
 And answered the Knight full joyously—
 " Tender and true
 " Must my own love be,
 " Tender and true.

“ Here are thy colours
“ Of crimson and blue—
“ Blue for the tender,
“ Red for the true—
“ Nobly thou’st struggled
“ And gallantly fought.
“ Take thou the guerdon
“ Which thou hast sought,
“ Evil thou’st conquered
“ By purity’s might,
“ Where it was failing
“ Hast stablished the right,
“ Ever to vanquished
“ Sweet mercy hast shown,
“ Ever hast listened
“ To poverty’s moan.
“ Thine is the honour that fain I would see
“ In the knight who should carry these colours for me
“ For tender and true must my own love be
“ Tender and true.”



HOW I SAW A GHOST.

BY HOBGOBLIN.



SOME few years ago I went to pay a visit to an old College friend in the West of England; he lived in an old house which had originally been small, but which, having been added to by successive owners, now presented the appearance of a large and irregular building with a good deal of space wasted in unnecessary staircases and passages. It looked just the sort of house that ought to have a haunted room, and in reply to a remark of mine to that effect, I was informed that there was an old and now almost forgotten tradition that an ancestor of the family, who had committed nearly every crime that it was possible to commit, still frequented a room at present not used, which was opposite the room I was to occupy.

I was delighted; it had been one of my most ardent desires to see a ghost, and I at once determined to pay a visit to the haunted room before I left the house. I did not intend to visit it that night as I was tired, having made a long and wearisome journey that day; but whether it was I was too tired to sleep, or that I was somewhat excited with the various marvellous stories we had discussed that evening, or

probably a little of both causes, at any rate I could not get to sleep; so after tumbling about for some time and hearing several hours strike in succession, I determined to visit the opposite room then and there. Accordingly wrapping my dressing gown round me, I crossed the passage and entered the haunted chamber.

The moonlight shone in dimly through the half shuttered windows, and enabled me to see that the room was large, and filled with massive and old-fashioned furniture, which threw deep shadows across the floor, and gave a weird and fantastic appearance to the scene.

At the further end was an arched doorway, leading into another room also dimly lighted. As I entered the first room my attention was arrested by a dark object at the further end of the inner one.

The object moved slowly towards me, and as we approached each other I perceived it was the figure of a man dressed in a long garment reaching to his feet, his hair was tossed in wild confusion over his brow, and his eyes seemed fixed on me with a steady but, I thought, somewhat troubled gaze.

As he advanced steadily towards me I also noticed that though there was no carpet on the floor, not a sound could I hear of the apparition's footsteps.

At last I had met a real ghost! I began to feel rather nervous, and almost wished I had left him alone in his own dominions; I paused in the middle of the room, while the apparition glared at me more wildly I thought than before. After a few seconds, making up my mind to find out what it really was, I walked quickly down the room to meet the noiseless steps of the ghost.

We came almost face to face in the doorway between the two rooms ; I put out my hand towards the figure, he raised his also, our fingers met, his were hard and cold as ice, my brain grew dizzy and I fainted.

When I came to myself the sun had risen ; I sat up wondering where I was ; in a few moments the events of the previous night flashed across me, and I turned quickly to the spot where I had last seen the ghost. Heavens ! he was there, sitting beside me ! As I started to my feet he rose also ; but daylight is a great destroyer of delusions, and the same instant I perceived that I was opposite a *looking-glass*. What I had fancied a doorway was in fact a large mirror, and the ghost had turned into my own reflection.



LOVE'S IMPETUS.

BY COBWEB.



WHEN a tiny pebble's thrown
From a cliff's head high and hoar,
With a power not its own
Does it strike upon the shore ;
For it gathers speed and force
In its airy downward course
More and more.

So when friends asunder are
Realms between, and oceans bold,
And when love must travel far
Over miles and miles untold ;
Ere she reach her goal at length,
In her flight she gathers strength
Fifty-fold.



THE PHILOSOPHER OF WISBY.

BY COBWEB.



IN the course of a Long-vacation ramble spent in Norway and Sweden, I chanced to find myself in the picturesque old town of Wisby, situated on the side of the Island of Gotthland nearest to the mainland.

The quaintness of the old houses, and a certain sad romantic air that is inseparable from a place that has seen better days, detained me at the town for a day or two, and afforded work for my pencil and my imagination at the same time.

There was little else to detain me, for the place can boast of few attractions now-a-days, excepting such melancholy ones as derive their interest from the links they afford with a more prosperous past.

There was a time, in the middle ages, when Wisby was one of the principal trading ports of those seas, a rich and populous place where substantial merchants held sway; but more convenient ports have robbed it of its glory, and no merchant in his senses would go there to make his fortune now.

I had been wandering one day round the old town, and noting how many were the churches with which the crooked old streets were still adorned, proof, I thought that those old

merchants had been God-fearing men, not only bent on making money, but knowing how to make use of it too; for many of the towers showed signs of solidity at any rate, if not of beauty. I had been wandering, I say, and thus thinking when a sudden turn brought me in sight of the sea, and I took a fancy, although it was now late and almost dark, to see how the town looked from the beach, looming black with its towers and steeples in the darkness.

Once down by the brink of the waves, whose lapping I could hear but whose motion I could scarcely discern, there was no coming away, and I stayed on, and on, and on, till it was past midnight, and I began to think that my good landlady would be getting uneasy.

I was unwilling to make the old woman uncomfortable, for she had taken a most motherly interest in me; never laughed at my poor attempts at Norsk, and told me many an old tale about the place which I could understand fairly well, though my powers of talking her language were small.

I was turning to go back along under the cliffs when a faint sound arrested my attention. At first I thought it was some musical instrument near at hand, but played very softly; another moment I felt sure that it was the sound of distant bells, very distant apparently, for I could only now and then catch the sound, and yet it was a still night.

I stood still to hush the crunching of the shingle beneath my feet and listened. I could not make out in what direction the bells were, and, if it had not been impossible, I could have sworn that the sound came over the sea from Sweden. Perhaps it was the effect of the echo from the cliffs, but certainly turn as I would it was always from the sea, not the land, that the bells whispered.

After a little I could hear them no more, and the extreme faintness of the sound, together with the improbability of a peal of bells ringing at that time of night, made me begin to fancy that it must have been only imagination. So dismissing the matter from my mind I turned back.

I found my landlady looking out of the door with kindly anxiety on her homely broad face, and it was with evident relief and pleasure that she welcomed me, and bade me sit down to the bit of supper she had prepared for me in her kitchen—half kitchen, half parlour—where I always ate my meals.

Meantime she bustled about arranging the utensils that had been deranged during the day, while I related my day's experiences to her. When I came to the account of my stroll on the beach, she stopped suddenly in her work. "Dear heart!" she said, "were you there when it struck twelve?"

"Yes," I answered, "why should I not be?"

"And were you not afraid of seeing the Philosopher?"

"The Philosopher!"

"Yes. The Philosopher of Wisby."

I told her I did not understand what she referred to, and that was how I came to hear the following story.

A long time ago when Wisby was a flourishing place, and its many churches did not lack for worshippers, there lived in a little garret in a street running close beside the principal church, a solitary man who was called the Philosopher.

But though there were so many churches to choose from, and though he lived so near the largest, he was never known to enter one; it was said that he was not a bad man, but he was wholly wrapped up in his books, and his speculations, and his experiments, and his theories. He seemed to live only in

them and for them. He scarcely ever went out—never without carrying a book—and he never ate any food that had need of cooking; he could not spare the time from his beloved books, and as he was too poor to keep a servant there was no one else to do it for him.

At last one day he hit upon what he thought a very new and a very wonderful theory. I daresay it was a crazy tottery sort of theory enough in reality, but he thought it was the most astoundingly great idea that had ever entered a human brain, and he fancied that if he could but think it out, and prove it to be true, that it would change the whole face of the globe and make quite a new world of it, and then his name would be remembered with gratitude for ever and his fame would be eternal.

But meantime he must work it all out in his head; so he thought, and worked, and read, and wrote, and all this time that he thought he was so learned and was doing so much for mankind, he knew no more about the human creatures among whom he lived than we ordinary and unscientific mortals know of the little animals that throng invisibly in the air we breathe; and many a little child in the gutters beneath his window knew more of the true wisdom of human sympathy than the Philosopher with his books.

So he got more and more abstracted, and there was but one thing that worried and vexed him as he sat pondering and calculating, and that was that he never could be at peace from the sound of the bells in all the steeples.

Every hour would these bells strike, first from one tower then from another, and last from the great church close to his garret, booming so loud that the waves of sound seemed to stop the workings of his brain, like the waves of the sea

flowing in among the wheels of some delicate piece of machinery. But this was not all ; there were services now at one church, now at another, and then the bells would ring for a quarter of an hour at a time ; or there would be a marriage or a funeral, and still the bells pealing or tolling and driving all the thoughts out of his head.

As he fancied that he progressed with his theory this torment grew worse and worse, and often he would stamp with rage to find some train of thought interrupted by the hateful sounds from the towers ; and the more it vexed him, the more he grew worried and nervous, the more susceptible did he become to the influences that acted on his nerves.

At last one evening he found his pet project approaching completion ; notwithstanding all his checks, he flattered himself that before he went to bed that night he should have put the crown on his theory, have forged the last links of the chain that was to bind his name to fame.

He had worked out his thoughts that evening with but little interruption ; all the towers had been silent except for the striking of the hours ; and now as midnight drew on he approached the knottiest problem of his speculations ; all depended on that, and he bent his whole mind on its consideration.

Deep silence over the sleeping roofs lent its aid to the thinker, and the chime of the clocks at a quarter to twelve was unheeded in the eagerness of his application.

On jogged the clocks ; fast laboured his brain ; suddenly up the silent street came the clatter of a horse's hoofs ; a messenger booted and spurred dashed up the street to the house where slept the Sacristan of the old church, then off he clattered towards the other churches.

Just then the clocks began to strike the hour of twelve, some slowly, some quickly, some loud, some faint, some far, some near.

The Philosopher paused in his thought; he must wait till this din is over; it must be over in a moment. The last strokes of twelve died away, but scarcely had they done so when from every tower awoke peals of bells clashing, clanging, ringing from every direction as if the steeples had gone mad.

It was great news that had arrived—what matters now-a-days what it was—a Swedish victory—a Royal birth—it matters not to us, it mattered not to the Philosopher. He paused, he hoped it might stop—this horrible din—but no, the bells rang on as if the fiends themselves were pulling at the ropes.

The town awoke, guns were fired, cheering was heard, music sounded. The Philosopher made one last effort to grasp the thread of his cogitation; he could not think, the din seemed in his brain, his head whirled; with one despairing cry he swept his papers from before him, and he knew that he had lost the thread for ever; that his theory, true or false, priceless or worthless, was gone for ever. All memory, knowledge and power of thought had fled in a moment, and left his mind a blank—a blank save for wild fury and impotent rage.

He rushed to the window and looking out towards the hateful towers, in wild despairing words he cursed them—cursed the voices that had never been to him aught but the hooting of fiends hunting him to his ruin.

“I would,” he said with a fearful oath, “ye were all at the bottom of the sea!”

As he spoke, a shock passed through him from head to foot; the bells seemed instantly to have stopped; not a sound was to be heard, and he fell senseless on the floor.

When his senses returned to him he was still lying there and the sun was up; he felt ill and strange, and something seemed different, he knew not what, as he dragged himself wearily to his bed.

He saw from the height of the sun that it was just upon six o'clock, and he listened eagerly for the sound of the clocks. Had it been his fancy, or had the bells really stopped as he spoke the night before?

The sunlight crept along his wall; he knew it must be nearly half-past six, and yet no clock had he heard. The morning wore on—the hours of seven, of eight, of nine, passed and still no sound from the towers. It was true then; his curse had reft those brazen voices from their towers, and plunged them in the deep; and with this thought the last feebly flickering spark of intellect went out.

And yet it was not the bells that were silent, it was the old man's ears that could not hear. At that moment, as he stood at the window uttering his curses, deafness, total deafness, had come upon him.

Some said it was a special judgment of heaven; others showed how the long strain on body and mind, the intense application, the agonizing struggle with his failing mind, the bitter disappointment when he felt the thread of thought flying from him, had combined to effect it physically; at any rate his hearing was gone, and with it his mind, nor could he ever again be brought to believe that the bells were not ringing muffled peals at the bottom of the sea.

Never again did he look in his books, or put pen to

paper ; but day after day, no matter how rough the weather, did he wander along the seashore, ever with his hand to his ear, trying to catch some sound of the bells from beneath the waters. His sole wish was now to hear one tone of those steeple voices that he had once cursed.

Age and this frequent exposure in all weathers soon began to tell on his frame ; he grew more and more feeble, and could with difficulty drag his limbs along the shore.

At last one summer there was an unusually low tide, so low that rocks and sands that had never in the memory of man been exposed before were now left bare by the waves.

The Philosopher, as he was still called, would always frequent the lowest tides ; he could then, as he fancied, get nearer to the bells that lay in the ocean caves ; and so on this day he wandered along the sand at the very verge of the receding sea. All was still, and fair, and bright, and he still wandered on listening. Suddenly to his ear was borne a faint, faint sound of a muffled peal ; he heard it, he was sure, and without a moment's hesitation he walked straight into the waters rippling over the golden sands, straight in towards the muffled bells.

That night his body floated gently in, and was found next morning lying on the sand ; he lay calm and peaceful,—no more wanderings, no more painful listenings, for the poor Philosopher.

Such was the tradition of the place, which further added that, at the hour of midnight when the clocks were all striking, the form of the Philosopher was still sometimes seen walking by the margin of the sea with his hand to his ear, while a soft peal of muffled bells, whence none know, would be heard from the direction of the sea.

B O U T S R I M E S .

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

*Rhymes to be introduced :—bubble, sandal, trouble, handle,
book, sprig, rook, jig.*

No. 1 "A Find." By *Ragged Robin*.

On the streamlet, like a bubble,
Floating once I saw a sandal ;
I dragged it out without much trouble,
With my umb-e-rella handle.

Then I wrote down in a book,
Underneath a flowery sprig,
What had happened at the brook,
And, for finish, danced a jig.

No. 2 "A Dance's Drawbacks." By *Pixie*.

Oh ! the pleasure of balls is sometimes such a bubble ;
When your white satin shoe has broken its sandal
And the end trips you up, and gives trouble on trouble ;
And your fan snaps in half and leaves only the handle.

And when you most want it you've lost your ball-book,
 The wreath in your hair too flies off every sprig,
 And the waltz tune which just now flowed on like a brook
 Turns suddenly into a horrible jig.

No. 3 "The Judgement of Paris." By *Cobweb*.

Down the sides of Mount Ida, where streams gush and
 bubble,
 Comes the tripping of feet clad in buskin and sandal;
 Ah, Paris beware! you will soon be in trouble,
 That apple you'll find is of mischief the handle.

At her with the sceptre or her with the book
 He looks not, but turns to the myrtle-born sprig;
 He gives her the apple and throws down his crook,
 While his senses, all reeling, seem dancing a jig.

No. 4 "The Ford." By *Peaseblossom*.

See the waters foam and bubble
 Round the holy pilgrim's sandal;
 Treads he slow with care and trouble,
 Grasps he tight his staff's rough handle.

In his breast his best-loved book,
 In his hat an olive sprig,
 As he wades the murmuring brook
 Where the wavelets dance and jig.



A BURIED PROVERB.

BY PEASEBLOSSOM.



WHAT, oh what is the sound I hear
Lying on the garden lawn?
How it steals on the ravished ear,
Minding of the night bird's voice
That sings so heavenly, soft and low,
All else the listener forgets,
And standing in the sunset glow
Or moonlight pale, is tranced and still.





A COSTUME

for those who go in for the

WATER CURE.

by

PIXIE.



LEFT BEHIND.

BY COBWEB.



YOU blame me that when I recall
Old friends now lost to view,
I think of them as perfect all ;
You say it is not true.
You say I know that faults they had
With e'en their virtues mixed ;
Should memory feign to lose the bad
And keep the better fixed ?
But tell me—when you leave behind
Some rugged mountain steep,
And far away by tracks that wind
Your downward pathway keep,
Until at last the barren peak
Now sinking out of view,
Which looked of late so cold and bleak
Is wrapped in hazy blue ;
And mingling softly with the sky—
Almost a part of it—
Seems like a fairyland on high,
Or home for angels fit.

Say—do you harshly then recall
The rocks upon its side,
The cruel snows that on it fall,
The wolves that in it hide?
You know in fact the stones are there,
The wolves around it prowl,
Its sides are rugged, steep, and bare,
And storms about it howl.
But sure such rigid memories
Stern truth does not exact,
The beauty there before your eyes
Is quite as true a fact.
Then let this image for me plead,
And give me leave to see
Not only how things are indeed,
But how they are to me.



NATURE'S LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

BY PUCKLE.



IT had often puzzled me before, but this time I was determined to find out where things go that are constantly being lost.

We had been putting up our Christmas decorations, and consequently twine, pins, nails, etc. were in constant requisition, and were no sooner supplied than they were lost. Packet after packet of pins was mislaid and never seen again, just as often as ball after ball of twine disappeared when scarcely half used and was seen no more.

Where did they go? Nobody could have wanted all our necessities for decoration, and besides, if somebody did, who was that somebody, and how did he take them without being seen?

While a fresh supply of both was sent for to the shop—for about the sixth time that morning—I sat down in the porch of the church wondering at the losses and fairly tired out with running up and down ladders, hammering in nails at least a foot beyond the distance Nature had intended my arms should stretch, and the such like. I was not sorry of the temporary rest.

Presently I heard a violent dispute going on just behind the church door. I could not see the disputants nor could they see me, though I could distinctly overhear every word that passed.

The best of the argument was apparently in the hands of the older of the two, for it was a squeaky voice that said—

“Now, if it had been suggested when I was young and fresh as you are—but it’s quite impossible now.”

“That’s all very well,” retorted an indignant female voice, “but I won’t go at all unless you will show me the way.”

“But if once I get there,” returned the first speaker, “I don’t believe there is any chance of my getting back, I am so old now nobody cares the least how soon I go.”

“No danger,” was the answer, “I have several times overheard the vicar say he doesn’t know what would become of him if you were to go; so he is sure to send for you if you are gone too long—so come with me do, there’s a dear old man.”

“I can’t resist that,” said the old squeak, so off they set together.

I followed just far enough off not to be seen, but hoping at every step to catch sight of the two, as I had already taken quite an interest in them. I could hear their voices sufficiently to guide me, though I couldn’t make out what they were saying. On we went till I began to fear I should never find my way back, but curiosity was so strong that I was determined to find out whither this ill-assorted couple were wending their way.

At last I saw through the darkness that had come on, a dim distant light; as I neared it I saw it was a door with glass let into it through which a bright light gleamed,

throwing into strong relief the words written on the glass, "entrance only by this doorway."

Presently the door was pushed from without by a tall dusky form, but only sufficiently wide to admit first a much smaller figure and then itself, similarly dressed apparently, except that the taller of the two had on a well-worn brown hat while the other wore on its head something white and shining, undoubtedly these were the two I had followed.

I arrived at the door; a terribly confused hum was going on inside, all sorts of languages it sounded like, only I seemed to know none of them.

As I stood outside this door I felt a horrible prick in my foot, and on stooping down discovered a pin lying on the ground; how very odd that I should just happen to tread on a pin at the end of my long walk! but on closer inspection I found that the ground was strewn with pins, and after picking up several, the remarkable fact forced itself on my mind that they were all *bent* pins.

One that I observed was rather straighter and larger than the rest I resolved at last to address.

"How is it you are all bent?" said I.

"That is our greatest misfortune," he answered, "had we been straight we should have been admitted, but they admit nobody that's bent in there."

"But is there very much advantage in gaining admission?" I asked.

"Once in there," said the pin, "the chances are you will have no more trouble, and you are sure to find plenty of old friends before you, and plenty more will always be coming."

"Who were the two that entered last?" I said, hoping he might have noticed. My hope was realised.

"Oh, the vicar's old cotton and his daughter's best silk—but they won't keep the old un" the pin added with a smile.

"Why not?" was my inevitable question.

"Oh, he's as bad in his way as I am in mine. I told you so," he said with a chuckle, as the taller of my two friends was suddenly ejected from the doorway.

"I wish I was new silk!" groaned the unfortunate individual lying full length among the bent pins.

"What's become of your companion?" I enquired.

"Oh, she'll never be seen any more," was the answer; "Miss Alice will get a good scolding for losing her new silk, but she'll never see it any more. Set me up on my legs again," he added.

As I stopped to do so—

"Pray don't run off with my old cotton umbrella," said the vicar; "Alice has lost her new silk one already this morning, and I was afraid I had lost my old one. Perhaps Alice's is somewhere near here, we put them down together."

"I'm afraid not," I said dreamily, "they both went to Nature's Lost Property Office, and a new silk umbrella is too good ever to be found again."



WHO LIVES IN THE BELLS.

BY PIXIE.



WHO lives in the bells? Is it fairies or sprites? !

Are theirs the voices we hear?

Oh no, to the walls of the holy church

The fays may not dwell so near.

Then are they the spirits of saints who are dead—

Of the church they can have no fear?

No, no, they are taking their last long sleep,

No more do they labour here.

'Tis the angels of heaven, the angels of light,

'Tis they who so sweetly sing;

They summon the men of this world of cares

To rest in the church's wing.



THE VOICE OF THE DYING YEAR.

BY RAGGED ROBIN.



I am dying, I am dying, and I soon shall be no more,
 For another year is coming, even now is at the door.
 And I shall soon be numbered with the years that are forgot,
 Must I be like them forgotten? Ah, my friends forget me not!

P'raps my days have brought you sorrow, sorrow heavy, hard
 to bear;

Or may-be they have been joyful, merry, happy, free
 from care;

Whether sad or whether happy do not let them be forgot,
 Listen, listen to me kindly when I say forget me not.

Hark! I hear the young year's fingers knocking, knocking
 at the door,

Soon twelve times he will have struck it, but I must be
 gone before.

Listen, Death e'en now is calling "Come thou, join the
 years forgot;"

Farewell my friends for ever—once more, forget me not!



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

BY BOTTOM.

Initials.

MONARCH of boundless realms of dazzling light
 A signal from thy magic wand,
 And round thee flocks a myriad band;
 No human anvil forged their armour bright;
 To do thy bidding off they fly
 Clad in their glittering panoply,
 Invisible as air to puny mortal's sight.

Finals.

A legend many a poet loves full well,
 How lulled by carols low and sweet
 He slumbered, reckless, at her feet,
 The victim of a faithless syren's spell.
 And still amid the forest's gloom
 His voice proclaims that awful doom,
 And lives—a maiden's treachery to tell.

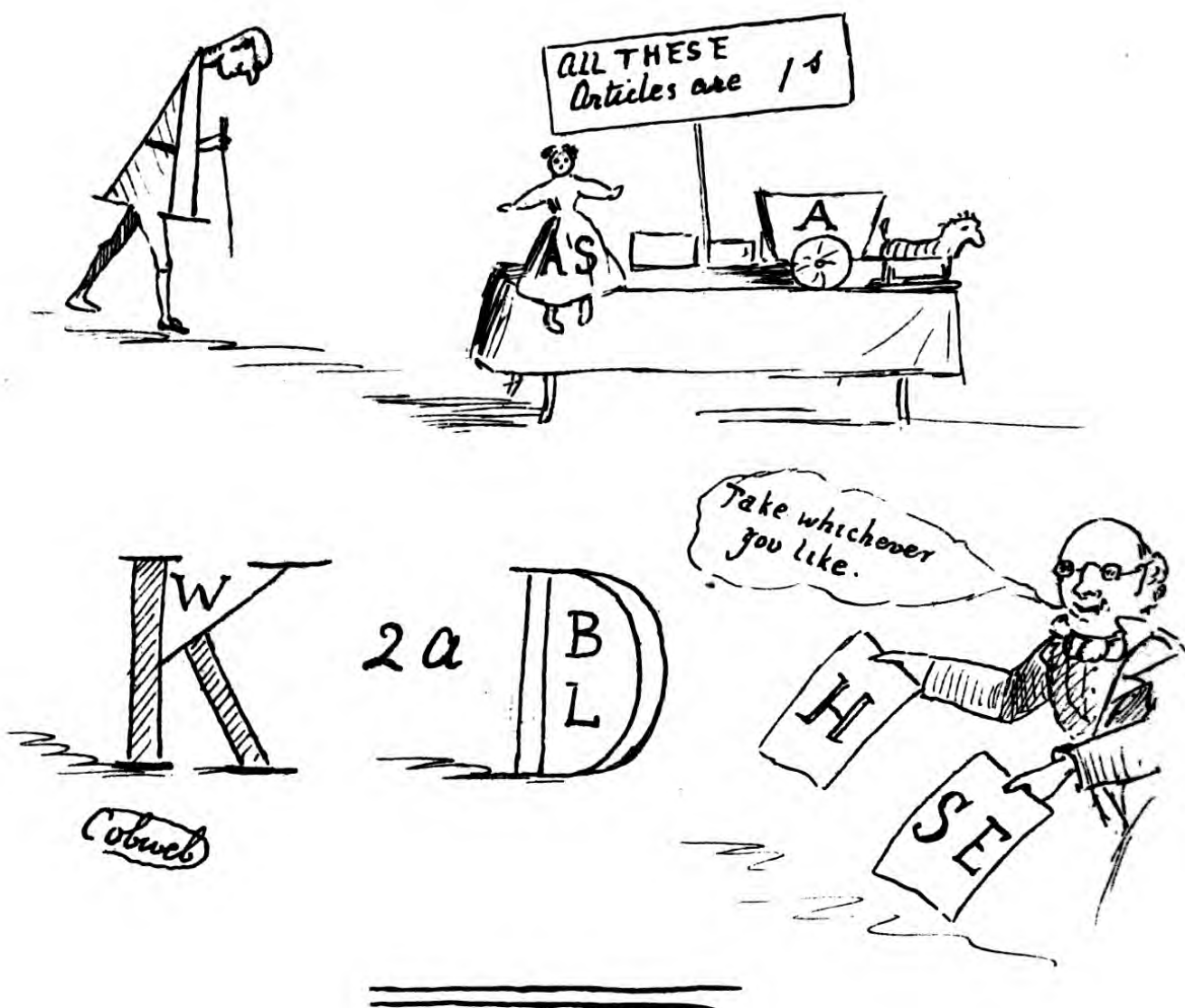
1. Busy fingers daily toiling,
Cruel, tear me limb from limb,
Brutal man is my destroyer,
Yet I do not envy him.
2. Yes! within my soft embraces
You too, Reader, once reposed;
Took your earliest siesta,
Lulled by Nursey, sweetly dozed.
3. Mortals all are prone to do it,
'Tis their most unlucky fate,
And they must—at least I'm told so—
Feel the consequence too late.
4. How I loathed him as he fondly
Dared to press her lily hand,
Striving ever to supplant me,
Oh! 'twas more than flesh could stand.
6. Awful rites of mystic meaning
Held in India's western isle,
Where alas! (the hymn has said it)
Man himself alone is vile.
6. Pensive, wrapped in meditation,
See her pace that lonely cell,
Lost to all the world's allurements,
Torn from all she loved so well.





A Picture Proverb.

by
Cobweb.



ANAGRAMS.

BY COBWEB, PIXIE, AND RAGGED ROBIN.

Historical Characters.

1. **H**AST met perils, dame?
2. Are Indian lands fabled?
3. A quiet rank for her age, O Ann!
4. Lo! quite true to France and Mass.
5. A doubt! Is her line great?

Two Modern Celebrities.

1. Let rivals jeer on at him.
2. Don't behold my rare riches.



SINGLE ACROSTIC.

BY CLERICORN.



[N.B.—The *author* of each quotation is the required answer.]

The Initials.

“**L**IKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 “ So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 “ Each changing place with that which goes before
 “ In sequent toil all forwards do contend.”



1. “ Who-e’er has travelled life’s dull round,
 “ Where-e’er his stages may have been,
 “ May sigh to think he still has found
 “ The warmest welcome at an inn.”

2. “ Tender-handed stroke a nettle
 “ And it stings you for your pains,
 “ Grasp it like a man of mettle
 “ And it soft as silk remains.
 “ ’Tis the same with common natures,
 “ Use ’em kindly they rebel,
 “ But be rough as nutmeg graters
 “ And the rogues obey you well.”

3. "The woman that deliberates is lost."
4. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."
5. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
6. "Those best can bear reproof that merit praise."
7. "I'll thank you Ma'am for the rest of my tail."
8. "'Tis true composing is the nobler part,
"But good translation is no easy art."
9. "The union of Church and State is not to make a
Church *political*, but a State *religious*."



A NOMINAL PUZZLE.

BY COBWEB.

[The spaces in the following verses are to be filled up with English Christian Names, most of them being abbreviations.]

' **T** WAS on the —— of Christmas Day
 That Roland's robber band
 From table ——, prepared for fray,
 With cruel —— in hand.

Each from its —— his helmet takes
 And on his —— retains it;
 Then from the —— his thirst he slakes,
 And with a —— he drains it.

Then forth they —— in the dark
 Upon their deed abhorrent,
 Swift as an arrow at a ——
 Or —— in a torrent.

The neighbouring castle little dreams
 Of danger all so near,
 For there a festive banquet gleams
 With —— and jovial cheer.

Young maids who —— in country guise
 The dainties —— round,
 And here a ——, here some pies
 Are tumbled on the ground.

With playful —— the —— is plied
 By many fair enslavers,
 And gallants seek the ladies side
 And —— them for their favours.

Here dressed and painted to the eyes
 A perfect —— to see,
 Just like a —— my lady lies
 And chatters languidly.

And here's a —— of fast young chaps
 Who —— in reckless way,
 Nor think upon the —— that p'rhaps
 They soon may have to pay.

But hark! a step is on the ——
 A —— gives out its din,
 And swift as —— or as bat
 The robbers all rush in.

Last Verse (in which orthography is not strictly adhered to).

Then screams and wailing —— the hall
 Sad as a funeral ——;
 But I'm not —— to recall
 —— more these folks befell.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

BY MOTH.

Initials.

WITHOUT me the world would never get on,
 Yet though needful to all I'm hateful to some,
 A pleasure, a pain ; above and around,
 And also below and inside the ground.

Finals.

A trial to everything man and beast,
 An argument clear and not wrong in the least,
 A thing to be dreaded in Editors' eyes,
 But by print-collectors considered a prize.

Initials and Finals.

Initials are guarded against by my whole,
 It keeps a man safe as a hole does a mole,
 It's bought at a price but is easily hurt,
 Though it doesn't mind wet keep it out of the dirt.

1. I am one great annoyance of hapless man,
 I tease him and plague him whenever I can ;
 But he puts me to death to pay me out,
 And even my houses he knocks about.

2. "Neither one nor the other, now do let me know
How long these untidy bad habits will grow,
Do shut it up close I entreat my dear child,
For I can't bear a draught though the air is so mild."
3. Hurry, jostle, hustle !
What is all this bustle ?
Noises in the air,
No peace anywhere !
4. I'm of a weakly disposition,
Everywhere I cannot thrive ;
In a mountainous position
When I'm born, I longer live.
5. When the wind blows at its strongest
Sailors have recourse to me,
Yet they dread me in the longest
Ship that ever put to sea.



THINGS PLANTED.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

IF these were planted, what would come up?—

1. A one-legged man.
2. A porcupine and a hedgehog.
3. A vulgar drink.
4. A red rag.
5. A signal.
6. Paul Pry.
7. Guerilla warfare.
8. The telegraph.
9. A serpent.
10. Two horses.
11. Sheep.
12. History.
13. A smart young beast.
14. A hard winter.
15. An English defeat.
16. The ocean.
17. Tight boots.
18. The sun.



A CHARADE.

BY COBWEB.



MY first like some wild prairie horse
 That rushes madly on its course,
 Sweeps everything before it ;
 No costliest monument of art,
 No tenderest tie that binds the heart,
 No work of nature perfect, fair,
 No human pile upraised with care,
 Has power a moment to delay
 The fatal tide that on its way
 Sweeps everything before it.
 My second would retain each trace
 That time has left of bye-gone race,
 Would guard with ever reverent hand
 Each precious relic in the land,
 And where some beauty, now ill-starred,
 By age or foul neglect is marred,
 Would tenderly restore it.
 My whole an institution new
 That aids a duty old to do,
 A duty ancient as the time

When Adam in the old world's prime
First found his hand by labour soiled
Dark with the earth in which he toiled.
Yet many dwelling here on earth
Think it a duty little worth,
And many quite ignore it.



A SINGLE DIAGONAL ACROSTIC.

BY TITANIA.



[*The first letter of the first light is the first letter of the whole word, the second letter of the second light is the second letter of the whole word, etc.*]

FORTH from my *second* sails my *first*,
 As fearless and as brave as erst
 The Viking and his crew.
 Ere long the distant shores they spy
 Where 'neath the sultry southern sky
 My *whole* unconquered dwelt ;
 They land, and soon the trumpet call
 Sounds loudly forth my *fifth*, to all
 A strangely welcome note.
 Then led my *eighth* his gallant band
 Through forest wilds, till hand to hand
 They met their savage foes ;
 And step by step, and day by day,
 Fighting and watching, won their way
 Towards the wished for goal ;
 Till thou, my *fourth*, didst see a fight
 Lasting from early morning's light
 Till evening's welcome shade.

Then stubborn stood my *sixth* for hours,
 Exposed to shot which poured in showers
 From foes unseen though near ;
 Then wished he, as his arms he plied,
 That all my *seventh* were by his side
 To share his toils that day,
 In vain ; for many a mile I ween
 Of sea and land was stretched between
 His comrades brave and him.
 But never fear my gallant few,
 Your labours, if you only knew,
 Shall soon be at an end,
 And having reached triumphantly
 The goal you've sought so gallantly,
 You shall your homes regain.
 While of my *third* a heap alone
 Shall mark the spot, where once a throne
 Of cruel monarch rose,
 As witness to the gallant deeds
 Of that small band of whom one reads
 With honest admiration.



A N S W E R S

TO THE ACROSTICS, ETC.

BURIED Proverb
 "The early bird gets the worm."

Double Acrostic Oberon, Merlin.
 Oakum.
 Berceaunette.
 Err.
 Rival.
 Obi.
 Nun.

Anagrams
 1. The Empress Matilda.
 2. Ferdinand and Isabella.
 3. Queen Katharine of Arragon.
 4. Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland.
 5. Elizabeth Tudor, Regina.

 1. John Everett Millais.
 2. Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

Picture Proverb
 "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."
 (A nods; As good as A; W in K; 2 A; Bl in D; H or Se.)

Single Acrostic of Authors Shakspeare.

Shenstone.
Hill (Aaron).
Addison.
Keats.
Sterne.
Pope.
Edgeworth.
Roscommon.
Eldon (Lord).

Nominal Puzzle

1st Verse	...	Eve.	Rose.	Job.
2nd	„	...	Peg.	Poll. Jack. Will.
3rd	„	...	Sally.	Mark. Eddy.
4th	„	...	Frank.	
5th	„	...	Bob.	Carry. Patty.
6th	„	...	Pat.	Fan. Sue.
7th	„	...	Guy.	Doll.
8th	„	...	Kit.	Bet. Bill.
9th	„	...	Mat.	Bell. Martin.
10th	„	...	Phil (fill).	Nell (knell). Abel (able).
			Wat (what).	

Double Acrostic ... Water and Proof ... Waterproof.

Wasp.
Ajar.
Tornado.
Echo.
Reef.

Things Planted

1. Hops.
2. Prickly Pear.
3. Rum Shrub.
4. Bul-rush.
5. Rocket.
6. Medlar.
7. Loose-strife.
8. Speedwell.
9. Aaron's rod.
10. Chestnut and Bay.
11. Phlox.
12. Dates.
13. Dandelion.
14. Snowflakes and Ice-plant.
15. Scarlet Runners.
16. Currants.
17. Corn.
18. Nightshade.

Charade Lava - Tory Lavatory.

Diagonal Acrostic Ashantee.

Army.
iSland.
asHes.
AmoAful.
advaNce.
privaTe.
Royal WElsh.
Sir GarnEt.



