

I seize with pleasure this opportunity of contradicting a malicious report that Mr. Simpkinson has, in a late publication, confounded King Henry the Fifth with the *Duke* of Monmouth, and positively deny that he has ever represented Walter Lord Clifford, (father to Fair Rosamond,) as the leader of the O. P. row.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE! A LEGEND OF PALESTINE — AND WEST KENT

I'll devise thee brave punishments for him!

SHAKESPEARE

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,  
"Come east, come west,  
Come lance in rest,  
Come faulchion in hand, I'll tickle the best  
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh, they came west, and they came east,  
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,  
And they hammer'd away  
At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point, —  
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;  
Twenty and three,  
Of high degree,  
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,  
All — all save one — and he ran up a tree!  
"Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!"  
"Twenty and three! Twenty and three! —  
All of them Nobles of high degree:  
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
"What news? what news? come, tell to me!  
What news? what news, thou little Foot-page? —  
I've been whacking the foe till it seems an age  
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!  
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?  
Come tell me now, thou Page so small!"

"Oh, Hawk and Hound  
Are safe and sound,  
Beast in byre, and Steed in stall;  
And the Watch-dog's bark,  
As soon as it's dark,  
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!"

— “I care not a pound  
For Hawk or for Hound,  
For Steed in stall, or for Watch-dog’s bay:  
Fain would I hear  
Of my dainty dear;  
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?”—  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,  
“What news? what news? thou naughty Foot-page!” —

That little Foot-page full low crouch’d he,  
And he doff’d his cap, and he bended his knee,  
“Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:  
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,  
Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall:  
She sits alone,  
And she makes her moan;  
Dance and song  
She considers quite wrong;  
Feast and revel  
Mere snares of the devil;  
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘Alack!  
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?’”

“Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,  
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!  
There, in thy breast,  
‘Neath thy silken vest,  
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?’”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,  
That little Foot-page he blench’d with fear;

“Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?  
King Richard’s confessor, I ween, is he,  
And tidings rare  
To him do I bear,  
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!”

“Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!  
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,  
But well, I ween,  
May there be seen  
Dame Alice’s hand with half an eye;  
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,  
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;  
Although no clerk,  
Well may I mark  
The particular turn of her P’s and her Q’s!”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,  
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page;  
The scroll he seizes,  
The page he squeezes,  
And buffets, — and pinches his nose till he sneezes; —  
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads  
Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-heads.

When the contents of the scroll met his view,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,  
Backward he drew  
His mailed shoe,  
And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew  
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,  
I may not say whither — I never knew.

“Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain, —  
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!”

“Twenty and three!  
There they be,  
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea! —  
Twenty and three? —  
— Stay — let me see!  
Stretched in his gore  
There lieth one more!  
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four*!  
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,  
But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where!  
Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,  
Though one got away, and ran up a tree!”

“Look nigher, look nigher,  
My trusty Squire!”—  
“One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
“A boon, a boon, King Richard,” quoth he,  
“Now Heav'n thee save,  
A boon I crave,  
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;  
A year and a day  
Have I been away,  
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;  
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,  
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,  
And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,  
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, 'Alack!

Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?  
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,  
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"  
King Richard said right graciously,  
"Of all in my host  
That I love the most,  
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!  
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;  
But — mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

## FYTTE II

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,  
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,  
And a belted Knight  
In armour dight,  
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,  
With signs of grief and sounds of woe,  
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.  
"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
In my fury and rage  
A little Foot-page  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:  
A scroll of shame  
From a faithless dame  
Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear;  
I gave him a 'lick'  
With a stick,  
And a kick,  
That sent him — I can't tell your Holiness where!  
Had he as many necks as hairs,  
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;  
A soldier, I trow,  
Of the Cross art thou;  
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!  
Ill it beseems that a soldier true  
Of holy Church should vainly sue:—  
— Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,  
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,  
Well mote we spare  
A Page — or a pair,  
For the matter of that — Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

But stout and true  
Soldiers, like you,  
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!  
Be prayers for the dead  
Duly read,  
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;  
So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace!”

“ — Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave.  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
Dame Alice, my wife,  
The bane of my life,  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!  
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,  
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;  
’Twere bootless to tell how I storm’d and swore;  
Alack! alack! too surely I knew  
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,  
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!  
Dame Alice I found, —  
She sank on the ground, —  
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!  
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,  
I twisted it on — till I twisted it off! —  
All the King’s Doctors and all the King’s Men  
Can’t put fair Alice’s head on again!”

“Well-a-day! well-a-day!  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Why really — I hardly know what to say:—  
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Lady to slay,  
Because she’s perhaps been a little too gay. —  
— Monk must chaunt and Nun must pray;  
For each mass they sing, and each pray’r they say,  
For a year, and a day,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!  
So may his qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!”

“Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
No power could save  
That paramour knave;  
I left him, I wot, in evil case!  
There, ‘midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,  
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,  
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,

And his head lies — I can't tell your Holiness where!"

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Foul sin it were, though doughty Knight,  
To hack and to hew  
A champion true  
Of holy Church in such pitiful plight!  
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,  
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day! —  
— A chauntry fair,  
And of Monks a pair,  
To pray for his soul for ever and aye,  
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay  
For plenty of lights  
To burn there o' nights—  
None of your rascally '*dips*' — but sound,  
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;—  
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair  
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!—  
So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!  
Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray.  
"No champion free of the Cross was he;  
No belted Baron of high degree;  
No Knight nor Squire  
Did there expire;  
He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!  
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait  
With his monks around him, and early and late  
May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,  
— He hath lost his Prior — his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,  
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head —  
"Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!  
A horrible thing has come to pass!  
What! cut off the head of a reverend Prior,  
And say he was '*only (!!!)* a bare-footed Friar!' —  
'What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire  
Is half so good as a holy Friar?'  
*O, turpissime! Vir nequissime!*  
*Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!*  
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*  
Had before 'em  
Such a breach of decorum,  
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,

And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum!* —  
Come hither to me,  
My Cardinals three,  
My Bishops *in partibus*, Masters *in Artibus*,  
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.  
Doctors and Proctors of every degree!  
Go fetch me a book! — go fetch me a bell  
As big as a dustman's! — and a candle as well —  
I'll send him — *where* good manners won't let me tell!"

— "Pardon and grace! — now pardon and grace!"  
— Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face —  
"Meâ culpâ! — in sooth I'm in pitiful case.  
*Peccavi! peccavi!* — I've done very wrong!  
But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong.  
And I'll fight for Holy Church all the day long;  
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,  
And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,  
And Holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,  
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,  
And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,  
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,  
And you really will fight like a trump all day long; —  
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,  
And Holy Church shall come in for her share, —  
Why, my Cardinals three,  
You'll agree  
With me,  
That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,  
And I think that the Penitent need not despair!  
— If it be so, as you seem to say,  
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!

An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall find,  
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound  
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;  
And there in that Abbey all the year round,  
A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,  
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns;  
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Without delay,  
Shall hie him again  
To Ascalon plain,  
And gather the bones of the foully slain:  
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,

In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair;  
And plenty of lights  
Shall be there o' nights;  
None of your rascally '*dips,*' but sound,  
Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound;  
And Monk and Nun  
Shall pray, each one,  
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!  
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,  
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,  
Nor adorn his body,  
Nor drink gin-toddy,  
Nor indulge in a pipe, —  
But shall dine upon tripe,  
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,  
And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure  
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur!*"

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
Here gave way  
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,  
But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,  
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a  
More repetition of *O, meâ culpâ!*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,  
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,  
Subjecting his back  
To thump and to thwack,  
Well and truly laid on by a bare-footed Friar,  
With a stout cat o' ninetails of whip-cord and wire;  
And nor he, nor his heir<sup>†</sup>  
Shall take, use, or bear  
Any more, from this day,  
The surname of Bray,  
As being dishonour'd, but all issue male he has  
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias!*

So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,  
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)  
s off like a shot away and away,  
Over the brine  
To far Palestine,  
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain

---

<sup>†</sup> His brother Reginald, it would seem by the pedigree, disregarded this prohibition.

For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

“Look out, my Squire, Look higher and nigher,  
Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar!  
And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,  
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!”

### FYTTE III

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,  
With right of free-warren (whatever that be);  
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,  
All in full leaf at the right time of year;  
About Christmas or so, they fall into the sear,  
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear:  
But it's really delightful in spring-time, — and near  
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.  
Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore  
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;  
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before  
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.†  
So charming a spot,  
It's rarely one's lot  
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,  
And there they all stand each in their degree,  
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,  
Two by two, in their regular mode,  
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,  
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,  
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!  
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,  
Each with his brazen censer bright,  
And singing away with all their might,  
Follow the Palmers — a goodly sight;  
Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear  
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,

---

† Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid, edifice, *periêrunt etiam ruinæ*. An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a “foreignneering Bishop,” does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum*. The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.

A patent sarcophagus firmly rear'd,  
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),  
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.  
Close by his side  
Is a Friar, supplied  
With a stout cat o' ninetails of tough cow-hide,  
While all sorts of queer men  
Bring up the rear — Men -  
-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell  
What you'll guess very well,  
How some sang the *requiem*, some toll'd the bell;  
Suffice it to say,  
'Twas on Candlemas-day  
The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum*;  
And in lieu of a supper  
The Knight on his crupper  
Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum*;—  
That, as chronicles tell,  
He continued to dwell  
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,  
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,  
And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,  
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;  
— That year after year, having run round the *Quad*  
With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,  
Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he  
Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity,  
When, — strange to relate! and you'll hardly believe  
What I'm going to tell you, — next Candlemas Eve  
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night  
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,  
Alarm'd by the bawls,  
And the calls, and the squalls  
Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon  
By the light of the moon  
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,  
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,  
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,  
As black as if steep'd in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,  
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;  
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes  
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;  
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders  
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,  
But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,

As if by a closer inspection to find  
 Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,  
 With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern," — as placed  
 By our own New Police, — in a belt round his waist.  
 All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,  
 When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies  
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries, —  
 In vain, — for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,  
 "Running after him," — so said the Abbot, — "like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight  
 Course round the Abbey as best he might,  
 Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,  
 While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill, —  
 Then a whoop and a halloo, — and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,  
 And at this time of day  
 One can hardly survey  
 Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey  
 With age, and fast mouldering into decay,  
 Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;  
 But still there are many folks living who say  
 That on every Candlemas eve, the Knight,  
 Accoutred, and dight In his armour bright,  
 With his thick black beard, — and the clerical Sprite,  
 With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,  
 Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,  
 And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood;  
 More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,  
 You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy  
 And that once in a gale  
 Of wind, sleet, and hail,  
 They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest  
 Of those souls unblest  
 Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,  
 Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd  
 That on Ascalon plain,  
 When the bones of the slain  
 Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest,  
 Caulk'd, and made water-tight,  
 By command of the Knight,  
 Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,  
 And the body itself in a decentish plight,  
 Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;  
 So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,  
 And popp'd on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!

Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,  
And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now, though this might be,  
It don't seem to agree  
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—  
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine  
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine  
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine  
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,  
Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine  
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*genu-ine.*"  
'Tis a very nice question — but be't as it may,  
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),  
It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small  
About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,  
Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall.  
And that many have seem him, and more heard him squall.  
So I think, when the facts of the case you recall,  
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,  
Viz.: that, spite of the hope  
Held out by the Pope,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all!

#### MORAL

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree,  
In livery or out of it, listen to me!  
See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league  
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! — married and single, from this understand  
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!  
Don't stand for the sake of a penny, — but when you  
've a *billet* to send  
To a lover or friend,  
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! — you who are given to roam,  
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!  
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;  
Love your neighbours, and welcome, — but don't love their wives!  
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads  
When they're shovelling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights! — whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,  
Learn, — to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!  
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,

Rebuke them — but mildly — don't kick them down stairs!  
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,  
"If you want matters well managed, *Go!* — if not, *Send!*"  
A servant's too often a negligent elf;  
— If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires  
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,  
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;  
Now — don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!  
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,  
To find in your bed,  
On the pillow, instead  
Of the sweet face you look for — A SARACEN'S HEAD!

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas, for Ingoldsby Abbey!—Alas that one *should* have to say

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ!  
Its very Ruins now are tiny.

There is a something in the very sight of an old Abbey — family associations apart — as Ossian says (or Macpherson for him), “pleasing yet mournful to the soul!” nor could I ever yet gaze on the roofless walls and ivy-clad towers of one of these venerable monuments of the piety of bygone days, without something very like an unbidden tear rising to dim the prospect. Something of this, I think, I have already hinted in recording our picnic with the Seaforths at Bolsover. Since then I have paid a visit to the beautiful remains of what once was Netley, and never experienced the sensation to which I have alluded in a stronger degree — if its character was somewhat changed before we parted — it is not my fault. Still, be the drawbacks what they may, I shall ever mark with a white stone the day on which I for the first time beheld the timeworn cloisters of

#### NETLEY ABBEY: A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE.

I saw thee, Netley, as the sun  
Across the western wave  
Was sinking slow,  
And a golden glow  
To thy roofless towers he gave;  
And the ivy sheen,  
With its mantle of green,  
That wrapt thy walls around,  
Shone lovelily bright  
In that glorious light,  
And I felt ’twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time —  
The days of thy Monks of old, —  
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,  
The loud Hosanna roll’d,  
And, thy courts and “long-drawn aisles” among,  
Swell’d the full tide of sacred song;

And then a Vision pass’d  
Across my mental eye;  
And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,  
And delicate Ladies, in bombazeen gowns,  
And long white veils, went by,  
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad, —  
— But one, methought, wink’d at the Gardener-Lad!

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,  
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,

And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,  
 And “dear little souls,”  
 In clean linen stoles,  
 Swinging their censers, and making a smell. —  
 And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,  
 With front severe,  
 And brow austere,  
 Now and then pinching a little boy’s ear  
 When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,  
 Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*’s not quite in tune.  
 (Then, you know,  
 They’d a “moveable *Do*,”  
 Not a fixed one as now — and of course never knew  
 How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo.)  
 It was, in sooth, a comely sight,  
 And I welcom’d the vision with pure delight.

But then “a change came o’er”  
 My spirit — a change of fear —  
 That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,  
 But deep beneath the basement floor  
 A dungeon dark and drear!  
 And there was an ugly hole in the wall —  
 For an oven too big, — for a cellar too small!  
 And mortar and bricks All ready to fix,  
 And I said, “Here’s a Nun has been playing some tricks! —  
 That horrible hole! — it seems to say,  
 ‘I’m a Grave that gapes for a living prey!’ ”

And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad —  
 And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.  
 Ah me! ah me! — ’tis sad to think  
 That Maiden’s eye, which was made to wink,  
 Should here be compelled to grow blear, and blink,  
 Or be closed for aye  
 In this kind of way,  
 Shut out for ever from wholesome day,  
 Wall’d up in a hole with never a chink,  
 No light, — no air, — no victuals, — no drink! —  
 And that Maiden’s lip,  
 Which was made to sip,  
 Should here grow wither’d and dry as a chip!  
 — That wandering glance and furtive kiss,  
 Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,  
 Should yet be considered so much amiss  
 As to call for a sentence severe as this! —  
 And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh

The poor lone victim's stifled cry,<sup>†</sup>  
"Well! I can't understand How any man's hand  
*Could* wall up that hole in a Christian land! —  
Why, a Mussulman Turk Would recoil from the work,  
And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he  
Stands not on trifles, if madden'd by jealousy,  
Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,  
In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,  
'When all's said and done, far better it was for us,  
Tied back to back, And sewn up in a sack,  
To be pitch'd neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!'  
— Oh! a Saint 'twould vex  
To think that the sex  
Should be treated no better than Combe's double X!  
Sure some one might run to the Abbess, and tell her  
A much better method of stocking her cellar."

If ever on polluted walls  
Heaven's red right arm in vengeance falls, —  
If e'er its justice wraps in flame  
The black abodes of sin and shame,  
That justice, in its own good time,  
Shall visit for so foul a crime,  
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,  
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride!

Lo where it comes! — the tempest lours, —  
It bursts on thy devoted towers;

Ruthless Tudor's bloated form  
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm;  
I hear the sacrilegious cry,  
"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!"

Down! down they come — a fearful fall —  
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,  
Stained pane, and sculptured stone,  
There they lie on the greensward strown —  
Mouldering walls remain alone!  
Shaven crown,  
Bombazeen gown,  
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown!

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze  
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,

---

<sup>†</sup> About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination the bones were pronounced to be those of a female. *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who "well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that 'Somebody told her so.'"

The glories of thy palmy days  
 Its very stones recall! —  
 They “come like shadows, so depart” —  
 I see thee as thou wert — and art —

Sublime in ruin! — grand in woe!  
 Lone refuge of the owl and bat;  
 No voice awakes thine echoes now!  
 No sound — Good Gracious! — what was that?  
 Was it the moan,  
 The parting groan  
 Of her who died forlorn and alone,  
 Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone? —  
 — Full and clear  
 On my listening ear  
 It comes — again — near, and more near —  
 Why ‘zooks! it’s the popping of Ginger Beer!  
 — I rush to the door —  
 I tread the floor,  
 By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,  
 In the good old chivalric days of yore,  
 And what see I there? —  
 In a rush-bottom’d chair  
 A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,  
 Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng,  
 A nasty decoction miscall’d “Souchong, ”—  
 And a squeaking fiddle and “wry-necked fife”  
 Are screeching away, for the life! — for the life! —  
 Danced to by “All the World and his Wife.”  
 Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,  
 Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair! —  
 Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,  
 Playing at “pitch and toss,” sport their “Browns,”  
 Two or three damsels, frank and free,  
 Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.  
 Parties below, and parties above,  
 Some making tea, and some making love.  
 Then the “toot — toot — toot”  
 Of that vile demi-flute, —  
 The detestable din  
 Of that cracked violin,  
 And the odours of “Stout,” and tobacco, and gin!  
 “— Dear me!” I exclaim’d, “what a place to be in!”  
 And I said to the person who drove my “shay,”  
 (A very intelligent man, by the way,)  
 “This, all things considered, is rather too gay!  
 It don’t suit my humour, — so take me away!  
 Dancing! and drinking! — cigar and song!  
 If not profanation, it’s ‘coming it strong,’

And I really consider it all very wrong. —  
— Pray, to whom does this property now belong?” —  
— He paused, and said,  
Scratching his head,  
“Why, I really *do* think he’s a little to blame,  
But I can’t say I knows the Gentleman’s name!”

“Well — well!” quoth I,  
As I heaved a sigh,  
And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,  
“My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt  
That some day or other you’ll find it out,  
Should he come in your way,  
Or ride in your ‘shay,’  
(As perhaps he may,)  
Be so good as to say  
That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,  
Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,  
Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,  
And thus of their owner to speak began,  
As he ordered you home in haste,  
“NO DOUBT HE’S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,  
But — *I can’t say much for his taste.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

My very excellent brother-in-law, Seaforth, late of the Bombay Fencibles (lucky dog to have quitted the service before this shocking Afghan business!), seems to have been even more forcibly affected on the evening when he so narrowly escaped being locked in at Westminster Abbey, and when — but let him describe his own feelings, as he has done, indeed, in the subjoined

FRAGMENT.

A feeling sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground  
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:  
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread  
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead!

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those cloisters pale,  
With fitful light on regal vest, and warrior's sculptured mail;  
As from the stained and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,  
Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,  
And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell:  
It died — and not a breath did stir; — above each knightly stall,  
Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone! — a living thing 'midst those that were no more —  
I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore —  
On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,  
The fatal roses twined at length — on great Eliza's reign.

I thought on Naseby — Marston Moor — on Worc'ster's "crowning fight;"  
When on mine ear a sound there fell — it chill'd me with affright,  
As thus in low, unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,  
"— This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk! — Sir! please put summut in!"

\* \* \* \* \*