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CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

LITERARY FRIVOLITIES

FANCIES

FOLLIES AND FROLICS

By WILLIAM T. DOBSON



In hoc est hoax
Et quiz et joax
With gravity for graver folks

London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY


1880

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NOTE.


 HERE the authorship of any of the extracts given in this book is not acknowledged, it is not without search having been made for their source. The gathering together of the materials incorporated has been the labour of years, and it is hoped that the work may not be without a certain degree of interest as well as amusement.

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LITERARY FRIVOLITIES.

INTRODUCTION.

TILITY is not always the chief object of literary labour, neither is “value received” always its aim and end; for in this kind of work, as in some others, difficulty and expected applause are frequently great incentives. With many writers, more particularly in former times, various curious styles of composition were much in favour—one, for instance, would have a predilection for composing verses with the omission in each stanza of a particular letter; others, again, would write verses in such a way as to enable their compositions to be read from the end to the beginning of the line, or *vice versa*, as the reader chose; while a third vexed himself in the composition of alliterative, or, perhaps, monosyllabic poetry. Some old writers also amused themselves in devising combinations of

Latin words, which might be changed in their order and recombined, so as to form new sentences. Of one example of this species of literary trifling, a verse in honour of the Virgin Mary, it was asserted by its author that it would admit of twelve hundred changes, without suffering in sense or grammar. The verse was—

“Tot tibi sunt dotes, virgo, quot sidera cœli;”

which means—

“Virgin, thy virtues are as numerous as the stars of the heavens.”

The wonder is, in regard to these, how their indefatigable concocters found out the number of changes the words would admit; for, as regards another example, its author states that it would take ninety-one years and forty-nine days to perform the changes, at the rate of twelve hundred daily—the total number of which the words are capable amounting to “thirty-nine million nine hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred!” This wonderful verse is as follows:

“Lex, grex, rex, spes, res, jus, thus, sal, sol bona lux, laus!

Mars, mors, sors, fraus, faex, Styx, nox, crux, pus, mala vis, lis!”

which may be rendered—

“ Law, flocks, kings, hopes, riches, right, incense, salt, sun good torch, praise to you !
Mars, death, destiny, fraud, impurity, Styx, night, the cross, bad humours and evil power, may you be condemned ! ”

Another class of literary triflers may be named here—those who chose to display a kind of microscopic skill by writing so small that their work appeared to the naked eye only as a mere wavy line. Laborious ingenuity of these various kinds, so far from being discouraged, was rather pleasantly indulged in by some of our ancient writers, of whom might have been expected other and better things.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, apart from authorship, as feats of this kind hold no place in the following parts of this work, it may not be out of place to say a little here. The fact, as Pliny relates, that the “*Iliad*” of Homer, containing 15,000 verses, had been written in so small a compass as to be wholly enclosed in a nutshell, has often been referred to as one of those things which require to be seen to be believed; and yet, however doubtful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Huet, who at first thought it impossible, demonstrated by experi-

ment that it could be done. A piece of vellum 10 inches in length and 8 wide would hold 250 lines, each line containing 30 verses, and thus, filling both sides of the vellum, 15,000, the whole number of verses in the "Iliad," could be written upon it; and this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would go easily into the shell of a walnut. Another ancient trifier of this kind is said to have written a distich in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Of these microscopic writers, Peter Bales, an eminent writing-master of his day, who kept a school near the Old Bailey during the time of Elizabeth, may be said to have been *facile princeps*. We are told in the Harleian MS. 530, of "a rare piece of work brought to pass" by him, this being the "whole Bible contained in a large English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg; the nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." This book, which certainly would be almost unreadable, and of which the paper or other material on which it was written must have been very thin, "was seen by many thousands." Another feat performed by Peter Bales was the writing of the Lord's Prayer, the

Creed, the Ten Commandments, two short Latin prayers, and his own name, motto, day of month and year of our Lord and reign of Queen Elizabeth, all within the circle of a penny, encased in a ring of gold, the whole so clearly done as to be perfectly readable. This work he presented to the Queen at Hampton Court, and she very graciously accepted the offering. It is nothing unusual nowadays to find writing of almost if not quite as minute character as this, seeing that the Ten Commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a fourpenny piece!

An account is preserved in an old "Monthly Magazine" of a beautiful specimen of penmanship executed by a Mr. Beedell of Ottery St. Mary's. This piece of workmanship was surrounded by an elegant border,—itself the labour of six weeks,—containing tastefully arranged within it the following figures:—"Common hare, varying hare of the northern countries of Europe, pine martin, otter, wild cat; harrier (hunting piece); three foreign birds on a tree; a correct representation of Ottery St. Mary's Church, surrounded by a beautiful border; ruins of a castle, encompassed by a very neat and pretty border." At the bottom of all

this Mr. Beedell also wrote, as another specimen of minute penmanship, the Lord's Prayer, Belief, and two verses of the third Psalm, in the circumference of a common-sized pea.

There is said to be a portrait of Queen Anne among the treasures of the British Museum on which appear a number of minute lines and scratches, which, when examined through a microscope, are discovered to be the entire contents of a small folio book in the library. A similar effort in the way of microscopic caligraphy was discovered some years ago by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll-work. Examining this through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astonished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll were nothing less than a Life of the poet, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of a magnifier. This was believed to be an imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one time in the library of St. John's College at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the lines of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, was

found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. One other instance of this kind of work has been recorded, that of a portrait of Richelieu, which appears on the title of a French book: the Cardinal's head is surrounded by a glory of forty rays, each ray containing the name of a French Academician. Of one person who was an adept at this kind of writing, the almost incredible feat is recorded of placing the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, seven of the Commandments, the 103d, 133d, and 144th Psalms, with name and date, within the circumference of a sixpence! while another is said to have written the whole Book of Malachi in a pyramid the size of a little finger.

Without here noticing further any of the various kinds of Literary Frivolities contained in the following pages,—and of which, in many cases, the examples have been greatly limited,—we cannot conclude this Introduction without adverting to one which, it is hoped, is quite unique, for nothing approaching it in absurdity or inutility has come under our notice, or that of any one else we trust, as it might fairly be taken as an indication that something was decidedly wrong with the mental condition of the person who could throw away his time and labour upon so frivolous a pursuit: it is given

here on the authority of an article which appeared in the "Leisure Hour." The case referred to was that of an unfortunate genius who had discovered that there were 33,535 ways of spelling the word *scissors*! Imagine any sane person sitting down and laboriously following out the idea of writing any word, and this word in particular, 33,535 times! Imagine the frequent revisals necessary to ascertain the certainty of non-repetition—reminding one forcibly of the labours of Sisyphus, always pushing the stone up the hill, and then having immediately to descend and repeat the process when the stone had rolled down again! Yet this was actually done—done in a neat and handsome manuscript volume, containing about three hundred pages of three columns each. The most patient man that ever lived might have been beaten in a trial of this nature—the crank were nothing in comparison!

ALLITERATION.

THE curious phase of Literary Frivolity called Alliteration is the composition of sentences or lines of verse with words beginning with the same letter, and has been considered by some critics a "false ornament in poetry," by others has been looked upon as frivolous, while a third class have sanctioned its use as a worthy and impressive embellishment. It is a somewhat mechanical aid to the rhythm of verse, and in the reciting or reading of a long piece of poetry, the reciter or reader might find his organs of speech aided in some degree by the succession of similar sounds, and this might also have a pleasant cadence to those who listened. However, this could only apply for a short time, as alliteration too long continued would weary and become ridiculous, and suggest that a laborious effort had been made to keep up the alliterative strain, while the pleasure derived would only be as transitory as

that derived from witnessing the clever feats of an acrobat, with a corresponding sigh of relief when the performance was over.

“’Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
The words must seem an echo of the sense.”

Alliterative writing does not imply, however, that each word or syllable must commence with the same letter, it being sufficient that a repetition of similar or imitative sounds are produced, so as to give a certain degree of harmony and strength ; and in the sense of having utility in this way, alliteration has been used by the whole range of poets. In the early ages such a feature in poetry might have been welcome, and in some degree necessary, when, as in Scandinavian, Old German, and Icelandic verse, “the harmony neither depended on the quantity of syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry, but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these corre-

spondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other ; but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples :

‘ *Meire og Minne*
Mogu heimdaller.

‘ *Gab Ginunga*
Enn Gras huerge.’ *

The writers of the early Teutonic and Celtic tongues revelled with great effect in this trick of speech—not only in solemn legal formularies, in spells of horror, as well as in the flights of the poet, but also in ordinary descriptions and in their common proverbs—the Celtic especially readily lending itself to this device of jingling repetition. Several early English poems, written in this kind of alliterative metre, without rhyme, are extant, among which that entitled “*Piers Plowman’s Visions*” (written about 1350) is the one most generally known ; but few readers except those whose delight is in musty tomes, and who are deep in the mysteries of black-letter lore, are acquainted with more than the name of that poem.

“*Percy’s Reliques.*”

When our more ancient poetry was, towards the end of last century, drawn forth from the oblivion to which it had been too long consigned, the public was seized with a kind of Gothic fever, and was so delighted with the novelty of the feast, that one and all declared everything was excellent—antiquity became a sufficient passport to praise, and much ingenuity was exercised in discovering fanciful beauties in even the most worthless productions. That excitement soon passed away, but it produced excellent effects; and, freeing the mind from the shackles of a prevalent artificial style, gave a liberty to appreciate and enjoy the truer poetry of nature. But it must be granted that the diction and style of many of our elder poets are so rude as to render the perusal of their works distasteful to modern readers. Few, we believe, except enthusiastic antiquaries, have had the courage to travel through “*Piers Plowman*,” or would think their trouble repaid by the snatches of true poetry interspersed; and yet in this poem, and many others equally rugged, passages of great poetical power and beauty are to be found, which deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

The following lines are quoted by Dr. Percy from a manuscript supposed to be older than

“Piers Plowman,” and are descriptive of a vision wherein the poet sees a combat between “our lady Dame Life” and “the ugly fiend Dame Death.” The lines portray Dame Life, and are a good example of the old style of alliteration as used in place of modern rhyme :

“Shee was *b*righter of her *b*lee [colour]
 Then was the *b*right sonn ;
 Her *r*udd *r*edder than the *r*ose
 That on the *r*ise [bough] hangeth ;
*M*eekly smiling with her *m*outh
 And *m*erry in her lookes ;
 Ever *l*aughing for *l*ove
 As shee *l*ike would.
 And as shee came *b*y the *b*ankes
 The *b*oughes eche one
 They *l*owted to that *l*adye
 And *l*ayd forth their branches ;
*B*lossomes and *b*urgens [buds]
 Breathed full sweete ;
*F*lowers *f*lourished in the *f*rith
 Where shee *f*orth stepped ;
 And the *g*rasse, that was *g*ray,
*G*reened belive [instantly].”

An old Scottish poem by Dunbar (1465-1530), “The Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo,” so indelicate as to place it outside the pale of all

respectable homes, is remarkable for being composed in this alliterative blank verse, a style not known to have been used in Scotland previously.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form, and at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers was unfavourably looked upon when lacking the ornament of rhyme. Yet when this latter began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were retained along with it, and the song of "Little John Nobody" exhibits the union very clearly. This old ballad will be found in "Percy's Reliques," and is a witty satire on the Reformation under King Edward VI. We give the first and last verses, it being too long to quote in its entirety :

"In December, when the dayes draw to be short,
 After November, when the nights wax noysome and
 long ;
 As I past by a place privily at a port,
 I saw one sit by himself making a song ;
 His last talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
 That few were fast i' the faith. I freyned that freak
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
 speake.

.

Thus in no place, this Nobody, in no time I met,
 Where no man, ne nought was, nor nothing did
 appear ;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That Aeolus through the eccho did cause me to hear.
 Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb-
 deer

Did shiver for a shower ; but I shunted from a freyke :
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
 But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.”

By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossed the whole attention of the poet, and, fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of alliteration was no longer studied exclusively, and has latterly been applied only to light and trivial subjects, to which it seems best adapted. The poet who sets himself sedulously nowadays to resuscitate this almost defunct limb of his art may behold his own probable fate in that of Rogers, a line of one of whose polished verses—

“So up the tide of time I turn my sail,”

was at once unmercifully rendered by an irreverent critic into—

“So up the tide of time I turn my tail.”

Alliteration does, however, independently of its greater suitability to whatever is light and trivial,

when sparingly and discreetly used, add to the beauty of a poetical sentiment, and may also aid the force and piquancy of a witty remark. For the one, take an example from Sydney Smith, who, when contrasting the position of curates and the higher dignitaries of the English Church, spoke of them as "the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs and comforted with crumbs;" for the other, take Pope's line—

"Fields for ever fresh, and groves for ever green."

Thus when an alliterative phrase presents itself with some degree of spontaneity, it adds to the expressiveness of the sentiment, and Pope has acknowledged this in a line which is itself alliterative—

"Apt alliteration's artful aid."

Still, when this "aid" is hunted after and strained for, it is apt to become a deformity.

The best proof of the value in which alliteration was formerly held is found in the fact that it has been used more or less by all the poets, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. The odes of Anacreon abound in specimens of it, and it has

added grace and dignity to the lines of Homer and Virgil, has feathered the poetic shafts of Shakespeare and Gay, shown itself in the volatile genius of French poesy, and given emphasis and force to the lines of Schlegel and Bürger—lending its “artful aid” to the poetry of almost every clime, and tinging the literature of almost every language. One of the earliest examples is the celebrated line of Virgil—

“Quadrupedumque putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum”—

a line which is admired by the best critics as illustrating, in a happy manner, “the measured gallop of the haughty war-horse.” This line, as Sir Walter Scott says, “expressing a cavalry charge,” was criticised severely by Scott’s Triptolemus Yellowley, who “opined that the combatants, in their inconsiderate ardour, galloped over a new-manured ploughed field.” The lines written by Virgil on the folding doors of the amphitheatre may serve as another example of his alliterative powers. He had written, anonymously, a couplet containing an elegant compliment to the Emperor Augustus, the authorship of which was claimed by one Bathyllus. Chagrined at this, Virgil re-wrote the original lines, with the following addition :

“ Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores
 Sic vos non vobis
 Sic vos non vobis
 Sic vos non vobis
 Sic vos non vobis

Various attempts were made, but without success, to fill up the lines, when Virgil completed it himself as follows :

“ Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves ;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis boves ;
 Sic vos non vobis, mellificatis apes ;
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.”

The old English and Scottish ballads abound in alliteration, and in Weber's “Ballad of Flodden Field”—a poetical romance of the sixteenth century—there are a number of good examples, and here follow some extracts from it :

“ Most liver* lads in Lonsdale bred,
 With weapons of unwieldy weight ;
 All such as Tatham Fells had fed,
 Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

From Bolland billmen bold were boun,
 With such as Bottom-Banks did hide ;
 From Wharemore up to Whittington,
 And all to Wenning Water side.

* Nimble, active.

From Silverdale to Kent-Sand side,
 Whose soil is sown with cockle-shells ;
 From Cartmel eke and Conny-side,
 With fellows fierce from Furney's fells.

All Lancashire for the most part
 The lusty Stanley stout did lead ;
 A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
 Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

From Warton unto Warrington,
 From Wigan unto Wiresdale,
 From Weddicar to Waddington,
 From old Ribchester to Ratchdale.

From Poulton and Preston with pikes,
 They with the Stanley stout forth went ;
 From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,
 For battle billmen bold were bent.

With fellows fresh and fierce in fight,
 Which Horton Fields turned out in scores ;
 With lusty lads, liver and light,
 From Blackburn and Bolton i' the Moors.

With children chosen from Cheshire,
 In armour bold for battle drest ;
 And many a gentleman and squire
 Were under Stanley's streamer prest.

.

Strike but three strokes with stomachs stout,
 And shoot each man sharp arrows three,—

And you shall see without all doubt
 The scoulding Scots begin to flee.

.

The master Scot did mark so right

That he with bullet brast his brain,
 And hurled his heels his head above ;
 Then piped he such a peel again,
 The Scots he from their ordnance drave.”

Amongst our early poets, no one gives a better example of alliteration than Quarles in one of his Emblems (Book II. Emblem 2). Quarles was a poet who did not need the aid of alliteration to “lend liquidity to his lines,” and though often queer, quaint, and querulous, is never prosy, prolix, or puling. The lines are as follow :

“ Oh, how our widened arms can over-stretch
 Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach
 Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast
 Can shrink to be more full and full possest
 Of this inferior orb ! How earth refined
 Can cling to sordid earth ! How kind to kind !
 We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store ;
 Enough requires too much ; too much craves more.

.

The grave is sooner cloyed than men’s desire :
 We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,

Transporting lives, perchance that ne'er return ;
 We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
 Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands ;
 We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
 We progress, and we prog from pole to pole ;
 We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil,
 We tire the night in thought, the day in toil."

Spenser, Dryden, and Gray—the latter two professedly taking their style from the former—all dealt largely in alliteration. Gray especially gave particular heed to this embellishment, and in his odes almost every strophe begins with an alliterative line—thus :

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.”

“Weave the warp, weave the woof.”

“Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin.”

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Spenser gives some very good examples :

“In woods, in waves, in wars, she wonts to dwell—
 And will be found with peril and with pain.”

“They cheerly chaunt, and rhymes at random flung.”

“Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she waked, he waited diligent.”

“He used to slug, to sleep, in slothful shade.”

The early Scottish poets also used this feature—Gawain Douglas, Dunbar, and Alexander Scot

especially. Dunbar's "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," a poem of animated picturesqueness not unlike Collins' "Ode to the Passions," contains the following :

"Then Ire came in, with sturt and strife,
 His hand was aye upon his knife,
 He brandished like a bear ;
 Boasters, braggarts, and barganeris : *
 After him passit in pairs,
 All bodin in feir of weir. †

 Next in the dance followed Envy,
 Filled full of feud and felony,
 Hid malice and despite."

Alexander Scot, who has been called the Scottish Anacreon, sent "Ane New Year's Gift" to Queen Mary, which contains many alliterative lines, such as the following, when, speaking of the Reformers of his day, he says they go about—

"Rugging and rying up kirk rents like rooks ;
 and the Address concludes with a stanza beginning—

"Fresh, fulgent, flourist, fragrant flower formose,
 Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,
 Cherry maist chaste, chief carbuncle and chose," &c.

* Bullies.

† Arrayed in trappings of war.

Alexander Montgomery, another Scottish poet contemporary with Scot, wrote an allegorical poem entitled "The Cherry and the Slae," in which are some sweet and striking natural descriptions written in richly alliterative verse, of which we give two stanzas :

"The cushat croods, the corbie cries,
 The cuckoo conks, the prattling pies
 To geck there they begin ;
 The jargon of the jangling jays,
 The cracking craws and keckling kays,
 They deav'd me with their din ;
 The painted pawn, with Argus eyes,
 Can on his May-cock call,
 The turtle wails on wither'd trees,
 And Echo answers all.
 Repeating, with greeting,
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying
 His shadow in the well.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
 But quiet, calm, and clear ;
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
 Whereon Apollo's paramours
 Had trinkled mony a tear ;

The which, like silver shakers, shined,
 Embroidering Beauty's bed,
 Wherewith their heavy heads declined
 In Mayè's colours clad ;
 Some knopping, some dropping
 Of balmy liquor sweet,
 Excelling and smelling
 Through Phœbus' wholesome heat."

Neither has Shakespeare omitted this feature, for, amid many others, we find this in "As You Like It :"—

"The churlish chiding of the winter's wind."

Again, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Master Holofernes says :—

"I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility—
 The preylful princess pierced and pricked a pretty
 pleasing pricket."

Shakespeare has also this other example :—

"She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
 That through the throat ten thousand tones there thrill."

The following couplet applies to the famous Cardinal Wolsey :—

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
 How high his honour holds his haughty head !"

Lord North, at the court of James I., wrote a set of sonnets each beginning with a letter of the alphabet in regular succession; and in the seventeenth century the device of alliteration was carried to the verge of absurdity, when, even in the pulpit, the preacher would address his flock as the "chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." The old divines give many curious specimens of this peculiarity of composition. For instance, in Trapp's Commentary on the Bible, concerning the passage in Proverbs iv. 16, containing the words, "For they sleep not," the quaint old author remarks: "As empty stomachs can hardly sleep, so neither can graceless persons, till gorged and glutted with sweetmeats of sin, with the murdering morsels of mischief." Again, on Jeremiah xxviii. 17, speaking of the death of the false prophet Hananiah, Trapp says: "Such a hoof is grown over some men's hearts, as neither ministry, nor misery, nor miracle, nor mercy, can possibly mollify." About the same time, also, books sometimes received curious alliterative titles, as "The Hivful of Honey," "The Handful of Honeysuckles," "The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin," &c. Sir Thomas Browne gives another instance in the

following sentence: "Even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer," &c.

Pope gives the idea of labour in the following line by the very difficulty of pronouncing the same recurring sound:

"Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone ;"

and by the alliteration in the following he connects three similar things, and shows the contrast of two others:

"Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux."

Dean Peacock's "Life of Dr. Thomas Young" has this:

“Medical men, my mood mistaking,
 Most mawkish monstrous messes making,
 Molest me much ; more manfully
 My mind might meet my malady ;
 Medicine's mere mockery murders me.”

Similar to the above are the following verses, which appeared some time ago in a volume of poems called "Songs of Singularity," by the London Hermit. They are supposed to be a Serenade in M flat, sung by Major Marmaduke

Muttinhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendosa
Marriott :

“ My Madeline ! my Madeline !

Mark my melodious midnight moans ;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin’s mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur ‘ Madeline.’

Muster ’mid midnight masquerades,
Mark Moorish maidens’, matrons’ mien,
’Mongst Murcia’s most majestic maids
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind’s malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine ;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline’s most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind’s machine ;
My mournfulness’ magnitude
Melts—makes me merry—Madeline !

Match-making ma’s may machinate,
Manceuvring misses me misween ;
Mere money may make many mate ;
My magic motto’s, ‘ Madeline !’

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
 Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,
 Meet me 'mid moonlight—marry me,
 Madonna mia !—my Madeline !”

The following is the 49th chapter of “Tusser's Husbandry” (1590), and is

“A brief conclusion, where you may see
 Each word in the verse begin with a T.”

“The thrifty that teacheth the thriving to thrive,
 Teach timely to traverse the thing that thou 'trive
 [contrive],
 Transferring thy toiling, to timeliness taught,
 Thus teaching thee temp'rance to temper thy thought.
 Take trusty (to trust to) that thinketh to thee,
 That trustily thriftiness trowleth to thee.
 Then temper thy travell to tarry the tide,
 This teacheth thee thriftiness, twenty times try'd.
 Take thankful thy talent, thank thankfully those
 That thriftily teacheth thy time to transpose.
 Troth twice to be taught, teach twenty times ten.
 This trade thou that taketh, take thrift to thee then.”

The song annexed is founded on the peculiarity known as the Newcastle *burr*, and first appeared in a provincial paper in December 1791 :

“Rough rolled the roaring river's stream,
 And rapid ran the rain,

When Robin Rutter dreamt a dream
 Which racked his heart with pain.
 He dreamt there was a raging bear
 Rushed from the rugged rocks,
 And strutting round with horrid stare
 Breathed terror to the brocks.*

But Robin Rutter drew his sword,
 And rushing forward right,
 The horrid creature's throat he gored,
 And barred his rueful spite.
 Then, stretching forth his brawny arm
 To drag him to the stream,
 He grappled Grizzle, rough and warm,
 Which roused him from his dream."

The subjoined advertisement appeared in a Manchester paper in 1829:

SPANKER :

"The Property of O——D——.

"Saturday, the 16th September next, will be sold, or set up for sale, at Skibbereen :

"A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, spunky, well-skinned, sized, and shaped sorrel steed, of superlative symmetry, styled SPANKER; with small star and snip, square-sided, slender-shouldered,

Badgers.

sharp-sighted, and steps singularly stately ; free from strain, spavin, spasms, stringhalt, staggers, strangles, surfeit, seams, strumous swellings, scratches, splint, squint, scurf, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling-gait, or sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, saddlebacked, shell-toothed, skin-scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped ; and is sound in the sword-point and stifle-joint. Has neither sick-spleen, sleeping-evil, snaggle-teeth, subcutaneous sores, or shattered hoofs ; nor is he sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper. Neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, or stupid. He never slips, strips, strays, starts, stalks, stops, shakes, snivels, snaffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats. Has a showy, stylish switch-tail, or stern, and a safe set of shoes on ; can feed on stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge, or Scotch grass. Carries sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke over a six-foot sod or a stone wall. His sire was the Sly Sobbersides, on a sister of Spindleshanks by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler, who won the sweepstakes and subscription plate last session at Sligo. His selling price is sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence sterling."

Our later poets have occasionally found a charm and aid in alliteration, and Coleridge in one of his poems gives a fine specimen :

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free."

And Burns terms Tam O' Shanter—

“A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;”
while he calls the ploughman's collie, in the “Twa
Dogs”—

A rhyming, ranting, roving billie.”

Sir Walter Scott gives the following verse :

“St. Magnus control thee ! that martyr of treason ;
St. Ronan rebuke thee with rhyme and with reason !
By the mass of St. Martin, the might of St. Mary,
Begone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry !
Begone to thy stone, for thy coffin is scant of thee ;
The worm, thy playfellow, wails for the want of thee !
Phantom, fly hence, take the cross for a token !
Hence pass till Hallowmass ! My spell is spoken !”

Lord Byron, in the opening stanzas of the
“Curse of Minerva ” gives this verse :

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.

Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse,
 More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep."

A modern novel,* published lately, gives instances of how deftly similar sounds can be interwoven even in prose. Speaking of a certain bishop, the author says he has "the respect of rectors, the veneration of vicars, the admiration of archdeacons, and the cringing courtesy of curates." In another place, the bishop's wife says "there are regal rectors, vicious vicars, and captious curates."

Lithgow, the eccentric traveller, wrote a poem in which every word began with the same letter, of which the first two lines are here given :

"Glance, glorious Geneve, gospel-guiding gem,
 Great God, govern good Geneve's ghostly game."

The following lines are by a Mr. Dunbar, and are descriptive of the five handsome daughters of the late Scroope Colquitt, Esq., of Green Bank, Liverpool :

* "The Princess Clarice," by Mortimer Collins.

“Minerva-like, majestic Mary moves,
 Law, Latin, liberty, learned Lucy loves,
 Eliza’s elegance each eye espies,
 Serenely silent Susan smiles surprise,
 From fops, fools, flattery, fairest Fanny flies.”

The best of this class of poems, however, is said to be the following :

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

“Ardentem aspicio atque arrectis auribus asto.”—*Virgil.*

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade ;
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Dealing destruction’s devastating doom ;
 Every endeavour engineers essay
 For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray ;
 Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good ;
 Heaves high his head heroic hardihood ;
 Ibrahim, Islam, Ismail, imps in ill,
 Jostle John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill,
 Kick kindling Kutosoff, kings’ kingsmen kill ;
 Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines ;
 Men marched ’mid moles, ’mid mounds, ’mid mur-
 d’rous mines.
 Now nightfall’s near, now needful nature nods,
 Opposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
 Poor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, Quarter! quarter! quickly quest.

Reason returns, recalls redundant rage,
 Saves sinking soldiers, softens seigniors sage.
 Truce, Turkey, truce ! truce, treach'rous Tartar train !
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine,
 Vanish, vile vengeance ! vanish, victory vain !
 Wisdom wails war—wails warring words. What were
 Xerxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier ?
 Yet Yassey's youth, ye yield your youthful yest,
 Zealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's zest.

The foregoing has been variously imitated, and here are a few specimens :

Arthur asked Amy's affection ;
 Bet, being Benjamin's bride,
 Coolly cut Charlie's connection ;
 Deborah, Dicky denied.
 Eleanor's eye, efficacious,
 Frederick's fatality feels ;
 Giles gained Georgiana—good gracious !
 Harry hates Helen's high heels.
 Isaac is Isabel's idol ;
 Jenny jeers Jonathan Jones ;
 Katherine knows knock-knee'd Kit Kriedal ;
 Love's leering Lucy's long bones.
 Mary meets mortifications ;
 Nicholas Nancy neglects ;
 Oliver's odd observations
 Proves Peter poor Patty protects.

Quaker Quintilian's queer quibbles
 Red Rachel's reasons resist :
 Soft Simon's sympathy scribbles
 Tales to tall Tabitha Twist.
 Urs'la unthinking, undoing
 Volatile Valentine's vest ;
 William's wild wickeder wooing
 'Xceeds youthful Zelica's zest.

AN ARTFUL AND AMUSING ATTEMPT AT ALPHABETICAL
 ALLITERATION ADDRESSING AURORA.

Awake Aurora ! and across all airs
 By brilliant blazon banish boreal Bears,
 Crossing cold Canope's celestial crown,
 Deep darts descending dive delusive down.
 Entranced each eve Europa's every eye
 Firm fixed forever fastens faithfully,
 Greets golden guerdon gloriously grand ;
 How holy Heaven holds high His hollow hand !
 Ignoble Ignorance, inapt indeed,
 Jeers jestingly just Jupiter's jereed !
 Knavish Khamschatkans, knightly Kurdsmen know
 Long Labrador's light lustre looming low ;
 'Midst myriad multitudes majestic might
 No nature nobler numbers Neptune's night.
 Opal of Oxus, or old Ophir's ores,
 Pale Pyrrhic pyres prismatic purple pours—
 Quiescent quivering, quickly, quaintly queer,
 Rich, rosy, regal rays resplendent rear ;

Strange shooting streamers, streaking starry skies,
 Trail their triumphant tresses—trembling ties.
 Unseen, unhonoured Ursa—underneath,
 Veiled, vanquished—vainly vying—vanisheth :
 Wild Woden, warning, watchful—whispers wan
 Xanthitic Xeres, Xerxes, Xenophon,
 Yet yielding yesternight, Yules yell yawns
 Zenith's zebraic zigzag, Zodiac zones.

EXERCISE ON THE ALPHABET.

Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment.
 Billy Button bought a buttered biscuit.
 Captain Crackscull cracked a catchpoll's coxcomb.
 Davy Doldrum dreamt he drove a dragon.
 Enoch Elkrig eat an empty eggshell.
 Francis Fripple flogged a Frenchman's filly.
 Gaffer Gilpin got a goose and gander.
 Humphrey Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs.
 Inigo Impey itched for an Indian image.
 Jumping Jackey jeered a jesting juggler.
 Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle.
 Lanky Lawrence lost his lass and lobster.
 Matthew Mendlegs missed a mangled monkey.
 Neddy Noodle nipped his neighbour's nutmegs.
 Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and oyster.
 Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.
 Quixote Quixite quizzed a queerish quidbox.
 Rawdy Rumpus rode a rawboned racer.
 Sammy Smellie smelt a smell of small coal.

Tiptoe Tommy turned a Turk for twopence.
 Uncle Usher urged an ugly urchin.
 Villiam Veedy viped his vig and vaistcoat.
 Walter Waddle won a walking wager.
 X, Y, Z have made my brains to crack O—
 X smokes, Y snuffs, Z chews too strong tobacco.
 Though oft by X, Y, Z much lore is taught,
 Still Peter Piper beats them all to naught.

The preceding is a literary folly indeed; and though the following is not much better, it is at least sensible :

ALLITERATIVE LOVE LETTER.

Adored and angelic Amelia, accept an ardent and artless amourist's 'affection, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous applicant's ardour. Ah, Amelia! all appears an awful aspect. Ambition, avarice, and arrogance, alas! are attractive allurements, and abuse an ardent attachment. Appease an aching and affectionate adorer's alarms, and anon acknowledge affianced Albert's alliance as acceptable and agreeable. Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative answer, accept an admirer's aching adieu. Always angelic and adorable Amelia's affectionate amourist, Albert.

XTRAVANGANZA XTRAORDINARY.

Charles X., x-king of France, was xtravagantly xtoll'd, but is xceedingly xecrated. He xhibited xtraordinary

xcellence in xigency ; he was xemplary in xternals, but xtrinsic on xamination ; he was xstatic under xhortation, xtreme in xcitement, and xtraordinary in xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses ; and, to xpiate his xtravagance, xisted and xpired in xile.

Here is another kind of alliterative versification :

TO MRS. GEE ON HER MARRIAGE.

Sure, madam, by your choice your taste we see ;
 What's good, or great, or grand, without a G ?
 A godly glow must sure on G depend,
 Or *oddly low* our righteous thoughts must end.
 The want of G all gratitude effaces ;
 And, without G, the Graces would run races !

The Latin language has also had its versifiers of this kind, for we find that one Hugbald, a monk, wrote an "Ecloga de Calvis," in which all the words begin with a *c*. So also in the "Nugæ Venales," there is a Latin poem of a hundred lines called "Pugna Porcorum, per Publium Porcium, poetam," in which all the words begin with a *p*. Subjoined are a few lines of this curious effusion :

"Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
 Præcipitem Plebem, pro patrum pace proposeit.
 Persta paulisper, pubes preciosa ! precamur.
 Pensa profectum parvum pugnae peragenda.
 Plures plorabant, postquam præcelsa premetur

Prælatura patrum, porcelli percutientur
 Passim, posteaquam pingues porci periere."

A Latin poem in praise of William III. commences thus:

"Agglomerata acies, addensans agminis alas,
 Advolat auxiliis, arvoque effulget aperto:
 Auriacusque ardens animis, animosior arte,
 Auctoratus adest, arma aureus, aureus arma
 Adfremit; auratis armis accingitur armos."

Perhaps the most notable Latin example is a poem written by Christianus Pierius, called "Christus Cruxifixus," said to extend to nearly one thousand lines, each word of which begins with *c*—

"Consilebratulæ cunctorum carmine certum," &c.

Whatever beauty or utility may lie in alliteration, it is to be found largely in the proverbial expressions and common sayings of all countries. Thus, in our own, we frequently couple "hearts and hands," "hearths and homes," "life and limb," "great and good;" whilst in proverbs we have "Better buy than borrow," "Wilful waste makes woful want," "Love me little, love me long," "Like master like man," "Money makes the mare to go," "A true tale never tines (loses) in the telling," &c., &c.

Our last instance of alliteration is one picked up in a provincial newspaper, containing an account of a local *fête*, and not only the words, but each syllable in the line, begins with the same letter :

“Let lovely lilies line Lee’s lonely lane.”

ALPHABETIC CURIOSITIES—SINGLE-RHYMED ALPHABETS.

As a fitting pendant to alliteration, though only in a slight degree connected with it, we give here some alphabetic curiosities.

ACROSTIC VERSES ON WRITING (*circa* 1785).

All letters even at the head and feet must stand ;
 Bear light your pen and keep a steady hand ;
 Carefully mind to mend in every line—
 Down strokes are black, but upper strokes are fine.
 Enlarge your writing if it be too small ;
 Full in proportion make your letters all ;
 Game not in school-time, when you ought to write ;
 Hold in your elbow, sit fair to the light.
 Join all your letters by a fine hair-stroke ;
 Keep free from blots your piece and writing-book.
 Learn the command of hand by frequent use ;
 Much practice doth to penmanship conduce.

Never deny the lower boys assistance ;
 Observe from word to word an equal distance.
 Provide yourself of all things necessary ;
 Quarrel not in school though others dare you.
 Rule your lines straight and make them very fine ;
 Set stems of letters fair above the line,
 The tops above the stems—the tails below ;
 Use pounce to paper if the ink goes through.
 Veer well your piece, compare how much you've
 mended ;
 Wipe clean your pen when all your task is ended.
 Your spelling mind—write each word true and well ;
 Zealously strive your fellows to excel.

LIFE'S ALPHABET.

Active in life's race we start,
 Bounding on with joyous heart,
 Counting neither cost nor pain,
 Dazzled with the hopes of gain ;
 Earthly pleasures, earthly joys,
 Flock around us merry boys.

Gracefully we lead the van,
 Honours wait the "coming man,"—
 Indian wealth and Grecian fame
 Join to raise an honoured name.
 Kingdoms tremble at our tread,
 Laurels wait to crown our head.

Measured next our steady pace—
 Nothing wears so bright a face.

Oft we think our labours vain,
 Pleasures linger on the wane ;
 Quickly from our eager grasp
 Rush the phantoms of the past.

Stooping, then, amid the strife,
 Tempest-tossed and tired of life,
 Unadorned with laurels rare,
 Vain the hope to do and dare ;
 Welcome now the lowly bed—
 Youthful visions all are fled.

The following was originally published at the time of the Crimean War, each line being accompanied by an appropriate illustration designed by R. B. Brough :

THE TURKISH ALPHABET.

- A was an Aberdeen wise in debates ;
 B was a Bear taught to dance on hot plates ;
 C was a Czar who would whip round the world ;
 D the Defiance that at him was hurled.
 E was an Emperor struck with dismay ;
 F was a Frenchman in Besika Bay.
 G was the Greeks who for freedom would strike ;
 H was a Hospodar warranted like.
 I was an Insult that hurt the Porte's pride ;
 J was a Jassy by friends occupied.
 K was the Knife to which war was declared ;
 L was a Lion, and how much *he* cared.
 M was a Minister sniffing a row ;
 N was a Newspaper, Turkey's friend now.

O was Own Correspondent so trusty ;
 P was a Port[e], old and thin and turned crusty.
 Q was a Question whose solving we all laugh at ;
 R was a Rout of the Russians at Kálafat ;
 S was a Supplement telling it all ;
 T was a Tradesman who'd sold for a fall.
 U was an Urquhart for foresight well vaunted ;
 V was the Vessels still ready if wanted.
 W was a Westmoreland—teach kings he used to ;
 X the 'Xtremities Russia's reduced to.
 Y was a Yell for the friends of the Czar ; and
 Z was the Zanies who're frightened at war.

The following is taken from an old "Scots Almanac," and is supposed to be one of the toasts popular among the Jacobites, being known as

LORD DUFF'S TOAST.

A B C . . . A Blessed Change.
 D E F . . . Down every Foreigner.
 G H J . . . God Help James.
 K L M . . . Keep Lord Mar.
 N O P . . . Noble Ormond Preserve.
 Q R S . . . Quickly Resolve Stuart.
 T U V W . . . Truss up Vile Whigs.
 X Y Z . . . 'Xert Your Zeal.

L E G ON THE DEATH OF L X AND R N S,
 SQUIRE OF THE COUN T OF S X.

In S X once there lived M N,
 Who was Xceeding Y Y ;

But with so much O B C T
It almost closed his I I.

When from his chair E would R I I,
U would have laughed to C
The awkwardness his fat did cause
To this old O D T.

But barring that E was so fat,
E was a right good fell O,
And had such horror of X S
U never saw him mell O.

N O O so red E did not like,
As that which wine will give,
So did S A to keep from drink
As long as E did live.

Two daughters fair this old man had,
Called Miss M A and L N,
Who, when the old chap took his E E,
Would try to T T the men.

Over the C C, these maids to please,
There came two gallants gay ;
M A and L N ceased to T T,
And with them ran away.

These gallants did them so M U U,
And used such an M N C T
Of flattery, U must X Q Q
Their fugitive propensity.

The poor old man heaved many S I I,
For frail M A and L N ;

E called each gallant gay a rogue,
A rascal, and a villain.

And all with half an I might C
His gradual D K,
Till M T was his old arm-chair,
And E had passed away.

SINGLE-RHYMED ALPHABETS.

Some years ago a writer who signed himself "Eighty-One" sent to "Notes and Queries" an alphabet, single-rhymed, and challenged the English-speaking world to produce another. "Eighty-One's" production was the following :

- A was an Army to settle disputes ;
- B was a Bull, not the mildest of brutes ;
- C was a Cheque, duly drawn upon Coutts ;
- D was King David, with harps and with lutes ;
- E was an Emperor, hailed with salutes ;
- F was a Funeral, followed by mutes ;
- G was a Gallant in Wellington boots ;
- H was a Hermit, and lived upon roots ;
- I was Justinian his Institutes ;
- K was a Keeper, who commonly shoots ;
- L was a Lemon the sourest of fruits ;
- M was a Ministry—say Lord Bute's ;
- N was Nicholson, famous on flutes ;
- O was an Owl, that hisses and hoots ;
- P was a Pond, full of leeches and newts ;

Q was a Quaker in whitey-brown suits ;
 R was a Reason, which Paley refutes ;
 S was a Sergeant with twenty recruits ;
 T was Ten Tories of doubtful reputes ;
 U was Uncommonly bad cheroots ;
 V Vicious motives, which malice imputes ;
 X an Ex-King driven out by emeutes ;
 Y is a Yawn ; then, the last rhyme that suits,
 Z is the Zuyder Zee, dwelt in by coots.

The challenge of "Eighty-One" was taken up, and in a very short time a number of pieces were sent in to the Editor, of which only a few were selected and published. Mr. J. B. Workard sent two, of which we take the first :

A 's the accusative ending in *-am* ;
 B was a Butcher, who slaughtered a lamb ;
 C was a candidate, "plucked" on exam—;
 D was a Door that was shut with a slam ;
 E was an Error in *Times* telegram ;
 F was a foreigner come from Siam ;
 G was Guava—a breadfruit or yam ;
 H was a Hypocrite, Humbug, or sham ;
 I was an Infidel, sneering at "flam ;"
 J was a Jew—call him *Āābraham* ;
 K was King Cole, who was fond of a dram ;
 L was a Lady, accosted as Ma'am ;
 M was her Mother—we won't say her dam ;
 N was a noodle, his prænomen Sam ;
 O was an Omnibus slid on a tram ;

P were some Praises, so faint as to damn ;
 Q was the Queen—*illa da gloriam* ;
 R was a Rampant and Riotous Ram ;
 S was a Sinner, as you are and I am ;
 T was a Tort, or an action *qui Tum* ;
 U was the Univ—, on the banks of the Cam ;
 V was a Viscount—suppose we say Pam ;
 W a Woman addicted to jam ;
 X an exasperous letter to cram ;
 Y was a Yankee digesting a clam ;
 Z was a Zetlander curing a ham.

The next is by Mr. Mortimer Collins :

A is my Amy, so slender of waist ;
 B 's little Bet, who my button replaced ;
 C is good Charlotte, good maker of paste ;
 D is Diana, the forest who traced ;
 E is plump Ellen, by Edward embraced ;
 F is poor Fanny, by freckles defaced ;
 G is Griselda, unfairly disgraced ;
 H is the Helen who Ilion effaced ;
 I is fair Ida, that princess strait-laced ;
 J is the Judy Punch finds to his taste ;
 K, Katty darling, by fond lovers chased ;
 L is Laurette, in coquetry encased ;
 M is pale Margaret, saintly and chaste ;
 N is gay Norah, o'er hills who has raced ;
 O is sweet Olive, a girl olive-faced ;
 P 's pretty Patty, so daintily-paced ;
 Q some fair Querist, in blue stockings placed ;
 R is frail Rose, from her true stem displaced ;

S is brisk Sall, who a chicken can baste ;
 T is Theresa, at love who grimaced ;
 U is pure Una, that maid undebased ;
 V is Victoria, an empire who graced ;
 W is Winifred, time who will waste ;
 X is Xantippe, for scolding well-braced ;
 Y 's Mrs. Yelverton : ending in haste,
 Z is Zenobia, in panoply cased.

The last we select bears the signature of
 E. A. D.:

A stands for Apple, most useful of trees ;
 B for the busiest of creatures, the Bees ;
 C for a Cold, that will cause you to wheeze ;
 D for a Doctor, that will cure you for fees ;
 E for an Earwig, your hearing to tease ;
 F for a Fortune in lacs of rupees ;
 G for a Goblet of wine with its lees ;
 H for a Horse, but with two broken knees ;
 I for an Iceberg, on which you will freeze ;
 J for a Jumper, that hops like parched peas ;
 K for a Kirtle, worn over chemise ;
 L for a Lady, whose hand you may squeeze ;
 M for the Mineral called Manganese ;
 N for a Nun, among strict devotees ;
 O for an Octave in musical glees ;
 P for a Pope, with his crosses and keys ;
 Q for a Quilt, that will harbour the fleas ;
 R for Religion, where no one agrees ;
 S stands for Snuff, that will cause you to sneeze ;
 T for a Table of marriage degrees ;

U for an Ulcer, a horrid disease ;
V stands for Virtue, that nobody sees ;
W for Welshman, fondest of cheese ;
X for Xenodochy,* strangers to ease ;
Y for a Yawl, just catching the breeze ;
Z stands for Zenith—or Zeal—which you please.

Xenodochy, “reception of strangers.”

LIPOGRAMS.

LIPOGRAM is the name applied to a species of verse in which a certain letter, either vowel or consonant, is altogether omitted—that is to say, the author in what he writes will avoid the use of one letter in particular; a kind of literary work involving an amount of labour and ingenuity altogether inadequate to the result achieved; and if to anything at all in this book the title of Literary Frivolity may be more specially applied, it is to this.

One of the earliest who tried this kind of verse was the Greek poet Lasus (538 B.C.), who wrote an ode upon the Centaurs and a hymn to Ceres without inserting the letter *s* in the composition; and it is recorded of another Greek, Tryphiodorus, also of the sixth century B.C., that he composed a poem on the destruction of Troy in twenty-four books, from each of which in succession was excluded one letter of the Greek alphabet: the first book had no

α , the second no β , the third no γ , and so on throughout. The works of Pindar also contain an ode in which the letter s does not appear; so that if this kind of literary folly has little beauty, it has at least the sanction of antiquity.

Several French poets have written works after this fashion, and some of those of Lope de Vega—works now little heard of, and perhaps better so, since many of these were of unworthy character—are lipogrammatic. The Spanish poet wrote no less than fifteen hundred plays; and among De Vega's other writings are five tales, from each of which one of the five vowels was excluded—a conceit which must have cost their author considerable labour.

Gregorio Leti on one occasion wrote a discourse throughout which he omitted the letter r ; and in the sixth century Fabius Fulgentius, a Christian monk, performed a similar feat to that of Tryphiodorus. This fashion seems also to have extended to the farther East, for Isaac Disraeli tells that “a Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a ‘gazel’ of his own composition, which Jami did not like; but the writer replied it was notwithstanding a very curious sonnet, for *the letter Aliff* was not to be found in any one of the words! Jami sarcas-

tically replied, 'You can do a better thing yet : take away *all the letters* from every word you have written !' ”

The following example of a lipogrammatic song does not contain the letter *s* :

COME, LOVE, COME.

Oh ! come to-night : for naught can charm

The weary time when thou'rt away.

Oh ! come ; the gentle moon hath thrown

O'er bower and hall her quivering ray.

The heather-bell hath mildly flung

From off her fairy leaf the bright

And diamond dewdrop that had hung

Upon that leaf—a gem of light.

Then come, love, come.

To-night the liquid wave hath not—

Illumined by the moonlit beam

Playing upon the lake beneath,

Like frolic in an autumn dream—

The liquid wave hath not, to-night,

In all her moonlit pride, a fair

Gift like to them that on thy lip

Do breathe and laugh, and home it there.

Then come, love, come.

To-night ! to-night ! my gentle one,

The flower-bearing Amra tree

Doth long, with fragrant moan, to meet

The love-lip of the honey-bee.

But not the Amra tree can long
 To greet the bee, at evening light,
 With half the deep, fond love I long
 To meet my Nama here to-night.

Then come, love, come.

Akin to this lipogrammatic trifling was the fashion of making all the lines of a piece of poetry begin or end with the same letter. Under Alliteration reference has already been made to the set of sonnets written by Lord North, each of which began with a successive letter of the alphabet. Of the kind which makes each line end with the same letter is "The Moral Proverbs of Christine of Pisa," one of our earliest printed English works, having been translated into English by Earl Rivers, brother of the Lady Grey who married Edward IV. This work must have been one of considerable labour, but as these literary eccentricities were looked upon with much favour in those times, no doubt the noble author had his reward. The poem concludes with:

"Of these sayings Christine was the authoress,
 Which in making had such intelligence
 That thereof she was mirrour and mistresse ;
 Her works testifie the experience.
 In French language was written this sentence ;
 And thus Englished, does it rehearse
 Antoin Woodvylle, Earl of Ryverse."

This curious work was printed in Westminster Abbey about 1477 by William Caxton, who added the following lines to the book :

“Go now, thou little quire, and recommend me
 Unto the special grace of my good lorde,
 Th’ Earl Ryvers, for I have imprinted thee,
 At his commandment, following every worde
 His copy, as his secretary can recorde,
 At Westminster of Februarie the XX daye,
 And of Kyng Edwarde the XVII yere vraye.”

It will be seen that neither the noble Earl nor his printer felt themselves in any way trammelled or hindered by the ordinary rules of spelling, and added the vowel when it suited them.

There is little difficulty in finding specimens amongst our early poets of this peculiarity. Opening the “*Faerie Queen*” at random, we find the following stanza in Canto iv. :

“Her life was nigh unto death’s dore yplaste ;
 And thredbare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste ;
 But both backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himself unknowne.”

Again, in the works of Gascoigne (died 1578),

who is said by Warton to be the author of the first comedy written in English prose, the "Comedie of Supposes," from which, it is said by another literary historian, Shakespeare borrowed part of the plot and of the phraseology for his "Taming of the Shrew," we learn that "Alexander Neucle deliured him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence," of which we give Sonnets iv. and v. :

"To prinke me vp and make me higher plaste,
 All came to late that taryed any time,
 Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,
 They made my heeles to heauie for to climbe :
 Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,
 Should first be shreade to make my feathers gaye.
 Tyll at the last a deadly dynting stroke,
 Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye :
 Of every farme I then let flye a lease,
 To feede the purse that payde for peeuishnesse,
 Till rente and all were falne in such disease,
 As scarce coulde serue to mayntayne cleanlynesse :
 They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
 All were to little for the merchauntes haunde.

All were to little for the merchauntes haunde,
 And yet my brauerye bigger than his booke :
 But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,
 I thought highe time about me for to looke :
 With heauie cheare I caste my heade abacke,
 To see the fountaine of my furious race.

Comparede my loss, my liuing, and my lacke,
 In equall balance with my iolye grace.
 And sawe expences grating on the grounde
 Like lumps of lead to presse my purse full ofte,
 When light rewarde and recompence were founde,
 Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte :
 These thus comparede, I left the Courte at large,
 For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte the charge."

Churchyard literature furnishes another specimen
 of this species of versification, as found on a tomb-
 stone at Hadleigh in Suffolk :

"The charnel mounted on the wall
 Lets to be seen in funeral
 A matron plain domesticall,
 In pain and care continual.
 Not slow, nor gay, nor prodigal,
 Yet neighbourly and hospital.
 Her children yet living all,
 Her sixty-seventh year home did call
 To rest her body natural
 In hope to rise spiritual."

Another fashion allied to this is the resolute
 adoption of only one vowel throughout—univocalic
 trifling. This, however, is a very difficult matter,
 for the English language does not lend itself readily
 to univocalics, and few examples are to be had.
 Perhaps the following is among the best, in which
 the vowel *e* is the only one used :

“Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep the precepts ten.”

An ingenious writer in “Notes and Queries” some years ago made an attempt at a series of verses, each of which contained only one vowel. The following was the result :

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

War harms all ranks, all arts, all crafts appal ;
At Mars’ harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar fall !
Ah ! hard as adamant a braggart Czar
Arms vassal-swarms, and fans a fatal war !
Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.
A Tartar phalanx Balkan’s scarp hath past,
And Allah’s standard falls, alas ! at last.

THE FALL OF EVE.

Eve, Eden’s empress, needs defended be ;
The Serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep ;
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep—
Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she fell,
Then, deep-revenged, reseeks the nether Hell !

THE APPROACH OF EVENING.

Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds, in wild swift vigils, circling skim.

Light wings in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
 Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light.

INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

No monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot,
 No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.
 From Donjon tops no Oronooko rolls.
 Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.
 Troops of old tosspots oft to sot consort.
 Box tops our schoolboys, too, do flog for sport.
 No cool monsoons blow oft on Oxford dons,
 Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons !
 Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.
 On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow.
 To crocks of gold no Dodo looks for food.
 On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.
 Long storm-tost sloops forlorn do work to port.
 Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort.
 Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,
 Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

The same subject continued.

Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns.
 Lucullus snuffs up musk, mundungus shuns.
 Puss purs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up
 trumps ;
 But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.

This playing upon vowels is in a manner rivalled by the following ingenious verses, in which a single word is held to throughout. They were written by Allain Chartier, a French poet of the

sixteenth century, and are descriptive of a rope-maker :

“Quand un cordier cordant
Veut corder une corde,
Trois cordons accordant
A sa corde il accorde.

Si l'un des trois cordons
De la corde décorde,
Le cordon decordant
Fait décorder la corde.”

Dr. Wallis put these lines into English, and, by adding two or three relative words, gave four additional lines :

“When a twiner a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twining his twist he three twines doth entwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine ;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twines he had twisted in vain.

The twain that, in twisting before in the twine,
As twines were entwisted, he now doth untwine,
’Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twisting his twister, makes a twist of the twine.”

Cuthbert Bolton (1603) in a similar manner thus plays upon one word in one of his poems :

“ Fortune is sweet, Fortune is sour,
Fortune will laugh, Fortune will lower ;
The fading fruit of Fortune’s flower
Doth ripe and rot, both in an hour.
Fortune can give, Fortune can take,
Fortune can mar, Fortune can make ;
When others sleep, poor I do wake,
And all for unkind Fortune’s sake.
Fortune sets up, Fortune pulls down,
Fortune soon loves, but hates as soon.
Fortune, less constant than the moon,
She’ll give a groat and take a crown.”

BOUTS RIMÉS.

BOUTS RIMÉS, or rhyming terminations, are verses of a light and trifling character, and, as their name shows, are of French origin, amongst which people for a generation they were great favourites, and that at a time when wit and learning greatly flourished. They are words which rhyme to one another, and being given as a playful task for the purpose of amusement at an evening-party, are generally composed into verse in an offhand manner—the verse being a kind of doggerel, catching up the rhyming words in the order given. The more uncommon the rhyming words, the more the amusement derived and the ingenuity displayed. Suppose the words to be—*grant, ask, shan't, task*, one of the party would produce :

“If from good-nature you begin to grant
 Whatever favours folk may please to ask,
 ’Twill grow more difficult to say I shan’t,
 And courtesy will be a weary task.”

While another would give—

“Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant.

What is it? dost thou ask.

’Tis a kiss that I want; so don’t say I shan’t,

When assent is an easier task.”

The first who brought Bouts Rimés into anything like notoriety was one Dulot, a French poet-aster, who had a custom of preparing lists of rhyming words in this fashion, to be filled up with lines at leisure. On one occasion, having been robbed of his papers, Dulot was heard regretting the loss of several hundred sonnets; this loss somewhat astonished his friends, who were condoling with him on his misfortune, when he said, “They were blank sonnets,” and explained the mystery by describing his Bouts Rimés. This curious habit of Dulot’s appeared so entertaining to his friends, that not long after it became quite a fashionable amusement, and a favourite task of French ladies to their lovers.

Much entertainment must evidently attend such an intellectual competition, where a company is gathered together capable in any degree of carrying it out, and some sharpening of the wits must be the consequence. On one such occasion the words given were *brook, why, crook, I*, and the

following was the result, given by Horace Walpole, who was present :

“ I sit with my toes in a brook ;
 If any one asks me for why,—
 I hits them a rap with my crook ;
 ’Tis sentiment kills me, says I.”

But to better show the difference in composition which may result and the amusement to be derived from Bouts Rimés, take the following lines written against the words *wave, lie, brave, die* :

“ Dark are the secrets of the gulping wave,
 Where, wrapped in death, so many heroes lie ;
 Yet glorious death’s the guerdon of the brave,
 And those who bravely live can bravely die.”

“ Whenever I sail on the wave,
 O’ercome with sea-sickness I lie !
 I can *sing* of the sea, and look brave,
 When I *feel* it, I feel like to die !”

“ High o’er the ship came on the ’whelming wave—
 One crash ! and on her beam I saw her lie !
 Shrieked high the craven, silent stood the brave,
 But hope from all had fled,—’twas only left to die.”

Soon after the introduction of Bouts Rimés into France they became fashionable in England also. Sir John and Lady Miller of Batheaston when on a tour in Italy procured an antique vase at Frascati, and this vase they brought home and

placed in their villa, which they on occasion turned into a temple of Apollo, Lady Miller being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. General invitations were sent to all the fashion of Bath every Thursday. One week a series of Bouts Rimés were given out, to be filled up and returned on the next day of meeting. As the company arrived they were ushered into a room where they found the old vase decorated with laurel, and as each lady or gentleman passed they deposited within it their version of the Rimés given out the preceding Thursday. Having thus all contributed their offering to Apollo, a lady was selected to draw them out one by one and hand them to a gentleman to read aloud. After this a committee was appointed to award the prizes to the four best productions, whose authors were presented by the high-priestess with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the plaudits of the company. Only one of the prize-verses on these occasions, written by the then Duchess of Northumberland, has been preserved, and it is given as a sample of the literary spirit which pervaded the upper classes towards the end of last century. The words given were *brandish, standish, patten, satin, olio, folio, puffing, muffin, feast on, Batheaston.*

“The pen which I now take and brandish,
 Has long lain useless in my standish.
 Know every maid, from her in patten
 To her who shines in glossy satin,
 That could they now prepare an olio,
 From best receipt of book in folio,
 Ever so fine, for all their puffing,
 I should prefer a buttered muffin :
 A muffin Jove himself might feast on,
 If eat with Miller at Batheaston.”

In the “Correspondence of Mrs. Delany,” the editor, Lady Llanover, refers to this amusement, and gives a specimen written by Mrs. Delany in reply to words which had been sent her—these being, *bless, less, find, mind, grove, love*.

“When friendship such as yours our hours bless,
 It soothes our cares, and makes affliction less ;
 Oppressed by woes, from you I’m sure to find
 A sovereign cure for my distempered mind ;
 At court or play, in field or shady grove,
 No place can yield delight without your love.”

Not content with this, however, Mrs. Delany gave a second verse on the same words :

“When me with your commands you bless,
 My time is yours, nor can I offer less ;
 There so much truth and love I find,
 That with content it fills my mind ;
 Happy to live in unfrequented grove,
 Assured of faithful Nanny’s love.”

The following words were given out one evening at an entertainment :

*Dark, around, hark, sound, shrill, still,
Where, strife, drear, life, bright, night—*

which produced the subjoined verses :

“ ’Tis Night—the mourning vest of Nature—dark
And gloomy is the starless sky ; around
A melancholy stillness reigns ; but hark !
’Tis but the hooting owl. A sound
Again breaks on the silence ; ’tis a shrill
Cry from some churchyard—all again is still.

Where now the grandeur of creation ? Where
The crowds that mingle in the busy strife ?
All’s now a dismal chaos, lone and drear,
Rayless and black. And thus it is with life—
Awhile the scene is beautiful and bright ;
Then comes one deep, and dark, and cheerless night.”

On another occasion the words *prove, why, love, calamity*, gave birth to these :

“ Of Baxter I cannot ap-prove,
And the reason is obvious why ;
For the Church he’d nor favour nor love
So him I’d with Calamy-tie.”

“ In life we mingled joys and sorrows prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason why ;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of love,
And morning’s bliss quells night’s calamity.”

The words *doth, river, both, deliver*, produced the next couple :

“The Brahmin of the East, who doth
Wash in the Ganges river,
Thinks he doth soul and body both
From future pains deliver.”

“Oh wretched is the man that doth
Fall in a rocky river ;
For why? he’s drowned and murdered both—
No aid can him deliver.”

Other tasks produced the annexed verses :

“Few things appear more sad
Than to see an old man weep ;
And few make the mind more glad
Than a crying child asleep !”

“What is life?
What is death?
Continued strife—
The want of breath !”

So prevalent did this amusement eventually become, that societies were formed to follow it up, and we extract here an account of a meeting of one of these which appeared in the columns of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* in September 1815—

“ANSTRUTHER MUSOMANIK SOCIETY.

“On Friday last, the 29th September, was celebrated in the Hall of Apollo the second anniversary of the institution of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther. The votaries of that jolly and rejoicing deity rushed in to catch a glimpse of his golden countenance, and to partake, not only of those good things which the influence of his inspiration had generated in heads and in brains, but of those better things which the influence of his beams had produced in valleys and on hills. Every blast blew in a bard; every bard brought with him joy and good-humour. Their hall was profusely decorated with all the ornaments suitable to the occasion; its walls were hung round as usual with prints of all the celebrated poets, adorned with sprigs of laurel. Scott seemed to look down from his elevation near the roof with complacency; Lord Byron appeared to lower, no longer a misanthrope, on the merriment; and the manly eye of Burns seemed to kindle on the wall, and start into the scene, with its fiery and commanding flash. So richly were the roof and sides covered with flower and foliage, that the chamber was like one of those shady recesses of Tempe, into which the Muses were wont to retire to converse with Cupid and the Graces; nor were forgotten the accustomed symbols and emblematic dishes, expressive of the number, the poverty, the vanity, the irritability, the frivolity, and light-headedness of poets. The cod-roe which last year so finely typified the ‘numbers without number’ of the irritable genus, was somehow strangely forgotten; but its place was supplied by a plateful of mushrooms, to denote the sudden

appearance and rapid and total evanishment of our fungous, short-lived tribe. On the centre of the table a Parnassus of paste heaved up its baken mass, on whose top stood the god of the festival, holding in his hand the scroll of sanction, and shining in all his pride of pastry and glory of leaf-gold. The sides of the mountain appeared so horribly steep, rugged, and perpendicular, that not even a hobbler of paste could establish his feet upon them. Its base seemed to be strewed over with the broken limbs of pastry bards, that had rolled down in ruin from the insuperable ascent; an evil omen for the brethren, and which might have excited in their breasts thoughts of dire foreboding, had not their natural unconquerable propensity to laughter been of use to them in converting the melancholic into the mirthful. But it would be tedious to relate all the pomp and preparation, and solemnity and jocundity of the festival; all the toasts, songs, and jokes that enlivened and prolonged the entertainment. Suffice it to say, that good-humour was never more conspicuous than in the hearts and faces of the brethren; that innocent and self-delighted vanity, that mighty mother of all poems and all books, was never more harmlessly gratified; and that the sour and hemlock visage of contumelious criticism herself would have gladly sweetened into joy, and shared, if not abetted, the festivity of the evening."

These Fifeshire associated rhymesters ventured to publish a thin volume entitled "Bouts Rimés; or, Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobbler's round the base of Parnassus," dedicated to the lovers of

Rhyme, Fun, and Good-Fellowship throughout the British Empire. We give a few specimens from that book, and our readers will bear in mind that at every meeting of the Club, rhymes were given to each member which he was required to fill up at once. One evening the words given were—*pen, scuffle, men, ruffle*, and in a short time a number of verses were returned, of which three are here given :

“One would suppose a silly pen
 A shabby weapon in a scuffle ;
 But yet the pen of critic men
 A very hero’s soul would ruffle.”

“I grant that some by tongue or pen
 Are daily, hourly in a scuffle ;
 But then we philosophic men
 Have placid tempers naught can ruffle.”

“Last night I left my desk and pen,
 For in the street I heard a scuffle,
 And there, torn off by drunken men,
 I left my coat-tails and shirt-ruffle.”

Again, the following rhymes were given—*bubble, jig, stubble, whirligig*, which were thus answered :

“My heated brain begins to bubble,
 With joy I dance the airy jig ;
 My hair lies flat, once stiff as stubble,
 While round I fly—a whirligig !”

And as the clouds' soft dropping rain
 Cheers and revives the sterile plain,
 Fecundate this dull head again
 To reach the true sublime.

THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully sublime,
 When the last trump shall stop the march of time !
 What shall avail on that tremendous day
 The hero's laurel or the poet's bay ?
 Methinks I see the rosy-fingered dawn ;
 Shed her last ray o'er every hill and lawn ;
 Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent moon ;
 The sun may rise, but never reach his noon.
 From earth—from heaven, with ripened force entire,
 Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring fire ;
 From heaven's high arch to the infernal lake,
 Shall all creation to her centre shake ;
 Its fearful flight the trembling soul shall wing,
 And to its God each vice and virtue bring.
 Oh, may there then on earth be found but few
 Not well prepared to bid the world adieu.

MORNING ON ARTHUR'S SEAT.

On Arthur's lofty top sublime,
 Seamed by the iron hand of Time,
 I sit and view the coming day,
 Smiling from Portobello Bay.
 On Abercorn the ruddy dawn
 Tinges each tower, and tree, and lawn ;
 On high the waning pale-faced moon
 Is lost ere she attains her noon.

But see, with radiant orb entire,
 Beaming, appears the god of fire !
 O'er Duddingstone's enchanting lake,
 While scarce a leaf the breeze doth shake ;
 The wild duck skirrs on rattling wing,
 Condolence to its mate to bring.
 Few are thy charms, Edina ! oh, how few !
 With scenes like these content, I'd bid thee long
 adieu !

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S.*

Though far from low, yet not sublime,
 Here we pass our joyous time ;
 Excluded from the light of day,
 Here sit the children of the bay.
 What care we for the orient dawn ?
 What care we for the dewy lawn ?
 What care we for the pale-faced moon ?
 What care we for the sun at noon ?
 Here sparkling foams Bell's best "entire ;"
 Here blazing burns John Dowie's fire.
 What care we for the breezy lake ?
 What care we though the mountain shake ?
 Fancy, begone on eagle wing ;
 Come, Meg, another bottle bring.
 Come, bring us bottles not a few ;
 A dozen yet we'll drink ere bidding John adieu !

* An old-fashioned tavern, situated in a dark alley in Edinburgh ; only one room had a window, all the rest being lighted during the day by candles. It was a favourite haunt of Burns. Some years ago the march of city improvement swept this Bacchanalian temple away, and a roadway now passes over its site.

LOVE.

O Love, 'twas thou that didst first insp-ire,
And bade my numbers softly roll,
Set all this youthful heart on fire,
And tuned to harmony my soul.

When Catherine did her charms dis-play,
(The Loves and Graces in her train),
Could I unconscious turn away,
Nor feel love's poignant pleasing pain?

Her charms unlocked a precious store
The hard of heart can never find :
Earth seemed a sweet enchanted shore,
Such pleasing dreams possessed my mind.

Soft were my strains—Love bade them flow,
While Hymen's torch began to burn ;
No note e'er breathed the wail of woe,
For "sweet's the love that meets re-turn."

O woman ! Nature's fairest flower,
Sweeter than rosebuds in the spring,
May Care ne'er cloud thy passing hour,
Nor pluck the down from Pleasure's wing.

When called to blissful scenes above,
Where joys in endless prospect rise,
May virtue, innocence, and love,
Attend thee to thy native skies.

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY.

Dear Junta of Bards, whom I love and adm-ire,
 Whose hearts are so true, and whose heads are so d-roll,
 Now awake ye your glory, and, free in your fire,
 To-day let us skim off the cream of the soul.

To-day, 'tis the season of jest and of play,
 When Phœbus, with grace and with mirth in his train,
 Hops down from Olympus to whistle away
 All mists from our heads—from our bosoms all pain.

He comes—and his quiver is rattling with store
 Of arrows that burn to fly forth uncon-fin'd ;
 He comes—and the towns that engirdle our shore
 Gleam forth and rejoice in the splendour of mind.

He hath shot at my heart, and my blood in its flow
 Bounds brisk with ideas that blaze and that burn ;
 Away, empty world ! with thy wealth and thy woe,
 And ne'er to disturb my dear dreamings re-turn.

I dream that I walk among odour and flower,
 In the gardens of song where our amaranths spring,
 Where the leaves of the trees whisper verse, and each hour
 Waves the fragrance of joy from his fanciful wing.

Now in vision I mount with the Muses above,
 Heaven's turrets shine brighter in gold as I rise,
 While safe in the passport of song, wit, and love,
 I walk amid angels and skim through the skies.

We conclude this notice of Bouts Rimés with
 an anecdote of a young American poet named


Bogart, who had an extraordinary facility for composing impromptu verses, so much so, that he was believed by some persons to prepare them beforehand. To test this, on one occasion at a literary party in New York, it was proposed to write down the letters forming the name of a beautiful lady called Lydia Kane, and as the letters afforded as many lines as a stanza in "Childe Harold," that book was to be opened at random, and the concluding words of the stanza were to form the Bouts Rimés of an acrostic of Lydia Kane. To this singular proposition Bogart at once assented, saying that he should perform his task in ten minutes. The stanza in "Childe Harold" chanced to be the following :

"And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of
steel?"

Bogart cleverly performed his task by producing the following verse within the stated time :

“Lovely and loved, o’er the unconquered brave
Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall reign,
Dear as the mother holds her infant’s grave,
In Love’s warm regions, warm, romantic Spain.
And should your fate to courts your steps ordain,
Kings would in vain to regal pomp appeal,
And lordly bishops kneel to you in vain,
Nor Valour’s fire, Love’s power, nor Churchman’s zeal
Endure ’gainst Love’s (*time’s up*) untarnished steel.”

MACARONICS.

F all the curious kinds of literary composition, the most difficult and the most humorous is that termed Macaronic, in which, along with Latin, words of other languages are introduced with Latin inflections, although the name has also been applied to verses which are merely a mixture of Latin and English, and it is thought that the idea of *poetry* of this nature was first suggested by the barbarous Monkish Latin. Teofilo Folengo, a learned and witty Benedictine, who was born at Mantua in 1484 and died in 1544, has been supposed by some to be the inventor of this style of verse ; other authorities, however, contend that he was only the first to apply the name, which he is said to have selected with reference to the mixture of ingredients in the dish called Macaroni. Octavius Gilchrist, in mentioning Teofilo Folengo of Mantua as the supposed inventor, says, in his “Opus Macaronicum”

(first printed in 1517), "He was preceded by the laureate Skelton, whose works were printed in 1512, who was himself anticipated by the great genius of Scotland, Dunbar, in his 'Testament of Andro Kennedy,'* and the last must be considered as the reviver or introducer of macaronic or burlesque poetry." Folengo, under the name of Merlinus Cocaius, published a long satiric poem called "*Libriculum ludicrum et curiosum, partim latino, partim italiano sermone compositum.*" Since then he has had many imitators, but the art cannot be said to have been extensively cultivated, although specimens are to be found in almost all European languages. In 1829, Genthe (Halle) gave to the literary world of Germany an excellent history of macaronic poetry, together with a collection of the principal works of this nature. In this country he has been followed by Mr. Sandys, who published in 1831 an interesting work entitled "*Specimens of Macaronic Poetry;*" † but the most agreeable and amusing book of this

* First printed in 1508.

† This little work contains only three or four macaronic poems, all of old date, and none of them of a very presentable nature. There are, however, some other literary curiosities in it which are worthy of attention, such as the "*Pugna Porcorum,*" Hugbald's "*Ecloga,*" &c.

class is one published by M. Octave Delepierre (Paris, 1852).

Dunbar's "Testament of Andro Kennedy," reputed to be one of the oldest and best, is written in Latin and Old Scottish, and of this the following are the concluding lines :

"I will na priestis for me sing,
 Dies illa, Dies irae ;
 Na yet na bellis for me ring,
 Sicut semper solet fieri ;
 But a bagpipe to play a spring,
 Et unum ailwisp ante me ;
 Instead of banners for to bring
 Quatuor lagenas servisiae :
 Within the grave to set sic thing,
 In modum crucis juxta me.
 To flee the fiends, then hardily * sing
 De terra plasmati me."

Lord Hailes remarks of the "Testament:" "This is a singular performance ; it represents the character of a graceless, drunken scholar. The alternate lines are composed of shreds of the Breviary, mixed with what we call *Dog Latin*, and the French *Latin de Cuisine*."

Another of the early specimens of macaronic poetry was written by Drummond of Hawthorn-

* With confidence.

den (1585-1649), and is entitled "Polema Mid-dina," which, though it might then be considered a piece of exquisite drollery by the author's countrymen, is almost wholly unintelligible to modern Latinists. Drummond, though his scene and subject be somewhat disagreeable, and hardly reproducible nowadays, yet shows in his poem a certain degree of dignity. Of Drummond's poem, another macaronic, "The Buggiados," published in 1788, is a manifest imitation, and in this latter, authors of the day are represented under the ludicrous imagery of bugs, fleas, and other pestilent "walkers in darkness." They are engaged in a general battle—the commanders-in-chief being, for the one side, the Rev. Dr. Priestley; and, on the other, Mr. Coleman of the Haymarket Theatre. Various heroes traverse the field, whom the poet characterises with bold if not discriminating touches—

"Geometrical Hutton,

Atque heavy-brain'd Gillies, and the reverend Arthur

O'Leary,

Tragicomic Jephson, et weak Dicky Cumberlandus;

Atque alter sapiens blockhead, the deep Jemie Beattie,

Et Johnny Duncanus, than whom a stupider unquam

Nullibi crawlavit Loussus, with thick Willy Thompson,

Et silly Joe Watson, regis qui ticklitat aures."

Heroines, too, are engaged in this war—Mesdames Inchbald, Cowley, Seward, and More appear, with a ferocity disgraceful to their sex, using poisoned weapons and the language of Billingsgate; and the extraordinary contest concludes in a curious manner, for Sir John Hawkins, with the five ponderous volumes of his “History of Music,” overwhelms and smashes the whole of the combatants into nothingness.

One of the best of these older macaronics is the following diploma, written by William Meston, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of last century, whose works are now rarely to be seen :

VIRI HUMANI, SALSI ET FACETI,
GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI,
MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM DOCTORIS DOCTISSIMI.

DIPLOMA.

Ubique gentium et terrarum,
From Sutherland to Padanarum,
From those who have six months of day,
Ad Caput usque Bonæ Spei,
And farther yet, si forte tendat
Ne ignorantiam quis prætendat,—
We doctors of the Merry Meeting,
To all and sundry do send greeting,
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc præsentem nostram chartam,

Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum
At home per nomen Bogsie notum,
Who studied stoutly at our College,
And gave good specimens of knowledge
In multis artibus versatum,
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.
Quoth Preses, Strictum post examen,
Nunc esto Doctor ; we said, Amen.
So to you all hunc commendamus,
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,
Qui multas habet qualitates,
To please all humours and ætates.
He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,
Sed multo magis si sit potus.
In disputando just as keen as
Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.
In every question of theology,
Versatus multum in trickology ;
Et in catalogis librorum
Fraser could never stand before him ;
For he, by page and leaf, can quote
More books than Solomon ere wrote.
A lover of the mathematics
He is, but hates the hydrostatics,
Because he thinks it a cold study
To deal in water, clear or muddy.
Doctissimus est medicinæ,
Almost as Boerhaave or Bellini.
He thinks the diet of Cornaro
In meat and drink too scrimp and narrow,
And that the rules of Leonard Lessius
Are good for nothing but to stress us.

By solid arguments and keen
 He has confuted Doctor Cheyne,
 And clearly proved by demonstration
 That claret is a good collation,
 Sanis et ægris, always better
 Than coffee, tea, or milk and water ;
 That cheerful company, cum risu,
 Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
 Gustatu dulci, still has been
 A cure for hyppo and the spleen ;
 That hen and capon, vervecina,
 Beef, duck and pasties, cum ferinâ.
 Are good stomachics, and the best
 Of cordials, probatum est.

.
 A good French nightcap still has been,
 He says, a proper anodyne,
 Better than laudanum or poppy,
 Ut dormiamus like a toppy.
 Affirmat lusum alearum,
 Medicamentum esse clarum,
 Or else a touch at three-hand ombre
 When toil or care our spirits cumber,
 Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,
 And make them fly with ease and pleasure.
 Aucupium et venationem,
 Post longam nimis potationem,
 He has discovered to be good
 Both for the stomach and the blood.

.
 He clearly proves the cause of death
 Is nothing but the want of breath ;

And that indeed is a disaster
 When 'tis occasioned by a plaster
 Of hemp and pitch, laid closely on
 Somewhat above the collar-bone.

To this, and ten times more his skill
 Extends, when he could cure or kill.
 Immensam cognitionem legum
 Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,
 Cum sociis artis, grease his fist
 Torquebat illas as you list.
 If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,
 They may be bought and sold again ;
 Spectando aurum, now we find
 That Madam Justice is stone-blind,
 So deaf and dull in both her ears,
 The clink of gold she only hears ;
 Nought else but a loud party shout
 Will make her start or look about.
 His other talents to rehearse,
 Brevissimè in prose or verse,
 To tell how gracefully he dances,
 And artfully contrives romances ;
 How well he arches, and shoots flying
 (Let no man think that we mean lying),
 How well he fences, rides, and sings,
 And does ten thousand other things ;
 Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
 To each, turgeret hoc diploma ;
 Quare ; ut tandem concludamus,
 Qui brevitatem approbamus

(For brevity is always good,
 Providing we be understood).
 In rerum omnium naturis,
 Non minus quam scientia juris
 Et medicinæ, Doctoratum
 Bogsæum novimus versatum ;
 Nor shall we here say more about him,
 But you may dacker if you doubt him.
 Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
 Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum,
 Huic testimonio appensum,
 Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
 Junctis chirographis cunctorum,
 Blyth, honest, hearty sociorum.
 Dabamus at a large punch-bowl
 Within our proper common school,
 The twenty-sixth day of November,
 Ten years, the date we may remember,
 After the race of Sheriffmuir
 (Scotsmen will count from a black hour),
 Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
 Qui denegabit extrudetur.

FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

Eadem nos auctoritate,
 Reges memoriæ beatæ,
 Pontifices et papæ læti,
 Nam alii sunt à nobis spreti,
 Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
 Quæ privilegia semper erunt,
 Collegio nostro safe and sound,
 As long's the earth and cups go round.

Te Bogsæum hic creamus,
 Statuimus et proclamamus,
 Artium Magistrum et Doctorem,
 Si libet etiam Professore ;
 Tibique damus potestatem
 Potandi ad hilaritatem,
 Ludendi porro et jocandi,
 Et mœstos vino medicandi,
 Ad risum etiam fabulandi ;
 In promissionis tuæ signum
 Caput, honore tanto dignum
 Hoc cyatho condecoramus,*
 Ut tibi felix sit oramus ;
 Præterea in manum damus
 Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,
 Spumantem generoso vino,
 Ut bibas more Palatino.
 Sir, pull it off and on your thumb
 Cernamus supernaculum,
 Ut specimen ingenii
 Post studia decennii.

(While he is drinking, the chorus sings)

En calicem spumantem.
 Falerni epotantem ;
 En calicem spumantem,
 Io, io, io.

*(After he has drunk, and turned the glass on his thumb,
they embrace him, and sing again.)*

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Et fidum compotorem ;
 Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Io, io, io.

* Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

One of the best modern specimens of macaronic poetry is attributed to Professor Porson, and is said to have owed its origin to the alarm of the French invasion :

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

Ego nunquam audivi such terrible news,
At this present tempus my sensus confuse ;
I am drawn for a miles—I must go cum marte,
And, concinnus esse, engage Bonaparte.

Such tempora nunquam videbant majores,
For then their opponents had different mores ;
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Though times may be changed—Britons never mu-
tantur !

Mehercle ! this Consul non potest be quiet,
His word must be lex, and when he says fiat,
Quasi Deus, he thinks we must run at his nod,
But Britons were ne'er good at running, by God !

Per mare, I rather am led to opine,
To meet British naves he would not incline ;
Lest he should in mare profundum be drowned,
Et cum algâ, non lauro, his caput be crowned.

But allow that this boaster in Britain should land,
Multis cum aliis at his command :
Here are lads who will meet, ay, and properly work
'em,
And speedily send 'em, ni fallor, in Orcum.

Nunc let us, amici, join corda et manus,
 And use well the vires Di Boni afford us :
 Then let nations combine, Britain never can fall,
 She's—multum in parvo—a match for them all !

The following belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was written on the defeat of the Spanish Armada :

“A Skeltonical salutation,
 Or condign gratulation,
 At the just vexation
 Of the Spanish nation,
 That in a bravado
 Spent many a crusado
 In setting forth an Armado
 England to invado.
 Pro cujus memoria
 Ye may well be soria,
 Full small may be your gloria,
 When ye shall hear this storia,
 Then will ye cry and roria,
 We shall see her no moria.”

A MACARONIC

BY TOM DISHINGTON, SOMETIME CLERK OF CRAIL.

“Horrifero nivium nimbos Aquilone ruente,
 Sic tonuit Thoma Dishingtonus ore rotundo.”

Saccum cum sugaro, cum dramibus in a glasseo,
 In hoc vervece, est melius quam pipe o' tobacco.
 Ælli cum bikero, cum pyibus out o' the oono,
 Cum pisce, Crelli nominato vulgo caponem,

Quid mellus, si sit ter unctus butyro?
 Virides et beefum, cum nose-nippante sinapi;
 O quam gustabunt ad Maria More's fyr-sydum!
 Sin erimus drunki, Deil care! aras dat medicinum
 Qui bibit ex lastis ex firstibus incipit ille.

A work entitled "Wild Sports of the East," published many years ago, contained the following admirable specimen:

"Arma virumque cano qui primo solebo peeping,
 Jam nunc cum tabbynox languet to button her eyelids,
 Cum pointers et spaniels campos sylvasque pererrant.
 Vos mihi—Brontothi over arms small and great domi-
 nantes,

Date spurs to dull poet qui dog Latin carmina condit,
 Artibus atque novis audax dum sportsman I follow
 Per stubbles et turnips et tot discrimina rerum,
 Dum partridge with popping terrificare minantur

• Pauci, namque valent a feather tangere plumbo!
 Carmina si hang fire discharge them bag-piping Apollo.
 Te quoque, magne cleator, te memorande precamur.
 Jam nunc thy fame gallops super Garamantos et Indos,
 Nam nabobs nil nisi de brimstone et charcoal loquentur,
 Horriferifizque 'Tippoo' sulphurea, sustinet arma.

Induit ecce shooter tunicam made of neat marble drugget,
 Quæ bene convenient defluxit to the waistband of breeches,
 Nunc paper et powder et silices popped in the side-pocket,
 Immemor haud shot-bag graditur comitatus two pointers,
 Mellorian retinens tormentum dextra bibarelled:

En stat staunch dog Dingo haud aliter quam steady guide
 post,

Proximus atque Pero per stat si ponere juxta,
 With gun cocked and levelled et æva lumine clauso,
 Nunc avicida resolves haud double strong parcere powder.

Vos teneri yelpers vos grandivique parentes
 Nunc palsy pate Jove orate to dress to the left hand,
 Et Veneri tip the wink like a shot to skim down ab alto
 Mingere per touch-hole totamque madescere priming.
 Nunc lugete dire nunc sportsman plangite palmas,
 Ex silis ecce lepus from box cum thistle aperto !
 Bang bellowed both barrels, heu ! pronus sternitur each dog,
 Et puss in the interim creeps away sub tegmine thornbush."

One of the most celebrated English macaronics is a comedy entitled "Ignoramus," written by a clergyman named Ruggle, and performed before James I. at Cambridge in 1616. James expressed himself as highly delighted with it, and ordered it to be twice afterwards performed for his amusement. The pedantic monarch, educated by Buchanan, one of the purest of Latinists, well understood the witty production, which had an additional zest for the King in that it was a satire on the barbarous Law-Latin used by the English jurists of the time—James being attached to the simpler forms and terms of Scotch law. The quotation given is part of one of the speeches of Ignoramus, a lawyer, showing how he will endow his mistress, Rosabeila :

"Si possem vellem pro te, Rosa, ponere pillum
 Quicquid tu qus crava, et habebis singula brava,
 Et dabo, fee simple, si monstras Love's pretty dimple,
 Gownos, silkcoatos, kirtellos, et petticoatos,

Farthingales biggos, stomacheros, et perriwiggos,
 Buskos et soccos, tiffanas en cambricka smockos,
 Pantofflos, cuffos, garteros, Spanica ruffos,
 Wimpolos, pursos ; ad ludos ibis et ursos.”

Dean Swift was somewhat addicted to this style of composition, and the following three are his :

A LOVE SONG.

Apud in is almi de si re,
 Mimi tres I ne ver re qui re,
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His miseri ne ver at restis.

TO MY MISTRESS.

O mi de armis tres,
 Imi na dis tres.
 Cantu disco ver
 Meas alo ver ?

MOLL.

Mollis abuti,
 Has an acuti, '
 No lasso finis,
 Molli divinis.

Geddes, a clergyman and translator of the Bible, was a prolific macaronic writer. One of his pieces is a poem of considerable length, describing a dinner of Protestant dissenters at the London Tavern. He thus writes of the tables :

“ Sedimus ad ternas tabulas longo ordine postas
 Et mappas mundi coveratas, et china-plattis,
 Spoonibus, et knivis sharpis, furcisque trisulcis
 Stratas ; cum largis glassis, vinoque repletis,
 Botellis, saltis, vinegarique cruetis.”

The following was written by S. W. Partridge, and appeared originally in *Bentley's Miscellany* about thirty years ago:

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O Mare, ævi si forme,
 Forme ure tonitru,
 Iambecum as amandum,
 Olet Hymen promptu !
 Mihi his vetas an ne se,
 As humano eribi.
 Olet mecum marito te,
 Or Eta, Beta, Pi !
 Alas ! plano more meretrix,
 Mi ardor vel uno ;
 Inferiam ure art is base ;
 Tolerat me urebo.
 Ahm ! ve ara scillicet
 To laudu vimen thus ;
 Hiatu as arandum sex ;
 Illuc Ionicus.
 Heu ! sed heu ! vixen imago,
 Mi mises mara sta ;
 O cantu reedit in mihi !
 Hibernus arida.
 A veri vafer heri si,
 Mihi resolves indu,
 Totius olet Hymen cum,
 Accepta tonitru.

TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.

O Mary, heave a sigh for me,
 For me, your Tony true ;
 I am become as a man dumb—
 Oh, let Hymen prompt you !
 My eye is vet as any sea,
 As you may know hereby ;
 Oh, let me come, Mary, to tea,
 Or eat a bit o' pie !
 Alas ! play no more merry tricks,
 My ardour vel you know ;
 In fear I am your heart is base ;
 Tolerate me, your beau !
 Ah me ! ve are a silly set
 To laud you vimen thus ;
 I hate you as a random sex,
 Ill-luck I only curse.
 You said, you vixen, I may go ;
 My missus, Mary, stay ;
 Oh, can't you read it in my eye ?
 I burn as arid hay.
 A very vafer here I sigh,
 My eye resolves in dew ;
 To tie us, oh ! let Hymen come—
 Accept a Tony true.

The next example comes from the columns of a newspaper :

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

Eheu ! hic jacet Crony,
 A dog of much renown ;
 Nec fur, nec macaroni,
 Though born and bred in town.

In war he was acerrimus,
 In dog-like arts perite ;
 In love, alas ! miserrimus,
 For he died of a rival's bite.

His mistress struxit cenotaph,
 And as the verse comes pat in,
 Ego qui scribo epitaph,
 Indite it in dog-Latin.

In a comedy by O'Keefe, an inebrious school-
 master gives a song commencing—

“Amo, amas,
 I love a lass
 As cedar tall and slender ;
 Sweet cowslip's grace
 Is her nominative case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.
 (*Chorus.*) Horum corum
 Sunt divorum
 Harum scarum divo ;
 Tagrag, merry-derry, periwig and hatband,
 Hic hoc horum genitivo.”

An extraordinary specimen of macaronic “puff-
 ing” appeared in a Liverpool newspaper some years
 ago :

AD KELLIAM.

Parvum Buttyranum cano,
 Qui vivit in via Dawsoni,
 Sedit pulpito suo
 Avec ses Barnacles super nasum
 Et turndownibus collaris so natty,
 Ibi recipit argentum et aurum,
 Atque nova coppercointa distribuit
 Ad costomeri qui emunt Buttyram
 Suis. Tout le monde purchase

Son beurre sel et son beurre frais ;
 Ambo sunt capital. Melle duleis
 Et Buttyrii Kellii.
 Formosæ sunt puellæ quæ milkent
 Les belles vaches qui donnent du lait
 Du quel Buttyrii Kellii formatur.
 Butterus yellowus quam vendit
 Octavorum pencium est très bon marché,
 Sed Buttyrus optimus uni shillingi
 Excellentissimum est.

O Kellius, mi puer, tu es trumpus !
 Brickus concentratus sublimatus,
 Et no mistake ! In "Loco" Butteryii
 Super longum counterums sunt all sorts dis-
 played—
 Tempting veritabile appetitum.
 Canamus et Laudamus Kellii
 Benefactorum toto Liverpoolio,
 Qui sells Butteryun cheap et bonum,
 Et omnibus dat capital weight !

The winter of 1837-38 is memorable in the annals of Edinburgh for a series of snowball riots which were only finally quelled by a detachment of the 79th Regiment. The defiance of all constituted authorities, more especially of town councillors, was no new thing to the Edinburgh youth, and when, in the beginning of 1838, a simple snowball "bicker" merged into a bold and determined opposition to all authority, it only followed the usual course of such displays, where the

customary interference of the civic power tends to magnify a mere academical exercise into a serious public riot. Snow had fallen thickly on the evening of the 10th of January. Next morning the street in front of the University was thronged with boys and idlers, who began a short and comparatively trifling disturbance by throwing snowballs at the students going to and from their classes. The snowballing recommenced with greater fury in the afternoon, business was soon at a standstill and the streets impassable; the disturbance not being quelled until the students had learned to expect little protection from the police, and possibly further annoyance from the public. The following day it began anew; a body of police sent for the protection of the students sided with the mob, and there ensued a succession of sallies from either side and hand-to-hand conflicts on the street and in the porches of the College, which lasted for several hours. Staffs, sticks, stones, and snowballs were plied in all directions—many severe wounds were inflicted, more especially on the hats and heads of the police; until at last matters seemed getting so serious that the Lord Provost and Bailies of the city thought themselves called upon to send to the Castle for a detachment

of soldiers. The appearance of the Redcoats and the bayonets soon brought the riot to an end. In the course of the second day thirty-five students had been arrested and marched to the police-office. Many, indeed, were seized who had not been engaged in the tumult, and though all were remanded to a future day, the prosecution was finally directed against five only. Six weeks passed away before a trial could be arranged ; the case was at last heard before the Sheriff Court, occupied three days, and terminated in a full acquittal. During these six weeks squibs in all sorts of rhyme and measure were printed in broadsheets and handed about the streets. Of these, the best were written by Edward Forbes, then a student, but afterwards Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh, and amongst them was the following :

FROSTEÏDOS.—LIEER SOLUS.

Frosty policeque cano, Reekie qui primus ab office
 In High Street, ad College venibant quellere riot,
 Regiment assistente novem et septuaginta,
 Bayonetibus fixis, shottisque et powdere multo ;
 Musa, mihi causas memora, what Student offended,
 Quidve dolens parentis Provosti, tot askere queries
 Insignem foolery Lord Rector, tot adire so much slang
 Impulerit. Tantaene animis Studentibus Irae !

Urbs antiqua fuit (Bailies tenuere coloni),
 Edina, Burntisland contra, Fortharenaque longa
 Ostia, very poor, Studisque asperrima physic,
 Hinc erat collegium, edificum very superbum ;
 Hinc erant Studentes, collected from every terra,
 De first-rate Magistros qui sapientia tucked in,
 Distincti juvenes amantes scienceque mischief,
 Spes Scotiae erant, spes atque Britanniae magna.
 Hinc etiam erant animalia batonibus ar-med,
 Studentes arrestere toujours et frangere pacem,
 "Policemen" Dii, "Charlies" qui homines vocant.
 Hinc erant Bailies, Frosty et alia mobbi.

Anno incipiente happenabit, snowere multum
 Et gelu intensum streetas coverabit wi' slidas,
 Constanterque little boys, slided et pitched about snow-
 balls,
 Quorum not-a-few bunged up the eyes of Studentes,
 Irritate, Studentes chargebant policemen to take up
 Little boyos, sed Charlies refusabant so for to do then,
 Contemptim Studentes appellabant "Pedicatores."
 Studentes indignant, reverberant complimenta.
 Cum multi homines "blackguards" qui gentlemen
 vocant.

Bakers, et Butchers, et Bullies, et Colliers, atres,
 Et alios, cessatores qui locus ecclesiae frequent
 "Tron Church" et Cowgate cum its odoriferous abyss,
 Assaultant Studentes stickis et umberelibus.
 "Hit 'em hard ! hit 'em hard !" shoutant, "damnatos
 puppies,"
 "Catamitos que torios" appellant et various vile terms,
 Studentes audiebant, sed devil an answer retur-ned.
 Mobbus Policeque runt downpullere portas ;

Studentes cudgellis thickheados populi crackunt,
 Et smashunt fenestras interim snowballs volitantes,
 Spemque metumque interdubii, on which side the
 triumph,

Undique Policemen sinkunt sub whackibus stickum
 Undique Butchers, et Bakers, et Colliers floorabunt.
 Thomsonus, bullyus in domus ill-famæ Cowgatus,
 Armatus umbrello poket Studentes frustra,
 Umbrella shiverabunt, et Thomson cuts like the devil ;
 Veluti doggum cum little boys animal plagant
 Et tieunt ad talum tinkettlelum loudly clinkatum,
 Currit, et barkat, et *bow-wow, bow-wow* shoutat.
 Provost riot-acto cum Dymock quadrangulo rushet,
 Sed frustra endeavorat to put a stop to the rowam ;
 Studentes inquirant, " Si mater sua cognoscit
 Filium out-esse ? " Sed Frosty respondit nihil !
 Concurrit ad shoppum Bailie cognominat Grievum
 (Asinus sed hominus) et cum boulanger Sawers,
 Ad Castrum militibus Major Young atque they sendunt,
 Militibus mille, annihilitare Studentes.
 Horribile dictu ! regimentum vite arrivat,
 Et in Quadrangulam ruit at double-quick time,
 Bayonetibus fixis, et musketis loaded cum shottis,
 Subito Policemen, qui nuper were sadly frightened
 Magnanimi fiunt, et right and left seize on Studentes.
 Arrestant Dalrymple et Kellat, fortissimos vires ;
 Arrestant Aikenhead, Skirving que, Westmacott aussi,
 Et luggant Studentes plures ad office in High Street,
 Oh pudor ! videre gentlemen very ill-treated !

The next example given is from *Notes and
 Queries* :

MI MOLLE ANNI.

O pateo tulus aras cale fel O,
 Hebetis vivis id, an sed "Aio puer vello!"
 Vittis nox certias in erebo de nota olim,—
 A mite grate sinimus tonitis ovem:
 "Præ sacer, do tellus, hausit," sese,
 "Mi Molle anni cano te ver ægre?"
 Ure Molle anu cano te ver ægre.
 Vere truso aio puellis tento me;
 'Thrasonis plano "cum Hymen" (heu sedit),
 "Diutius toga thyrsos" Hymen edidit;—
 Stentior mari ager O mare nautis alter id alas!
 Alludo isto terete ure daris pausas anas.
 "O pater hic, heu vix en," ses Molle, and vi?
 Heu itera vere grates troche in heri.
 Ah Moliere arti fere procaciter intuitis!
 Vos me! for de parte da vas ure arbutis.
 Thus thrasonis planas vel huma se,
 Vi ure Molle anu cano te ver ægre.
 Betœ Molle indulgent an suctas agile,—
 Pares pector sex, uno vimen ars ille;
 "Quietat ure servis Iam," sato heras heu pater,
 "Audio do missus Molle, an vatis thema ter?
 Ara mi honestatis, vetabit, diu se,—
 O mare, mi dare, cum specto me:
 Ago in a vae aestuare, vel uno more illic,
 O mare, mi dare, cum pacto ure pater hic."
 Beavi ad visu civile, an socia luse,
 Ure Molle an huma fore ver ægre.

Which, being interpreted, is:

MY MOLLY AND I.

O Patty O'Toole is a rascally fellow,
 He beat his wife's head, and said, "I hope you are well, O!"
 With his knocks, sir, she has in her body not a whole limb,—
 A mighty great sin I must own it is of him.
 "Pray, say, sir, do tell us, how is it," says he,
 "My Molly and I cannot ever agree?"
 Your Molly and you cannot ever agree :
 Very true, so I hope you will listen to me ;
 The *reason* is plain, "O come Hymen" (you said it),
 "Do ye tie us together." So Hymen he did it.
 Since your marriage to Mary now 'tis altered, alas !
 All you do is to *trate* your dear spouse as an ass.
 "O Patrick ! you vixen," says Molly, and why ?
 You hit her a very great stroke in her eye.
 Ah Molly ! her heart I fear *proke* as 'twere in two it is !
 Woes me ! for departed away sure her beauty is.
 Thus the *reason* is plain, as well you may see,
 Why your Molly and you cannot ever agree.
 Be to Molly indulgent and *swate* as a jelly,—
 Pay respect to her sex, you know women are silly :
 "Quite at your service I am," say to her as you pat her,
 "How d'ye do, Missus Molly, and what is the matter ?
 Arah, my honey ! stay, 'tis wait a bit, d'ye see,
 O Mary, my *dary*, come *spake* to me :
 A-going away is't you are, well you no more I'll lick,
 O Mary, my *dary*, come *pack* to your Patrick."
 Behave, I advise you, and so you shall see,
 Your Molly and you may for ever agree.

The following appeared in *Punch* some years ago, and, though not exactly macaronic, deserves a place as a literary curiosity:

ΤΟ ΘΕ ΛΕΑΔΙΝΓ ΠΕΡΙΟΔΙΚΑΛ.

Θις κομπλιμεντ, γρεατ σιρ, ο τακε,
 Τρε α βρικ, ανδ νο μιστακε ·
 Ενεμι το καντ ανδ φυδγυε,
 Τιμε το θεε Ι νε'ερ βεγρυδγυε ·
 Ανδ Ι ωπε το σεε υρε ναμε
 Φωρεμοστ ιν θε λιστς οφ φαμε
 Τομ Σμιθ, Γρυβ Στρεετ.

A juvenile specimen may find room here :

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Parvus Jacobus Horner
 Sedebat in corner,
 Edens a Christmas pie :
 Inferuit thumb,
 Extraherit plum—
 Clamans, “Quid sharp puer am I !”

The “Breitmann Ballads” * of Mr. Charles G. Leland are of a very humorous nature, and many are also in a certain degree macaronic—in so far, at least, that they combine two languages. They are written in the curious broken English spoken by many thousands of Germans in America, and are all of them full of happy phrases and curious combinations of English words with German forms and idioms, as :

“Got well ge-cooked his goose.”

We give one short poem—not perhaps the best

* Trübner & Co., London.

macaronic specimen, but one showing well the author's humour and style :

LOVE SONG.

O vere mine lofe a sugar-powl,
 De fery shmallest loomp
 Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
 Und make de shildren shoomp.
 Und if she vere a clofer-field,
 I'd bet my only pence,
 It wouldn't pe no dime at all
 Pefore I'd shoomp the fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
 It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
 She is de holiest animale
 Dat roons oopon de dirt.
 De renpow rises vhen she sings,
 De sonnshine vhen she dalk ;
 De angels crow und flop deir wings
 Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,
 Mine lofe's gomblexion show ;
 It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
 Rich gleamin on de shnow.
 Her soul makes plushes in her sheek
 Ash sommer reds de wein,
 Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo
 An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées
 Dis lofe poot in my mind,

Wouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
 Of any human kind.
 'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
 An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;
 Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps
 De Schoenheitsidéal.
 Dein Füß seind weiss wie Kreiden,
 Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
 Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,
 Dein Brust wie Marmelstein—
 Ja—vot de older boet sang,
 I sing of dee—dou Fine !
 Dou'rt soul und pody, heart und life :
 Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.*

Wendell Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," † gives a macaronic poem, which is thus introduced: "Your talking Latin reminds me of an odd trick of one of my old tutors. He read so much of that language, that his English half turned into it. He got caught in town, one hot summer, in pretty close quarters, and wrote, or began to write, a series of city pastorals. Eclogues, he called them, and meant

* "Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,
 Thy arms are ivory bone,
 Thy body is all satin soft,
 Thy breast of marble stone.

Smooth, tender, pure, and fair."

† London: Routledge & Sons.

to have published them by subscription. I remember some of his verses, if you want to hear them. . . . The old man had a great deal to say about 'æstivation,' as he called it, in opposition, as one might say, to *hibernation*. Intra-mural æstivation, or town-life in summer, he would say, is a peculiar form of suspended existence or semi-asphyxia. One wakes up from it about the beginning of the last week in September. This is what I remember of his poem :

ÆSTIVATION.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames ;
 The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames ;
 His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,
 And dreams of errng on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
 Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
 Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
 And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine !

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,
 Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum—
 No concave vast repeats the tender hue
 That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched ! let me curr to quercine shades !
 Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !
 Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump,—
 Depart—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump !

We conclude the notice of Macaronic Verse with a ridiculous specimen of a hybrid language, written by Pinkerton the antiquary. It is a version of a portion of the beautiful "Vision of Mirza," having Italian terminations to English words:

"When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several orientala manuscripta, whica I have still by me. Among othera, I met with one entitulen, Thea Visiona of Mirza, whica I have redd ove with great pleasure. I intend to give ito to the publico, when I have no other entertain, mento fo them: ando shall begin with the first vision, whico I have translaten wordo fo wordo az followeth:

"On the fifth day of the moon, whico according to the customo of mya forefathera I always keep holi, aftero having washen myself, ando offeren up mya morninga devotiona, I ascended thea hilla of Bagdad, in ordero to pas the resto of the dayo in meditation. Az I waz here airing myself on thea topa of thea mountaina, I fell into a profound contemplation of the vanité of human life; ando passing fro one thote to anothero; surely, said I, man iz buto a shado ando life a dreamo. While I waz thuso musing, I cast mea eyea towardo the summito of a roco, tha waz noto faro fro me, where I discovered one, in the habito of a shepherdo, with a litel musical instrument in hiz hando. Az I looked upo him, he applied ito to hiza lipa, ando began to play upo it. Thea soundo of ito waz exceeding sweet, ando wrote into a varieté of tuna tha were inexpressibly melodiouza, ando alto differenta fro any thinga I had eve heard," &c.

CHRONOGRAMS.

ANOTHER kind of puzzling ingenuity to which our ancestors were occasionally addicted was the indicating of dates in the manner known as Chronograms or Chronographs. This was done by the device of *capitalising* certain letters in the words of a sentence; take, as a primary example, and as giving at once a key to the meaning of this kind of literary frivolity, the line from Horace :

. feriaM siDera VertIce;

the capital letters here, MDVI, give the year 1506. As a source of amusement this fashion prevailed in some degree among the Romans, and more recently among the French literati—the epigrammatic qualities of the language of the latter being perhaps somewhat of an inducement to this literary frivolity. We all know such puzzles as XL, which will serve for either 40 or for “excel;” and MIX, which answers alike for 1009 and for “mix.”

Shakespeare evidently knew something of Chronograms, for in "Love's Labour's Lost" (iv. sc. 2), Holofernes makes one of his quips in this way in conversation with Sir Nathaniel and Dull. He boasts: "This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions;" and in making letters serve as numerals, Holofernes says:

"If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L."

Chronograms have been more used in ecclesiastical inscriptions than otherwise, and are to be found engraven plentifully in churches and cathedrals in cities on the banks of the Rhine. The regular order of the letters composing the date frequently seems never to have been taken into account, the selection in many cases being somewhat arbitrary. The following is one done in this way, and is made up from the Latinised name of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham:

"GeorgIVs DVX BVCKIngaMIe,"

which gives MDCXVVVIII (1628), the year of the Duke's assassination by Lieutenant Felton. It must be evident from this example that no great

difficulty exists in indicating any date by capitalising letters at intervals.

There is an inscription on a church at Cologne, giving the date of 1722—

“PIA VIRGINIS MARIÆ SODALITAS annos
SÆCVLARĪ RENOVAT.”

On the minster at Bonn is the following, chronographically indicating the date of 1611:

“glorifiCate
et
portate DeVM
In Corpore Vestro
1 Cor. 6.”

The close of the Seven Years' War is thus expressed:

“Aspera beLLa sILent; reDIIt bona gratIa paCIIs;
O sI parta foret seMper In orbe qVies.”

On a fountain near the Church of St. Francesco di Paola is this:

“D. O. M.
Imperante Carlo VI., Vicregente Comite de Palma,
Gubernante Civitate Comite de Wallis.
P. P. P.

Vt aCtIonIbVs nostrIs IVste proCeDaMVs.”

The last line gives VCIIVIIVCDMV, which, added together, is 1724.

The following Chronogram is said to be in Albury Church, and gives the date of death in 1646 of George Duncome of Weston, founder of that branch of the family in Surrey:

“ResVrgent eX Isto pVLVere qVI IbI sepVLtI DorMIVnt.
 My body, pawned to death, doth here remaine,
 As surety for the soul's return againe.”

The capitals taken in the order in which they stand, are VXIVLVVIIIIVLIDMIV, but rearranged in the order of their relative importance are MDLLXVVVVVVIIIIII, or 1646.

Coins and medals were not unfrequently made the subject of chronographic inscriptions; as, for example, after the opening of the gold mines at Fiume-di-Nisi in Sicily, the Messinese coins bore this:

“EX VIscerIbVs MeIs haeC fVnDItVr” (1734?)

Addison, in one of his pleasant papers (No. 60 of the “Spectator”), has the following passage on this subject: “This kind of wit appears very often on modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words—‘ChrIstVs DuX ergo triVMphVs.’ If you take

the pains to pick the figures out of the several words and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for, as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they are searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of our Lord."


In Thomas Fuller's "Worthies" there is to be found a notice of the death of Bishop Prideaux, which indicates 1650 as the year of his death: "Iohannes PrIDEaVXVs EpIsCopVs VVIgornIæ MortVVs est." There are very few English Chronograms, and but one of any note, which gives the date of the death of Queen Elizabeth:

"My Day Closed Is In Immortality."

The capital letters in the above giving MDCIII or 1603, the year the great Queen died.

This brief notice of Chronograms—of which we have limited the examples—cannot be better concluded than by the following anecdote, related by Wheatley in his little book upon Anagrams. “A passage of Scripture, arranged chronogrammatically, was made the vehicle for a prophecy by Michael Stifelius, a Lutheran minister at Wirtemberg, who foretold that on the 3d of October 1533, at ten o’clock, the world would come to an end. The passage from which he elicited this wonderful, and, as it proved, inaccurate prediction, is in John xix. 37—‘They shall look on Him whom they pierced’—VIDebVnt In qVeM transfIXerVnt, making MDXVVV VIII or 1533; but the month, the day, and the hour seem only to have existed in the excited imagination of the worthy Stifelius himself. There is a rider to this anecdote which may be thus related: On the day that Stifelius predicted the end of the world, a very violent storm arose while he was preaching to his congregation, who believed his prophecy was coming to pass, when lo! suddenly the clouds disappeared, the sky became clear, and all was calm except the people, whose indignation was aroused, and they dragged the prophet from his pulpit, and beat him sorely for thus disappointing them.”

ECHO VERSES.

HE writing of Echo Verses was another of the methods in which our bygone poets often displayed an occasional poetical beauty, as well as a quaint ingenuity—the aim of such compositions being that the last syllable, when repeated as by an echo, should convey a different yet appropriate meaning. Butler seems to have been rather opposed to this literary frivolity, for in the following extract from “Hudibras,” in which Orsin is lamenting for his bear, he terms them “splay-foot” rhymes:

“He beat his breast and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony bear
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets’ splay-foot rhymes.
 Quoth he, ‘O whither, wicked bruin,
 Art thou fled? to my’—Echo, ‘*Ruin,*’
 ‘I thought thou ’ads’t scorned to budge a step
 For fear.’ Quoth Echo, ‘*Marry quep.*’

But wouldst thou save him with thy best endeavour ?
 Ever.
 But if he comes not, what becomes of London ?
 Undone."

Another Royalist production of this nature is given by Disraeli in his "Curiosities," as having been recited at the end of a comedy played by the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, in March 1641 :

THE ECHO.

Now, Echo, on what's religion grounded ?
 Roundhead !
 Whose its professors most considerable ?
 Rabble !
 How do these prove themselves to be the godly ?
 Oddly.
 But they in life are known to be the holy.
 O lie !
 Who are these preachers, men or women common ?
 Common !
 Come they from any universitie ?
 Citie.
 Do they not learning from their doctrine sever ?
 Ever.
 Yet they pretend that they do edifie ;
 O fie !
 What do you call it then, to fructify ?
 Ay.
 What church have they, and what pulpits ?
 Pitts !

The next is a Dialogue between Glutton and Echo, taken from “Hygiasticon: or the Right Course of Preserving Life and Health unto extream old Age: together with soundnesse and integritie of the Senses, Judgement, and Memorie. Written in Latine by Leonard Lessius, and now done into Englishe. 24^m, Cambridge. 1634.”

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A GLUTTON AND ECHO.

Glutton. My bellie I do deifie.

Echo. Fie!

Gl. Who curbs his appetite's a fool.

Echo. Ah fool!

Gl. I do not like this abstinence.

Echo. Hence!

Gl. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.

Echo. Swine.

Gl. We epicures are happie truly.

Echo. You lie.

Gl. Who's that which giveth me the lie?

Echo. I.

Gl. What! Echo, thou that mock'st a voice?

Echo. A voice.

Gl. May I not, Echo, eat my fill?

Echo. Ill.

Gl. Wilt hurt me if I drink too much?

Echo. Much.

Gl. Thou mock'st me, nymph; I'll not believe it.

Echo. Believe't.

Gl. Dost thou condemn then what I do?

Echo. I do.

Gl. I grant it doth exhaust the purse.

Echo. Worse.

Gl. Is't this which dulls the sharpest wit?

Echo. Best wit.

Gl. Is't this which brings infirmities?

Echo. It is.

Gl. Whither will't bring my soul? canst tell?

Echo. T'hell.

Gl. Dost thou no gluttons virtuous know?

Echo. No.

Gl. Would'st have me temperate till I die?

Echo. Ay.

Gl. Shall I therein finde ease and pleasure?

Echo. Yea, sure.

Gl. But is't a thing which profit brings?

Echo. It brings.

Gl. To mind or body? or to both?

Echo. To both.

Gl. Will it my life on earth prolong?

Echo. Oh long!

Gl. Will it make me vigorous until death?

Echo. Till death.

Gl. Will't bring me to eternal blisse?

Echo. Yes.

Gl. Then, sweetest Temperance, I'll love thee.

Echo. I love thee.

Gl. Then, swinish Gluttonie, I' leave thee.

Echo. I'll leave thee.

Gl. I'll be a belly-god no more.

Echo. No more.

Gl. If all be true which thou dost tell,
They who fare sparingly, fare well.

Echo. Farewell.

At the time when Napoleon was supreme over Germany, in the spring of 1806, one Palm, a bookseller in Nuremberg, published a pamphlet entitled "Germany in its Deepest Humiliation," which contained some bitter truths concerning Napoleon, criticising his policy with considerable severity. Palm was seized by French gendarmes, and transferred to Brunau, where he was tried before an extraordinary court-martial for a libel on the Emperor of France, and condemned to death, without any advocate being heard in his defence. All intercession on his behalf failing, he was shot on August 26, in terms of his sentence—the very day of his trial! The murder of this poor man, for such it literally was, whether immediately following from Napoleon's mandate, or the effect of the furious zeal of some of his officers, excited deep and universal indignation. Napoleon himself afterwards said regarding Palm's execution—"All that I recollect is, that Palm was arrested by order of Davoust, I believe, tried, condemned, and shot, for having, while the country was in possession of the French and under military occupation, not only excited

rebellion amongst the inhabitants, and urged them to rise and massacre the soldiers, but also attempted to instigate the soldiers themselves to refuse obedience to their orders, and to mutiny against their generals. *I believe* that he met with a fair trial." * An Echo Poem appeared with the pamphlet, of which the following is a translation :

BONAPARTE AND THE ECHO.

- Bon.* Alone, I am in this sequestered spot not overheard.
Echo. Heard !
- Bon.* 'Sdeath ! Who answers me ? What being is there nigh ?
Echo. I.
- Bon.* Now I guess ! To report my accents Echo has made her task.
Echo. Ask.
- Bon.* Knowest thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist ?
Echo. Resist.
- Bon.* Whether Vienna and other Courts will oppose me always ?
Echo. Always.
- Bon.* O Heaven ! what must I expect after so many reverses ?
Echo. Reverses.
- Bon.* What ! should I, like a coward vile, to compound be reduced ?
Echo. Reduced.
- Bon.* After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution ?
Echo. Restitution.
- Bon.* Restitution of what I've got by true heroic feats and martial address ?
Echo. Yes.
- Bon.* What will be the fate of so much toil and trouble ?
Echo. Trouble.
- Bon.* What will become of my people, already too unhappy ?
Echo. Happy.

* "Voice from St. Helena," vol. i. p. 432.

Bon. What should I then be, that I think myself immortal?

Echo. Mortal.

Bon. The whole world is filled with the glory of my name, you know.

Echo. No.

Bon. Formerly its fame struck this vast globe with terror.

Echo. Error.

Bon. Sad Echo, begone! I grow infuriate! I die!

Echo. Die!

The next example is a Song by Addison :

“Echo, tell me, while I wander
 O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
 If my shepherd still grows fonder,
 Ought I in return to love him?
 Echo—Love him, love him!

If he loves, as is the fashion,
 Should I churlishly forsake him?
 Or in pity to his passion,
 Fondly to my bosom take him?
 Echo—Take him, take him!

Thy advice then, I'll adhere to,
 Since in Cupid's chains I've led him;
 And with Henry shall not fear to
 Marry, If you answer, 'Wed him!'
 Echo—Wed him, wed him!”

William Browne (1590–1645), a poet of whom comparatively little is known, in one of his poems, “*Britannia's Pastorals*,” introduces in his “*Fifth Song*” some Echo verses; apostrophising Heaven, Browne writes—

O wondrous Echo, tell me, *blessé*,
Am I for marriage or celibacy?

Echo—Silly Bessy.

If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?

Echo—A proper tie.

If neither being grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?

Echo—Try money.

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain, or rather smart?

Echo—Smart.

She mayn't love dress, and I, again, then
May come too plain, and she'll complain then?

Echo—Come plain, then.

To please her most, perhaps 'tis best
To come as I'm in common dressed?

Echo—Come undressed.

Then, if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?

Echo—Please, sir.

When cross nor good words can appease her—
What if such naughty whims should seize her?

Echo—You'd see, sir.

When wed she'll change, for Love's no stickler,
And love her husband less than liquor?

Echo—Then lick her.

To leave me then I can't compel her,
 Though every woman else excel her.

Echo—Sell her.

The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,
 To ask advice, but found it did not answer."

The following appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper some years ago, and is of a similar nature to the preceding :

EGO AND ECHO.

I asked of Echo, t'other day,
 Whose words are few and often funny,
 What to a question she should say
 Of courtship, love, and matrimony.
 Quoth Echo, plainly, "Matter o' money."

Whom should I marry? Should it be
 A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
 A pattern of consistency,
 Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
 Quoth Echo, sharply, "Nary flirt."

What if, a-weary of the strife
 That long has lured the gay deceiver,
 She promised to amend her life
 And sin no more—can I believe her?
 Quoth Echo, with decision, "Leave her."

But if some maiden with a heart
 On me should venture to bestow it,

Pray, should I act the wiser part,
 To take the treasure or forego it?
 Quoth Echo, very promptly, "Go it."

But what, if seemingly afraid
 To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
 She vows she means to die a maid,
 In answer to my loving letter?
 Quoth Echo, very coolly, "Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain,
 I find my heart entwined about
 With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
 So closely that I can't get out?
 Quoth Echo, laughingly, "Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest,
 As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
 Will share my labour and my rest
 Till envious Death shall overtake her?
 Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*), "Take her."

This appeared in a periodical but a short time ago, and is by R. E. Francillon :

"*Lady.* Echo, what giveth maiden's best address?
Echo. A dress.
Lady. And, of their songs, which is the best for tune?
Echo. Fortune.
Lady. Whereto must trust poor maids to it?
Echo. To wit.
Lady. But if they be nor rich nor yet too wise?
Echo. To eyes."

An Echo Poem by good George Herbert runs as follows :

HEAVEN.

O who will show me those delights on high ?

Echo—I.

Thou, Echo ? Thou art mortal, all men know.

Echo—No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?

Echo—Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide ?

Echo—Bide.

What leaves are they ? Impart the matter wholly.

Echo—Holy.

Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss ?

Echo—Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?

Echo—Light.

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

Echo—Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure ?

Echo—Leisure.

Light, joy, and leisure ! but shall they persevere ?

Echo—Ever !

The beautiful verses next given are taken from a volume entitled "The Changed Cross,"* a collec-

* London: Sampson Low & Co.

tion of religious poems gathered chiefly from American sources, and bear the name of

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?

The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?

Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?

Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love?

Nothing else but love.

Amen ! with all my heart, then be it so ;
 'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know ;
 And now to practise I'll directly go.

Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
 My gracious God me surely will protect.

Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
 And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.

Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
 Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
 And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone ?

Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough ! thy counsels to mine ear
 Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dew-drop tear ;
 Thy wise instructive lessons please me well :

I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell !

Practise them. Farewell, farewell !



The following beautiful poem has been ascribed to various authors—amongst others, to James I. and Bishop Andrewes. It is not an Echo Poem, but its composition being somewhat similar, it merits a place here.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
 Some comfort, let him haste unto

Our Father,
 For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
 Except Thou succour us
 Who art in heaven.
 Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
 We praise Thee, singing
 Hallowed be Thy name.
 Of all our miseries cast up the sum ;
 Show us Thy joys, and let
 Thy kingdom come.
 We mortal are, and alter from our birth ;
 Thou constant art.
 Thy will be done on earth.
 Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven,
 Thy name be blessed here
 As 'tis in Heaven.
 Nothing we have to use or debts to pay,
 Except Thou give it us.
 Give us this day
 Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
 For without Thee we want—
 Our daily bread.
 We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
 But we do sin—
 Forgive us our trespasses.
 No man from sinning ever free did live,
 Forgive us, Lord, our sins
 As we forgive.
 If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdainest us ;
 We pardon them
 That trespass against us.
 Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us ;

Assuage our grief *in love for Christ*, we pray,
 Since the Prince of *Heaven and glory* died,
 Took away all sins, and *hallowed the display*,
 Infinite *being*, first man, *and* then was crucified.
 Stupendous God ! *Thy grace and power* make known ;
 In Jesus' *name* let all *the world* rejoice,
 Now labour in *Thy heavenly kingdom* own—
 That blessed *kingdom*, of Thy saints *the choice*.
 How vile to *come to Thee*, *is* all our cry ;
 Enemies to *Thy self*, and all that's *Thine* ;
 Graceless our *will*, we live *for vanity* ;
 Loathing the very *being*, *evil* in design—
 O God, Thy will be *done from earth to heaven* ;
 Reclining *on the gospel* let *us* live,
 In *earth*, from sin *delivered* and forgiven,
 Oh, *as Thyself*, *but* teach us to forgive ;
 Unless *its power temptation* doth destroy.
 Sure *is* our fall *into the depths of woe*.
 Carnal *in mind*, we have *not* a glimpse of joy
 Raised against *Heaven* ; in *us* no hopes we know.
 Oh, *give us grace*, and *lead us on the way* ;
 Shine on *us* with Thy love, and give *us* peace.
 Self, and *this sin that rise against us*, slay.
 Oh, grant each *day* our *trespasses* may cease ;
 Forgive *our* evil deeds *that oft we do* ;
 Convince us *daily of them* to our shame ;
 Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive us*, too,
 Recurrent lusts ; *and we'll adore Thy name*.
 In Thy *forgiveness* we *as saints* can die,
 Since for *us*, and our *trespasses* so high,
 Thy Son, *our Saviour*, died on Calvary.

Similar to the above is this verse by George Herbert :

“OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.”

(Colos. iii. 3.)

My words and thoughts do both express this notion,
 That *Life* hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first *Is* straight, and our diurnal friend ;
 The other *Hid*, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt *In* flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds toward *Him*, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here so, *That* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *Is* on high ;
 Quitting with daily labour all *My* pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternal *Treasure*.

JESUITICAL VERSES.

JESUITICAL, or, as they are sometimes called, Equivocal Verses, had their origin very much in the political and religious feuds of our ancestors. They are designed to give two very different meanings, according as they are read downwards or across. Thus, the following lines, if read as they stand, must be admired for their loyalty, but if perused in the order of the figures prefixed, a very different result is obtained :

1. I love my country—but the King
3. Above all men his praise I sing,
2. Destruction to his odious reign
4. That plague of princes, Thomas Paine ;
5. The royal banners are displayed
7. And may success the standard aid
6. Defeat and ruin seize the cause
8. Of France, her liberty, and laws.

The foregoing relic of a revolutionary period may be well followed by one pertaining to Refor-

mation times, which may be read either across or down the columns :

THE DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

I hold for sound faith	What England's church allows,
What Rome's faith saith	My conscience disavows,
Where the king's head	The flock can take no shame
The flock's misled	Who hold the Pope supreme.
Where the altar's dressed	The worship's scarce divine
The people's blessed,	Whose table's bread and wine,
He's but an ass	Who their communion flies
Who shuns the mass	Is catholic and wise.

We find in another work the foregoing lines rendered into a kind of monkish Latin; thus lending an artful aid to the cause of anarchy :

1. Pro fide teneo sana
3. Quæ docet Anglicana
2. Affirmat quæ Romana
4. Videntur mihi vana
5. Supremus quando rex est
7. Tum plebs est fortunata
6. Seductus ille grex est
8. Cui Papa imperator.
9. Altare cum ornatur
11. Communio fit inanis
10. Populus tum beatur
12. Cum mensa, vinum, panis,
13. Asini nomen meruit
15. Hunc morem qui non capit
14. Missam qui deseruit
16. Catholicus est et sapit.

These Equivocal Verses are mostly all of the same nature, and the next seems to have been composed during the Revolution period :

“ I love with all my heart	The Tory party here
The Hanoverian part	Most hateful do appear
And for the Settlement	I ever have denied
My conscience gives consent	To be on James's side
Most righteous in the cause	To fight for such a king
To fight for George's laws	Will England's ruin bring
It is my mind and heart	In this opinion I
Though none will take my part	Resolve to live and die.”

The promulgation of the new constitution at the first French Revolution gave birth to the next Equivocal lines :

“ The newly-made law	'Tis my wish to esteem
From my soul I abhor	The ancient regime
My faith to prove good	I maintain the new code
I maintain the old code	Is opposed to all good
May God give you peace	Messieurs Democrats
Forsaken Noblesse	To the Devil go hence
May He ever confound	All the Aristocrats
The Assembly all round	Are the sole men of sense.”

At the beginning of the Civil War in the United States, the following curious production appeared in one of the newspapers, professedly arranged to suit all parties. The first column is the Secession, the second the Abolition Platform, read across it is the Democratic Platform, thus also representing the whole Union :

THE PLATFORM.

Hurrah for	The old Union
Secession	Is a curse
We fight for	The Constitution
The Confederacy	Is a league with hell
We love	Free speech
The rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	A free press
Separation	Will not be tolerated
We fight not for	The negro's freedom
Reconstruction	Must be obtained
We must succeed	At every hazard
The Union	We love
We love not	The negro
We never said	Let the Union slide
We want	The Union as it was
Foreign intervention	Is played out
We cherish	The old flag
The stars and bars	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The <i>habeas corpus</i>
Southern chivalry	Is hateful
Death to	Jeff Davis
Abe Lincoln	Is'nt the Government
Down with	Mob law
Law and order	Shall triumph.

The next is not political, but is a curious specimen of Equivocal Versification which may be read in several ways:

ADDRESS TO MY SWEETHEART.

Your face, So fair, First bent, Mine eye,	your tongue, so sweet, then drew, mine ear,	your wit, so sharp, then hit my heart.
Mine eye, To like, Your face, Doth lead,	mine ear, to learn, your tongue, doth teach,	mine heart, to love, your wit, doth move.
Your face, With beams, Doth blind, Mine eye,	your tongue, with sound, doth charm, mine ear,	your wit, with art, doth rule mine heart.
Mine eye, With life, Your face, Doth feed,	mine ear, with hope, your tongue, doth feast,	mine heart, with skill, your wit, doth fill.
O face ! With frowns, Wrong not, Mine eye,	O tongue ! with check, vex not, mine ear,	O wit ! with smart, wound not mine heart.
This eye, Shall joy, Your face, To serve,	this ear, shall bend, your tongue to trust,	this heart, shall swear, your wit to fear."

Amongst various other ingenious contrivances adopted by the proprietors of the *rosoglio* houses

(Anglice, dram-shops) in Valetta, to attract the custom and patronage of the gallant red-jackets that occasionally swarm the streets, one individual distributed among the soldiers the following puzzle. A little study will suffice to master the mysterious document.

THE INVITATION.

<p>Here's to Pand's Pen. DASOCI. Alhou Rinha? R. M. (Les Smirt) Ha! N. D. F. Unlet fri. Ends. HIPRE! ign. Beju! Standk. Indan! DEVIL'S PEAKO! F. N. (One.)</p>

We conclude with a "Panegyric on the Ladies," which may be read in two ways, giving totally different meanings, and we leave the reader to find out these for himself, premising that it is not at all difficult, after the examples already given.

"That man must lead a happy life
 Who's free from matrimonial chains,
 Who is directed by a wife
 Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
 When Eve was given for a mate ;


Until he saw a woman's face
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride ;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The failings that in woman dwell ;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness,
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of earthly blessedness."

MONOSYLLABIC VERSE.

NE of the most curious foibles of eighteenth century poets was their dislike to monosyllables in their verses—a dislike strikingly antagonistic to the opinion entertained by poets of an earlier age. In the estimation of those of more modern days, however, monosyllables occasionally add to the force and rhythm of a passage. Pope, in speaking of their use, rather contemptuously exclaims in the “Dunciad:”

“And ten low words creep on in one dull line.”

Churchill afterwards, in the “Rosciad,” where he censures Mossop, the actor, hints also at something of this nature :

“With studied impropriety of speech,
 He soars beyond the hackney’d critic’s reach ;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungraced, like lackeys wait ;
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables ;

Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line ;
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 He, she, it, and we, ye, they, affright the soul."

Rogers and Moore thought somewhat more highly than either Pope or Churchill regarding this feature in poetry, and Lord Russell's "Life of Moore" records a conversation between Crowe (author of a book on the "Structure of English Verse"), Rogers, and Moore on the use of monosyllables, and phrases like "He jests at scars," "Sigh on my lip," "Give all thou canst," and many others, were referred to as most musical and vigorous. In the works of Moore himself there is a very fine specimen of the effective use of monosyllables, in a passage which occurs in the *Fire-Worshippers* in "Lalla Rookh"—

"I knew, I knew it could not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !
 Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
 I never loved a tree or flower
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die !

Now, too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
 Oh misery ! must I lose *that* too ?
 Yet go ! On peril's brink we meet ;
 Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though Heaven, it may be death to thee !”

This passage contains 126 words, 110 of which are monosyllables.

The readers of “John Halifax, Gentleman,” will easily recollect how highly Miss Muloch speaks in that work regarding the brothers Fletcher and their poetry. In the little-known poem of Phineas Fletcher (died about 1650) entitled “The Purple Island”—a work which, though grotesque and prolix, is smoothly versified, and has rich descriptive and moral passages—there is this fine specimen of monosyllabic and alliterative power in Canto I. stanza 7 :

“New light new love, new love new life hath bred ;
 A life that lives by love, and loves by light ;
 A love to Him to whom all loves are wed ;
 A light to whom the sun is darkest night :
 Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life He is ;
 Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are His ;
 He eye, light, heart, love, soul ; He all my joy and
 bliss.”

Of the seventy words contained in this verse only two are of more than one syllable. Giles Fletcher, as well as his brother Phineas, furnishes numerous examples of monosyllabic versification, and one specimen is selected from him also, quoted from "Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death," a work which, though somewhat affected, rises occasionally into lofty imaginative poetry :

“ Love is the blossom where there blows
 Everything that lives or grows ;
 Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
 And the Sun doth burn in love :
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
 Under whose shadows lions wild,
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild.

Love no med'cine can appease,
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
 Not all the sea his fire can quench :
 Love did make the bloody spear,
 Once a leafy coat to wear.”

From these two brothers many similar instances might be given, but to proceed to poets better known, we give two quotations from the "saintly" George Herbert :

VIRTUE.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life ;
Such a Way, as gives us breath :
Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength ;
Such a Light, as shows a feast :
Such a Feast, as mends in length :
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart ;
Such a Joy, as none can move :

Such a Love, as none can part :
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Herbert's poems are full of similar passages. Shakespeare gives an instance which shows that the abrupt and broken language of passion is generally monosyllabic, as in "King John," when the widowed Constance says :

"Thou may'st, thou shalt ; I will not go with thee :
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

In this there are only six words of more than one syllable.

In the Library of the British Museum there is a tract of great rarity, from which Shakespeare is said to have borrowed the plot of "As You Like It." The tract is entitled "Euphues's Golden Legacy," by Thomas Lodge, a poet of the Elizabethan age, who was also the author of a variety of valuable productions both in prose and verse. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Early English Poets," gives three of Lodge's poems from the "Pleasant

Historie of Glaucus and Scilla," but has omitted to mention the following madrigal, the most beautiful, perhaps, of all Lodge's compositions, and it is given here as an excellent illustration of monosyllabic verse, few words of more than one syllable appearing in it.

MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth sucke his sweete ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amid my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute—he tunes the string,
 He music plays, if I do sing ;
 He lends me every living thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.

What, if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod,
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
 I will not wish to part from thee.

Coleridge considered that the most beautiful verse, and also the most sublime, in the Bible was that in the book of Ezekiel which says—"And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." Here are seventeen monosyllables, and only three words of two syllables.

The author of the "Night Thoughts," also, in a very impressive passage, says—

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss; to give it then a tongue
Was wise in man."

The following lines of Hall, satirising the vanity of those who take pleasure in adding house to house and field to field,—

"Fond fool, six feet shall serve for all thy store,
And he that cares for most shall find no more"—

gave occasion for the historian Gibbon's appreciative remark, "What harmonious monosyllables!"

NONSENSE VERSE, &c.



THE French had at one time a favourite and ingenious kind of versification called Amphigourie, or Nonsense Verse. The word is derived from two Greek words signifying *about* and *circle*, and the object was to give verses the appearance of good sense and fine poetry, while in reality meaning nothing whatever! The primary example given is richly-rhymed, elegantly expressed, but actual nonsense! It is taken from Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

AMPHIGOURIE.

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre
 Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !
 Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre
 Quand le bonheur est suspendu !
 Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
 Égarez un cœur eperdu ;
 Souvent par un mal-entendu
 L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

IMITATED.

How happy to defend our heart,
 When Love has never thrown a dart !
 But ah ! unhappy when it bends,
 If pleasure her soft bliss suspends !
 Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
 A lost and wandering heart to gain,
 Oft in mistaken language wooed
 The skilful lover's understood.

The preceding was sung by the celebrated Madame Tencin one evening to Fontenelle, and they bore such a resemblance to meaning that Fontenelle requested they should be repeated. "Do you not perceive," said the witty authoress, "that they are nonsense?" "Ah," replied the poet, sarcastically, "they are so much like the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should be for once mistaken!"

Pope furnishes the best English specimen of this kind of poetry—the "Song by a Person of Quality," and it is believed to have been written to ridicule certain namby-pamby poets of his day. The lines are as follow :

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,

I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourned Adonis, darling youth :
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, tune the lyre ;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Armed in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful Cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander
With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,

So the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

Gilbert Wakefield, Pope's talented commentator, actually misapprehended the nature of the above composition, and wrote some pages of his Commentary to support his assertion that the poem was disjointed and obscure ! *

Examples of true Nonsense Verse are not numerous, but we find the following two in the pages of "Fun."

A CHRONICLE.

Once—but no matter when—
There lived—no matter where—
A man, whose name—but then
I need not that declare.

He—well, he had been born,
And so he was alive ;
His age—I details scorn—
Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
I truly can't decide ;
But this one fact appears
He lived—until he died.

"He died," I have averred,
But cannot prove 'twas so,

* This song, though generally attributed to Pope, is believed by some to have been the work of Swift, and it appears in some editions of his works. (*Vide* Pickering's, 3 vols. 1833.)

But that he was interred,
At any rate, I know.

I fancy he'd a son,
I hear he had a wife :
Perhaps he'd more than one,
I know not, on my life !

But whether he was rich,
Or whether he was poor,
Or neither—both—or which,
I cannot say, I'm sure.

I can't recall his name,
Or what he used to do :
But then—well, such is fame !
'Twill so serve me and you.

And that is why I thus,
About this unknown man
Would fain create a fuss,
To rescue, if I can,

From dark oblivion's blow,
Some record of his lot :
But, ah ! I do not know
Who—where—when—why—or what.

MORAL.

In this brief pedigree
A moral we should find—
But what it ought to be
Has quite escaped my mind !

LINES BY A MEDIUM

In communication with the late L. Murray.

I might not, if I could ;
 I should not, if I might ;
 Yet if I should I would,
 And, shoulding, I should quite !

I must not, yet I may ;
 I can, and still I must ;
 But ah ! I cannot—nay,
 To must I may not, just !

I shall, although I will,
 But be it understood,
 If I may, can, shall—still
 I might, could, would, or should !

Some authors, however, write Nonsense Verses without intending it—as, for instance, Stonihurst, in his translation of Virgil, rendered a really sublime passage into the following extraordinary lines :

“Then did he make Heaven’s vault to rebound
 With rounce robble bobble,
 Of ruffee raffe roaring,
 With thicke thwacke thurly bouncing.”

The following curious verse is said to have been on a gravestone at one time in the churchyard of Homersfield, Suffolk, over the body of Robert

Crytoft, who died November 17, 1810, and it is very like nonsense :

MYSELF.

As I walked by myself I talked to myself,
 And thus myself said to me,
 Look to thyself and take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.
 So I turned to myself, and I answered myself,
 In the self-same reverie,
 Look to myself or look not to myself,
 The self-same thing will it be.

One of Theodore Hook's witty associates, the Rev. Edward Cannon, wrote the following piece of unparalleled nonsense :

IMPROMPTU.

If down his throat a man should choose
 In fun, to jump or slide,
 He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,
 Nor dirt his own inside.

Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
 And not a stump to scrape upon,
 He'd see at once how very pat,
 His tongue lay there, by way of mat,
 And he would wipe his feet on *that* !

There are strung together here a variety of curious nonsensical pieces, not in the sense of their being Amphigouries, but because they deserve a place

for their excellence in some ludicrous point or feature. The first is credited to Alfred Crowquill :

TO MY NOSE.

Knows he, who never took a pinch,
Nosey ! the pleasure thence which flows ?
Knows he the titillating joy
That my nose knows ?

O nose ! I am as proud of thee,
As any mountain of its snows ;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

The description here given of Bridget Brady by her lover, Thaddeus Ruddy, a bard who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, is excellent :

“ She’s as straight as a pine on the mountain of Kilmannon ;
She’s as fair as the lilies on the banks of the Shannon ;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms of Drumcallan,
And her breasts gently swell like the waves of Lough Allan ;
Her eyes are as mild as the dews of Dunsany,
Her veins are as pure as the blue bells of Slaney ;
Her words are as smooth as the pebbles of Terwinny,
And her hair flows adown like the streamlets of Finney.”

Our life-long friend, Mr. Punch, some years ago furnished his readers with this single-rhymed verse :

A WORD OF WELCOME.

A Commissioner from Pondicherry, named Checka-

bendalcadermarecar, has arrived in Paris, bringing a lac of rupees (125,000 francs) for the emigrants from Alsace-Lorraine.

Come, Frenchmen, sound his fame afar,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 Due your best words of welcome are
 To Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 Greet him with gittern or guitar,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 Let his long name be ne'er a bar,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 In brightest salons bid him star,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 He comes to heal the wounds of war,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 He helps to raise your funds to par,
 Checkabendalcadermarecar !
 So let no cloud your welcome mar
 Of Checkabendalcadermarecar !

The custom of using compound words was very prevalent in Ben Jonson's time, and he called them "un-in-one-breath-utterable." This practice was also common among the Sophists, and Scaliger has an epigram satirising them as—

“ Lofty-brow-flourishers,
 Nose-in-beard-wallowers,
 Bag-and-beard-nourishers,
 Dish-and-all-swallowers.

Old-cloak-investitors,
 Barefoot-look-fashioners,
 Night-private-feast-eaters,
 Craft-lucubrationers,
 Youth-cheaters, word-catchers, vain-glory-osophers,
 Such are your seekers-of-virtue philosophers."

The following Jingling Rhymes deserve a place as a curiosity :

"A fly got caught, once in a web,
 And soon the spider spied her.
 A donkey pricked her ears and brayed,
 Just to deride her rider.
 Quite oft a lady, when she's vexed,
 Will make a feint in fainting,
 She uses it but to deceive,—
 As she does paint in painting.
 If you will eat too much, 'tis plain,
 You sure will grow, sir, grosser :
 If you persist in drinking rum,
 'Twill paint your nose, sir, know, sir !
 To sober keep, I signed the pledge—
 My sole design in signing ;
 Some men throw all their cash away,
 But I spend mine in mining.
 I must confess I love the weed,
 And when I choose, sir, chew, sir.
 I don't play cards—I find that I,
 When I play loo, sir, lose, sir.
 Although I'm tempted to transgress,
 Each day instead, I stead eye,

Forswear gay pleasure's blandishments—
Turn from the ready 'red eye.'
I can't play billiards—when I miss
I don't accuse a cue, sir.
If you can play a better game
I'll take a view of you, sir.
Some rhymes may more mellifluent sound,
But you can't meet a metre
Will puzzle you much more than this,
Though quite as sweet or sweeter."

There appears to be no end to the vagaries and nonsensical notions of poets, and the next examples are from the other side of the Atlantic—the first being a hit at the curious names of American rivers, which, though with features in nature frequently excelling those of Europe in beauty and sublimity, yet have been named in the New World in a most unfortunate manner. Witness Bigmuddy River and Littlemuddy River, Little Shallow River, Good Woman River, Little Woman River, Blowing Fly Creek, and many others to the same tune. When the western parts of the United States shall have a full quota of civilised inhabitants, cities, scholars, and poets, how sweetly shall such names sound in their verse!

“Ye plains where sweet Bigmuddy rolls along,
And Teapot, one day to be famed in song ;

Where swans on Biscuit and on Grandstone glide,
 And willows wave on Good Woman's side ;
 How shall your happy streams in after time,
 Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme !
 Blest bards, who in your amorous verse will call
 On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon Ball,
 Split Rock, and Stick Lodge, and Two Thousand Mile,
 White Lime, and Cupboard, and Bad Humoured Isle !
 Flow, Little Shallow, flow, and be thy stream
 Their great example as 'twill be their theme !
 Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
 Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing Fly,
 And Thames and Tagus yield to Big Little Dry !”

LINES TO MISS FLORENCE HUNTINGDON.

(*Passamaquoddy, Maine.*)

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
 Shall we seek for communion of souls
 Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
 Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls ?

Ah no,—for in Maine I will find thee
 A sweetly sequestered nook,
 Where the far-winding Skoodoowabskooksis
 Conjoins with the Skoodoowabskook.

There wander two beautiful rivers,
 With many a winding and crook ;
 The one is the Skoodoowabskooksis,
 The other—the Skoodoowabskook.

Ah, sweetest of haunts ! though unmentioned
 In geography, atlas, or book,

How fair is the Skoodoowabskooksis,
When joining the Skoodoowabskook !

Our cot shall be close by the waters
Within that sequestered nook—
Reflected in Skoodoowabskooksis,
And mirrored in Skoodoowabskook.

You shall sleep to the music of leaflets,
By zephyrs in wantonness shook,
And dream of the Skoodoowabskooksis,
And, perhaps, of the Skoodoowabskook.

When awaked by the hens and the roosters,
Each morn, you shall joyously look
On the junction of Skoodoowabskooksis,
With the soft gliding Skoodoowabskook.

Your food shall be fish from the waters,
Drawn forth on the point of a hook,
From murmuring Skoodoowabskooksis,
Or wandering Skoodoowabskook !

You shall quaff the most sparkling of water,
Drawn forth from a silvery brook
Which flows to the Skoodoowabskooksis,
And then to the Skoodoowabskook !

And *you* shall preside at the banquet,
And *I* will wait on thee as cook ;
And we'll talk of the Skoodoowabskooksis,
And sing of the Skoodoowabskook !

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Quoddy, and Tattamagouche,

Of Kennebeccasis, and Quaco,
Of Merigonishe, and Buctouche,

Of Nashwaak, and Magaguadavique,
Or Memmerimammericook,—
There's none like the Skoodoowabskooksis,
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook !

AUTUMN DAYS.

(Manufactured by Peleg Wale's Machine.)

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year ;
Gone are the partridge and the plum,
The falling leaves are sere ;
The partridge now forgets to drum,
The squirrel to uprear
His merry tail, the brooks are glum :
The angels disappear ;
The crow pursues the vagrant crumb,
Too grateful for the cheer ;
The top has ceased its summer hum,
The kites are out of gear ;
O'er mother Earth a fierce autumn
Inverts its icy spear.
Each morning some imbibe their rum,
And some absorb their beer ;
Young soldiers mumble " fi-fo-fum,"
To drive away their fear.
Blithe, happy, joyous school-girls thrum
Pianos far and near,

Or eat the cake of Sally Lunn,
 Or Clara Vere de Vere ;
 While others go to chewing gum,
 Or check the truant tear.
 A blind young man did once calum-
 Niate his precious dear,
 And railed, instead of being mum,
 Because he did not see her.
 Another man got deaf and dumb
 Because he could not hear ;
 But when with cold his feet got numb,
 He turned in his career,
 And danced a polka on his thumb,
 And walked off on his ear.

{	Something broken	}	plumb,
{	in the	}	queer,
{	machine !	}	tum-ti-tum !

K-ch-k-r-r-r-r-r-e-er !

A Dr. Fitzgerald at one time wrote a poem upon his native village of Tipperary, in which occur these two lines—

“And thou ! dear village, loveliest of the clime,
 Fain would I name thee, but I scant in rhyme.”

Dr. Fitzgerald's failure to find a rhyme for Tipperary drew forth the following curious composition :

“A poet there was in sad quandary,
 To find a rhyme for Tipperary.”

Long laboured he through January,
Yet found no rhyme for 'Tipperary ;
Toiled every day in February,
But toiled in vain for Tipperary ;
Searched Hebrew text and commentary,
But searched in vain for Tipperary ;
Bored all his friends in Inverary,
To find a rhyme for Tipperary ;
Implored the aid of 'Paddy Cary,'
Yet still no rhyme for Tipperary ;
He next besought his mother Mary
To tell him rhyme for Tipperary ;
But she, good woman, was no fairy,
Nor witch,—though born in Tipperary ;
Knew everything about her dairy,
But not the rhyme for Tipperary ;
The stubborn muse he could not vary,
For still the lines would run contrary
Whene'er he thought on Tipperary.
And though of time he was not chary,
'Twas thrown away on Tipperary.
Till of his wild-goose chase most weary,
He vowed he'd leave out Tipperary.
But, no—the theme he might not vary,
His longing was not temporary,
To find meet rhyme for Tipperary.
He sought among the gay and airy,
He pestered all the military.
Committed many a strange vagary,
Bewitched, it seemed, by Tipperary.
He wrote, post-haste, to Darby Leary,
Besought with tears his Auntie Sairie ;

But sought he far, or sought he near, he
Ne'er found a rhyme for Tipperary.
He travelled sad through Cork and Kerry,
He drove like mad through sweet Dunleary,
Kicked up a precious tantar-ara,
But found no rhyme for Tipperary ;
Lived fourteen weeks at Stan-ar-ara,
Was well-nigh lost in Glenègary,
Then started slick for Demerara,
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Through Yankee-land, sick, solitary,
He roamed by forest, lake, and prairie,
He went *per terram et per mare*,
But found no rhyme for Tipperary.
Through orient climes on dromedary,
On camel's back through great Sahara ;
His travels were extraordinary
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.
Fierce as a gorgon or chimæra,
Fierce as Alecto or Megæra,
Fiercer than e'er a love-sick bear, he
Ranged through the 'londe' of Tipperary.
His cheeks grew thin and wondrous hairy,
His visage long, his aspect 'eerie,'
His *tout ensemble*, faith, would scare ye,
Amidst the wilds of Tipperary.
Becoming hypocho-n-dri-ary,
He sent for his apothecary,
Who ordered 'balm' and 'saponary,'
Herbs rare to find in Tipperary.
In his potations ever wary,
His choicest drink was 'home gooseberry.'

On swipes, skim-milk, and smallest beer, he
Scanted rhyme for his Tipperary.
Had he imbibed good old Madeira,
Drank pottle-deep of golden sherry,
Of Falstaff's sack, or ripe Canary,
No rhyme had lacked for Tipperary.
Or had his tastes been literary,
He might have found extemporary
Without the aid of dictionary,
Some fitting rhyme for Tipperary.
Or had he been an antiquary,
Burnt midnight oil in his library,
Or been of temper less 'camstary,'
Rhymes had not lacked for Tipperary.
He paced about his aviary,
Blew up, sky-high, his secretary,
And then in wrath and anger sware he,
There was *no* rhyme for Tipperary."

CENTONES OR MOSAICS.

CENTO is properly a piece of patchwork, and hence the term has been applied to poems composed of selected verses or passages from an author, or from different authors, strung together in such a way as to present an entirely new reading. This trick of verse-manufacture was a favourite pastime in the Middle Ages, and popular among the Romans during the declining years of the Empire. Of the earliest of these were the "Homero-Centones," a patchwork of lines from Homer (edited by Teucher at Leipsic, 1793), the "Cento Nuptialis" of Ausonius, and the "Cento Virgilianus" of Proba Falconia in the fourth century. Another early Cento was one of spiritual hymns made up from lines in the works of Horace and Virgil by a monk named Metillus in the twelfth century. The Cento of Proba Falconia is also selected from the works of Virgil, and contains the history of Adam and Eve, together with a life of

our Saviour. The authoress was the wife of a Roman proconsul, and belonged to the Anician family, one of the first in the senatorial rank to embrace the doctrines of Christianity in the days of Constantine. A brief notice of this lady will be found in the 31st chapter of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." A passage from this Cento by Proba Falconia may be given :

EXPULSIO ADAMI ET EVÆ DE PARADISO.

At juveni primùm sævus circumstetit horror,
 Diriguère oculi, nec se celare tenebris
 Amplius, aut notas audire et reddere voces.
 Haud morâ festinant jussi, rapidisque feruntur
 Passibus, et pariter gressi per opaca viarum,
 Corripiunt spatium medium, limenque relinquunt,
 Flentes, et paribus curis vestigia figunt.
 Tunc victum in sylvis baccas, lapidosaque corna
 Dant rami, et vulsis pascunt radicibus herbæ.

The second part of Proba's work concludes with the following verse :

CHRISTUS ASCENDIT AD CÆLOS.

His demùm exactis, spirantes dimovet auras
 Aera per tenuem, cœloque invectus aperto,
 Mortales visus medio in sermone reliquit,
 Infert se septus nebulâ (mirabile dictu)
 Atque illum solio stellantis regia cœli
 Accipit, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.

Those desirous of further information regarding

the work of Proba Falconia and of various others who "wrote" poems of this class in Latin, may consult a French work entitled "Tableau de la Litterature du Centon," by Octave Delepierre (2 vols., Trübner & Co., 1875). In that work there is also mention of a Latin Cento by the Scottish poet, Alexander Ross (1590-1654), who wrote a number of works, most of which are entirely forgotten. His Cento was called "Virgilius Evangelizans," being a life of Christ, taken wholly from the works of Virgil; but Ross is perhaps best remembered by the lines in Butler's "Hudibras":

"There was an ancient sage philosopher,
And he had read Alexander Ross over."

What appears to be the earliest English Cento was communicated by Dodsley to his friend Berenger, as the composition of one of the members of a society which met annually to celebrate the birth of Shakespeare.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF SHAKESPEARE.

(*A Cento taken from his Works.*)

Peace to this meeting,
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes.
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave

Immortal Shakespeare to this favoured isle,
The most replenished sweet work of Nature
Which from the prime creation e'er she framed.
O thou, divinest Nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy son ! formed in thy prodigality
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure ! When he speaks,
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So voluble is his discourse. Gentle
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
His noble blood enchafed, as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearned ; honour, untaught ;
Civility, not seen in others ; knowledge,
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work !
How noble in faculty ! infinite in reason !
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal.
Heaven has him now ! Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his relics ; and this day
Stand aye distinguished in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time :
For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

English poems of this class are very scarce, and the exceeding difficulty of their production will be

evident from the examples which follow. "Life" is said to have occupied a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present times. The compilation first appeared in the "San Francisco Times," and was the work of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The numbers prefixed to the lines refer to the authors from whom they are taken, their names being given at the end:

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh.
5. To be, is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy ;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common lot of all ;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere ;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care ;
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well ; how long or short, permit to Heaven ;
16. They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close that we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
20. Thou pendulum bewixt a smile and tear.

21. Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasures lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray ;
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem ;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat !—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell ;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just ;
38. For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1. Young ; 2. Dr. Johnson ; 3. Pope ; 4. Prior ; 5. Sewel ; 6. Spenser ; 7. Daniell ; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh ; 9. Longfellow ; 10. Southwell ; 11. Congreve ; 12. Churchill ; 13. Rochester ; 14. Armstrong ; 15. Milton ; 16. Bailey ; 17. Trench ; 18. Somerville ; 19. Thomson ; 20. Byron ; 21. Smollett ; 22. Crabbe ; 23. Massinger ; 24. Cowley ; 25. Beattie ; 26. Cowper ; 27. Sir Walter Davenant ; 28. Gray ; 29. Willis ; 30. Addison ; 31. Dryden ; 32. Francis Quarles ; 33. Watkins ; 34. Herrick ; 35. William Mason ; 36. Hill ; 37. Dana ; 38. Shakespeare.

The next Mosaic poem appeared some years ago in *Notes and Queries*, in a communication signed James Monk, and is entitled—

THE POETS' "ESSAY ON MAN."

1. What strange infatuation rules mankind,
2. What different spheres to human bliss assigned ;

3. To loftier things your finer pulses burn,
4. If man would but his finer nature learn ;
5. What several ways men to their calling have,
6. And grasp at life though sinking to the grave.

7. Ask what is human life? the sage replies,
8. Wealth, pomp, and honour are but empty toys ;
9. We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
10. Weak, timid landsmen, on life's stormy main ;
11. We only toil who are the first of things,
12. From labour health, from health contentment springs.
13. Fame runs before us as the morning star,
14. How little do we know that which we are ;
15. Let none then here his certain knowledge boast,
16. Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost ;
17. For over all there hangs a cloud of fear,
18. All is but change and separation here.

19. To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way,
20. Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
21. Be rich in patience if thou in gudes be poor ;
22. So many men do stoope to sight unsure ;
23. Choose out the man to virtue best inclined,
24. Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind ;
25. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
26. Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth, nor safety buys ;
27. Remembrance worketh with her busy train.
28. Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again ;
29. On high estates huge heaps of care attend,
30. No joy so great but runneth to an end ;
31. No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear,
32. Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear ;

33. Grief haunts us down the precipice of years.
 34. Virtue alone no dissolution fears ;
 35. Time loosely spent will not again be won,
 36. What shall I do to be for ever known ?

37. But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
 38. After a thousand mazes overgone ;
 39. In this brief state of trouble and unrest,
 40. Man never is, but always to be blest.
 41. Time is the present hour, the past is fled,
 42. O thou Futurity, our hope and dread.
 43. How fading are the joys we dote upon,
 44. Lo ! while I speak the present moment's gone.

45. O Thou Eternal Arbitrer of things,
 46. How awful is the hour when conscience stings !
 47. Conscience, stern arbitrer in every breast,
 48. The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest.
 49. This above all,—To thine own self be true,
 50. Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too.
 51. To those that list the world's gay scenes I leave,
 52. Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

1. Chatterton ; 2. Rogers ; 3. Sprague ; 4. Dana ; 5. Ben Jonson ;
 6. Falconer ; 7. Cowper ; 8. Ferguson ; 9. Quarles ; 10. Burns ;
 11. Tennyson ; 12. Beattie ; 13. Dryden ; 14. Byron ; 15. Pomfret ;
 16. Waller ; 17. Hood ; 18. Steele ; 19. Dwight ; 20. Herbert ;
 21. Dunbar ; 22. Whitney ; 23. Rowe ; 24. Langhorne ; 25.
 Congreve ; 26. Dr. Johnson ; 27. Goldsmith ; 28. Drayton ; 29.
 Webster ; 30. Southwell ; 31. Thomson ; 32. Sheridan Knowles ;
 33. Landor ; 34. Edward Moore ; 35. Greene ; 36. Cowley ; 37.
 Joanna Baillie ; 38. Keats ; 39. B. Barton ; 40. Pope ; 41. Marsden ;
 42. Elliot ; 43. Blair ; 44. Oldham ; 45. Akenside ; 46. Percival ;
 47. J. A. Hillhouse ; 48. Mallet ; 49. Shakespeare ; 50. Sir J.
 Denham ; 51. Spenser ; 52. Young.

The preceding was shortly after supplemented by another, professedly taken from a very scarce work called "The Lonsdale Magazine," and entitled

MARRIAGE.

1. Marriage, if rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
2. The eye, where pure affection beams,
The tear, from tenderness that streams—
3. Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains.
4. Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.
5. Cordial of life, thus marriage pours
Her comfort on our heavier hours.
6. The hour that rolls for ever on,
Tells us years must soon be gone—
7. Say, dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
8. Nor leave one wretched thought behind?
9. Come press my lips and lie with me,
10. From avarice and ambition free ;
11. Or say, what soft propitious hour,
I best may choose to hail thy power !
12. Plain innocence, in white arrayed,
Before us lifts her fearless head ;

13. Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with our bands.

14. If these delights thy mind can move,
Come live with me and be my love.

1. Cotton ; 2. Logan ; 3. Ogilvie ; 4. Parnell ; 5. Graves ; 6. Dwight ; 7. Langhorne ; 8. Montgomery ; 9. Kirke White ; 10. Cowper ; 11. Barbauld ; 12. Thomson ; 13. Watts ; 14. Marlowe.

Laman Blanchard, a number of years ago, in George Cruikshank's "Omnibus" published the following Mosaic pieces as "poems bearing no resemblance to anything ever before offered to the public." They are, to all intents and purposes—at least so far as a train of connected ideas go—utter absurdities, and properly should be classed as Nonsense Verses. Mr. Blanchard sarcastically states that he found these poems among the MSS. of one of Sir Fretful Plagiary's numerous descendants, and thinks that if any reader of the verses should be reminded of poets past and present, it can only be because the profusely-gifted bard has clustered together more remarkable and memorable lines than any of his predecessors. "That poem," Mr. Blanchard goes on to say, "can be of no inferior order of merit, in which Milton would have been proud to have written one line, Pope would have been equally vain of the authorship of

a second, Byron have rejoiced in a third, Campbell gloried in a fourth, Gray in a fifth, Cowper in a sixth, and so on to the end of the Ode ; which thus realises the poetical wealth of that well-known line of Sir Fretful's—

‘Infinite riches in a little room.’”

Among these productions of Mr. Blanchard's were the following three :

ODE TO THE HUMAN HEART.

Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale !
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,
Like angels' visits, few and far between,
Deck the long vista of departed years.

Man never is, but always to be blest ;
The tenth transmitter of a foolish race,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest,
And makes a sunshine in the shady place.

For man the hermit sighed, till woman smiled,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly,
(In wit a man, simplicity a child,)
With silent finger pointing to the sky.

But fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
 Far out amid the melancholy main ;
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
 Dies of a rose in aromatic pain.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

My way of life is fallen into the sere ;
 I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
 Who sees through all things with his half-shut eyes.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness !
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 Fine by degrees and beautifully less,
 And die ere man can say " Long live the Queen !"

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself has said,
 ' Shoot folly as it flies ' ?
 Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
 Are in that word, farewell, farewell !
 'Tis folly to be wise.

And what is friendship but a name,
 That boils on Etna's breast of flame ?
 Thus runs the world away.

Sweet is the ship that's under sail
 To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 With hospitable ray !

Drink to me only with thine eyes
 Through cloudless climes and starry skies !
 My native land, good night !
 Adieu, adieu, my native shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more—
 Whatever is, is right !

ON LIFE, ET CETERA.

Know then, this truth, enough for man to know :
 Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow ;
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.
 Retreating lightly with a lowly fear
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
 To err is human, to forgive divine,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
 All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

.....

We ne'er shall look upon his like again,
 For panting time toils after him in vain,
 And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain ;
 Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way
 With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay !

Another attempt at this laborious trifling ap-

peared in the *People's Friend* of May 1871, evincing great patience and research :

1. A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
2. Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
3. The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
4. Majestic rises on the astonished sight.

5. Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,—
6. Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race !
7. High is his perch, but humble is his home,
8. Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space.

9. And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
10. Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen ;
11. Where Science mounts in radiant car sublime,
12. And twilight fairies tread the circled green.

13. And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
14. Whom no man fully sees, and none can see ;
15. 'Wildered and weary, sits him down at last,
16. Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.

17. I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
18. To view the smile of evening on the sea ;
19. He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
20. 'I smell a loller in the wind,' said he.

21. 'What if the lion in his rage I meet ?'
22. (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
23. The scourge of Heaven ! what terrors round him
wait !
24. From planet whirled to planet more remote.

25. Thence higher still, by countless steps conveyed,
 26. Remote from towns he ran his godly race ;
 27. He lectured every youth that round him played—
 28. The jostling tears ran down his honest face.

29. 'Another spring !' his heart exulting cries.
 30. Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force ;
 31. A milk-white lion of tremendous size
 32. Lays him along the snows a stiffened corpse.

33. The hay-cock rises, and the frequent rake
 34. Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed ;
 35. And the green lizard and the golden snake
 36. Pause at the bold irrevocable deed.

37. Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,
 38. To bid the genial tear of pity flow ?
 39. By Heaven ! I would rather coin my heart,
 40. Or Mr. Miller's, commonly called Joe !

1. Tennyson ; 2. Shakespeare ; 3. Thomson ; 4. Taite ; 5. Wordsworth ; 6. Pope ; 7. Grahame ; 8. Cowper ; 9. Beattie ; 10. Rogers ; 11. Hemans ; 12. Collins ; 13. Longfellow ; 14. Prior ; 15. Beattie ; 16. Burns ; 17. Wordsworth ; 18. Hemans ; 19. Crabbe ; 20. Chaucer ; 21. Collins ; 22. Beattie ; 23. Gray ; 24. Campbell ; 25. Bloomfield ; 26. Rogers ; 27. Goldsmith ; 28. Burns ; 29. Bloomfield ; 30. Byron ; 31. Falconer ; 32. Thomson ; 33. Joanna Baillie ; 34. Byron ; 35. Shelley ; 36. Euripides ; 37. Beattie ; 38. Hemans ; 39. Shakespeare ; 40. Horace Smith.

We conclude the Centones or Mosaics with the following, gathered from some of the most popular poets :

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime from Lapland to Japan ;
To fix one spark of beauty’s heavenly ray—
The proper study of mankind is man.

Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain ;
‘The Man of Ross !’ each lisping babe replies,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain.

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb,
Far as the solar walk or milky way ?
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

’Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul ;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Syphax ! I joy to meet you thus alone,
Where’er I roam, whatever lands I see ;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

Farewell ! and wheresoe’er thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
That teach the rustic moralist how to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest.”

ANAGRAMS.



AN Anagram is formed by the transposition of the component letters of a word or phrase so as to give a new word or sentence, and though anagrams may be of small value in a literary point of view, yet they are not altogether devoid of a certain degree of interest. Originally anagrams signified simply a reversal of the order of the letters in a word, as in *live*, which when reversed becomes *evil*, but they have long borne the sense in which they are now used. Their interest is greatly enhanced when the transposition is such as to give an appropriate signification or association of ideas relative to or consistent with the original or primary word from which the anagram has been formed, and there are words of this description which exhibit coincidences that are truly astonishing and almost incredible until proved by examination. This literary frivolity has at least the merit of antiquity, for we find that

among the ancient Jewish cabalists the art of *themura*, or transposition of the letters of words, was used by them for the purpose of discovering hidden meanings, and they also thought that the qualities of a man's mind and his future destiny could be guessed at by anagrammatising the letters of his name. The art prevailed, too, among the Greeks and Romans, and has continued through the Middle Ages down to comparatively modern times, chiefly, however, as a pastime.

The French literati have always shown a predilection for anagrams, and the results of their labours in this way would fill volumes. Indeed, such was the estimation in which this "art" was held by them at one period, that it is said their kings were provided with a salaried anagrammatist in the same way that royalty in Britain is provided with a poet-laureate. The popularity of anagrams in France was so great two or three centuries ago, that a man sometimes made his fortune by framing a single happy transposition of the name of a king or other great person. Thus all France was delighted with the anagram on François de Valoys, which was converted into *De façon suis royal*, indicating him to be of regal appearance. One French writer, Gabriel Antoine Joseph Hécart,

went the length of composing and publishing a poem of 1200 lines, every line of which contained an anagram, but it so happens that out of the 1200 hardly one is worth quotation.

The anagram was also popular in Britain at an early date, being looked upon as an agreeable and amusing relaxation, as well as a favourable method by which those who sought favour might flatter the great ones whose influence they coveted. So early as 1589 we find Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" speaking of the anagram thus: "They that use it for pleasure is to breed one word out of another, not altering any letter nor the number of them, but only transposing of the same, whereupon many times is produced some grateful newes or matter to them for whose pleasure and service it was intended; and because there is much difficultie in it, and altogether standeth upon haphazard, it is compted for a courtly conceit." Puttenham himself was the author of two anagrams on the name of Queen Elizabeth, whose portrait adorns the original edition of his work. He uses the following words:—"Elissabet Anglorum Regina," which orthography, he contends, "is true and not mistaken, for the letter *zeta* of the Hebrews and Greeks and of all other toungs

is in truth but a double *s* hardly uttered; and *h* is but a note of aspiration onely and no letter, which therefore is by the Greeks omitted." The first anagram of these words is—

“ Multa regnabis ense gloria ”

(By the sword shalt thou reign in great renown).

The second—

“ Multa regnabis sene gloria ”

(Aged and in much glory shall ye reign).

These two the author made by the first marshalling of the letters, and although he “tossed and translaced them five hundreth times,” he could find no other having reference to her Majesty.

Later on, we find Elizabeth's successor being flattered by another courtly writer, who sought favour for his book by dedicating it to King James, and discovering in the name of his royal patron, James Stuart, the anagram *a just master*. This literary gentleman no doubt thought he had found in this anagram what has been already pointed to as the best feature in this kind of writing, an appropriate signification and relation to the original words. So also with another on James I., by which some of his courtiers wished to

prove his right to the British monarchy, as the descendant of King Arthur, from his name Charles James Stuart, which they rendered *Claims Arthur's Seat*.

Anagrams were not only in use among courtiers, however, but even the Puritans found in them a modified worldly pastime, and some writers of that party actually commended their use as being of a good tendency. In New England, among the early Puritans there, puns and conceits of a laborious kind and uncouth fashion were much admired, and the death of any notable person was sure to call forth several elegies, almost certain to contain some curious play upon the deceased's name or other characteristic feature—thus, John Norton, a learned divine, wrote as follows upon the death of Anne Bradstreet:—

“Her breast was a brave palace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet.”

In a similar manner, Cotton Mather, the well-known writer on Witchcraft, in an elegy upon the death of the above-named John Norton, says of him—

“His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs,
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and *anagrams*.”

Addison gives a somewhat humorous description of an anagrammatist, who shut himself up for some months for the purpose of twisting the name of his mistress into as many of these conceits as he possibly could, but was astonished to find, after all his mental throes, that he had misspelled her name, and that consequently his productions were all faulty and insufficient. Some writers appear to have had a peculiar facility for composing anagrams, as a French poet one day sent his mistress no less than three dozen of them, all written on her name of Magdelaine. These conceits, however, were as frequently sarcastic as complimentary; and thus, though Scaliger may have felt the palpable hit in having his name rendered into *sacrilege*, Sir John Wiat would enjoy the anagram as a compliment which said that Wiat was *a wit*—this latter being a very simple example. The ingenious writer who discovered in Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) its own answer, "*Est vir qui adest*" (It is the man who is here), found one of the best and neatest anagrams which has yet been written. Of those reckoned among the best of these literary trifles are the one upon the mistress of Charles IX. of France, Marie Touchet, *Je*

charme tout (I charm all); and another upon a lady named Eleanor Davies, who belonged to the court of Charles I., and pretended to supernatural and prophetic powers. To substantiate this claim on her part, she anagrammatised her name, Eleanor Davies, into *Reveal, O Daniel!* and this, though faulty in regard to having too much by a letter *l*, and too little by an *s*, was sufficient in her mind to justify the assumption. Arraigned before the Court of High Commission, the judges found that reasoning had no effect upon her—all attempts to disprove by Scripture her claims to inspiration being of no avail—till at length one of the deans took a pen and wrote another and more excellent anagram upon her name—*Dame Eleanor Davies: Never so mad a ladie!* This had the desired effect—the engineer being hoist with his own petard—and put the prophetic lady into so despondent a state, that she never afterwards put forth a claim to supernatural gifts.

Authors long ago were occasionally given to

“Torture one poor word a thousand ways,”

as Dryden says, especially with a view to conceal their authorship from the critics, and thus we find the names of several anagrammatised—for instance,

Calvinus into *Alcuinus*, and Rabelais spitefully turned Calvin into *jan cul*, somewhat equivalent to the English *jackass*; friends of Calvin, however, adopted other fashions, as *Lucanius* and *Lucianus*. John Taylor, the "Water Poet," turned his into *Thorny Ailo*; and Bunyan, in the conclusion of the "advertisement" to the "Holy War," has these two lines—

"Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,
The letters make, '*Nu hony in a B.*'"

One half the disguises adopted by French anonymous writers are in the shape of anagrams formed from their names, and with some of our own modern authors we find among them that Sydney Dobell used his first name and anagrammatised it for a second, thus—*Sydney Yendys*. So with *Barry Cornwall*, poet, which is, with the omission of the letter *r*, a version of his real name, Bryan Waller Proctor.

An old Latin book has this written upon the fly-leaf—

ANDREAS RIVETUS.

Veritas res nuda,
Sed naturâ es vir,
Vir naturâ sedes,
E naturâ es rudis,

Sed es vitâ rarus,
 Sed rure vanitas,
 In terrâ suâ Deus,
 Veni, sudas terra.

Taylor's "Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheel" contains this—

"Supremus Pontifex Romanus,
O non sum super petram fixus."

The first line is "Supreme Pontiff of Rome;" and the second, "Alas! I am not founded upon a rock."

There are several anagrams upon King Charles II., of which we select the following,—the first being also by Taylor:—

"Charles Steuart,
Calls true hearts,
 Brave prince, thy name, thy fame, thy selfe, and all,
 With love and service all true hearts doth call;
 So royally include with princely parts,
 Thy reall virtues alwaies *calls true hearts.*"

The negotiations relative to the match between Charles and the Infanta of Spain (1624) led to this—

"Charles, Prince of Wales,
Will choose France's pearl."

While Charles Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman" contains—

“ Charles, Prince of Wales,
All France cries, O help us !

On a visit to Newton Hall in Derbyshire, Charles II. is said himself to have written on one of the windows—*Cras ero lux* (To-morrow I shall be light), the anagram of Carolus Rex. The next was found written upon a fly-leaf of an old book at Cologne, bearing the date of 1653, supposed to have belonged at one time to one of the English who accompanied Charles II. in his exile—

“ Carolus Stuartus, Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ Rex—
Aulâ, statû, regno exueris, ac hostili arte necaberis.”

One Mistress Mary Fage, who lived in the time of Charles I., was perhaps the most prolific anagrammatist England ever produced. She published a volume of anagrams combined with acrostics under the title of “ Fame’s Rowle ” (Roll), in which the names of many notable persons in the three kingdoms were dealt with, to the number of no less than four hundred and twenty. One may serve as a specimen of the rest—

“ To the Right Hon. John Earl of Weymes.

JOHN WEYMES.

Shew men joy.

In your great honour, free from all alloy,

O truly noble Weymes, you shew men joy ;

*Having your virtues in their clearer sight,
Nothing there is can breed them more delight.*

*With joy your wisdom, so doth men contente ;
Ever we pray it might be permanent ;
Your virtuous life doth breed so great delight ;
Men wish you endless joy you to requite ;
Eternal joy may unto you succede,
Shewing men joy who do your comfort breede."*

Randle Holmes, who wrote an extraordinary book upon Heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram on his name—

"Lo, men's herald !"

In the "Bengal Mofussil Miscellany," republished in London in 1837 as "Indian Reminiscences," there is the following curious anecdote:—
"When young Stanislaus, afterwards King of Poland, returned home from his travels, all the illustrious family of Leczinski assembled at Lissa to congratulate him on his arrival. Festivals, shows, rejoicings of every kind took place ; but the most ingenious compliment that graced the occasion was one paid by the College of Lissa. There appeared on the stage thirteen dancers, dressed as youthful warriors ; each held in his hand a shield, on which was engraved in characters of gold one of the thirteen letters which

compose the two words 'Domus Lescinia.' They then commenced their dance, and so arranged it that at each turn their row of bucklers formed different anagrams. At the first pause they presented them in the natural order—

			“ Domus Lescinia
At the second	.	.	Ades Incolumis
At the third	.	.	Omnis es lucida
At the fourth	.	.	Mane Sidus loci
At the fifth	.	.	Sis columna Dei
At the last	.	.	I, scande Solium.”

The following may be accepted as an approach to the different renderings:—

O (heir to the) House of Lescinius,
 Thou art present with us still unimpaired—
 Thou art all that is wonderful.
 Stay with us, O sun of our land !
 Thou art one of God's supporters—
 Come, ascend thy regal throne.

Ben Jonson, in a “Masque,” has this anagram on the name of Juno—

“ And see where *Juno*, whose great name
 Is *Unio* in the anagram,
 Displays her glistening state and chaire,
 As she enlightened all the ayre.”

Throughout the masque there is a continual play

upon the words *Union* and *Juno*, as relating to marriage.

In one of Taylor's poems, "The Life and Death of Virgin Mary," there are these lines—

"I doe not heere impute this deede of shame
 On Judas, because Judas was his name :
 For of that name there have been men of might
 Who the great battles of the Lord did fight,
 And others more. But sure this impure blot
 Sticke to him, as he's named *Iskarriott* ;
 For in an anagram Iskarriott is,
 By letters transposition, *Traitor kis*."

Iskarriott, anag. *Traitor kis*.

Kisse, traytor, kisse, with an intent to kill,
 And cry all haile ! when thou dost mean all ill ;
 And for thy fault no more shall Judas be
 A name of treason and false infamie ;
 But all that fault I'll on Iskarriott throw,
 Because the anagram explains it so.
 Iskarriott for a bribe, and with a kisse,
 Betrayed his Master, the blest King of Blisse."

All men have their enemies, and Taylor had his—amongst these there was one who took a pitiful way of showing his dislike by twisting Taylor's name in this fashion—

"John Talour the poet,
Art thou in Hell, O poet !"

One Car was an intimate and loving friend of the poet Crawshawe, and on the poet's death Car found some consolation in discovering that Crawshawe could be transposed into the words, *He was Car*, and wrote the following lines accordingly—

“ Was Car then Crawshawe, or was Crawshawe Car,
 Since both within one name combinèd are ?
 Yes, Car's Crawshawe, he Car ; 'tis love alone
 Which melts two hearts, of both composing one ;
 So Crawshawe's still the same—so much desired
 By strongest wits, so honoured, so admired ;
 Car was but he that entered as a friend,
 With whom he shared his thoughts, and did commend
 (While yet he lived) this work ; they loved each other :
 Sweet Crawshawe was his friend ; he Crawshawe's brother :
 So Car had title then ; 'twas his intent
 That what his riches penned poor Car should print ;
 Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
 Who was beloved by all, dispraised by none.
 To wit, being pleased with all things, he pleased all ;
 Nor would he give nor take offence ; befall
 What might, he would possess himself, and live
 As dead (devoid of all int'rest) t'all might give
 Disease t'his well-composed mind, forestalled
 With heavenly riches, which had wholly called
 His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air,
 A very bird of Paradise. No care
 Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
 To fit his soul to heavenly exercise
 Sufficed him ; and, may we guess his heart
 By what his lips bring forth, his only part

Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
 But that to whom one God is all, all's one.
 What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
 His needful food he rather found than sought.
 He seeks no downs, no sheets, his bed's still made
 If he can find a chair or stool, he's laid ;
 When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest,
 And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.
 Thus dying did he live, yet lived to die
 In the Virgin's lap, to whom he did apply
 His virgin thoughts and words, and thence wast styled
 By foes, the chaplain of the Virgin mild,
 While yet he lived without : his modesty
 Imparted this to some, and they to me.
 Live happy then, dear soul ; enjoy thy rest
 Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,
 While Car must live in care, who was thy friend ;
 Nor cares he how he live, so in the end
 He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee,
 And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally."

George Herbert gives several anagrams, among which is the following :—

“ Mary

Army

How well her name an *Army* doth present,
 In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch His tent !”

The Latin language furnishes a number of anagrams, among which the one subjoined is a good example—

‘ Roma dabit oram, Maro,
 Ramo, armo, mora, et amor.

Roma tuum nomen quam non pertransiit *Oram*
 Cum Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum ?
 Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
 Unde *Maro* laudes duxit ad astra tuas.
 At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria *Ramo*
 A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
 Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut *Armo*
 Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
 Quin tibi jam desperatæ *Mora* nulla medetur ;
 Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
 Hinc te olim gentes miratæ odêre vicissim ;
 Et cum sublata laude recidit *Amor*.”

Cleaveland's Works contain the next—

DEFINITION OF A PROTECTOR.

What's a Protector? He's a stately thing,
 That apes it in the non-age of a king.
 A tragic actor—Cæsar in a clown,
 He's a brass farthing stamped with a crown.
 A bladder blown, with other breaths puffed full,
 Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus* Bull.
 Æsop's proud ass, veil'd in the lion's skin,
 An outward saint lined with a devil within.
 An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
 But just as barrel-head sounds like a drum.
 Fantastic image of the royal head,
 The Brewers' with the king's arms quartered ;
 He is a counterfeited piece, that shows
 Charles his effegies with a copper nose.

In fine, he's one we must Protector call,
From whom the King of kings protect us all.

Protector = *O Portet, C. R.*

Tombstones occasionally in former times gave instances of anagrams, as it was not an uncommon belief that a person's character and fortune were hidden in his name. Of this kind are the two following examples. At Ashby Canons, Northampton, there is one of the date of 1639, on

SARAI GRIME,

Is marriage.

A virgin's death, we say, her marriage is,
Spectators viewe as pregnant prooffe in this ;
Her suitor's Christ, to Him her troth she plights,
Being both agreed, then to the nuptial's rites.
Virtue's her tire, prudence her wedding ring,
Angels the bridesmen in the heavenly quire ;
Her joynture's blisse, what more could she desire ?
Noe wonder hence soe soon she sped away,
Her husband call'd, she must not make delay.
Not dead, but married shee, her progenye,
The stem of grace, that lives eternally."

The second of these obituary anagrams is to be found at Bletchley, dated 1657, on—

MRS. FAIETH WALKER

Walke by Faith.

Well did thy life, word, anagram agree,
To will and walke aright was all to thee.

Thy tender years were gracious ; all thy life
 Was virtuous, while a virgin, when a wife ;
 Here thou didst walke by faith, but now above
 By light with Him thy soul did dearly love.
 A happy change, thy life now full of blisse,
 Thy Christ thy Husband, Heaven thy jointure is.

The assassin of Henry III. of France had his name rendered in this way—

“Frère Jacques Clément,
C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé.”

The celebrated Holy Alliance was thus travestied—

“La Sainte Alliance,
La Sainte Canaille.”

Dr. Burney has the credit of the following excellent anagram, written on receipt of the news of the victory of the Nile :—

“Horatio Nelson,
Honor est a Nilo.”

The words, “Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington,” have been transposed into *Let well-foil'd Gaul sekure thy r(e)nown*—an imperfect but not inappropriate example. One on the lamented Princess Charlotte was thought to be particularly happy—the words, “Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales,” were transposed into *P. C. Her august*

race is lost, O fatal news! The following is very apt:—

“When *I cry that I sin* is transposed, it is clear,
My resource, *Christianity*, soon will appear.”

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, as much remembered perhaps for his eccentricity and brusqueness as for his skill, had his name of John Abernethy turned into *Johnny the Bear*. The annexed is an excellent instance of this laborious trifling:—

A TELEGRAM ANAGRAMMATISED.

Though but a *late germ*, with a wondrous elation,
Yet like a *great elm* it o'ershadows each station,
Et malgré the office is still a large fee mart,
So joyous the crowd was, you'd thought it a *glee mart*;
But they raged at no news from the nations belligerent,
And I said, *Let 'm rage*, since the air is refrigerant.
I then *met large* numbers, whose drink was not sherbet,
Who scarce could look up when their eyes the *gas-glare met*;
So when I had learned from commercial adviser,
That *mere galt* for sand was the great fertiliser,
I bade *Mr. Eaglet*, although 'twas ideal,
Get some from the clay-pit, and so *get 'm real*;
Then, just as my footstep was leaving the portal,
I met an *elm targe* on a great Highland mortal,
With the maid he had wooed by the loch's flowery *margolet*,
And rowed in his boat, which for rhyme's sake call bargelet,
And blithe to the breeze would have set the sail daily,
But it blew at that rate which our sailors *term gale*, aye;
I stumbled against the fair bride he had married,
When a *merle gat* at large from a cage that she carried;

She gave a loud screech ! and I could not well blame her,
 But lame as I was, I'd no wish to *get lamer* ;
 So I made my escape—ne'er an antelope fleeter,
 Lest my verse, like the poet, should limp through *lag metre*.

The following appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper some years ago :—

THE LENT OARS.

*Illustrating Fifty different Renderings of the Letters
 composing the Word "Monastery."*

I am a boatman on the Lago Maggiore, but, fool that I am, I lent my oars to the Monks of St. Thomas's, who used to cross the lake in their own boat, and who, on my inquiring about them, vowed they never had got them. I spoke to the mayor of the canton, who transmitted a letter my dear Mary had written, and promised he would send for an answer himself. Having waited for some time rather impatiently, I set off to the monastery to inquire if the *mayor sent* or not for the answer to *Mary's note* about *my ten oars*. The abbot had gone on a visit to the adjoining convent, and I was informed that the letter was sent there, and they thought it likely my oars were there too. I went thither, and on gaining admission, I inquired if the answer had been sent for. "*Ay, monster,*" said she, "though *ten mayors* had sent they would not have got one." "Come, come, *no mastery* over me ; *may no rest* be mine here or hereafter if I do not have my oars ! *Yes, matron,* there is *one St. Mary* to whom I shall pray for interference." "See your *stone Mary* there," said she, pointing to an image

of the blessed Virgin set in the wall. I prostrated myself before it, saying, "O *my one star*, my Mary! look down *on my tears*, and *O try means* to get me back my oars. May my soul, which has *met no rays* of thine for long, *store many* favours now. Oh! Mary, do *so try*, *amen*." On rising I was astounded on hearing the matron exclaim, "*My! treason!*" Woman though she was, I could have smitten her to the ground, for here came the abbot angrily and anxiously inquiring, "What treason?" Taking me for a French spy, he approached cautiously, but seeing as *yet no arms* about me, he grew bolder, and caused me to be searched for *army notes* or papers. Though he found nothing, I could scarce prevail upon him to grant a truce *or amnesty* till I could explain my errand. "*Ay, no terms* with the villain," said he, threatening to *tan my sore* hide for me. I remonstrated, "*Stay, Ermon*, be not hasty; I trump you no *mean story* in showing you this;" and here I showed him my *torn, seamy* coat, as evidence that no government had favoured me with a degree in *money arts*. "*Yet Romans*," said he, "call *Rome nasty*, and I was suspicious you were one of that kind." "No, *my senator*, I am nothing great, but I am not so bad as that." I was glad to get off without further mentioning my oars, and so left the place.

I was terribly vexed, however, at the way affairs had turned out, so that I could not help telling my care to an old woman I met not far off, and whom I knew. "Do you see *yon stream* on this side of the lake?" said I; "*many tears* have I shed there; I never refused to lend an oar when asked, but no one *sent my oar* back, till now I have lost them all." "Dear me, that's

scandalous; take *a rest on my bundle* for a short time; I am sure I saw *Tom N. Sayer* with some of them, and I'll just run over and see." I did as she said, and had not long to wait for her return. "Ye ran most nimbly, but how sped you?" At no great *rate, my son*; he has some, but he ran away." "Ran away!" I exclaimed. "Yes, *Tom ran*, though I told him you meant to say *no term* of payment for the bother you had been put to." "May he rot—yes, *man, rot*—for his roguery; by all the bloody heroes, from *Mars to Ney*, were I a tailor I would *try no seam* till I found him; and then—. But I am no tailor, I am but a boatman; so I see no way to make up my loss but by laying a little *on my rates* of passage or smuggling a trifle of *Morny's tea*." "If a *tear, my son*, would avail thee anything, I would shed plenty; but you *may rest on* my doing what I can for you, so neither hinder *nor stay me* just now, as I must away." "Good-bye," said I; "but may Old Davy *tar my nose* for me if I don't watch that chap. Fine way for a poor *tar's money* to go, always buying oars. Yes, Tom, I'll be down *smart on ye* some of these days."

Thoroughly disgusted, I turned *my toes, ran* swiftly home, and vowed myself *a snore at my ease*, unless my *mentor say* me nay.

We conclude with the following selection of these conceits:—

Florence Nightingale,	Penitentiary,	French Revolution,
<i>Flit on, cheering angel.</i>	<i>Nay, I repent it,</i>	<i>Violence run forth.</i>
Revolution,	Presbyterian,	Masquerade,
<i>Love to ruin.</i>	<i>Best in prayer.</i>	<i>Queer as Mad.</i>
Parliament,	Midshipman,	Sweetheart,
<i>Partial men.</i>	<i>Mind his map.</i>	<i>There we sat.</i>

Catalogues,
Got as a clue.

Lawyers,
Sly ware.

Punishment,
Nine thumps.

Old England,
Golden land.

Paradise lost,
Reap sad toils.

Paradise regained,
Dead respire again.

Telegraph,
Great help.

Astronomers,
Moon starers.

Parishioners,
I hire parsons.

Democratical,
Comical trade.

Gallantries,
All great sin.

Impatient,
Tim in a pet.

THE PALINDROME.



PALINDROMIC, or Reciprocal Verses (Gr. *palin*, backwards; *dromos*, a running) is the name given to verses which read the same either backwards or forwards. They are the most difficult of all the literary frivolities we have yet met with—their composition requiring considerable skill and invention, yet having no useful purpose. The English language is not very well adapted for this kind of Jump-Jim-Crowism, and only a few examples are to be met with; it is more common, however, in Latin and Greek, and there are a number in these languages. There is, indeed, a curious and rare volume in Greek of this nature, being a poem by “Ambrose Hieromonachus Pamperes, with Scholia and all the Histories contained in it; being of great use to those who study it deeply. Now first published, 1802, at Vienna in Austria, at the Greek printing press of George Bendotes.” This work consists of one

hundred and sixty pages, the first eight containing the dedication to the Emperor of All the Russias, Alexander I. There is also an Introduction, giving directions how the book is to be read, also an epigram praising the Greek writers, affirming that in all of them will be found wisdom. Then comes the poem itself, consisting of 416 verses, and an equal number of scholia on these verses—each verse being explained by a commentary, introducing notices of great men, kings, poets, mythological characters, and others. The arrangement of the words is of course frequently forced, the allusions obscure, and the sense difficult to discover, but they are by no means what are called nonsense verses, for by close attention, and with the aid of the notes, every one of them may be construed. The poem, each line of which is a complete palindrome, commences thus—

“Onax es o, ethete te Theos ex ano,”
signifying—

“O King, who was thus placed by God from above.”

This poem by Pamperes was written on the words the Empress Catherine uttered when some of her chief officers were put to death, and her troops destroyed by the Poles. On hearing the unex-

pected news she was in the deepest grief and could not rest. She immediately called together her counsellors, and began her speech—

“Rypara, anomata, ata mona, ara pyr,” &c.

“How cruel, mean, and unlawful are these things that I have heard. How full of impiety is this unexpected and unlawful loss. Nothing else is required for revenge except fire,” &c.

Of the few palindromes in the English language, one represents our first parent introducing himself to Eve in these words—

“Madam, I’m Adam.”

Taylor, the Water Poet, made several attempts at constructing palindromes, but could arrive at nothing better than—

“Lewd did I live, & evil did I dwel”—

not altogether perfect, however, inasmuch as if the last word was properly written, the reciprocity would fail. Something similar is this other—

“Live was I ere I saw evil.”

Another English one has reference to Napoleon, who is supposed to say—

“Able was I ere I saw Elba.”

These last two are very complete, as each word remains intact, which in palindromic verses is not always the case—the component letters frequently running into different words in the reverse reading. The following Latin example preserves this kind of completeness:—

“Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.”

There are a number of names which are palindromic in the English language, and it is somewhat curious that they are mostly feminine, as—Eve, Anna, Hannah, Ada, Madam, and others. The following enigma is founded on like words:—

“First find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
 And backwards and forwards is always the same ;
 Then, next, you must find out a feminine name,
 That backwards and forwards is always the same ;
 An act, or writing, or parchment, whose name
 Both backwards and forwards is always the same ;
 A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
 Read backwards and forwards is always the same ;
 A note used in music, which time doth proclaim,
 And backwards and forwards is always the same ;
 The initials or terminals equally frame
 A title that's due to the fair married dame,
 Which backwards and forwards is always the same.”

The words sought for are—Mum, Anna, Deed, Anana, Minim, whose initials and endings equally

form Madam, "the title that's due to the fair married dame."

A Roman lawyer chose this for his motto—

"Si nummi immunis"—

which has been freely translated—

"Give me my fee, and I warrant you free."

A Latin elegiac verse gives in every line a complete palindrome:—

"Salta, tu levis es ; summus se si velut Atlas,
 (Omina ne sinimus,) suminis es animo.
 Sin, oro, caret arcanâ cratera coronis
 Unam arcas, animes semina sacra manu.
 Angere regnato, mutatum, o tangere regna,
 Sana tero, tauris si ruat oret anas :
 Milo subi rivis, summus si viribus olim,
 Muta sedes ; animal lamina sede satum.
 Tangeret, i videas, illisae divite regnat ;
 Aut atos ubinam manibus orta tua !
 O tu casurus, rem non mersurus acuto
 Telo, sis-ne, tenet ? non tenet ensis, olet."

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, a lady who had been forbidden to appear at court on account of some suspicions against her, the truth of which she denied, took for the device on her seal, the moon, partly obscured, with the motto—

“Ablata at alba.”
 (*Retired but pure.*)

The following is supposed to be written to a young man detained at Rome on a love affair, and is founded upon an older and unproducible verse, which gave a dreadful picture of the state of morals at Rome in ancient times:—

“Roma, ibi tibi sedes—ibi tibi Amor ;
 Româ etsi te terret et iste Amor,
 Ibi etsi vis te non esse—sed es ibi,
 Roma te tenet et Amor.”

Thus rendered into English—

“At Rome you live—at Rome you love ;
 From Rome that love may you affright,
 Although you'd leave—you never move,
 For love and Rome both bar your flight.”

The older and unproducible verse referred to as the origin of the preceding example, was the work of Sotades, a Roman poet who lived 250 years B.C., and has the credit of having invented this kind of literary folly. Sotades having degraded his muse by devoting his verse to obscenity, *Sotadea Carmina* became the general name for verse of that character. The few of his lines which are cited by Quintilian are well known.

In various churches in the East this line is to be seen engraved on baptismal fonts—

“ Νίχον ἀνομήμα, μή μόναν ὄχιν ”

“ Wash away my sins, not my face only.”

There is one which is applied to the “Witches’ Sabbath,” which runs thus—

“ In girum imus noctu, non ut consumimur igni ”—

“ We go round in a circle at night, not to be consumed by fire.”

The following surrounds a figure of the sun in the mosaic pavement at Sa Maria del Fiori at Florence:—

“ En giro torte sol ciclos et rotor igne.”

Camden gives us this example—

“ Odo tenet mulum, madidam mappam tenet Anna.

Anna tenet mappam, madidam, mulum tenet Odo.”

The following, in which the *words* only read backwards, is said to express, in the first form, the sentiments of a Roman Catholic:—

“ Patrum dicta probo, nec sacris belligerabo ; ”

read backwards, we have the sentiments of a Protestant:—

“ Belligerabo sacris, nec probo dicta patrum.”

Another of this kind is one which refers to the sacrifice of Abel—

“*Sacrum pingue dabo, nec macrum sacrificabo ;*”

and in the second way is applicable to that of Cain :

“*Sacrificabo macrum nec dabo pingue sacrum.*”

The following Latin verse also affords two opposite meanings :—

“*Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempore longo
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet.*”

“*Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.*”

Another Latin poem of about sixty lines begins in this way—

“*Sumere tironem si vis, me norit eremus :
Jurem non animo nomina non merui.
Aspice : nam raro mittet timor arma, nec ipsa
Si se mente reget, non tegeter Nemesis.
Me tum animat recte, me dem, et certamina mutem,
Si res ana velit utile, vanus eris.*”

A German example runs—

“*Bei Leid lieh stets Heil die Lieb.*”
(In trouble, comfort is lent by love.)

These which follow are also good examples—

“Si bene te tua laus taxat sua lautè tenebis.”

“Acide me malo, sed non desola me, medica.”

Mr. H. Campkin some years ago sent the following piece to “Notes and Queries,” and stated that it was written to please a youthful group, and, though nonsensical enough, the lines serve to show that the English language is capable of being twisted into uncouth ways if any one will take the trouble :—

“One winter’s eve around the fire, a cosy group, we sat,
Engaged, as was our custom old, in after-dinner chat :
Small talk it was, no doubt, because the smaller folk were there,
And they, the young monopolists ! absorbed the lion’s share.
Conundrums, riddles, rebuses, cross-questions, puns atrocious,
Taxed all their ingenuity, till Peter the precocious—
Old head on shoulders juvenile—cried, ‘ Now for a new task,
Let’s try our hand at *Palindromes !* ’ ‘ Agreed ! But first,’ we ask,
‘ Pray, Peter, what *are* Palindromes ? ’ The forward imp replied,
‘ A Palindrome’s a string of words, of sense or meaning void,
Which reads both ways the same ; and here, with your permission,
I’ll cite some half-a-score of samples, lacking all precision,
(But held together by loose rhymes) to test my definition !’

A milksop jilted by his lass, or wandering in his wits,
Might murmur, *Stiff, O dairyman, in a myriad of fits !*
A limner, by photography dead beat in competition,
Thus grumbled : *No, it is opposed, art sees trade’s opposition !*
A nonsense-loving nephew might his soldier uncle dun,
With *Now stop, Major-general, are negro jam pots won !*
A supercilious grocer, if inclined that way, might snub
A child with, *But Ragusa store, babe, rots a sugar tub !*
Thy sceptre, Alexander, is a fortress, cried Hephaestion :
Great A. said, *No, it’s a bar of gold, a bad log for a bastion !*

A timid creature fearing rodents—mice, and such small fry—
Stop, Syrian, I start at rats in airy spots, might cry.

A simple soul, whose wants are few, might say with hearty zest,
Desserts I desire not, so long no lost one rise distressed.

A stern Canadian parent might—in earnest, not in fun—
 Exclaim, *No sot nor Ottawa law at Toronto, son!*

A crazy dentist might declare, as something strange or new,
 That *Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir, in a waste-gap! True!*

A surly student, hating sweets, might answer with *elan*,
Name tarts, no, medieval slave, I demonstrate man!

He who in Nature's bitters findeth sweet food every day,
Eureka! till I pull up ill I take rue, well might say."

There is an old legendary story that his Satanic Majesty was an adept at this kind of versification, and the subjoined account of one of his attempts is taken from Hone's "Every-day Book." "St. Martin having given up the profession of a soldier, and being elected Bishop of Tours, when prelates neither kept horses, carriages, nor servants, had occasion to go to Rome to consult His Holiness upon some important ecclesiastical matter. As he was walking gently along the road he met the devil, who politely accosted him, and ventured to observe how fatiguing and indecorous it was to perform so long a journey on foot, like the commonest of cockle-shell chaperoned pilgrims. The saint knew well the drift of Old Nick's address, and commanded him to become immediately a beast of burden or *jumentum*; which the devil did

in a twinkling, by assuming the shape of a mule. The saint jumped upon the fiend's back, who at first trotted cheerfully along, but soon slacked his pace. The bishop of course had neither whip nor spurs, but was possessed of a much more powerful stimulus, for, says the legend, he made the sign of the Cross, and the smarting devil instantly galloped away. Soon, however, and naturally enough, the father of sin returned to sloth and obstinacy, and Martin hurried him again with repeated signs of the Cross, till, twitched and stung to the quick by those crossings so hateful to him, the vexed and tired reprobate uttered the following distich in a rage:—

‘Signa te, signa ; temere me tangis et angis ;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.’

That is—‘Cross, cross thyself ; thou plaguest and vexest me without necessity ; for, owing to my exertions, Rome, the object of thy wishes, will soon be near.’”

Hardly akin to this palindromic dexterity, but which may be mentioned here, is the attempt to construct a verse which shall contain the whole of

the letters in the alphabet. The English version of the Bible has one passage which does this, with the exception of the letter *j* (Ezra vii. 21); and here are four lines as an example—

“ God gives the grazing ox his meat,
 And quickly hears the sheep’s low cry,
 But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
 Should joy to lift His praises high.”

The greater feat, however, would be to have a line containing all the letters, but these only occurring once. The late Professor De Morgan frequently relieved the severity of his mathematical studies by composing puzzles of this kind, but could make nothing of it, till he made use of the poetical license of employing *u* for *v* and *i* for *j*. The result was—

“ I, quartz pyx, who fling muck beds.”

The professor’s line encouraged others to try something better, resulting in

“ Quiz my black whigs ; export fund ;”

and another—


“ Dumpy Quiz, whirl back fogs next :”

all alike having the duplication of letters—*u* for *v*,

and *i* for *j*. De Morgan, in sending these oddities to "Notes and Queries," decided that the nearest approach to good sense was in the following:—

"Get nymph; quiz sad brow; fix luck."

LITERARY MISFORTUNES.

 AN old countryman, on the occasion of a recent visit to a printing-office for the first time, casually remarked to one of the compositors that he did not understand how they all came to be such good "spellers." Having been told they generally considered it as easy to spell correctly as not, and that from long practice it was unusual to make a mistake, he remarked further that he supposed them conversant with every language they might be called upon to put in type. This fact, for it is one, is quite reconcilable with the idea of another equally verdant visitor—that a phonetic system of spelling would be an advantage, where each compositor would be left to the freedom of his own will. Others, again, even in these enlightened times, are so ignorant of the actual labour and various processes required in the production of books, that they think nothing can be easier. Instance

the old lady who called at a bookseller's shop in the North, asking for a "big prent" Bible. After being shown several, none of which appeared of large enough type to satisfy her, she very coolly remarked, "I'm gaun up the toon to buy some bits of things, an' ye can jist pit your stampin' airns in the fire, an' hae ane ready for me as I come back." Poor old lady! her ignorance was manifest enough; but there are plenty of authors nearly as unreasonable in their demands at the hands of the printer—the misspelling of a proper name, or the omission of a comma, throwing them into a state of mental agitation, which may perhaps beget a letter animadverting in strong terms upon the mistake to the publisher or editor of the work in question.

Mistakes will happen in the best works, in spite of all the care which can be taken by the printers in the getting-up of the books, and Dr. Hill Burton, in his "Book-Hunter," would seem to infer that blunders have occasionally subserved a very important purpose. "One curious service of printers' blunders," he says, "of a character quite distinct from their bibliographical influence, is their use in detecting plagiarisms. It may seem strange that there should be any difficulty in

critically determining this question, when the plagiarism is so close as to admit of this test; but there are pieces of very hard work in science—tables of reference, and the like—where, if two people go through the same work, they will come to the same conclusion. In such cases, the prior worker has sometimes identified his own by a blunder, as he would a stolen china vase by a crack. Peignot complains that some thirty or forty pages of his ‘*Dictionnaire Bibliographique*’ were incorporated in the ‘*Siècles Littéraires de la France*,’ ‘avec une exactitude si admirable, qu’on y a précieusement conservé toutes les fautes typographiques.’”

The printers are not always in fault, however, as regards the origin of errors, for the author frequently leads them astray by carelessly-written “copy,” both in punctuation and spelling. One well-known American writer recommended that all authors should work for a time in a printing-office, as a means of reforming a diffuse style and incorrect punctuation — compositors becoming critically aware, in the picking up letter by letter of a long and complex sentence, of the best means of curtailing and strengthening sentences, and being quick at detecting repetitions, to say nothing of the

art of correct punctuation. It is part of the Proof-Reader's duty to mark a note of interrogation against any passage in a book preparing for press which he does not think is right, or when a sentence is incomplete. Authors profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning, and many a weak point, which might have marred a writer's reputation, has been set right by attention being drawn to it by the unobtrusive (?) of the Proof-Reader. Though not exactly perfect, the Reader generally bestows much time and patience over his work, and the general correctness of the many books now published evidences that their labour is not in vain, though seldom or never is he complimented for his care—freedom from censure may be said to be the only praise he ever gets. And what an amount of knowledge he is supposed to possess in all departments of literature! He should know all about the Constitutions of Clarendon, the Statute of Provisors, Pragmatic Sanctions, Development Theories, the Bangorian Controversy, &c., and besides Latin and French, a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew will not come amiss, though it may not benefit him pecuniarily. He should be able to tell whether the perisome in the *Brisingidæ* is coriaceous or not, or consists of an ectoderm of

ciliated cuticle and a mesoderm of calcareous skeletal ossicula with a ciliated epithelium—in fact, he would require to be a walking encyclopædia, a living Dictionary of Phrase and Fable! The Reader is generally attended by a satellite, redolent of ink and paste—the P.D.—who reads over the author's MS. to him while he looks on the proof and notes the errors, and this youthful genius will supply words or travesty them in the most ingenious and outrageous manner. We have known of one who read off the copy, "The Legend of the Kid" for Legend of the Cid, and another travestied the line—wilfully, we suspect—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,"

into the burlesque—

"His sole was like a skate, and smelt afar!"

A third boy read "Paul's Epistle to the Caledonians" instead of Corinthians.

Many a good work is sadly disfigured by the negligence of authors in correcting their proofs; while other writers, again, are extremely diligent in making unnecessary alterations. Cases have occurred where one volume has grown into two by means of corrections, and others have had their

price considerably heightened in consequence. It is recorded that both Milton and Addison were solicitous regarding the correction of their works while passing through the press. Savage was most scrupulous in correcting his proofs, and the poet Gray would not unfrequently spend weeks over them, revising and re-revising. The satirical poet Churchill expressed himself rather energetically on this point, when he said "that it was like cutting away one's own flesh;" while Julius Scaliger so carefully prepared his MS. that it seldom needed correction, and the print frequently corresponded with it page for page and line for line. "Easy composition, but laborious correcting," was Burns' own description of his work. Ben Jonson was once requested to revise a sermon full of typographical and other errors, but he declined the task, and recommended that it should be sent to the House of Correction. Burke, the celebrated orator, was careless in regard to his MS., and one of his effusions received so many corrections and interlineations that the compositors refused to correct it, but took down the types and reset the whole. Dr. Johnson was most assiduous over his proofs, and between the original publication of his essays in the "Rambler," and their

collection and reprint in the form of a book, there were thousands of alterations made.

Errors and misfortunes do not proceed only from the many who write and publish, but the few who occupy the highest position in the literary world are equally to blame, chiefly owing to the hurried way in which much of their MS. is prepared for press. Good penmanship, as a branch of education, in many cases would seem to have been greatly neglected, and we have heard of instances where the signature of a letter has been so completely unintelligible as to involve the necessity of the writer's name being cut from the missive and gummed on to the envelope of the answer. This may be looked upon as an extreme case, perhaps, but that such a necessity may occasionally arise is quite within the experience of many persons whose correspondence is at all extensive. We have seen MS. from a well-known author which could be likened to nothing better than the autograph of a dying spider which had paid a surreptitious visit to an ink-bottle. Lawyers of high standing send their MS. to the printers with technical phrases misspelled and legal terms abbreviated, and expect the compositor to decipher and set it up in a readable condition. Divines of

known ability leave their "copy" without points or even "caps" to mark the end or beginning of sentences—thus giving much additional labour, and causing thereby much loss of time and temper. Were their works left in the same state as that in which they are frequently written, no one would attribute the fault to the author—the printer alone would be held responsible. Some writers have asserted, however, by way of excuse for themselves, that printers, when they get extra-bad MS., pay more attention to it, and that therefore there are fewer errors in proofs from that which is ill-written than in that which is well-written. A learned dean—we think it was Dr. Hook—is reported to have said that the worse the penmanship the cleaner the proof! The compositor may well wish to put what Dean Alford calls a shriek (!) after that assertion.

Carelessness in style is another cause of errors, and often, by the misuse of pronouns, renders what might have been intelligible enough, doubtful and false in meaning. As an example of this kind of obscurity, take the following sentence from a scientific work published some years ago:—"When we say, in astronomy, that the earth revolves round the sun, or that the moon revolves round the

earth, we do not speak with absolute correctness, for in all such cases both bodies are revolving round the common centre of inertia of the two. In the case of the sun and the earth, as the former is a million times larger than the latter, the common centre of the *two* being so much nearer *its* centre than to the centre of the earth, is really within *its* body or circumference." To which of the nouns do these *its* apply? One of the leading London papers on one occasion produced the following. The "old man" of the statement is old Mr. Fleming of Glasgow, who figured some years ago in a noted criminal case there. "There, after a while, during Mrs. M'Lachlan's temporary absence, the old man murdered her with a cleaver. He then made her swear to tell no one, and gave her the property, that the blame might be laid upon robbers." Having first murdered the woman in her absence, he then makes her swear to tell no one—very extraordinary altogether.

Before adverting to the literary misfortunes peculiar to the newspaper press, we shall notice a few which have occurred in books, some of which may as fairly be attributed to the writer as to the printer. We may premise that the similarity in the spelling of some words, others with the differ-

ence of only a letter, and the comparative resemblance of the written conformation of many words, are the most fruitful causes—the mistakes often having a fitness of themselves which, independently of the amusement they afford, is sometimes superior to that of mere incongruity. Thomas Moore, in the “Fudges in England,” happily hits off the liability of printers to commit errors, when he makes Fanny say—

“But a week or two since, in my ‘Ode to the Spring,’—
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,—
Where I talked of the ‘dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,
The nasty things made it ‘freshly-blown noses!’
And once when, to please my cross aunt, I had tried
To commem’rate some saint of her clique who had died,
Having said he ‘had taken up in heaven his position,’
They made it, he ‘had taken up to heaven his physician!’”

Mr. H. Martin of Halifax some years ago adverted to an error which occurred in a communication of his to one of the journals, and said: “Upwards of thirty years’ experience in connection with the press has taught me to be very lenient towards misprints. The difficulty of detecting typographical errors is much greater than the uninitiated are inclined to believe. I have often observed that, even if the spelling be correct, a wrong word is very apt to remain undetected.” He then

notices an instance in an edition of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," where the lines—

" Young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy"—

were made into nonsense by the conversion of Troy into *Tory*. Mr. Martin says further: "In a short biographical notice of Pope which I compiled for an edition of his poems, I briefly enumerated his prose works, among which I named his 'Memoirs of a Parish Priest;' when the proof came before me, I found the compositor had set it, '*Memoirs of a Paint Brush.*'"

To which of the two, author or compositor, are we indebted for this vile misquotation of a line from Burns? —

"Now Tam, O Tam! had they been *queens!*"

Queens never were plentiful in Ayrshire, but it could turn out many a bevy of

"Queans,
A' strapping hizzies in their teens."

In a cheap edition of Burns there is this error—

"O gin my love were yon red *nose*;"

And in another edition still—

“ But hark ! I’ll tell ye o’ a plot,
Though dinna ye be speakin’ o’t ;
I’ll nail the self-conceited *Scot*
As dead’s a herrin’ ! ”

There is a certain association sometimes between the colour of a rose and a nose, and perhaps to some people there is a similar link between a Scot and a *sot*.

A book was published some years ago, in which a modern example of public spirit and good citizenship was brought into comparison with the conduct of Cato and Brutus. This was the end of a paragraph, and no doubt was intended for a good finishing effect, but unfortunately the two Roman names were printed *Cats* and *Brutes* !

Mr. Pycroft, in his “ Ways and Words of Men of Letters,” relates the following conversation :—
“ ‘ Really,’ said a printer to him, ‘ gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs ; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint.’
‘ Indeed ! And what was the unhappy line ?’
‘ Why, sir, the poet intended to say—

“ See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire ! ”

instead of which the line appeared—

“See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire!*”

The reviewers of course made the most of so entertaining a blunder, and the poor poet was never heard of more in the field of literature.” The same gentleman also notices another singular error, in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson as an authority under the verb “to sit.” “Asses are ye that sit in judgment” (Judg. v. 10). The verse is, “Speak! ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way.”

In Pope’s notes on “Measure for Measure,” he says the story was taken from “Cinthio,” dec. 8, nov. 5—meaning 8th decade and 5th novel. One of the many emendators of Shakespeare, however, thought fit to fill out these abbreviations, and we therefore read December 8, November 5! Pope has also been misquoted on another occasion by some prosaic compositor, who sought to bring the poet’s idea within the limits of his own understanding, thus—

“Who could take offence,
When pure description held the place of *sauce?*”

instead of “the place of *sense.*”

In one of the many Christmas books published

nowadays at that festive season, there was a passage to the effect that, though young ladies sometimes affected through coyness a dislike to be kissed under the misletoe, "they did not object to it under the *nose*"—which we would charitably understand to have been meant for "under the rose!" We forget in what Radcliffian romance the following occurred—the passage was a vigorous one, the scene well wrought up; the heroine was on the point of being sacrificed to the revenge of the villain of the story, when opportune aid arrived to the rescue of the fair damsel in the person of a knight riding on a *warehouse*! We fancy "war-horse" was here meant. The omission of the letter *y* gave a curious turn to the following line:—

"My *years* flow back, I'm young again."

A monkish writer of a work published in 1561, called the "Anatomy of the Mass," and consisting of 172 pages of text and 15 of errata, attributed the many mistakes in the book to the "artifices of Satan." He "supposes that the devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first before it was printed, by drenching the manuscript in a kennel, and having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered several parts

illegible; the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never yet equalled in so small a work." The Bible itself has not escaped from these misfortunes. One edition, printed by John Basket at Oxford, is known as the "Vinegar Bible," from the fact that the Parable of the Vineyard is therein styled the Parable of the Vinegar. A printer's wife in Germany, while an edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of stealing into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve in Genesis. She took out the first two letters of the word *Herr* (lord), and substituted *Na* in their place, thus altering the passage from "and he shall be thy lord" (*Herr*) to "and he shall be thy fool" (*Narr*). In a Cambridge Bible published some years back, appears "I shall never *forgive* (forget) thy precepts." John Field, a Cambridge printer, published an edition of the Bible in 1653, containing a great number of errors, of which the following is an example:—"Know ye not that the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?" (1 Cor. vi. 9), for "shall not inherit." Disraeli, in his "Curiosities," gives an account of a similar scandalous omission of the important negative in the Seventh Commandment. The printers

were summoned before the Court of High Commission; and this "*not*" served to bind them in a fine of £3000. A prior circumstance had occurred which induced the Government at that time to be very vigilant regarding the Biblical press: the learned Bishop Usher, going one day to preach at St. Paul's Cross, entered a bookseller's shop on his way and procured a Bible of the London edition. When he came to look for his text, to his astonishment he discovered that the verse was altogether omitted from the copy he had purchased.

Such errors in the Bible cannot easily occur nowadays, as all editions are subjected to severe scrutiny. But there are many curious discrepancies between the English and Scotch Bibles, chiefly in the spelling of various words—all the usual marks of punctuation, however, are employed in both, with the exception of what printers call the "dash" (—), and this is not used at all either in Old or New Testament, with one solitary exception, which the reader will find by turning to Exodus xxxii. 32. Jeremiah xxxi. 15 in Scotch Bibles has "Rachel weeping for her children," in English Bibles it is "*Rahel* weeping." English Bibles have caterpillar, hungred, houshold, &c., Scotch have caterpillar, household, hungæred, &c.,

One English Bible spells cheerful in the Old Testament *chearful* (Prov. xv. 13; Zech. viii. 19, ix. 17, &c.), while in the New Testament it is *cheerful* throughout—this latter edition comes from the well-known house of Eyre and Spottiswoode.

The similarity of the written conformation of two letters has led occasionally to awkward mistakes, as the author of a temperance novel found to his astonishment when he saw that where he meant to say, "drunkenness is folly," it was rendered "*drunkenness is jolly!*" A very popular authoress, speaking of her heroine as "enjoying more indulgence than usually falls to the lot of her sex," wrote so illegibly that it appeared as "falls to the lot of *horscs.*" Audubon's "Ornithology" contains this sentence, which shows that authors occasionally make strange slips—"The earth was rent asunder in several places; *one or two islands sank for ever*, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the *eastern shores.*" And Bulwer somewhere says, "I *hear* the vain shadows *glide.*" One of the most curious blunders made by an author was that of Thackeray, when collecting materials for his "Irish Sketch Book." Driving along a road, he saw at intervals posts set up with the letters G. P. O. upon them. Overtaking a peasant,

he inquired the meaning of the initials, and was gravely informed that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's notebook, in which a memorandum was jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the "Sketch Book" the fact was duly mentioned; but it was suppressed in all subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the letters represented "General Post-Office," indicating that the highway was a post-road. During the agitation some years ago upon the Marriage Affinity Bill, a circular was prepared by some clerical opponents of the measure in which a curious error was passed in proof by the whole of these gentlemen, that "a man should not be allowed to marry the *wife of a deceased sister*"—fortunately the blunder was discovered before the circulars were issued.

The Dean of Westminster some years ago presided at the anniversary of the Printers' Pension Society, and in the course of his address, referring to the general correctness aimed at by printers, made the following remarks:—"He thought people hardly knew how curious was the feeling that arose in authors when they received back their proof-sheets. He said a feeling of shame, because he was sure that authors must feel how great an

infliction they imposed on the ingenuity and on the patience of the printer. They were always conscious of the difficulty which was taken off their hands by the interpretation of the printer, who deciphered that which was committed to him ; and he said, also amusement, because nothing enlivened an author so much, when plodding through the weary pages he had written, as the ingenious conjectures made by the printer to decipher what he (the author) had written. He remembered on one occasion receiving some anonymous correspondence, seeking to know what was meant in a passage in one of his works—namely, ‘the horn of the burning beast.’ He looked at the passage, and was himself in some perplexity to know what was the meaning of ‘the horn of the burning beast.’ Perhaps some of them might discover, in the extraordinary sagacity they possessed, that the passage referred to resolved itself into ‘the thorn of the burning bush.’ He had also heard it asked whether indeed some of those mistakes laid to the charge of authors did not really proceed from the humour of those who set up the type. Doubtless some of them remembered that famous passage in the ‘History of Europe,’ where the late Sir Archibald Alison

described the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in which he spoke of the pall-bearers, including among other distinguished officers the name of 'Sir Peregrine Pickle.' He had often heard that quoted as an instance of the extraordinary ignorance of that learned historian. But he confessed that he thought it was not so much an instance of ignorance on the part of Sir Archibald Alison as it was of the humour of some compositor, in whom the memory of Sir Peregrine Pickle was more familiar than the memory of Sir Peregrine Acton."

Even the want of a comma may lead to strange results, as in a bill which was presented to a farmer, which ran—"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, 4s. 6d." There is also the famous blunder in the contract for lighting the town of Liverpool in 1819, the words of which were—"The lamps to be in number 4050, of two spouts each, composed of twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads, but this being only half the usual quantity, the commissioner discovered that the difference arose from the misplacing of the comma, which should have preceded, instead of followed, the word *each*. The contract was annulled to prevent a lawsuit. A good example

of the effect of misplacing a comma is to be found in the ancient oracle—"Thou shalt go thou shalt return never by war shalt thou perish." By one way of placing the commas, the consulter of the oracle was forbidden to go upon the purposed expedition; by reading it his own way, he went and perished. Then there was that unlucky Bishop of Asello, who suffered the loss of his bishopric through the blunder of a stupid painter who was employed to trace an inscription over the gate of the bishop's palace. The legend ran thus—

"Porta patens esto nulli, claudaris honesto."

("Gate, be thou open to nobody, be shut to an honest man.")

The placing of the comma after *esto* would have set it all right, as—

"Gate, be thou open, not shut to an honest man."

A recent critique upon a performance of Othello has the following, showing how much the want of a comma may mar the sense of a passage:—"The Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her." This reminds us of the very Irish epitaph, which places the brother of the deceased

in an awkward position : “ Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.” Another from the sister isle is a remark which appeared in an article in a newspaper upon Robespierre, which said “ that he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time.” A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner’s jury, struck out a comma after the word “ apoplexy,” making it read —“ Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury.” A correspondent sent a piece of poetry to a newspaper with the following introduction :—“ The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement.” There are sometimes words quaintly put together, when the meaning is purposely disguised by forced pointing, as in the nursery rhyme—

“ Every lady in the land
Has twenty nails on each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet ;
This is true without deceit.”

This is rather puzzling, till a comma is placed after *nails*, *five*, and *feet*, omitting the one after *hand*.

In all works hurriedly produced, such as newspapers, there is, of course, a greater liability to commit errors; but, all things considered, newspapers are marvels of correct typography, and it cannot be doubted that the careful and painstaking method of reading over the proof slips alone produces this result. These proofs frequently contain curious errors—such as Paper-families for Pater-familias, or “Eh! the Brute!” for “Et tu, Brute!” But these are generally set right before printing by the Reader comparing the proof with the author’s MS.—supposing that this is in itself correct, which is not always the case; and then it is the duty of the Reader to see that there are no inconsistencies in spelling, punctuation, abbreviations, &c. In “making-up” newspapers—or the piecing together of different paragraphs into columns—the jumbling together of two separate items will occasionally occur, and a good specimen of this kind of mixture appeared some time ago in a French newspaper: “Dr. X. has been appointed head physician to the Hôpital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cimetière de Parnasse.” This confusion was perhaps better illustrated in the report of a public meeting in the United States, at which

one of the "strong-minded" females of the day appeared on the same platform with Mr. Train, and the lady wrote as follows to the paper regarding its report:—"By some fantastic trick of your typesetter, my speech in St. James's Hall on Saturday evening, is suddenly terminated, and so linked to that of Mr. Train, that I am made to run off in an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to boast that I neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women; and wherever I refer to my honoured countrymen as white males, I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are very good jokes if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who represent an unpopular idea, and carefully weigh their words." The *New Haven (U. S.) Journal and Courier* lately produced a curious jumble in reporting two items which had somehow got mixed. One read—"A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times per minute, exploded in that city yesterday, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree Mason." The other paragraph detailed how "John Fadden, the well-known florist and

real-estate broker, of Newport, R. I., died in Wardner and Russell's sugar-mill at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing \$3000 damage to the building, and injuring several workmen and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally."

Of errors of other kinds we give the following. In an article upon the short-time agitation it was stated that "a factory boy had been *shaved* to death" (slaved). George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, when examined before the Commons' Committee upon Railways, was asked by a member what would happen to the train supposing a cow chanced to stray upon the line. Stephenson's reply was that he did not know what might be the result to the train, but that "it would be unco bad for the coo." An accident of this kind recently occurred, and a local newspaper reported, "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves!*" This rather astonishing statement created some surprise, which was, however, put an end to by the next issue of the paper, which stated that "the cow was cut into halves." Darwin may assert strange things, but the following does not enter into his list of affinities:—that "ants reside in subterranean *taverns*;" or this: "A live *surgeon*

was caught in the Thames, and was sold to the inhabitants (!) at sixpence a pound." The "Literary Gazette" once made the following apology:—"By the breaking of the head of an *h*, or the misprint of the letter *n*, a very tempting advertisement to invest in certain lines, was entitled 'Purchase of Railway *Snares*.'" Those who complain of the mismanagement of the great water companies might not be displeased to read that "the scheme proposed by Government is to *bung up* the existing companies,"—what should have been stated was that there was an intention of "buying up" the monopolists. The Directors of the Indigent Old Men's Society of Edinburgh, on looking for the report of one of their annual meetings in the next morning's paper, were no doubt astonished to find it reported as the *Indignant* Old Men's Society. So with a learned bishop, who had been viewing the antiquities of an old church: he was stated to have expressed himself gratified with its *iniquities*! A correspondent of a daily paper recently suggested a remedy for the crowded state of towns by proposing the erection of *submarine* dwellings for the working classes—suburban residences would be quite as comfortable, and freer from damp! The animadversion of a

newspaper upon a public officer—some parochial Bumble—which said he had been “tried in the balance and found *panting*,” was as likely to be correct as if it had said he had been “found wanting.” A child was once reported as having died from eating a large quantity of *piers*—well, stone fruit is said to be rather indigestible. An American paper, describing a political demonstration, averred that the procession was very fine, and nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the chaplain. Another American paper reporting the speeches at a Burns’ festival, made one of the orators say—

“O Caledonia! stern and wild!
Wet nurse for a poetic child.”

It must have taxed the ingenuity of the compositor, who set up the paragraph in which we are told “the Christian religion strictly enjoins *mahogany*,” instead of “monogamy.” A serious fight took place lately in a public-house in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, on the occasion of a painting being disposed of by *Raphael*—“raffle” was the mode adopted. A provincial paper speaks of the excitement caused by a recent highway *bobbery*; and another, in printing the report of a Life Insurance Society, congratulated the members on the low rate

of *morality* during the past year. Considerable annoyance was caused at a public meeting by a lady having taken an *historical* fit—"hysteria" was the nature of the attack. In criticising the plan of a public building, the beauty of the edifice was represented as much marred by the number of *acute angels* introduced—"acute angles" being no doubt the object of disapproval. Many *confusions* of the limbs took place at a recent railway accident. In the giving of the surgeon's statement of the post-mortem examination of the body of a lady supposed to have been poisoned, it was incidentally mentioned that a great deal of *anatomy* had been found—it should have been "antimony." This latter word crops up again in another place where it is not wanted—as in a recent criticism of a speech by Mr. Gladstone: "What, then, by way of novelty, does Mr. Gladstone propose? Simply the extension to the other Christian powers of Turkey of the *antimony* now enjoyed by Roumania." Of course, the word should have been "autonomy." Again, "Mr. Gladstone dwelt on the right which England had earned by expenditure of blood and treasure to interfere in Turkish provinces; but now, with *a leopard and a hound*, he has formulated a plan for making the Christian provinces practi-

cally autonomous"—a "leap and a bound" was meant here. These two last examples are "first-proof" faults, and were corrected before publication.

One or two more, and we have done. In the *Times* report of Disraeli's speech upon the causes of the rebellion in India, that usually exceptionally correct paper made him refer to the law which "permitted Hindoo *windows* to marry." A still more curious instance occurred in the same paper in connection with the Jamaica prosecutions. Mr. Stephens was reported to have said that he had treated Mr. Eyre as he had often treated *obscene* and uninteresting criminals. It was easy to see that this was a misprint for "obscure," but the editor insisted that the error was in the manuscript. Towards the close of the American Civil War, a newspaper contained a strong leader upon the failure of the Southern States to establish their independence, and contained the curious statement that since General Lee had capitulated, the other divisions of the Confederate armies "would, in all likelihood, now commence a *gorilla* warfare"—guerilla, of course, was here meant. About the same time, there appeared a report of the seizure of the goods of a certain refractory gentleman for the non-payment of a local tax which had been

the occasion of much trouble in one of our northern cities, and mention was made of one article which had been seized among the rest, and this was characterised as “an *eloquent* chest of drawers.” In complimenting a soldier as a “battle-scarred veteran,” a paper gave him the character of a “battle-scared veteran,” and in afterwards inserting an erratum and apology, made matters worse by styling him a “*bottle*-scarred veteran!”

SHAPED POEMS.

FIGURATE or Shaped Poems have considerable antiquity, and several in Greek, attributed to Theocritus, Simmias of Rhodes, and others, have come down to us; while mediæval Latin poetry also furnishes many of these curious versifications. The minor poets of Dryden's time were much given to this literary folly, though it sometimes required a little aid from the imagination to trace the resemblance to the object indicated, and greater attention was frequently paid to the shape of the verse than to its sense or rhythm. Ben Jonson satirised these early poets for their facility in this pattern-cutting style, saying they could fashion

“A pair of scissors and a comb in verse.”

Bottles, glasses, axes, fans, hearts, wings, true-love knots, ladies' gowns, flying angels, trumpets of fame, &c., were all favourite forms; and, with another class of poets, pulpits, altars, and tombstones were

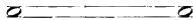
the mode ; whilst Gabriel Harvey is reputed to have been an adept at verses "in the form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pot-hooks." Butler also speaks severely regarding this literary folly ; referring in the "Character of a Small Poet" to Edward Benlowes, called in his day "the excellently learned," he says of him : "There is no feat of activity, nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way ; for he has made a gridiron and a frying-pan in verse, that besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing ; as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy* ; so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem even as the mule is both horse and ass."

Verses in such fantastic and grotesque shapes were also common in France at one time—the poet Pannard (1640) tortured his agreeable vein into such forms, making his Bacchanalian songs take the form of bottles and glasses, this being done by lengthening or shortening the lines as required, though with sad detriment to the verse. Pannard's method will be best understood from the following two examples of his verse :

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre
 qui soit si bon ni si beau que le verre.
 Du tendre amour berceau charmant,
 c'est toi, champêtre fougère,
 c'est toi qui sers à faire
 l'heureux instrument
 où souvent pétille,
 mousse, et brille
 le jus qui rend
 gai, riant,
 content.
 Quelle douceur
 il porte au cœur !
 tot
 tot
 tot
 Qu'on m'en donne
 vite et comme il faut
 tot
 tot
 tot
 qu'on m'en donne
 vite et comme il faut
 L'on y voit sur ses flots chéris
 nager l'allégresse et les ris.

Que mon
 fl a c o n
 me semble bon !
 Sans lui
 l' e n n u i
 me nuit,
 me suit ;
 je sens
 mes sens
 mourants,
 pesants.

Quand je le tiens,
 Dieux ! que je suis bien !
 que son aspect est agréable !
 que je fais cas de ses divins présens !
 C'est de son sein fécond, c'est de ses heureux flancs
 que coule ce nectar si doux, si délectable,
 qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits !
 Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire.
 Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmants bienfaits
 il saura conserver la fidèle mémoire.



Both in China and Japan such literary feats are held in great esteem even in the present day ; in the latter country the poet not unfrequently arranges his verses in the shape of a man's head—thus perhaps giving a facial outline of the subject of his verse ; and though the Chinese may not make so good a choice, taking perhaps a cow or some other animal for the design, they display greater ingenuity by so doing.

William Browne, an old English poet, in his

“Britannia’s Pastorals,” has the following verse done up in a true-love knot :

“This is love and worth commending,
 Still beginning, never ending ;
 Like a wilie net ensnaring,
 In a round shuts up all squaring,
 In and out, whose every angle
 More and more doth still entangle ;
 Keeps a measure still in moving,
 And is never light but loving.
 Twining arms, exchanging kisses,
 Each partaking other’s blisses ;
 Laughing, weeping, still together,
 Bliss in one is mirth in either.
 Never breaking, ever bending ;
 This is love and worth commending.”

Of Browne it has been said that “to few authors has it chanced to be so enthusiastically lauded by one age and so thoroughly neglected by the next.”

Puttenham, in his “Art of Poesie,” has defended earnestly this species of literary trifling, and gives specimens of poems in the form of lozenges, pillars, &c. ; one of these being in honour of Queen Elizabeth, in the form of two pillars, each of which consists of a base of lines of eight syllables, the

shafts of lines of four syllables, the capitals being the same as the bases—one pillar reading up, the other down.

Of these Figurate verses we give only a few examples, as being of little interest, giving the first place to one by George Herbert :

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears :

Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the
same.

A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name :

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not
cease.

Oh, let Thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

The next is also from the same author :

WINGS.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor :

With Thee
 Oh, let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day Thy victories :
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

EASTER

My tender age in sorrow did begin :
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sin,
 That I became
 Most thin.

With Thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day Thy victory,
 For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Quaint as may be the construction of the next example, yet never has the story been told with more truthful simplicity :

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
 While in their youth,
 With spirit meek,
 The way of truth ;
 To them the sacred Scriptures now display
 Christ, as the only true and living way.
 His precious blood on Calvary was given
 To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven ;
 And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
 The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them He bore
 His Father's frown ;
 For them He wore
 The thorny Crown ;
 Nailed to the Cross,
 Endured its pain,
 That His life's loss
 Might be their gain.
 Then haste to choose
 That better part,
 Nor e'en dare refuse
 The Lord thy heart,
 Lest He declare,
 " I know you not,"
 And deep despair
 Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
 And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

The next couple come appropriately together, and may gratify the disciples of Sir Wilfrid Lawson :

SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decan-
 ter, and its mouth was
 gaping wide ; the
 rosy wine had
 ebbed away
 and left
 its crys-
 tal side :
 and the wind
 went humming—
 humming
 up and
 down: the
 wind it blew,
 and through the
 reed-like
 hollow neck
 the wildest notes it
 blew. I placed it in the
 window, where the blast was
 blowing free, and fancied that its
 pale mouth sang the queerest strains to
 me. “ They tell me—puny conquerors ! the
 Plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred
 thousand of the very best of men ; but I ”—t’was
 thus the Bottle spake—“ but I have conquered
 more than all your famous conquerors, so
 feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye
 youths and maidens all, come drink from
 out my cup, the beverage that dulls the
 brain and burns the spirits up ; that puts
 to shame your conquerors that slay their
 scores below ; for this has deluged mil-
 lions with the lava tide of woe. Tho’
 in the path of battle darkest streams
 of blood may roll ; yet while I killed
 the body, I have damn’d the very
 soul. The cholera, the plague,
 the sword, such ruin never wro’t,
 as I in mirth or malice on the
 innocent have brought. And
 still I breathe upon them, and
 they shrink before my breath,
 and year by year my thousands
 tread the dusty way of death.”

THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? Who
 hath contentions ? Who hath wounds
 without cause ? Who hath redness
 of eyes ? They that tarry long
 at the wine ! they that
 go to seek mixed wine !
 Look not thou upon the
 wine when it is red,
 when it giveth
 its colour
 in the
 CUP,
 when it
 moveth itself
 aright.
 At
 the last it
 biteth like a serpent,
 and stingeth like an adder !

The next is not exactly Figurative :—

EPITAPH.

Earth goes to	}	Earth,	{	As mould to mould,
Earth treads on				Glittering in gold,
Earth as to				Return ne'er should,
Earth shall be				Goe where he would.
Earth upon	}	Earth	{	Consider may,
Earth goes to				Naked away,
Earth though on				Be stout and gay,
Earth shall on				Pass poor away.

Be merciful and charitable,
 Relieve the poor as thou art able.
 A shroud to thy grave,
 Is all thou shalt have.

We have here an—

ODE TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Torn,
Worn,
Oppress'd, I mourn!
Bad,
Sad,
Three-quarters mad!
Money gone,
Credit none;
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Head in pain,
Rack'd again;
Children ailing,
Mother railing,
Billy whooping,
Betsy crouping,
Besides poor Joe
With festered toe.
Come, then, my fiddle,
Come, my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Me sweet though transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace
I clasp, while joy illumines my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise;
A lively strain I touch,—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on Fancy's wings I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door.
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings.
"Cheerily, O merrily go!
Presto! good ma-ter,
You very well know,
I will find music,
If you will find bow,
From E up in alto, to G down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *adagio* solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally, whilst every health-corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished, by the mellifluous air.
And Resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl;
But thou, my old Fidèle, art prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return thy praise to rehearse,
His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse,
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till called again to pipe thy master's
eye.

The following is said to be engraved on an old monument in one of the London city churches :

Qu an tris di c vul stra
 os guis ti ro um nere vit.
 H san chris mi t mu la

In this verse the last syllable of each word in the top line is the same as that of each corresponding word in the bottom line, and is to be found in the centre. It reads thus :

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit
 Hos sanguis christi miro tum munere lavit.

Translated thus :

Those who have felt the serpent's venom'd wound
 In Christ's miraculous blood have healing found.

The next is by Christopher Harvie, a great friend of George Herbert, and the last is by Herbert himself.

THE SABBATH, OR LORD'S DAY.

Hail	Vail
Holy	Wholly
King of days,	To thy praise,
The Emperor,	For evermore
Or Universal	Must the rehearsal
Monarch of time, the week's	Of all, that honour seeks,
Perpetual Dictator.	Under the World's Creator,
Thy	My
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet must needs
The reach of art,	Yield thee mine heart,
To blazon fully ;	And that not dully :

And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of souls, not lips
When I most strive to raise thee.	Alone, are fit to praise thee,
What	That
Nothing	Slow thing
Else can be,	Time by thee
Thou only art ;	Hath got the start,
Th' extracted spirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternity,	That immortality
By favour antedated.	Which sin anticipated.

O

That I
 Could lay by
 This body so,
 That my soul might be
 Incorporate with thee,
 And no more to six days owe.

PARADISE.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, because I GROW
 Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
 To Thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM,
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
 While the enclosure is Thine ARM?

Enclose me still, for fear I START.
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,
 Than let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
 And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
 Even fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
 Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
 And such beginnings touch their END.

PROSE POEMS.

IN many of the prose works of our modern authors there are to be found specimens of accidental versification and unintentionally measured strains, as well as passages of such a nature as to lead to the supposition that a certain degree of rhythmical writing and rugged blank verse had been sought after. It would be difficult, however, to collect examples of this; but in the writings of Charles Dickens we find two excellent illustrations. The first is from the "Old Curiosity Shop," where the funeral of Little Nell is described:

" And now the bell—
 The bell she had so often heard by night
 And day, and listened to with solemn
 Pleasure, almost as a living voice—
 Rung its remorseful toll for her, so young,
 So beautiful, so good. Decrepit age,
 And vigorous life, and blooming youth, and
 Helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches,
 In the pride of strength and health, in the full

Blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—
 To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
 Whose eyes were dim and senses failing ;
 Grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago
 And still been old ; the deaf, the blind, the lame,
 The palsied, the living dead in many
 Shapes and forms ; to see the closing of that
 Early grave. What was the death it would shut
 In, to that which still could crawl and creep
 Above it? Along the crowded path they
 Bore her now ; pure as the newly-fallen
 Snow that covered it, whose days on earth had
 Been as fleeting. Under that porch where she
 Had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought
 Her to that peaceful spot, she passed again,
 And the old church received her in its quiet shade.”

Again, some will no doubt be surprised to recognise in the next example the Song of the Kettle from the “Cricket on the Hearth”—evidently an unintentional outburst on the part of the author, in which the lines not only preserve their symmetry, but also rhyme with each other :

“ It’s a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying
 by the way ;
 And above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay ;
 And there is only one relief in all the sad and murky air,
 And I don’t know that it is one, for it’s nothing but a glare
 Of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together
 Set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather ;
 And the widest open country is a long dull streak of black ;
 And there’s hoarfrost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track ;

And the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free ;
And you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be ;
But he's coming, coming, coming !"—

Our friends across the Atlantic, however, have a peculiar way of their own in regard to poetical prose, in which they travesty some of the best poems in the English language in a very amusing way. Yankee philology has been a source of much discussion in many periodicals—their peculiar go-ahead idiosyncrasies finding vent in the concoction of new phrases and words which are not only apt but very expressive. This is not the place to enter into any lengthened discussion on the point, but by way of introduction to the peculiar prose poems which have been produced in the States, we may refer shortly to the "high-falutin'" style of their metaphors and similes. This tendency has often been noticed in respect to American literature, and readers of Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and other writers, will easily remember many instances of these curiosities, in which are produced the effects of wit by twisting a phrase from its figurative to its literal meaning. For example, we are told of a man who made a hat for the head of a discourse, and a shoe for the foot of a mountain. We learn of a gentleman who sat down on the

spur of the moment ; of a young lady who fainted at a bare idea, who wore spectacles over her naked eyes, who refused to sit in the lap of luxury, blushing at the mention of the lapse of ages (forgetting that *lapse* is not the plural of *lap*), and who would not sit on the sea-shore lest her waist might be encircled by an arm of the sea. Among others may be noted "the hook and line with which a fisherman caught a cold ; the hammer which broke up a meeting ; a fluke from the anchor of hope ; one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains ; a hinge from the gates of death ; a story which melted a heart of oak ; buttons from a coat of paint ; spectacles for the eyes of a potato ; braces for a shoulder of mutton ; dye for the beard of an oyster ; ear-rings for an ear of corn ; cheese from the milk of human kindness ; butter from the cream of a joke, and eggs from a nest of thieves."

Of these Prose Poems we limit ourselves to the following selection :—

A RAVENING REVERIE.

Once upon a midnight stormy a lone bachelor attorney pondered many a curious volume of his heart's forgotten lore ; while he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping—rapping at his chamber-door. " 'Tis the spirits," and he started,

“rapping at my chamber-door. Oh, for help! I am frightened sore!” Then into his chamber flitting (not even one permitting him to fly into the closet or to get behind the door), came the ghosts of fond hearts broken (with many a ring and other token), and they sat them down beside him, on the dusty, book-strewn floor—sat amidst the volumes of most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, “What a bore! It must be something serious; this is certainly mysterious, quite an advent of the spirits—resurrection *con amore*. But I understand them mostly!”—here there came a rap so ghostly, that he could no more dissemble as he had done heretofore, and his face grew pale and paler, as he started for the door—down he fell upon the floor. Then there came a clatter, clatter, and his teeth began to chatter, as the spirits gathered round him, and accused him very sore, how with gladsome face all smiling, and with winning words beguiling, he had charmed away the senses of fair maidens by the score; and each lass had fondly fancied ’twas her he did adore. Quoth the lawyer, “Never more!” Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, for the answer, strange enough, quite a relevancy bore; they began a noisy rapping—sort of spiritual clapping, which the lawyer thought would be but a fashionable encore—and again, as if his soul in that word he would outpour, did he groan out, “Never more!” Presently his soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer—“Oh, oh!” said he, “sweet spirits, your forgiveness I implore; on my knees to every ghostess, who to love has played the hostess, I will recant the many faithless things I swore! Will you promise then to leave me?” here he pointed to the door. Rapped the

spirits, "Never more!" "Be that word our sign of parting," said the hapless wight upstarting, "hie ye hence into the darkness, seek ye out some distant shore. In the noisy camp or forum, in the lonely *sanc sanctorum*—such ghastly, grim, ungainly guests were never seen before. Leave my loneliness unbroken," here he opened wide the door. Rapped the spirits, "Never more!" So these vixen spirits of evil—spirits still, though most uncivil—they will never leave the lawyer, though in tears he may implore. At his false heart they are tapping, they are rapping, rapping, and he wishes, oh, how vainly! that his haunted life were o'er; and he often sighs: "Oh, could I but recall the days of yore, I would flirt—oh, never more!"

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! life is earnest! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle!—be a heroine—a wife! Trust no future, howe'er pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead! act—act to the living Present! heart within and hope ahead! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell!"

Such examples, that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set ; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

AFTER KINGSLEY—A LONG WAY.

Three women went shopping out in the west, out into the West End of London town. Each had on the bonnet she kept for her best ; and they ordered things wholesale, and had 'em put down. For men must work, and women must waste ; and what's earned at leisure is spent in haste, though the husbands all are moaning. Three men sat up at a latesome hour, and trimmed their accounts as the sun went down. They looked for a squall, and they looked sad and sour, and their coat sleeves were rolled up all ragged and brown. For men must work, and women must waste, and be dressed in the height of the fashion and taste, though the husbands all are moaning. Three writs they are out in the bailiff's hands, on the suing of one who wants money down. But the debtors, poor devils, can't meet their demands ; so they go to a sponging-house kept in the town. For men must work, and women must waste ; and the parents are beggared, the children disgraced, and good-bye to papa and his moaning.

THE SONG OF THE "REB."

'Neath a ragged Palmetto a Southerner sat, a-twisting the band of his Panama hat, and trying to lighten his mind of a load, by humming the words of the following ode :—Oh ! for a darkey, oh ! for a whip, oh ! for a

cocktail, and oh ! for a nip ; oh ! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher, oh ! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher ; oh ! for a captain, and oh ! for a ship, oh ! for a cargo of darkies each trip. And so he kept ohing for what he had not, not content with owing for all that he'd got.

A LITTLE MORE.

(*At thirty.*) Five hundred guineas I have saved—a rather moderate store. No matter ; I shall be content when I've a little more. (*At forty.*) Well, I can count ten thousand now—that's better than before ; and I may well be satisfied when I've a little more. (*At fifty.*) Some fifty thousand—pretty well ; but I have earned it sore. However, I shall not complain when I've a little more. (*At sixty.*) One hundred thousand—sick and old ; ah ! life is half a bore, yet I can be content to live when I've a little more. (*At seventy.*) He dies—and to his greedy heirs he leaves a countless store. His wealth has purchased him a tomb, and very little more !

A TALE OF A DOG.

A lady with a crinoline was walking down a street—her feathers fluttered in the air, her hoops stuck out some feet. She walked the earth as if she felt of it she was no part, and proudly did she step along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the curly tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook—it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail did soon espy as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder

seemed to point the way the maid must go. The curly dog right pleased was he the quarters he had got, and walked beside the lady in a kind of doggish trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake roared out with might and main. Some held their sides, they laughed so hard, and others fairly cried, while many even still confess that they'd "like to died." But still the lady sailed along in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free, it so provoked the doggish ire he could not let it be. But with a deep ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and 'neath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly pent. They fought, 'tis said, one hour or more—the lady nothing knew—but with her head erect sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistook and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that day, I've heard it said, that lady ne'er was seen upon the street with so much pride and *such* a crinoline.

THE EDITOR.

With fingers blackened with ink, with eyelids heavy and red, the local editor sat in his chair, writing for daily bread. The small boy was by his side, the foreman grumbled and swore, and the office boy, like an "Oliver Twist," constantly cried for "more." He had told of a broken leg that had never been broken at all, he had killed off the nearest friend he had, and torn up a house in a squall. And now he was at an end, he hadn't an

item left ; and he bowed his head to the small boy's scorn like a fellow of hope bereft. They found him a corpse that night in streets so drear and sloppy, with the foreman whispering into his ear and the small boy waiting for copy.

A NOVELETTE.

Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the ripe-red berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed, perhaps 'twas the burdens they carried ; when they passed on, their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

“MY PRETTY JANE.”

It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek, and wood, and dell, so often we did walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too. I roamed all over the neighbours' farms, and I robbed the wildwood bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane ; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a shiny hat and shiny vest and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing-schools (for her father owned a farm), and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm.

And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that nought could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish still remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

THE OLD OAK.

Old Mr. Fuddle fell down in a puddle, just as a runaway horse and shay came dashing and splashing and tearing that way. In helpless plight he roared with fright; the horse came quick, all gallop and kick, when the old man raised his old oak stick; the horse then shied a little aside, for sticks were no friends to his well-fed hide. Within a foot of Fuddle's toes, within an inch of his ruby nose, the wheel comes whizzing, and on it goes. Up rises Fuddle from out the puddle, and stands on the road with a staggering stride, then wheeling away from the scene of the fray, he flourished his stick with a hero's pride.

NORAH O'NEIL.

You say you are lonely without me, that you sigh for one glance of my eye; you're blarneying always about me—Oh! why don't you to papa apply? You men are so very deceiving, I can't believe aught that you say; your love I will only believe in when my jointure is made

out *au fait*. This trash about eyes, voice, and glances may do for a miss in her teens ; but he who to me makes advances must talk of his bank-stock and means. You beg me to go galavantiing, to meet you at the foot of the lane—with a kiss, too ! why, man, you're ranting ! do you think that I'm wholly insane ? When you meet a young lady of sense, sir, don't whine about sorrow and tears ; it's a matter of shillings and pence, sir ; no tale of romance interferes. Oh, poverty's not at all funny (my style I will never conceal) ; if I can't get a husband with money, then I'll live and die Norah O'Neil.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

On a quiet day, in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair—so was the maid ; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid. Her name was Sue, and his was Jim ; and he was fat and she was slim ; he took to her and she to him. Says Jim to Sue, “ By all the snakes that squirm among the bush and brakes, I love you better than oatmeal cakes.” Says Sue to Jim, “ Since you've begun it, and been and come and gone and done it, I like you next to a new bonnet.” Says Jim to Sue, “ My heart you've busted ; but I have always girls mistrusted.” Says Sue to Jim, “ I will be true ; if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two.” Says Jim to Sue, “ Through thick and thin, for your true love count me in ; I'll court no other girl ag'in.” Jim leaned to Sue ; Sue leaned to Jim ; his nose just touched her straw hat brim : four lips met—went ahem ! ahem ! And then—

and then—and then—then! Oh girls, beware of men in June, and underneath the silver moon, when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your names in the papers soon.

THE GINGHAM GOWN.

I met her in the sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced with pure delight, were of the same dear hue. And always, when the sun goes down, I think of the girl in the gingham gown.

AN EDITORIAL.

'Tis sweet, on winter's night, at home to sit by fire and taper; but ah, it is a wiser thing, by far, to read our paper. Won't you take our paper? Can't you take our paper? The joys of earth are little worth unless you take our paper. Maidens waiting lovers true, you must take our paper. Swains, who would not idle woo, you must take our paper. Won't you take our paper? Can't you take our paper? Love's joys below you'll never know, unless you take our paper.

“GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!”

“Farewell, farewell!” I cried. “When I return thou'lt be my bride—till then be faithful—sweet, adieu—in silence oft I'll think of you.” The glistening tears strained her bright eyes—her thickening breath is choked with sighs—her tongue denies her bosom's sway—“Farewell!”—I tore myself away. “One moment stay,” she stammered out; as quick as thought I wheeled about. “My angel, speak! can aught be done to comfort thee when I am gone? I'll send thee specimens of art from every European mart; I'll sketch for thee each Alpine

scene, to let thee see where I have been. A stone from Simplon's dreadful height shall gratify thy curious sight. I'll climb the fiery *Ætna's* side to bring home treasures for my bride; and oh! my life, each ship shall bear a double letter for my fair!" "Ah, George!" the weeping angel said, and on my shoulder fell her head, "for constancy, my tears are hostage—but when you write, please pay the postage!"

SOMETHING LIKE POETRY.

Tennyson claims to be a great poet, and yet he may fret and study and tear about for a week, and then can't yank an ode to a sawmill, while the sweet singer of Michigan only gave two minutes to whacking up one beginning: "All hail to thee, most terrible invention, Which chews up trees to any wished dimension, And when something distracts a man's attention, Will break him up so that a gov'ment pension Won't do him any good. Oh, fierce devourer thou of men and wood!"

A PRINTER'S LITANY.

From want of gold, from wives that scold, from maidens old, by sharpers "sold"—preserve us!

From foppish sneers, mock auctioneers, and woman's tears—deliver us!

From stinging flies, from coal-black eyes, and babies' cries—deliver us!

From seedy coats, protested notes, and leaky boats—protect us!

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores, and dry-goods stores—protect us!

From shabby hats, and torn cravats, and flying brick-bats—save us!

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*Alphabetical Rhymes.**THE BATTLE OF CULTURE AND PHILISTINISM.*

ALL Armageddon's armaments arise!
 Baal's bold backers bluster blasphemies:
 'Come, courage, comrades!' Culture's champions cry,
 'Day dawns, Delusion's dark'ning dogmas die.'
 Ennobling efforts eager eyes enflame:
 Forward! for freedom fight, forgetting fame!¹
 'Gainst gracious Genius goes Goliath grim;
 His hulking height half helps half hampers him:
 Incarnate Ignorance intensifies
 Jeers, jangling jargon, jaundiced jealousies.
 Kneel, knaves! kneel, knock-kneed kindred! kneeling know,
 Liberty's lesson learnt lays liars low!²
 Meanwhile must martyrs, mock'd, maltreated, main'd,
 No noisy number, noted not nor named,
 Oppose Opinion's odds. One overhears
 Prigs prove Philosophy's pick'd pioneers
 Queer quibbling quacks, quixotically quaint,
 Rashly renouncing rational restraint!
 Sad scornful smiles such senseless slander stirs:
 Ten thousand thanks to Truth's true trumpeters,
 Unmoved, unwavering, unabash'd, unbow'd,
 Valorous Virtue's vanguard victory-vow'd,
 With whom we walking, winning we what won
 Xenophanes, Xenarchus, Xenophon,
 Yield years yet young, yea, yearnings youthfullest,
 Zenonian zealotry, Zenobian zest!³

¹ Cf. 'Die That ist alles, nichts der Ruhm.'—Goethe.

² v.l. Knaves, Knowledge kindles kindness! kneeling know,
 Learning's large liberal light lays liars low!

³ v.l. Yield youth, years, yearnings, (yea, yield yours, yearn ye!)
 Zenobian zest, Zenonian zealotry!

A STUDENT'S NIGHTMARE.

Array'd before confused delirious eyes,
 Fantastically garbled histories,
 Inextricably jumbled, killing light,
 My nightmare's order permeated quite,
 Rewakening savage tones unlovable,
 'Victory!' 'Whoa, Xerxes!' 'Yield, Zerubbabel!'

THE VEGETARIAN TO THE SPORTSMAN.

'Automata' by cartloads die!
 Excessive fleshly gluttony
 Has Instinct's juster kindlier lesson miss'd.
 No odious pretexts! Question, rogue,
 Such trumpery's unquestion'd vogue.
 What! Xenophon¹ yeleft zoophilist!

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Apparently believers can't deny
 Establish'd faith gets half in jeopardy:
 Kindhearted latitudinarians make
 Nearsighted orthodoxy plainly quake:
 Religion seems—thus undogmatic—vaster;
 Witness Xenophanes, yea, Zoroaster!

TWO RIVERS.

Admirably big crags,
 Dark'ning everlasting falls,
 Gape huge in jagged knotted line
 Mid noise of panting quivering Rhine:
 Slow trail under verdant walls
 Xanthus' yellow zigzags.

¹ For this sportsman's love of horses and dogs, and indifference to the strings of other animals, see his *De Re Equestri* and *Cyneticus*, *passim*.

HELLENIC v. HEBRAIC HYMNODY.

Aleman bless'd convivial days ;
 Earth's false gods hymn'd Ion¹ :—
 Judah's kingly lion
 Missionary notes of praise
 Quote, (Rebecca's scion,)
 Tootling unctuous virelays,
 While Xavier's yelling 'Zion !'

NAUGHTY JANIE.

Anger, baseness, craft, disdain,
 Every fault { God hates } is Jamie's :
 { girls have }
 Kind language moves not—only pain
 Quite rightly serves—these uppish vain
 Worthless Xanthippes, yawning zanies.

A BALLET IN 'ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS.'

Ah, Bacchie concourse disarray'd,
 Escaped from Grecian Hebrus
 In jaunty kirtles, loosely made !
 Need our pedantic quakerish rigour
 Suppress this unencumber'd vigour ?
 Would Xenophon yoke zebras ?

ORIENTAL LUXURY.

Are brilliant court-delights e'er fairly guess'd,
 How idly jesting kings
 Lived, mere nonentities, on pleasure's quest,
 Renouncing serious things,
 Until vice withered Xerxes' younger zest ?

¹ Cf. Eurip. Ion, 124. A substitution of the title 'Versatility of the Jewish Genius' would enable this rhyme to begin :—

Airy *badinage* conveys,
 Dazzling empty Fashion's gaze,
 Humorous 'Ixion.'

ON THE RUINS OF THE ·GOLDEN HOUSE·

Admired, bedeck'd—contemn'd, decay'd,
 Exhibit Folly's *Golden Home*
 In jeering keen lampoons :--' Must Nero
 O'ershadow patient queenly Rome ?
 Sum the upshot ! valued, weigh'd,
 Xanadu¹ yields—zero !'

A SPANISH LANDSCAPE.

Acres bounteous crops displaying,
 Early fragrance, grazing heifers !
 Isabel's joy-kindled look,
 Mother Nature's own portraying,
 Quick reflection sweetly took :
 Undulating vales waylaying
 Xérés' yielding zephyrs !

UNSAFOURY AND MORE.

Analytical bold chymist
 Dares encounter fortune grimmest ;
 Herbs in jars kept labell'd mixes,
 Numbers odorific pyxes :
 Questionably, rumly stink
 These urns vincer'd with xanthine, yttrium, zinc.

AFTER THE HUNT.

A bugle calls down every forest-gap ;
 Hunters in jovial knots loll, maunder, nap ;
 Our pack quite ravenous soon tears, unpress'd,
 Venison with Xenophontic yelping zest.

¹ Cf. Coleridge's poem, beginning

'In Xanadu did Kubla-Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree,' &c.

THE SILAKERS.

All Bedlam's curiosities display'd!
 Examples from gesticulating Helots
 Inebriate, just King Lyeurgus made :
 Now other poor queer reelers (sorry trade)
 Unhallow'd vie with Xavier's yearning zealots !

A MORAL FOR MAIDENS.

Ah, beauty's cruellest device,
 Eyes frozen, glancing human ice !
 Joan, kind loved maid, ne'er over-proudly queeneth,
 Remembering, she, that ugly vice
 Wasted Xanthippe's youthful zenith.

COMPREHENSIVENESS v. SCHISM.

As broad Catholicism's dying,
 Exasperated feuds grow hot.
Imprimis, Johnny Knox's lot
 Meander noneconforming off.
 Predestination, quotha? Rot !
 Sectarian theories unifying,
 Virtue with Ximenes yokes Zinzendorf !

STARLIGHT AMONG THE RUINS OF SUSA.

Above, below—compare ! Derision
 Excite frail Glory's habitations
 In jackals' keeping left ! Mad nations,
 O'erweening princes ! quickly rack
 Swallows the unsubstantial vision :—
 Wanes, Xerxes, yonder zodiac ?

EDMUND GURNEY.

The Mole at Home.

EVERY subject is many-sided, and its aspect alters together with the point of view from which it is contemplated.

Especially is this the case with systematic zoology, as those know to their cost who have analysed the innumerable systems which have been employed in the classification of animal life. Putting aside, however, all reference to the ever-raging battle of the systems, we will, for the purpose of this present treatise, abandon system altogether, and take our standpoint on LOCOMOTION.

Restricting ourselves to the mammals, we find that a vast majority of them walk on four legs.

Man—a single species, by the way—walks on his two hind feet, requiring the fore limbs to be modified into arms and hands, instead of acting as legs and feet. Some mammalia, of which the whale is the type, are inhabitants of the ocean, and their structure is modified in order to suit their mode of life.

Even in proportion to their enormous dimensions, they possess tremendous muscular power. But scarcely any of it goes to the limbs. Hind legs there are none, and the fore limbs are exceedingly feeble, and can only be used like the fins of the fishes. So, in these creatures, the muscular power is chiefly concentrated in the tail.

Now, if we search for a mammal which is in every respect the opposite of the whale, we find it in the bats.

In all these animals the muscular power is concentrated in the front portion of the body, so as to enable the elongated fingers and their connecting web to enact the part of wings. The hind legs exist, but are of exceedingly feeble type.

Now we will look at the other end of the body.

In the true whales there are not only no hind limbs, but there is not even a pelvis for their attachment. There are, however, some mammals, like the jerboas of Northern Africa, and the kangaroos of Australia, which have almost the whole muscular

was then scarcely more than a boy, and these

whose portrait had been taken by Machise: are stripped

“O reader dear, do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair and forehead fair, and then

Dis-ra-eh, the wondrous boy who wrote ‘Alro-t-nd-ghooh

in rhyme and prose, only to show how long a ‘he, falling

victorious Judah’s lion-banner rose.”

Among Macaulay’s letters there is one split up into

that begins in well-hidden verse. It is in languages

his sister Hannah:—

“My Darling,—Why am I such a fool as

Sayce ever write to a gipsy at Liverpool, who fancies that

none is so good as she if she sends one letter which he

for my three? A lazy chit, whose fingers flattered sent-

in penning a page in reply to a quire! Their different

miss, you read all the first sentence of understanding

epistle,” and never knew that you were reading these

verse.

We may end as we began, by commenting on the

ing ‘Literary Trivolties’ as a capital book of its sort.

of its sort.

of its sort.

of its sort.

of its sort.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

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LITERATURE

Literary Priorities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics. By William T. Dobson. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS is a pleasant and amusing little volume. It contains a great deal of curious information, and shows a very creditable amount of research. But 'Literary Priorities,' is a name at once harsh and misleading; it should have been 'Literary Legends,' or rather 'Poetical Imaginaries,' or the book might have been called 'The Verse, and with verse which is full of ingenuity and cheerful pains.' The chapter on 'Literary Misfortunes' is distinctly out of place, and should have been omitted, and room might have been found for a chapter on the rebels, which Camden honours with a corner in his collection. It is odd, too, that no space should be given to the double anacrostic, which is the one form of 'Literary Frivoly' that holds its own to-day. 'Doublets' are out of fashion, but anacrostics are not; one writes school verses or ligatures, but double anacrostics are produced with the same vigour as when they were first introduced, now many years ago. Literary doctormen have been published to and the anxious solvers, and every week some hundreds of half-bill people are working away at the 'anacrostic' and the 'light.' Occasionally these double anacrostics are made by double anacrostic, and now and then they have been strangely enough been known to admit of two distinct solutions.

The first 'frivolity' to which Mr. Dobson introduces his readers is 'Alliteration,' and he gives a number of curious instances in which alliteration has been carried to excess. But, wisely used of course, 'apt alliteration's artful' and is of real service to the poet and the theorist. It is often a distinct ornament, and from William Langland down to Mr. Swinburne it has enhanced the charm and nobility of many a poet. Prose writers also find it serves to make a sentence memorable by giving it a sort of epigrammatic force, and whether it is Tacitus who says that the German tribes are divided 'autro meth aut montibus,' or Mr. Froide who speaks of 'phantoms, profound stalls, and heavy-sleeping parsons,' it is clear that the alliteration has added a considerable strength to the phrase. When, however, alliteration is used only for its own sake, it

soon lapses into absurdity, and the Pagan Belshazzar in Latin and the Signa Belshazzar in English are perhaps the most notable productions of alliteration run riot. On 'Alphabetic-Curiosities,' which comes next in Mr. Dobson's book, we have nothing special to remark, unless it be that we rather wonder at the omission of the very best modern alphabet—S. C. U.'s 'A is an angel of blushing-sight-own.'

Certainly the most childish of all forms of verse is the 'Ligogram,' which is the writing of a poem with one particular letter repeated. No grace or character is gained by this grotesque effort. It is merely labour lost, for it can give no pleasure to either the composer or the reader. Isaac D'Israeli tells the following story of a ligogrammatic poem:—'A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a gazel of his own composition, which Jami did not like; but the writer replied it was, notwithstanding, a very curious sonnet, for the letter *H*ff was not to be found in any one of the words. Jami, provisionally replied, 'You can do a better thing yet—take away all the letters from every word you have written.'

Doublets were once as much in vogue as double anacrostics are to-day. Rhymes were given, and the verses had then to be filled up. There were public competitions of *doublets* at Bath, under the patronage of the blue-stocking Lady Miller, and all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place—the beaux and belles, old dandies and reigning toads—were entered into the contest, and the successful competitor was crowned with myrtle. Mrs. Delaney, too, was addicted to *doublets*, and very different people—Dr. Priestley and Mrs. Barbauld (then Miss Aikin)—worked at them in the spare evenings of their Warrington Academy life. In many *doublets* there was much cleverness, and this form of literary amusement is now, perhaps, unduly neglected. Mr. Dobson gives this noted instance by Horace Walpole on the words 'brook, why, creek, I,':—

I set with my trees in a brook;
If any one asks me for why,
I hit them a rap with my creek,
'Tis sentiment kills me, says I.

'Macronics,' which come next, almost rise into a serious branch of literature. M. Delepierre's 'Macronomics' shows how the feat of ligating two languages has, one has caught the fancy of men of almost every country and every period of letters. The effort produced is invariably comic, and occasionally some very happy lines are struck off in this curious form of versification. Mr. Dobson does not quote the best known of all English macronics—

Entre ces deux peuples, took a boat and went to Philippe,
Tompettes on crew, qui customisier kate bal,
Stéphane se rébat et le bonnet d'âne, etc.,
and the rest of it. The amount here given of macronics is, however, very good, and Mr. Dobson is quite right in reminding his readers that the fun of the thing depends less on the mere jumble of words than on the way in which a word of one language is given with an inflection taken from another. Italy is said to have produced the greatest amount of macronomic literature, and England comes second, by possessing 'the Ligograms,' which are really too immense to give any rational creature, we get to 'Eto-Verse,' which

is sometimes most amusing. Mr. Dobson gives some excellent illustrations, especially one written by a Royalist in the time of the Great Rebellion. The latest good who verses we have seen are attributed to an echo that haunts the Sultan's palace at Constantinople. Abdul Hamid is supposed to question it as to the intentions of the European powers and his own resources:—

L'Angleterre? Erre.
L'Autriche? Tricbe.
La Prusse? Russe.
Mes principautés? Otiés.
Mes cuirassés? Asser.
Mes Pashas? Achats.
Et Suleiman? Meut.

'Jesuitical Verses' are designed to give two very different meanings, according as they are read downwards or across, and they had, therefore, generally a political or religious significance. 'Monosyllable Verses' are merely verses written (as usual) for children in monosyllables, and one of the finest examples in our language is from Chinese Fletcher's 'Purple Island.' When we come to 'Nonsense Verse,' of which the charm consists in the nonsense sounding so like sense, the best illustration may be found in Pope's well-known 'Song by a Person of Quality.' What can be more delightful than

Mid Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nodding their ever young heads,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath you drowsy rocks.

'Centones' (or mosaics) are perhaps the most ingenious of all these fantasies of literature. A whole poem is made up of detached lines taken from some other poet. Virgil seems to have been the great store-house for centones, and Ausonius in early days and in later ones Capellanus distinguished themselves by their facility in adapting detached lines from Virgil to a new poem of their own. As in the case of macronics, M. Delepierre is the great modern authority on the centos, in papers first communicated to the Philological Society.

The history of 'Anagrams' has been treated by Camden in some other poem. 'Anagrams' (or 'anibbles'), and in a separate volume by Mr. Wheatley. Anagrams, the only 'trivoly' with which verse has nothing to do, have an almost historic interest. The story of Dame Eleanor Davies and the two anagrams, 'Reveal, O Daniel,' and 'Never so good a lady,' is well known, and was not without its effect in the times that immediately preceded the great struggle between King and Parliament. It is to be regretted that the rearrangement of letters in a name might indicate some future destiny has been common enough, but unfortunately the future has generally been known before the indication has been discovered. Thus Horatio Nelson forms 'Honor est Nil,' and Florence Nightingale 'Fit on, cheering angel.' Mr. Gladstone's name has often led itself to the anagrammatic use, for the author of that, has Tolboarn's. Of course, in a perfect anagram the number of letters will be exact, and there should be

neither excess nor defect. The famous anagram "Révolution Française," which is said to make "Un Corse la faire," is obviously meaningless.

The "Palindrome," which Mr. Dobson next mentions, is a line which reads, letter by letter, the same either backwards or forwards. "Alle was I ero I saw Elha" is a palindrome which Napoleon may be supposed to have uttered. But here, as in other cases, the inventory is all, and the palindrome seems devoid of use or charm.

"Literary Misartimes," as we have already said, is a chapter entirely out of place, and "Shaped Poems," or poems formed into the shape of wings or bottles or crosses, are too fantastic to give the slightest pleasure, even when subject Herbert uses them.

"Prose Poems" are the last subject of which Mr. Dobson treats, and this is the poorest part of the book. Accidental versification is sometimes very singular, and we all recall instances from *Pietro* and from the English Bible. Occasionally, too, when the verses are purposely introduced they are effective, and Dickens has on more than one occasion brought them in with singular felicity. Mr. Dobson quotes these, but he also quotes a number of pieces from some American book, of which the feeble humour is not very dissimilar to that which it takes the outward form of prose, whereas it is really the most obvious verse. A good prose poem should mislead by its stops and pauses, and be capable of reading into tolerable prose. One rather celebrated prose poem is not mentioned here, and a few lines of it may be mentioned. In Dr. Maguin's description of *Bismarck*, it has been scarcely more than a boy, and whose portrait had been taken by Maitze:—

"O reader dear, do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Bismarck Durack, the wondrous boy who wrote 'Alloy' in rhyme and prose, only to show how long ago victorious Jutula's lion-banner rose."

Among Maitze's letters there is one that begins in well-hidden verse. It is to his sister Hannah:—

"My Darling,—Why can I such a fool as to write to a copy at an earnest, who fancies that none is so good as she if she sends one letter for my three? A lay chat, whom fingers try in pinning a page in reply to a spare? There, miss, you read all the last sentence of my epistle, and never knew that you were reading verse."

We may end as we began, by commending of "Literary Frivolities" as a capital book of its sort.

Introduction to the Science of Language. By A. H. Sayce. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

In these two volumes Mr. Sayce attempts to give a systematic account of the science of language, its nature, its progress, and its aims, which shall be at the same time as thorough and exhaustive as our present knowledge and materials allow. He defends himself from the charge of having treated some parts of his subject at unnecessary length—more especially the historical sketch of the science given in his first chapter. For that chapter no defence is needed; a better summary was never written.

The tendency of each section of philologists is stated clearly and criticized briefly but effectively. At the same time it must be confessed that the book is somewhat redundant. We find in different chapters the same argument recurring with the same examples, as though a very large commonplace book had been reduced to chapters at different times and for different purposes. The conclusions of chapters 1 and 11 (pp. 88 and 9) are almost identical. Similarly, on the other hand, we find monosyllabism, e.g., p. 181 the Chinese language is spoken of as "instinct with the progressive intelligence and cultivated life of the people," whereas at p. 229 it is "a timeworn and decaying form of speech." Generally the book is an elaborate and elaborate form, which makes the argument difficult to follow.

Examples are hurled upon the reader from every least-known language in the world. Now we agree with Mr. Sayce in holding that valuable and may often be obtained from savage dialects, but if the help can be gotten from better-known languages, it is as well to obtain it nearer home. When the reader is taken, e.g., to Dyak for the proof of a principle, he feels that he should grasp the argument better if he knew a little of that language, and that he should be thankful if it could have been illustrated from the more familiar Greek or Sanscrit. Mr. Sayce will see in this the very spirit which the most conditions—that which would draw all philological arguments from the Aryan languages alone. But there is a danger in running too far in the opposite direction, and there is some sense in the old principle that you cannot argue effectually from any family of languages unless you know one of them thoroughly. In saying this we by no means wish to depreciate Mr. Sayce's accuracy; and the extent of his knowledge probably exceeds that of any other English philologist.

The theories which underlie the present volume have been already set forth. Mr. Sayce says, in his "Principles of Comparative Philology": Against some of these theories we protest—in reviewing that book, and as we are still unconvinced of their truth, we must protest again. Mr. Sayce says in his preface that it matters little for the present work whether these theories be right or wrong; that an author too has to deal mainly with "the statement and arrangement of ascertained facts." But this cannot be admitted. The facts are "arranged" to suit a certain hypothesis, and some are taken, some are left; the same facts would produce a different effect in a different combination; and, for the facts will inevitably seem to a philologist the best "as arranged," which fit best into his own theories. Mr. Sayce is apt to bring forward such "facts" without any hint that they are not at all universally accepted. As a single instance, a particular view of the history of case-suffixes is laid down on the ground that "Bergaigne has made it clear" (p. 85), or "M. Bergaigne has shown," &c. (p. 119). Now M. Bergaigne is an able man, and his researches are interesting, but his view is not the only view of the history of the cases, and from the very nature of the question there can be no criterion by which it can be determined to be even more probable than other views. It is not, therefore, quite

right in an "Introduction to the Science of Language" to bring forward such a view as certain and ignore all others.

We cannot enter into the main points on which we differ from Mr. Sayce. First and foremost is his doctrine of the "sentence-word." According to him "language begins with sentences, not with words" (i. 111). "All language must be significant; but until the whole sentence is formed, and the whole sentence is not yet formed, it is expressed, this cannot be the case." The sentence is the unit, which may be broken up; but that is done by the grammarian, not by the speaker. As an example we have the sentence "Don't do that," which, we readily concede, we generally pronounce as two words, "Don't do that," but we consciously break it up into the four words, *Do not do that*. "Sentences may be any length; they may consist of a single syllable, like *go or yes*, or they may have to be expressed by a large number of separate words"; but "unless these sounds are uttered as a single word, the sentence is not a sentence, it is more meaning than the cross of the jackal or the yelping of the cur." "The sentence, in short, is the only unit which language can know, and the ultimate starting-point of all our linguistic inquiries" (i. 114). "All the facts at our disposal tend to show that the roots of speech, or of all events, the earliest sentences were uttered in polysyllabic languages of mankind have sprung, were polysyllabic" (i. 118). "The first utterances of mankind were polysyllabic, though not, perhaps, of such monstrous length as the septen-words of Esquimaux or Algonquin" (i. 119). "Consequently the origin of language was in polysyllabic, not in polysyllabic dialects of America. In these 'the words that make up a sentence are stripped of their grammatical terminations, and then fused into a single word of monstrous length and appearance. Thus the Algonquin would say *one-up-put-it-into-the-eyes-of-the-eyes-of-the-eyes* if he wished to express the sentence 'I am, falling on his knees, worshiping him,' and this 40-syllable compound denotes exactly what we split up into seven words. Thus polysyllabic languages are an interesting survival of the early condition of language everywhere."—i. 125.

We do not think that Mr. Sayce ever describes very fully the way in which he conceives that these "undifferentiated sentences" developed into the different forms of human speech. It is understood him rightly, the early man compared these great polysyllables with each other, and by degrees these parts in each which were the same attached themselves to some one idea, and so became by degrees the term by which that idea was denoted. The development differed with the different peoples, and language became polysyllabic, or monosyllabic, another agglutinative, another inflectional, according to "antecedent circumstances" (so Mr. Sayce somewhat mysteriously, but no doubt wisely, puts it at i. 378, which "combined to produce a certain conception of the outward world and the relation of things to each other, another isolation, another unlike the conception which grew up in other cases"; and hence the different character of their languages. A little reflection showed us that this was Mr. Sayce's way of saying that the causes why they differed must remain unknown. Inflectional languages were produced by the rise of

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We come now to some of the main points on which we differ from Mr. Sayce. First and foremost is his doctrine of the "sentence-word." According to him "language begins with sentences, not with words" (i. 111). "All language must be significant; but until the whole sentence is uttered, until the whole thought which lies behind it is expressed, this cannot be the case." The sentence is the unit, which may be broken up; but that is done by the grammarian, not by the speaker. As an example we have the sentence "Don't do that," which, we readily concede, we generally pronounce as one word; it is the "grammarian" who consciously breaks it up into the four words, *Do not do that*. "Sentences may be any length; they may consist of a single syllable, like *go* or *yes*, or they may have to be expressed by a large number of separate words"; but "unless the sounds we utter are combined into a sentence, they have no more meaning than the cries of the jackal or the yelping of the cur." "The sentence, in short, is the only unit which language can know, and the ultimate starting-point of all our linguistic inquiries" (i. 113). "All the facts at our disposal tend to show that the roots of speech, or, at all events, the earliest sentence-words, out of which the later languages of mankind have sprung, were polysyllabic" (i. 118). "The first utterances of mankind were polysyllabic, though not, perhaps, of such monstrous length as the sentence-words of Esquimaux or Algonquin" (i. 119). Consequently the origin of lan-

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Another enemy of books is
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* "The Shores of the Bode-
Rue and Co. 1881.)

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* "The Library
by Austin Dobson.

Besides, Ayala has made up her mind for an angel (whence the title), a beautiful being with every accomplishment under the sun and every personal charm to boot. Far be it from us to tell how the happy conversation is brought about. It is sufficient to say that it is retailed with as much skill as is consistent with unmistakable indications that the shop-keeper's hour is going to come for Ayala and the Colonel at last.

Colonel Stubbs is one of the pleasantest of all Mr. Trollope's male persons, though he is not one of the most fully sketched. The truth is that the beautiful novelist has put such a number of persons on his canvas that he has hardly left himself room to do more than give a word to the wise—and a very fairly sufficient word to—about each. There is the Honourable Septimus Traffic, a rising politician, who understands all about supply and demand, especially that particular application of the law which tells him that if he demands not merely a portion of £120,000 from his father-in-law, but also post-nuptial

his stomach is not in good condition. This sewing machine is all out of kilter: this sewing machine is much disarranged." Here the reader may suggest that there is an unnecessary profusion of instances; and, indeed, the watch and the sewing machine do seem rather identical. As to the second example, Mr. Kwong might argue with much pertinence that a phrase applicable to "my watch" might possibly be inappropriate to "his stomach." *Adopt*, a senseless epithet used to intensify a description of anything good or bad, is a very proper rebuke to the idle Western, but it is inconsistent of Mr. Kwong to pass "*forging*," as merely "great; thumping" without affixing to it the same condemnation; and he really should not let Celestials suppose that in "*going up*" they have an accepted and classical synonymy for "the best possible style." Sometimes the terms which the explanation are a little curious. Thus, under "to win," Mr. Kwong gives as his example: "A felony is any crime, *to wit*, forgery, robbery, and the like, punishable with death or imprisonment in the States Prison: a felony in any crime, namely, forgery, robbery, and the like, punishable with death or imprisonment (Massachusetts and New York)." Is this parenthesis intended to warn intending forgers from the two States specified, or is it a kind of contribution on Mr. Kwong's part to a yet unwritten legal encyclopedia? It is, however, rather too hard to make fun of Mr. Kwong, who has, as we have said, evidently taken a great deal of pains with his work. A list of English proverbs, of Latin and French phrases, and of Chinese proverbs and maxims, is included in the work, besides a short chronological sketch of the history of China and a life of Jesus. The Chinese proverbs are perhaps of most general interest. Many of them are simply variations of universally known saws; others are more peculiar. "He is fond of wearing a tall hat," might in England be an imputation either of ceremoniousness or luxury. In China it means "he is fond of flattery;" why, we are not told. "One pill cannot keep two tigers" is at least a picturesque version of "two of a trade." "The husband jans and the wife accompanies" is said to be "descriptive of domestic felicity." But how of the next-door neighbours? "The meat is on the chopping-board" is said to mean "the victim is powerless against his oppressor," and it is grim enough. There are some "maxims" as well which have not the picturesqueness of the proverbs, but are for the most part rather commonplace utterances of Oriental caution. On the whole, however, Mr. Kwong has produced a book which, odd as it is in some ways, has a good deal that is readable and something that is useful about it.

THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.*

It was the boast of Pericles that the Athenians knew how to gratify their love of beauty at no great cost; and, in the spirit of the Greek, it is Mr. Capper's object to show his countrymen how they may satisfy the softer aspirations of their souls on principles of rigid economy. The author observes sensibly enough that the spread of education in the country is not likely to be accompanied by any great increase of money-making power, and that there must be an ever-increasing number of persons capable of enjoyment, though without much money to purchase it. For tourists of this class, the philosophy of travel is summed up in a *pension* by a lake, where scenery, society, board, and lodging can be enjoyed at the daily cost of five francs in summer and even less in winter. And of all lakes the Lake of Constance is the one which in Mr. Capper's eyes approaches most closely to the ideal of an earthly and inexpensive Paradise. Indeed, his description is so attractive that it can hardly fail to bear fruit. On one point, however, the author hardly lays enough stress. The heat by the Swiss lakes in the height of summer is greater than most English people can bear with comfort. Spring is the true season of Switzerland; but in spite of Mr. Rivkin, English people insist on going there in full summer, when the dreary higher valleys are alone endurable.

Another point in Mr. Capper's philosophy of travel deserves consideration. Two sorts of cheapness are known in hotels—the first a legitimate one, arising from want of competition; the second an illegitimate one, due to excess of competition; and it is of great importance to the tourist that he should not expose himself to the horrors of the latter. On the Lake of Constance, for instance, he will be safe. Prices there are low, because the necessaries of life are procured easily, and the result, no external demand for them, must be consigned on the spot or wasted. A sojourner in such a country fares cheaply and honestly, as the natives do. But things are different in more fashionable districts. There, too, prices are extraordinarily low; but that is due in great measure to the number of establishments all anxious to undersell each other, and not to natural causes. An unlucky tourist ensnared in one of these houses finds the proprietor resorting to all sorts of devices—such as the simple one of piddling before meat, and others needless to particularise—which cannot fail in the long run to undermine the visitor's self-respect, and to absorb him in the Cheap to the exclusion of the Beautiful. All poverty is exposed to this great moral danger, that money ceases to be regarded as a means, and becomes an end; and nowhere is this fatal commission of the means and the end, the Cheap and the Beautiful,

* "The Shores of the Boden See." By Samuel James Capper. (London: De La Rue and Co., 1881.)

THE PALM MALL GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

"THE LIBRARY."

THIS little volume is as bright and entertaining as might be expected from the names of its joint authors, and will take rank as one of the most successful of the series. Some of its predecessors have been just a little too commercial in character—too "chromatic" as Aristotle and Mr. Lang would say—and others have been too entirely devoted to *tertium quidam verum*. Who but a dealer can sympathize with the collector who asks "Art in the house" on the ground that collecting is a good investment? And who, on the other hand, can keep up his enthusiasm through a whole volume on the dining-room? But the library is hailed by a thousand associations; it is the thinking man's workshop, the tired man's retreat, the collector's treasure-house; and he who writes of it has an inspiring theme. "My never failing friends are they, with whom I converse day by day," says Southey of his books; and none dare openly say the same of his sideboard and his dinner-table. Moreover, there is a special argument that should have a cheering effect on a man who takes the library for his subject rather than any other part of the house. He who reads and has a library is *prima facie* likely to read books about his library; but he who eats and has a dining room is not thereby any more disposed to read books about his dining-room.

Mr. Lang does not attempt the impossible or useless task of telling us what books we ought to read. Every one should possess and read the world's classics, and whatever books his business or his interest may require him to read; and every one should please himself as to the lighter literature with which he is to amuse his leisure. But what should the collector collect, and how should he store his collections? This is Mr. Lang's question; and if he does not answer it with dogmatic directness, he rather talks about and around the subject in that tone of charming *convivial* for which he beyond most living English writers is renowned, that is no loss to the reader. Mr. Lang is alive to the follies of collectors, but regards them (as a wise man should) as but the little weaknesses that accompany a taste which in general does no one any harm, that tends to preserve rarities from destruction, and that is fertile in sentimental pleasure. He might have added to his denunciation of the book-collector the argument that it is from the collector that a respect for books as books, for their form and creaminess, filters down into the public mind. As Mr. Lang says, all readers of his volume will notice the abundant use that he has made of French authorities, of French bibliography, of stories of French collectors, of names of French bookbinders. The reason is very simple—"they are as unavoidable, almost, as the use of French terms of the sport in tennis and in fencing. . . . Twenty books about books are written in Paris for one that is published in England." But we are improving, and the improvement is our collectors' doing. They stimulate the printers, and the publishers and the illustrators, and little by little our public is coming to demand better type, better paper, less glaring bindings, less miserable illustrations. It is a humiliating thought that between Fynson and Baskerville—for more than two centuries, that is to say—we had no printer whose books are worth anything at all as specimens of typography; and between Enskerville and the Clarendon Press we had few enough. Even now, where the French have a score of first-class presses, we have but two or three. If they are to be multiplied, it must be by creating a real demand for their work; and that can only be done from the top, by increasing the class of those who pursue fine books with combined intelligence and passion.

But *non hoc posuit contentant lyre*; and the lyre that sings of book-collecting should be jocose. It is enough to say of this volume that it contains chapters on book-hunting, its history, its philosophy, its joys and sorrows, its lessons and its charms; on the library, and how to keep it free from the enemies of books—damp, dust, worms, rats, evil-minded bookbinders, and unsympathetic wives; on special classes of books which the collector loves; manuscripts (it is the expert hand of Mr. Lafite that has contrived the pages on these), vellum-printed books, Aldines, Elzevirs, English rarities; on illustrated books, from Stothard to Mr. Caldecott. Two *jeuvenilia* from Mr. Austin Dobson, and one in French from Mr. Lang are added; the last Mr. Lang might have owned if he could have foreseen the existence of the Elzevirs. Two or three minute criticisms occur to us: for example, it is not "curious" that first editions of Byron and Scott should be held so much cheaper than those of Shelley and Keats, since their issues were so much larger. A rare early Byron, such as "The Walks," is worth nearly as much as "Adonais." There are a few misprints, such as the date 1646 for 1636, assigned (p. 116) to the "Virgil with red letters;" and the author will find others on pp. 55, 68, 79, 114. We may conclude with one quotation which will find an echo in many a collecting heart

May the charming creatures thus gracefully drawn recognise their portraits and strive to amend their ways!—

Another enemy of books must be mentioned with the delicacy that befits the topic. Almost all women are the inveterate foes, not of novels, of course, nor peepages and popular volumes of history, but of books worthy of the name. It is true that Isabelle d'Évry and Mlle. de Pompadour and Mme. de Maintenon were collectors, and doubtless there are other brilliant exceptions to a general rule. But, broadly speaking, women detest the books which the collector deuses and admires. First, they do not understand them; second, they are jealous of their superior charms; third, books cost money; and it really is a hard thing for a lady to see money expended on what seems a dingy old landing, or yellow paper scented with erabbed characters. These ladies wage a skirmishing war against book-sellers' catalogues, and history speaks of Eschards who have had to practice the guise of smugglers when they conveyed a new purchase across their own frontier. Thus many married men are obliged to collect Elzevirs which go readily into the pocket, for you cannot smuggle a folio volume easily.

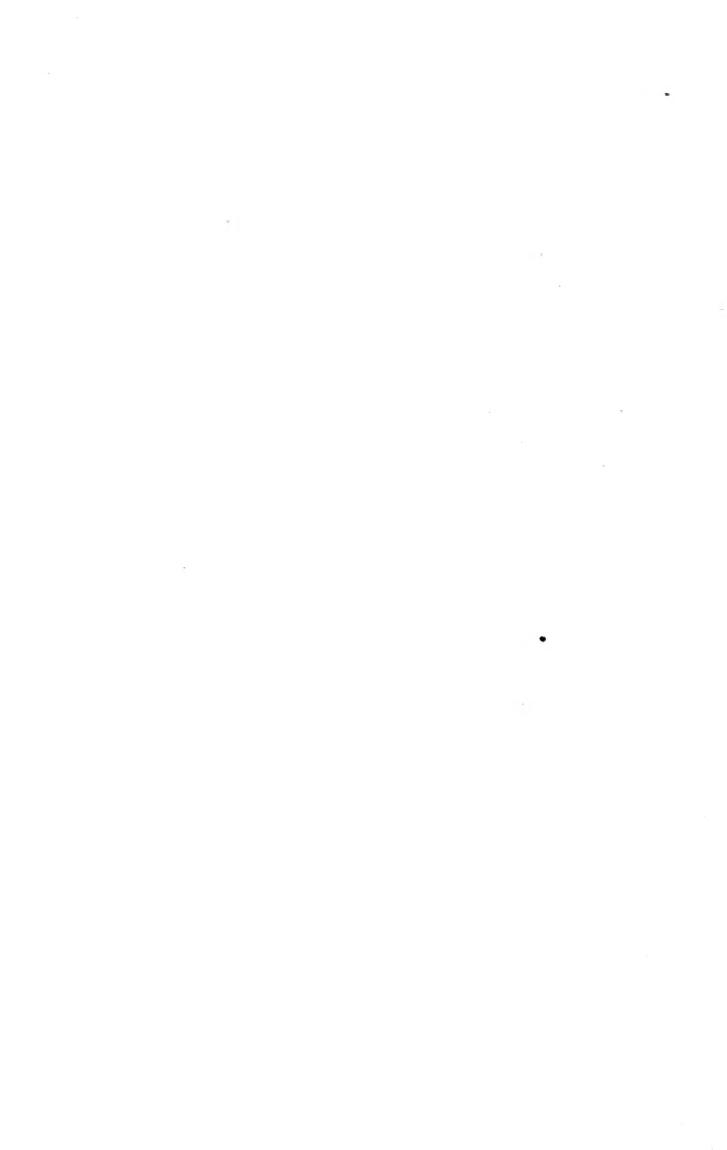
PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

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* By Andrew Lang. With a Chapter on Modern Illustrated Books ("Art at Home" Series.) (London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.)



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