

Yet a fair wreath shall grace the Celtic Knight,
 Who against fearful odds maintained the fight,
 And proved at least, Britannia *may* be right.
 Cease then to deal each other stalwart blows ;—
 Wipe, learned Pundit, thy sanguineous nose :—
 Sir Gilder, if in verse you tilt again,
Do strive to put more purpose in your strain :
 And, Pedes, learn that Virgil's work sublime
 Which you appeal to,—was *not* writ in *Rhyme*.
 And now let every angry feeling cease,
 Join hand in hand and kindly part in peace.
 I grieve the learned Friar could not wait,
 Lest he for Vespers should perhaps be late ;—
 But I perceive without him we are *eight* ;
 And were he here, that holy man would tell us,
 “ Nunc pede libero est pulsanda tellus.”
 Sound trumpets once again,—*this time* “ the Lancers ;”
 Britannia and myself will both be dancers.
 And when that's done, I hold t'would not be bad,
 We sought our homesteads in a Galopade !
 But first,—march past my throne, and as you pass,
 Salute me in the words of Hudibras !

They march past, saluting the Queen with

“ Madam, we do, as is our duty,
 “ Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,”
 And bow before the Queen of Beauty.

They dance the Lancers.—For want of Ladies the Pundit and Schoolmaster pair together,—and Pedes walks the figures with Sir Caledon. As they finally go off in the Gallop, the Friar looks at them from the window of his cell, and says : “ BEATI PACIFICATORES. AMEN.”

Wk. 10/11/57



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E. F. F. Lamb

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