

# Charades

*&c.*

Written a hundred years ago

By

Jane Austen

and

Her Family



London

Spottiswoode & Co., New-street Square, E.C.

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Charles

Memoirs of a hundred years ago

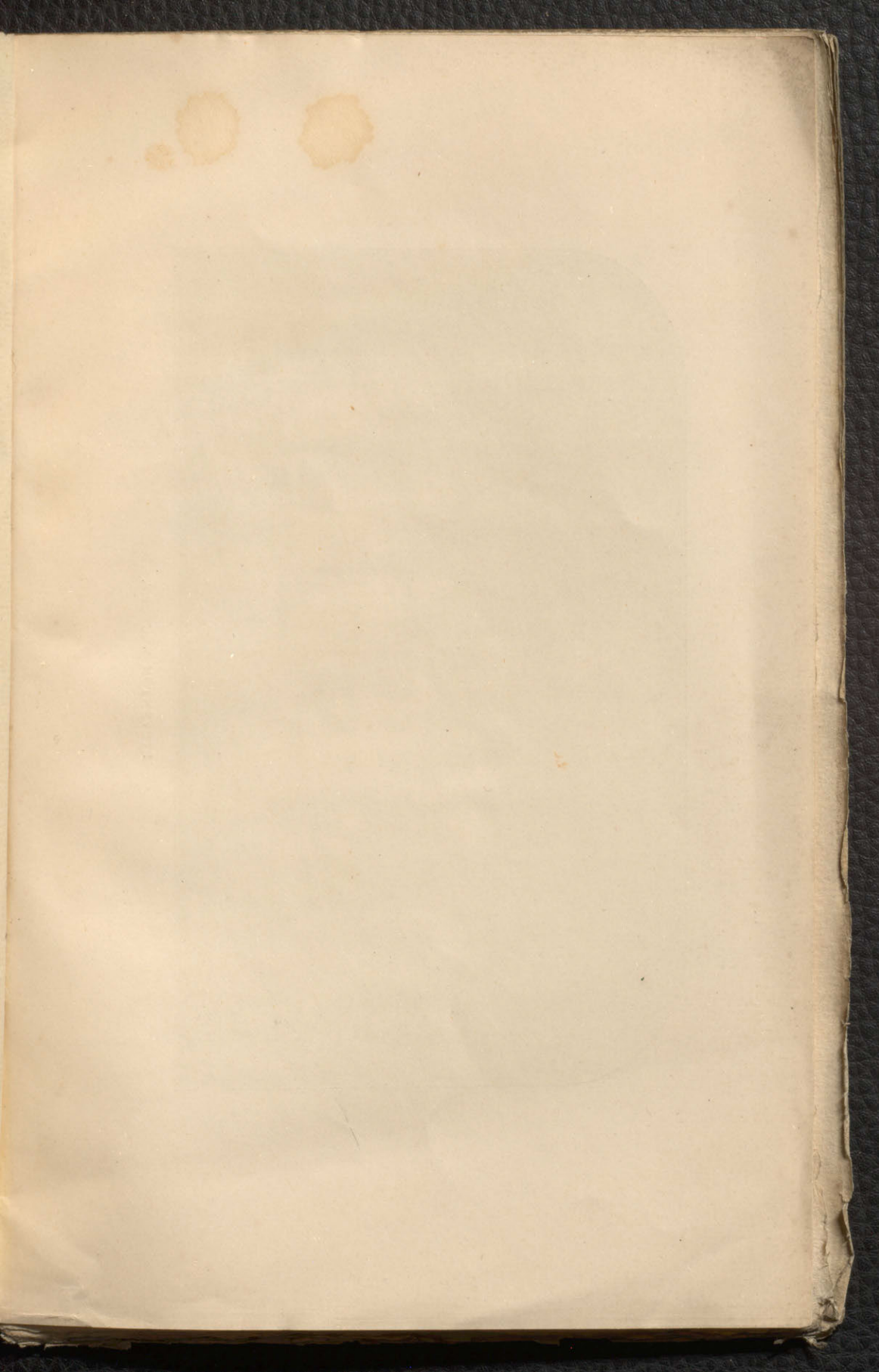
John Austin

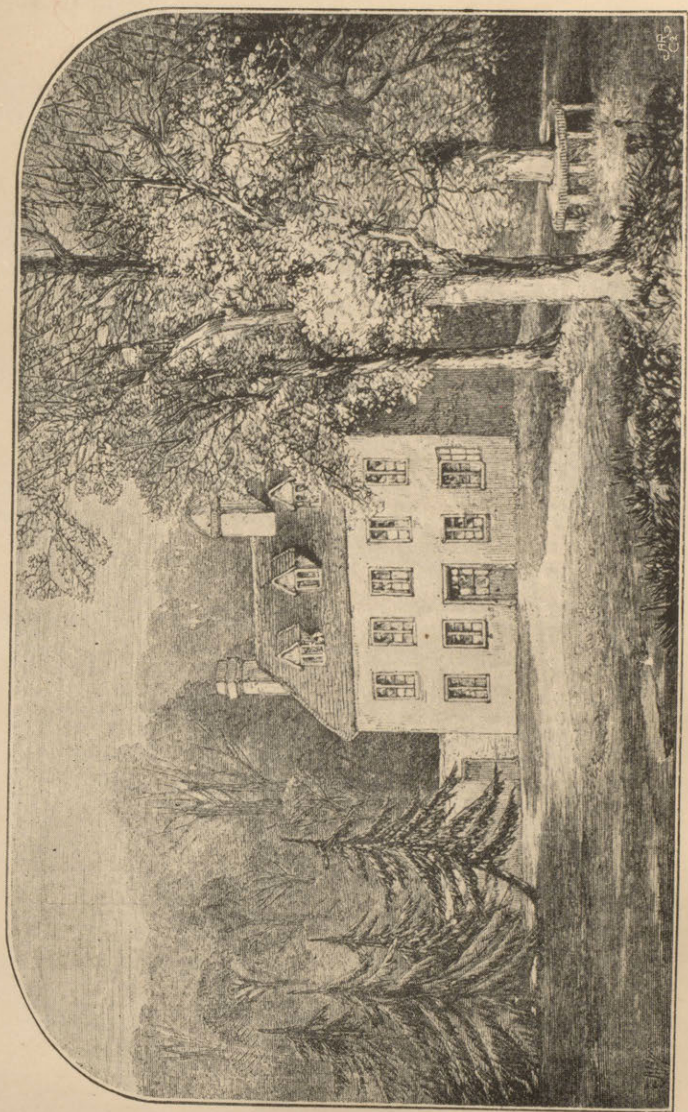
and

Mr. Hardy

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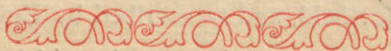






STEVENTON RECTORY.





IT is hoped that these old-fashioned charades and conundrums possess a degree of merit sufficient to afford entertainment to any persons inclined to take pleasure in this kind of amusement, and, more especially, that they may interest that inner circle of readers who love the name of Jane Austen.

It is not as a celebrated writer that she appears in these pages, but as one of a family group gathered round the fireside at Steventon Rectory, Chawton Manor House, or Godmersham Park, to enliven the long evenings of a hundred years ago by merry verses and happy, careless inventions of the moment, such as flowed without difficulty from the lively minds and ready pens of those amongst whom she lived.

Three of these charades are by Jane herself, and even if her name did not appear beneath them their authorship might possibly have been apparent to those already acquainted with the playful exaggerations and sparkling nonsense in which she sometimes loved to indulge when writing with perfect unrestraint to her sister and other relations. In all work intended for the public eye these had to be kept within due bounds; we find nothing but the soberest decorum in the charade laid long ago upon



the table at Hartfield, and transcribed by Emma into that thin quarto of hot-pressed paper in which Harriet was making "her only mental provision for the evening of life."

The habit of writing charades seems to have been general in the Austen family. Only one by her father survives, and to that the answer is unknown; but there are several by her mother, Cassandra Leigh by birth, who was well gifted with—to use a term of her own—"sprack wit." Cassandra's brother, James Leigh, who inherited the estate of North Leigh in Oxfordshire from the Perrots, and added their name to his own, was noted in the family as a writer of good charades, and four of his lead the way in this little collection. They may have been composed by him in his young days at Bath, in which gay and fashionable resort he and his wife were often to be found, or at his country home, Scarlets, in Berkshire, where as an older man he passed most of his time.

All the other charades come from the pens of three generations of Austens, and are inserted according to the ages of the writers. Next in order to the charades by Jane's parents come those of her eldest brother, James, who on his father's death succeeded to the family living of Steventon, Hants; then one by her brother Henry, a brilliant, versatile member of the family party. The next is by her sister, her second self Cassandra; and the suc-



ceeding one by Francis, the elder of her two sailor brothers, who survived all the rest of his generation and died as Sir Francis Austen, Admiral of the Fleet, in 1865, aged ninety-two. Jane's own charades follow next in order. Two of her brothers are not represented here, Edward Austen, afterwards Edward Knight, and Charles, the youngest of the family. The last two charades are by a nephew, who, being nearly nineteen at the time of her death in July 1817, and well able to use his pen before that time, can claim a place among the Steventon writers, even though his charades may possibly date from the comparatively modern period of only seventy or eighty years ago.

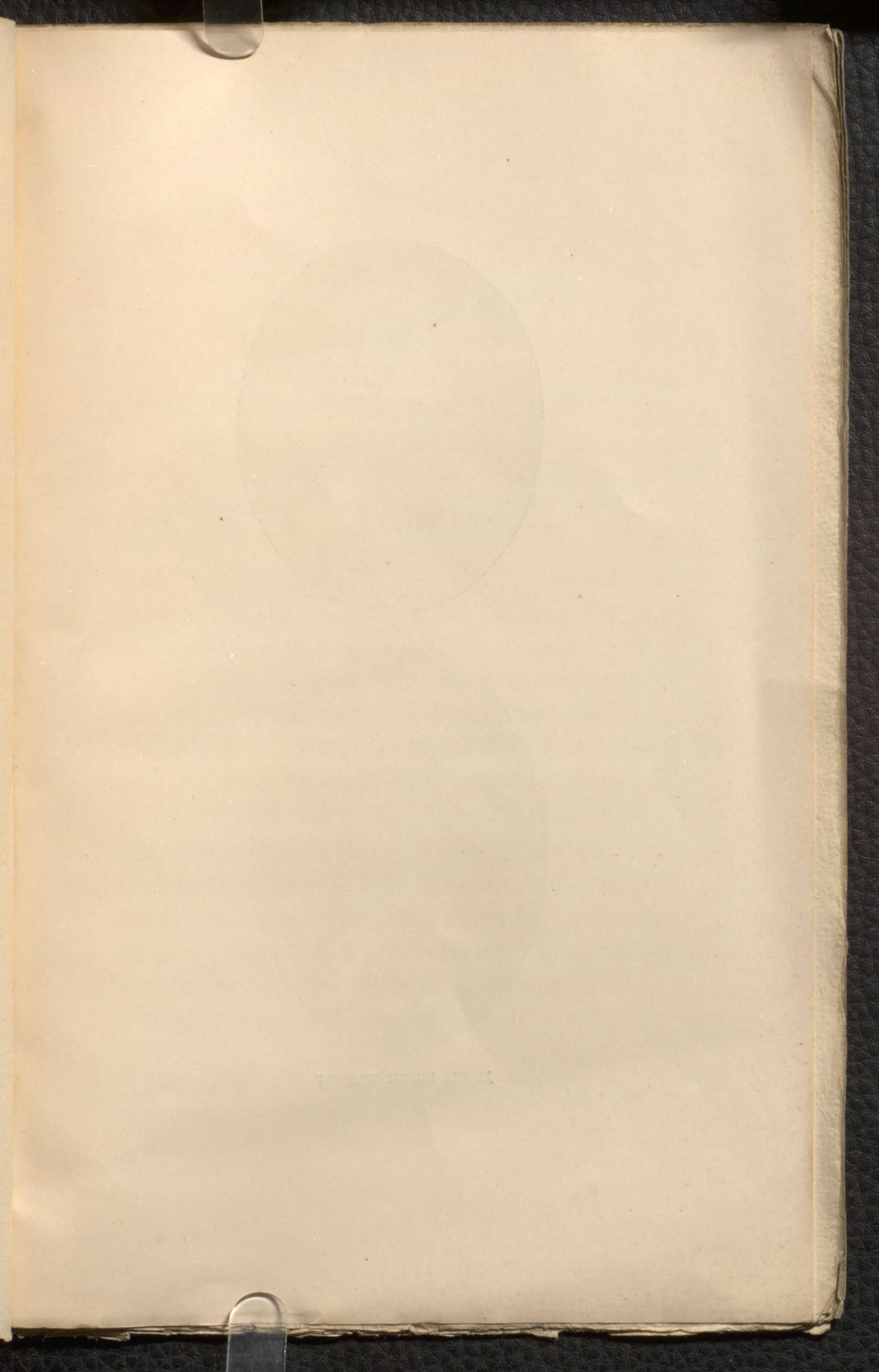
The accompanying portraits are taken from family miniatures. That of Jane Austen and the engraving of her home at Steventon Rectory are reproduced, by the kind permission of Mr. Richard Bentley, from her Memoir published by his father in 1870. Most sincere thanks are due to Miss Ellen G. Hill, of Inverleith House, Hampstead, to whose talent and kindness we owe the illustrations she has been so good as to furnish for three of the charades. Our gratitude is only increased by the knowledge that it has been to her, in every sense of the words, a labour of love.

*June 1895.*

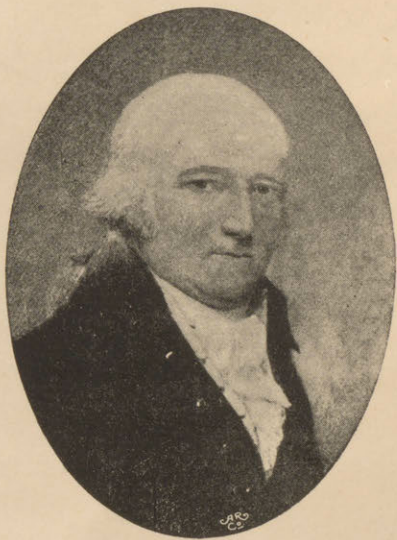
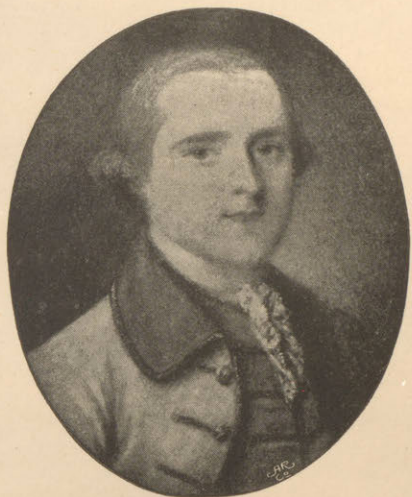












JAMES LEIGH PERROT

## Charades, &c.



### I.

**T**WO brothers, wisely kept apart, together are employed;  
Though to one purpose both are bent, each takes a different side.  
To us nor heads nor mouths belong, yet plain our tongues appear,  
With them we never speak a word, without them useless are.  
In blood and wounds we deal, yet good in temper we are proved;  
We are from passion always free, yet oft in anger moved.  
We travel much, yet prisoners are, and close confined to boot,  
Can with the swiftest horse keep pace, yet always go on foot.

JAMES LEIGH PERROT.



## II.

A HEAD and mouth I have, but—what's the wonder—

My head and mouth are very far asunder.

In at my mouth each day what I receive,  
Without emetics, back again I give.

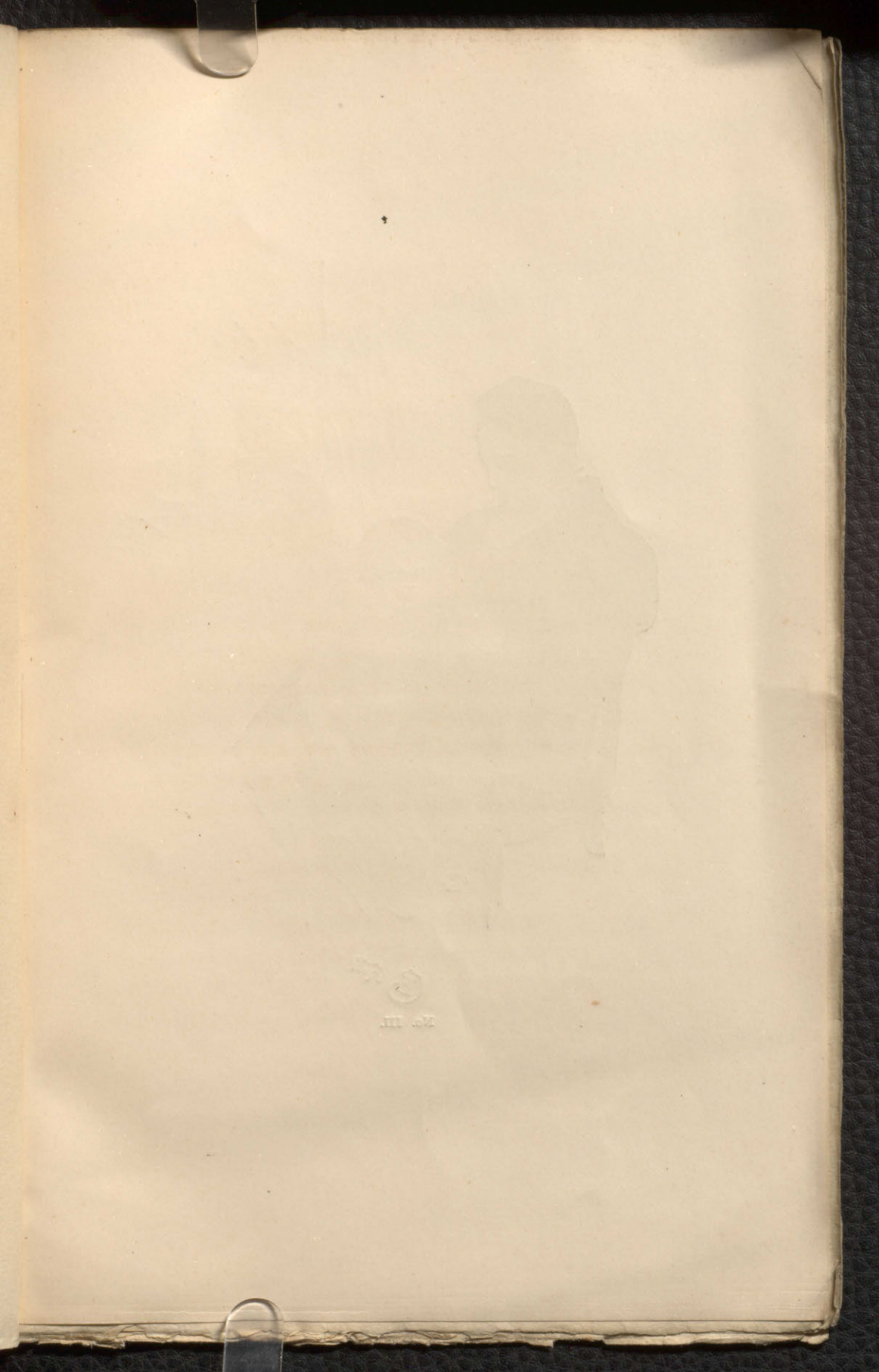
Eyes I have none, yet never miss my way;

I have no legs, yet quickly run away.

With one hint more enough will sure be said,

I always travel, always keep my bed.

JAMES LEIGH PERROT.







APB  
CO

© Hill

No. III.

## III.

IN confinement I'm chained every day,  
 Yet my enemies need not be crowing,  
 To my chain I have always a key,  
 And no prison can keep me from going.

Small and weak are my hands I allow,  
 Yet for striking my character's great,  
 Though ruined by one fatal blow,  
 My strokes, if hard pressed, I repeat.

I have neither mouth, eye, nor ear,  
 Yet I always keep time as I sing,  
 Change of season I never need fear,  
 Though my being depends on the spring.

Would you wish, if these hints are too few,  
 One glimpse of my figure to catch?  
 Look round! I shall soon be in view  
 If you have but your eyes on the watch.

JAMES LEIGH PERROT



## IV.

**T**HOUGH low is my station,  
 The Chief in the Nation  
 On me for support oft depend ;  
 Young and old, strong and weak,  
 My assistance all seek,  
 Yet all turn their backs on their friend.

At the first rout in Town  
 Every Duchess will own  
 My company not a disgrace ;  
 Yet at each rout you'll find  
 I am still left behind,  
 And to everyone forced to give place.

Without bribe or treat,  
 I have always a seat  
 In the Chapel so famed of St. Stephen ;  
 There I lean to no side,  
 With no party divide,  
 But keep myself steady and even.

Each debate I attend  
 From beginning to end,  
 Yet I seem neither weary nor weaker ;  
 In the house every day  
 Not a word do I say,  
 Yet in me you behold a good speaker.

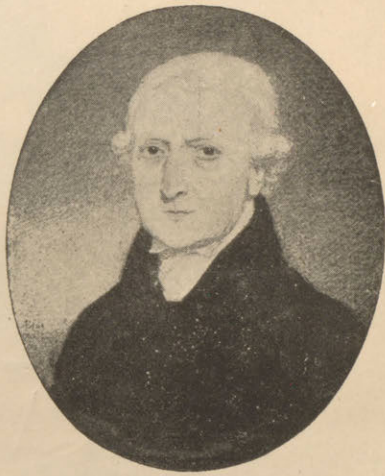
JAMES LEIGH PERROT.



No. IV.

E. Hill





GEORGE AUSTEN.

## V.

WITHOUT me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,  
 At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen,  
 You must do me together, or safely I'd swear,  
 Whatever your carriage, you'll never get there.

CASSANDRA AUSTEN (Senior).  
 GEORGE AUSTEN.

## VI.

SOMETIMES I am bright, sometimes covered  
 with soot,  
 I'm of very great use at a feast ;  
 I am often applied to the right or left foot ;  
 I'm a Fish, I'm a Boy, I'm a Beast.

CASSANDRA AUSTEN (*Senior*).

## VII.

MY first, when good, may claim another ;  
 My second water cannot smother ;  
 My whole stands in the way before ye,  
 And puts a stop to speed and hurry.

CASSANDRA AUSTEN (*Senior*).



## VIII.

MY first implies mirth, and my second reflection,  
 If my whole you divide in a proper direction  
 It will tell you your fortune and answer your question.

CASSANDRA AUSTEN (*Senior*).

## IX.

SINGLY to possess my charms,  
 Soldiers, fearless, rush to arms;  
 Lawyers to their briefs apply,  
 Politicians scheme and lie;  
 Disregarding toil and scars,  
 And when they've gained me—bless their stars!  
 But when joined with any other,  
 Though it be a very brother,  
 All our glory's banished quite,  
 We are then kept out of sight.

Modest ladies scarce will name us,  
 Though we made one lady famous,  
 Yet guess for once our name aright,  
 And when you find us, keep us tight.

JAMES AUSTEN.



JAMES AUSTEN.





## X.

**I**N my first, that he may not be tardy and late  
 My second to do, and make nobody wait,  
     A curate oft crosses the plain ;  
 But if to my whole he should ever advance,  
 To me it appears an improbable chance  
     That he'll ever do either again.

JAMES AUSTEN.

## XI.

**B**Y all prudent folk he a rash man is reckoned  
 Who, before he has gotten my first, takes my second,  
 Yet my first will afford him but little delight  
 To the name of my whole if my second's no right.

JAMES AUSTEN.

## XII.

**D**IVIDED, of an ancient house am I  
     A long, and dark, and sometimes useless  
     story ;  
 United, I declare the station high  
 Of those who best support old England's glory.

JAMES AUSTEN.



## XIII.

**M**Y first a horseman's dire disgrace would  
 tell  
 If it were only longer by an ell ;  
 My next, if strong enough and not too short,  
 Will always prove old age's best support ;  
 But much I doubt if any living wight  
 Could well support my whole for one short night.

JAMES AUSTEN.

## XIV.

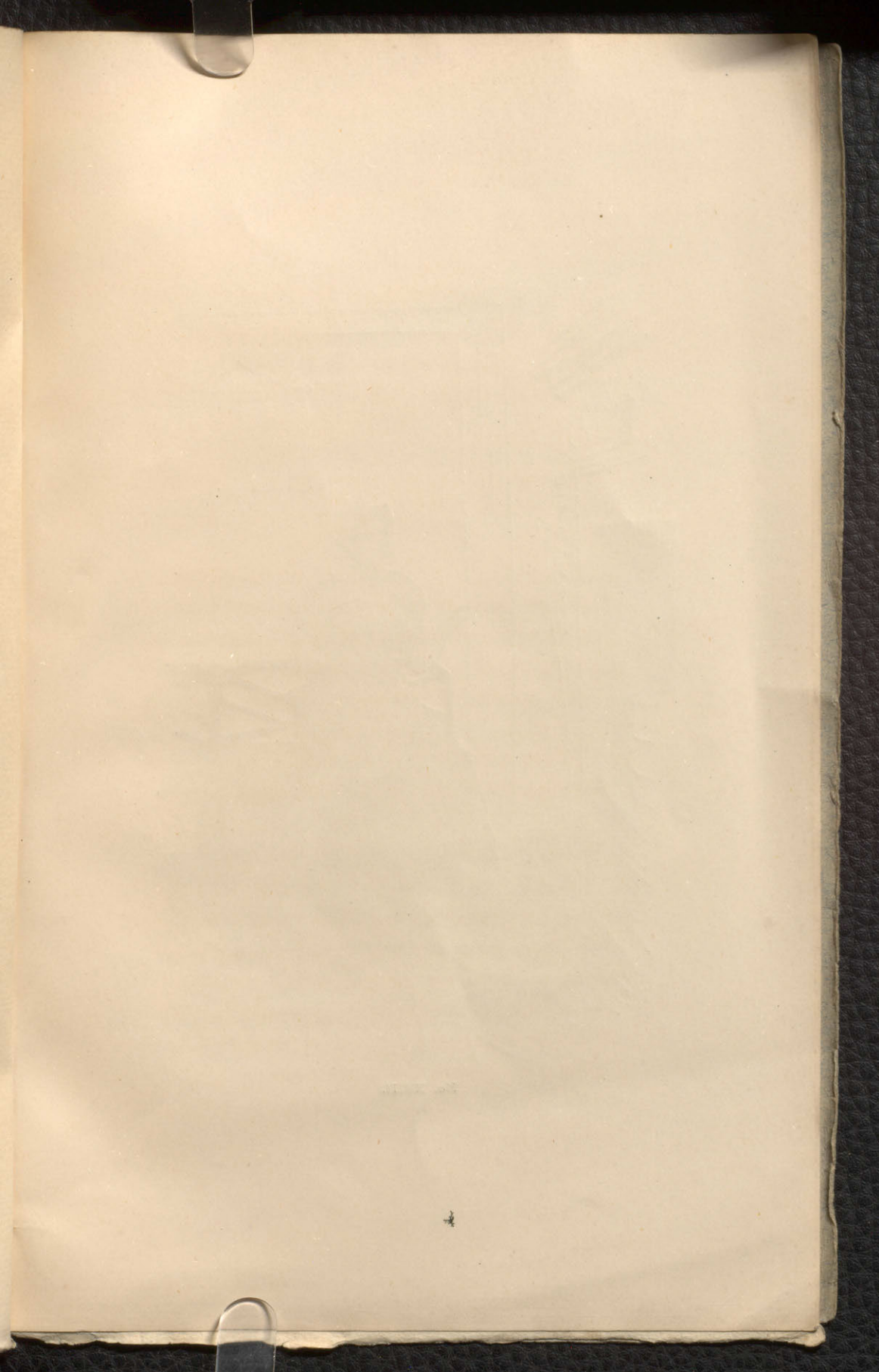
**I**F there be truth in proverbs old, my first,  
 Though best of servants, is of masters worst ;  
 Ruin unlimited my second brings ;  
 Then, flushed with triumph, knaves exult o'er  
 kings ;  
 My whole a different scene, more welcome, gave,  
 Saw kings victorious, and a vanquished knave.

JAMES AUSTEN.

## XV.

**I** WITH a Footboy once was curst,  
 Whose name when shortened made my first.  
 He an unruly rogue was reckoned  
 And in the house oft raised my second.  
 My whole stands high in lists of fame,  
 Exalting e'en great Chatham's name.

HENRY AUSTEN.







No. XVIII.

## XVI.

SHOULD you chance to suffer thirst  
 Turn my second to my first;  
 My whole is in the garden dug,  
 And may be fairly called a drug.

CASSANDRA ELIZABETH AUSTEN.

## XVII.

BY my first you may travel with safety and speed,  
 Though many dislike the conveyance indeed;  
 My second no woman can well be.  
 My whole takes a change several times in a year,  
 Hot and cold, wet and dry, benignant, severe,  
 What am I, fair lady, pray tell me?

FRANCIS WILLIAM AUSTEN.

## XVIII.

WHEN my first is a task to a young girl of spirit,  
 And my second confines her to finish the piece,  
 How hard is her fate! but how great is her merit,  
 If by taking my whole she effect her release!

JANE AUSTEN.



## XIX.

**D**IVIDED, I'm a gentleman  
 In public deeds and powers ;  
 United, I'm a monster, who  
 That gentleman devours.

JANE AUSTEN.

## XX.

**Y**OU may lie on my first by the side of a stream,  
 And my second compose to the nymph you adore,  
 But if, when you've none of my whole, her esteem  
 And affection diminish—think of her no more!

JANE AUSTEN.

## XXI.

**S**HAKE my first, and to you in return it will give  
 A good shake, perhaps rather too rough.  
 If you suffer my second a twelvemonth to live  
 You will find it grown quite big enough.  
 My whole stands all day with its back to the wall,  
 A sad gossip as ever you'll meet,  
 Knows the first of each robbery, concert, or ball,  
 And tells every soul in the street.

JAMES EDWARD AUSTEN.



JANE AUSTEN.





## XXII.

MY first to aid the works of man  
From heaven a present came,  
And yet this gift, do what he can,  
He cannot catch nor tame.

For now 'tis on the mountain's brow,  
And now 'tis on the wave,  
Now sighs in Beauty's bower, and now  
Howls o'er the maniac's grave.

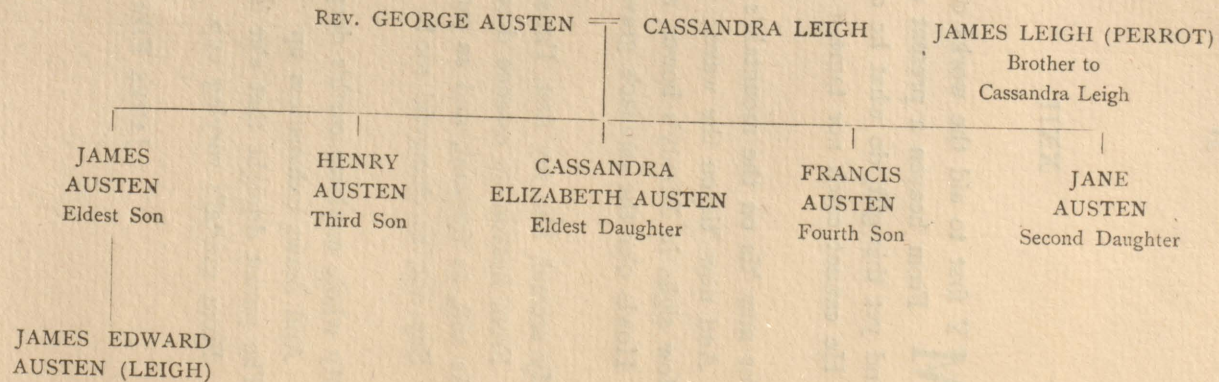
My second, like my first, I'm sure  
From heaven its essence drew  
As soft, as fragrant, and as pure ;  
Say not, as changeful too !

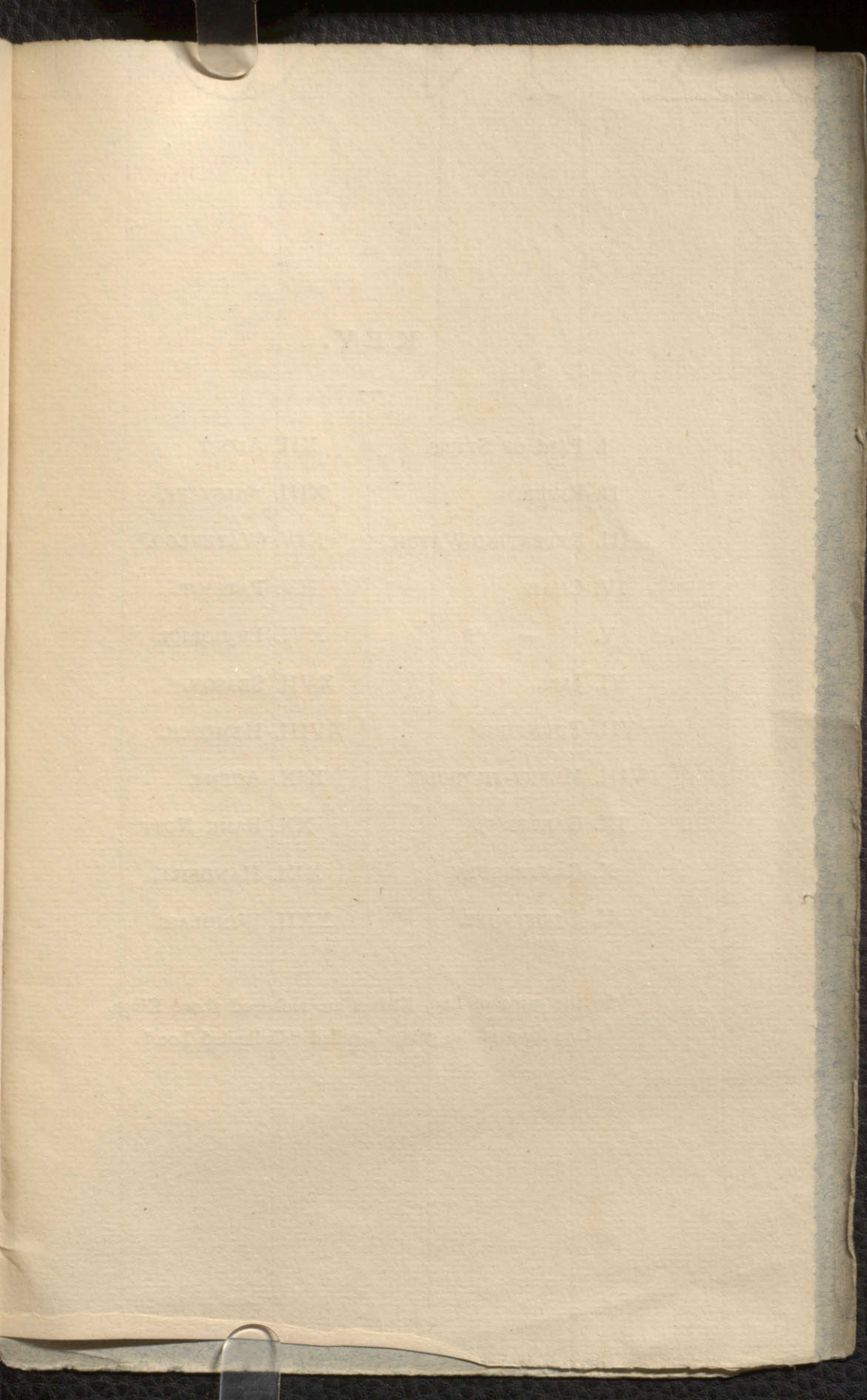
My whole explores earth's deepest stores,  
And draws exhaustless up  
The purest draught that e'er is quaffed  
From mortal's varying cup.

JAMES EDWARD AUSTEN.



## WRITERS OF THE CHARADES







## KEY.

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- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| I. PAIR OF SPURS.     | XII. ALOFT.     |
| II. RIVER.            | XIII. FALSTAFF. |
| III. REPEATING WATCH. | XIV. WATERLOO.* |
| IV. CHAIR.            | XV. PATRIOT.    |
| V. — ?                | XVI. LIQUORICE. |
| VI. JACK.             | XVII. SEASON.   |
| VII. TURNPIKE.        | XVIII. HEMLOCK. |
| VIII. MERRY-THOUGHT.  | XIX. AGENT.     |
| IX. GARTER(S).        | XX. BANK NOTE.  |
| X. CANTERBURY.        | XXI. HANDBILL.  |
| XI. HOUSEWIFE.        | XXII. WINDLASS. |

\* In the game of Loo, Knaves are reckoned above Kings.  
One form of the game is called "Unlimited Loo."



\* PNG370  
A 8  
1895  
RCC1231



