

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

*Very much after Hood.**

I.
T'was far off in the "distant past," I think,
(Time that will ne'er return, and more's the pity,)
When gallant Knights of chivalry the pink,
Braved boldly, Brigands, Banded Black Banditti!

II.
There lived a Knight of lustre and renown,
Rupert by name; a bachelor was he,
And as he had no *heir*, and on his lips no *down*,
Rupert the Bald, his *surname* came to be.

III.
You p'raps may think it odd, and so it is,
That I digress so, in so short a story,
But I must state, although it smacks of blood,
My tale is not by any means an *allegory*.

IV.
Rupert the Bald, as I explained before,
Was wifeless, and, by clear deduction, joyous,
For since the days of Helen and of Troy,
'Tis plain that woman's Mission's to destroy us!

V.
One fatal day it came about, however,
That Rupe, like other fools, his eye did cast on
(Not that he squinted, for Rupe squinted never)
A damsel fair, who, like a fairy, passed on.

VI.
"Like little mice," to quote an ancient poet,
Her feet stole out, in gentle "pit-a-pats,"
While from her chignon, to her brow below it,
To match her feet, she wore her hair in "rats!"

VII.
Nor words nor pen, her beauties all could tell,
I shan't attempt it, for 'twere vain to do it,
She had one fault alone—*she could not spell*—
A fault of *heir's* of *old*, and well she *knew* it!

VIII.
But Rupert was bewitched, and so he popped
The question: and the way he did it,
Shall I disclose, how on his knees he dropped
In *easy* attitude?—the fates forbid it!

IX.
But slips will happen, as we too well know,
'Tis *even* so, though you may think it *odd*—
E'en while his speech so trippingly did flow,
Poor Rupert tripped himself, upon a clod.

X.
Full eight good feet he measured on the ground,
(Six feet encased in flesh, and two in leather,)
An awkward six when damsels are around,
Who can't *admire* such *feet* in *muddy* weather.

XI.
Now Rupe, though polished, was perhaps profane,
And, reckless of his suit and how to win it,
Uttered to his *loss*, when he was up *again*,
In accents loud and fierce, "The Deuce is in it!"

XII.
Oh! Rupe, surnamed the Bald! oh! wretched man!
What glazier now could take away thy *pain*,
T'was mud that all thy future life did ban,
For who with *suit* so *stained*, could *suit* sustain?

* NOTE BY THE AUTHOR TO EDITOR.—If any one asks you, What Hood?
say *childhood*—do you see.

NOTE NO. TWO, BY THE AUTHOR.—A reward of 163 cents will be paid to
any person who can lay his hand upon his hand, and, keeping both
eyes shut, conscientiously declare that he can see the pun contained
in the last line of verse II. "His surname came to be,"—"His hair
name came to be."—See it now?

XIII.

Then as he raised himself to terra-firma,
And muttered a *la Cavalier* "Ods Rabbits!"
The millen got, because, both she and her ma,
Objected strongly to such *dirty habits*.

XIV.

This damsel fair her fate was sad to tell,
Poor Rupe died hanging to a rafter;
And she,—the cause,—the pretty village *belle*,
Appropriately died in *peals* of laughter!

XV.

Since then the villagers, who pass the spot,
With hair on end, declare that, at the minute
The clock strikes twelve, a ghost appears, red-hot,
And, like a pack of cards, "The Deuce is in it!"

XVI.

O'er all there hangs a mystery and fear,
E'en Dante'd not stay there, *undaunted*,
And tho' no parient's sister may be here,
'Tis quite *apparent*, that the place is *aunted*.

THE THISTLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1860.

My Dear Dio:—The poem which, by the aid of your glasses, you
will probably find enclosed herein, was, unfortunately, received by
the St. Andrew's Society at Ottawa after their award was made.

As it is, on the face of it (the cheek of it! I hear you saying), far
superior to the production of the Gold Medallist, I know you will
emblem it. The more balm you put in the more it will rise—in
public estimation.

How is leather? I would like a medal.

HUNK É DORÉ.

NOLI ME TANGERE.

Some long time back,—I know not when,—
When Scotchmen warred with Englishmen;
When on the bloody border-side
Men bravely fought and bravely died;
When dire and dreadful was the fray,—
One man there was who ran away!

A recreant Scot, in very truth,
Who had not cut his wisdom tooth;
And who forgot, that other day,
When he must fight who runs away:—
At last, quite out of breath, he stayed;
And sate him down beneath the shade.

But, ah! what frightful thing is this,—
This woful look, and lengthened phiz?—
Can it be conscience pricks him so?
Alas! I much do fear me, no;
For, right through skin, and flesh, and gristle,
Had pierced an unexpected thistle!

From that day forth, from earth to sky,
Noli me tangere was the cry;
While every Scottish breast inspired,
With thistle on the brain was fired;
Nor, from their hearts, can aught remove
Such earnest, true, deep-seated love!

INTERNATIONAL.

The French and American Governments are quarrelling
about the French Atlantic Telegraph. Should this result
in hostilities DIOGENES ordains that they be compelled, to
fight it out *on the line*.

MASONIC.—Masons boast that their fraternity is to be
met with in every land where the sun shines. They also
know that their *craft* is to be found in all waters,—hot
water not excepted.