Oh! what can he boast on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave,
For him there's a story in every breeze
And a picture in every wave.
Charade

My first with many an anxious look
The watchful Shepherd spies
Then homeward with his flock he crook
And faithful dog he kis.

My second great in ancient fame
Now takes ignoble rest
Almost forgot its use it name
A play things at the best.

My whole: a Special born there
To man in pity given
Though though on earth so often seen
Is found alone in Heaven.
Charade – 2.

My first was my comfort, my pride, my delight.
By my next, this dear object was borne from my sight.
Yet united, the sea, & the mountains may part;
It inspires the sensation which gladden the heart.
Anecdote

Count P. was sent on a particular embassy by the Empress Catherine into Poland, on the same occasion T. was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these Ambassadors were strangers to each other. Then the morning appointed for the audience arrived, T. was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where seeing a dignified-looking man seated, I attended by several Polish Noblemen. The men were standing respectfully before him. The German Ambassador concluded it was the King, but addressed him as such; with the
accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Count S., who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the room, Y. J. perceiving his mistake retired much mortified. In the evening both the ambassadors were playing at the same table with His Majesty. The German ambassador threw down a card saying, "the King of Clubs," "a mistake," said the French," "it is the Knave." "Pardon me, sire," exclaimed Y. J. casting a significant glance at Count S. "This is the second time today that I have mistaken a Knave for a King."
Le Troph.

Trop de Repos nous engourdit
Trop de Fracass nous étourdit
Trop de Froideur est indolence
Trop d'Activité turbulences.
Trop d'Amour trouble la raison.
Trop de Remède est un poison.
Trop de Finesse est artificiel.
Trop de Richesse est dureté.
Trop d'Economie, ascèse.
Trop d'Audace, temerité.
Rien.

Quand on aime, Rien n'est frivole.
Un Rien sert ou nuit au bonheur.
Un Rien afflige, un Rien console.
Il n'est point de Rien pour le Coeur.
Un Rien accable de souffrance,
le qu'un Rien adoucit de moitié.
Tout, n'est Rien pour l'indifférence.
Un Rien est tout pour l'amitié.
Charade 3

My first & second are the lot
Of each delighted Guest
When every sorrow is forgot
At Spencer's social feast.
My first ensemble forms a word
Which when those hours are past
We grieve to think how'er deferr'd
Must be pronounced at last.

By C. Fox.
Anecdote.

Two Scholars being one day at table with Bishop Eaton, a fat Goose was set down, the Bishop ordered it to be put before the two Scholars: "And be your own carvers," said he, "whilst I attend to the rest of the company." The Bishop afterwards asked if they had done with the Goose. "Yes, my lord," cried one of the Scholars, "the Goose is Eaton."
Charade 4.

Mon premier sur ton doigt se met
Mon second est un secret
Que tu possèdes sans mystère
Mon tout tu ne saurais le faire
Charade 5.

Avec la tête on me trouve sous la terre,
Sans la tête je fleuris au grand air
Avec la tête j'ai été adoré
Et sans la tête on m'a souvent brûlé
Avec et sans tête étrange assemblage
De toutes les nations j'ai reçu les hommages
While hearts are young, hopes are high.

A fairy scene with life appear.

Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear.

But soon it flies from youth to age,
And of its charms we more reproach.

We like the captive of the cage,
Would flee away. Be at rest.
All the real pleasures & conveniences of life
lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of
mankind to be always looking forward, & straining
after one who has got the start of them in wealth
and honor.

Live on what thou hast; live, if thou canst,
on less, but do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure;
the vanity will end in shame, & the pleasure
in regret.
Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Le from the field of fame we part,
Triumph and sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that close
Van War's rude hand aunder torn!
For nier was field so sternly sought,
And nier was conquest hearst sought.
Fier piled in common slaughtered sleep.
Those whom affection long shall keep.

Scotti Waterloo.
Since trifles take the sum of human things
And half our misery from our foibles springs
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please,
Oh! Let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow was wise in Cain.
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
Charade 6

Quand le héros triomphé après la victoire
Mon premier le recroit et fait brillé sa gloire.
Quand la mer est troublée par l'orage et le vent
Mon second doit sauver le vaisseau périsant
Mon troisième est à la mode, on l'écrit, on le lit
Et les gens hébètes le brûlent par défait.
Charade 7.

Mon premier est le premier de son espèce.
Mon second n’a point de second.
Ah’ comment vous dire mon tout.
Anecdote.

At a diplomatic dinner in Paris, the French Minister gave as a toast, "The Sun", meaning Louis the 15th, upon which the German Ambassador proposed his Imperial Mistress, Maria Theresa, as "The Moon". When it came to the turn of the British Ambassador (Lord Stair) he gave the King of England as "Jehu".
the son of Him who made the Sun and
the Moon stand still.
Here let me sit upon this marble stone
The marble column's yet unshaken base.
Here, son of Saturn! was thy favor'd throne;
Wightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath laboured to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh:
Removed the bonds that 's held the light Greek carol by.
Charade 8

I am not what I was.
But quite the reverse.
Yet I am what I was.
Which is very perverse.
And from morning till night.
I do nothing but fret.
Because I am not what I never was yet.
The Dear Little Spanish Club
No text is legible on this page.