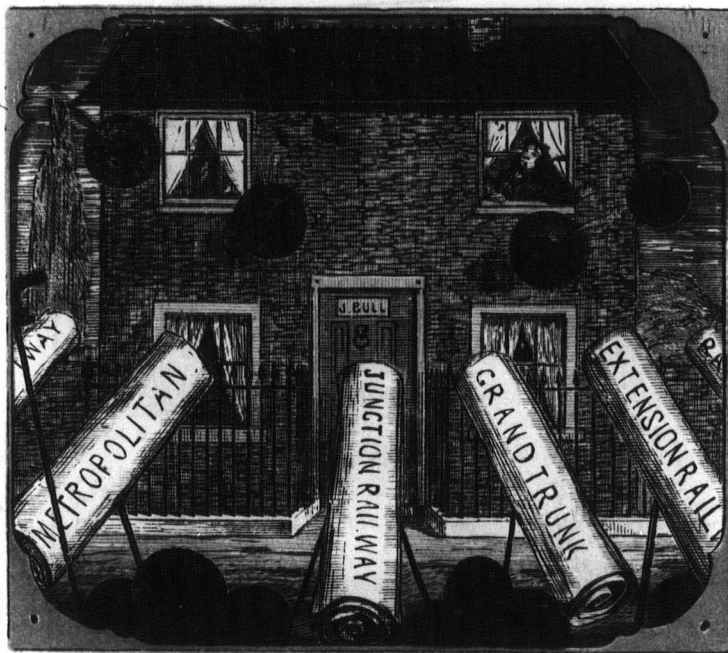


APRIL.



BESIEGING THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE.

Pity the sorrows of an Englishman,
Who'd soon be bundled from his own street door;
Whose home's invested by a "Railway Plan,"
And fast their "Bills" my freehold bricks will floor.

This happy home my prudence does bespeak,
In building fund against a rainy day;
And, now Directors, with the greatest "cheek,"
Have sent me notice for next quarter-day.

They've plac'd their batteries everywhere around,
My castle soon in ruins will be laid;
They say that compensation will be found—
Not much of that, I'm terribly afraid.

Hard is the small freeholder's cruel lot,
Who finds how rent in every place has risen;
When he's turned out, what prospect has he got
On either side, the workhouse or a prison!

Then pity the sorrows of an Englishman,
Who hears the batterings on his doom'd street door
In earnest now they have the siege began,
And in their pounders fast like steam they pour.

The weakest must go to the wall.

18

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26	W
27	Th
28	F
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30	S