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Johson f. 2839

Lucena

"GUESS IF YOU CAN!"

A COLLECTION OF

Original Enigmas and Charades, in Verse.

TOGETHER WITH

Fifty in the French Language.

BY A LADY.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.

MDCCCLI.

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JOHN JOHNSON Bibl Bodl.

THIS little work contains one hundred original Enigmas and Charades, written by the authoress during intervals of leisure; together with fifty original Charades and Riddles, the kind contributions of friends.

To these the authoress has been induced to add fifty Charades in the French language, which were published by her some years since; also an Enigma and a Logograph in the same language, the production of another pen.

All the contributions of friends are distinguished from her own, by initial letters appended to them.

Fitzroy Square.

Introductory Lines.

Porson and Swift oft deigned Charades to write,
The Head of Man to puzzle and excite;
I tread their path, although an humble muse,
Hoping my friends these Riddles will peruse;
And, should they chase one gloomy thought away,
My feeble efforts amply they'll repay.

ENIGMAS AND CHARADES.

I.

MY first would oft willingly lend you a lift;
But you're never ready to welcome the gift;
And though anxious to rise, the advances so made
You most thanklessly do all you can to evade;
But again in a form quite diverse they proceed
From the lips of my friend, when his wit is at speed;
Or in yet a third shape from a tramantane land
They are sent on a mission of lofty command;
By some, they are hailed with an honour immense,
By others, despised as an empty pretence;

My second, whose praises ev'ry Poet still utters,
Is a very small window, with well fitted shutters;
When combined, I am prone very oft to deceive,
Cruel man shows delight when his shafts I receive;
Now ye friends of the bottle!—who, from a first glass
To a tenth, to a thirtieth, venture to pass;
To you, surely this warning should speak, for at night
When you stagger or fall from your homeward-bound flight;
Detected, exposed, through the very same medium,
You may at a station endure all the tedium;
And how at the critical moment you look
George Cruikshank now shows on a leaf in this book.

II.

YOU said you were faint and fell back in your chair,
But your cheeks still their colour retained;
Your illness my first was, I know, lady fair,
Affectation a Lover ne'er gained;
Picturesque is my next, and varied in form,
And abundance of tints it may bear,
When whistles the wind in the pitiless storm,
Of that second, let sailors beware;
My whole is a type of the Emerald Isle,
But in England 'tis welcomed with glee,
And once in the year tendeth care to beguile,
On that day we all joyous should be.

III.

THE haughty man you 'll sometimes chance to meet
Who'd crush all Adam's sons beneath his feet;
Whose head, so full of consequence and whim,
Deems that the world was only made for him;
But, notwithstanding all his pompous boast,
I hold above him a still higher post.
Yet in your ear, pray let me this confess,
No Greek nor Latin words can I express.
Touch me,—a Gentleman you 'll not offend,
Swift in a Lady's presence I descend.
With the loved fair ones frequently I'm seen,
Mid rural sports, in various forms I've been;
Like eastern Beauties I am sometimes veiled;
To guess my name you surely can't have failed.

IV.

IN London my first did occur years ago;
'Twas vast in extent, and the cause of much woe;
Great treasures were lost, and the fugitives wild
Oft ran in their frenzy, from husband and child;
Each countenance told of its frantic despair,
And all in the general grief had a share;
My second's a guard, which, when curiously wrought,
Would fetch a high price, but now cheap can be bought;
My whole figures brightly in field and in plain,
A species of weapon that many has slain.

V.

EXEMPLARY Socrates oft must have thought
My first had his Xantippe been
His joy had been perfect, nor would he have sought
In absence, relief from her spleen;
Be my second but touched, you'll ofttimes obtain
Whatever your taste may require.
A Letter perhaps from a heart-broken swain,
A Sonnet, a Book, or a Lyre.
My whole, in the hands of a child finds a place,
But not as a Toy to amuse.
It may to the shape add a lightness and grace,
Though some do its merits abuse.

VI.

I'M made of lace, and silk of every hue;
Sometimes a pink, and now a green or blue.
Part of a fish my inward form betrays,
Which gives me firmness, and my shape displays:
I'm seldom toothless, as a beast supplies
Portions of his, to please the female eyes.
At Races, I'm both useful and admired;
But at a Ball, I never am required.
Though with the Stock Exchange I've nought to do,
I rise and fall to meet your wish or view.
Unbounded praise from fair ones I deserve,
For Rose and Lily, I alike preserve.

VII.

MY first oft lend money, and talent display
In gaining the cash, and in storing away.
Should poverty fall upon one of their kind,
Provisions for him his companions will find.
My next does a musical instrument show,
From which sounds delicious will oftentimes flow;
Divinely 'twas touched by a great man of old,
And oft is adorned most profusely with gold.
My first, without doubt, to my whole has a claim,
An instrument 'tis with a musical name;
No beauty whatever of form it betrays,
The sounds it produces, ne'er met with my praise.

VIII.

HOW many blessings does my first bestow
On Pilgrims, in their journey here below;
It gives the verdure its refreshing hue,
And causes plants their blossoms to renew;
Pomona, nought could yield were it away,
And Flora, vivid tints could not display.
No Golden Harvest could delight the eye,
For in its absence all must fade and die.
My second's worth must on my first depend,
And if you stroll to-morrow with your friend
Within the garden's bounds, you may discern
My whole, 'twill tell what you may wish to learn.

IX.

I'M mostly white, but sometimes green;
Near youth I'm seldom found.
But when life's autumn tints are seen,
With comforts I abound.
Through me are darksome shades dispersed
And brilliant hues displayed.
Brave Cœur de Lion was the first
Who proved my magic aid.
Ofttimes I'm on a hillock placed,
And climb the neighbouring brow;
In gold and silver I'm encased,
And curious shell-work too.
Weak sighted mortals all agree,
That I'm with charms replete,
For thousands would most gloomy be,
Their views could I not meet.

X.

MY first you greatly do enjoy,
Whilst bathing in the sea;
My second often would annoy
If soundless it should be;
My whole's a wonderful machine,
Not meant through air to soar.
Treasures, for many years unseen,
Its power may oft restore.

XI.

MY first is dark as murky night;
I dare not more reveal.
Those glowing flowers that most delight,
My second may conceal;
My whole's a tree producing fruit,
Though of its merits I'll be mute,
And foliage, which 'tis forced to lend
The tricks of commerce to befriend.

XII.

MY aid 's bestowed on Heroes bold;
To Dastards nought I give;
Field-Marshals ever I uphold;
In skirmishes I live.
Is it not sad, alas! that I,
The first in honour's cause,
Should be condemned by Fate to die
A Victim to the laws?
Oft in the head they leave me out,
Unconscious of the crime;
In symphonies I'm heard, no doubt,
But never am in time.
Your hand, dear sir, is pledged to me,
In your fond heart I dwell;
But as I ne'er in love can be,
The truth 'tis best to tell.

XIII.

I'M large or small, of warmish hue,
Tinted in parts with streaks of blue;
I'm sometimes formed in beauty's mould,
Am oft adorned with purest gold.
To paper I a charm impart,
And tell the dictates of the heart;
And, by the characters I show,
Titles and wealth I can bestow;
For interest I am sometimes given,
And then the bleeding heart is riven.
My aid, alas! caused Eve's disgrace,
And sin and sorrow to our race.

XIV.

TO Epsom Races off I went.
In betting, all my money spent;
  And now have not a sou.
A knock or ring I dread to hear,
Lest in my presence should appear
  My first, whose bill is due.
To do my second is but right,
When verdure gains a certain height,
  Or 'twould a Desert prove;
And from my whole, those have obtained
A gift, who have for months refrained
  From breach of wedded love.

XV.

TO do my first you're oft inclined
When vengeance is your bent;
Young man, beware! or you will find
Your folly you 'll repent.
This first has to the second led
And fearful oft has proved,
For many slumber with the dead,
Who have this second loved.
My whole's a Bird which few admire,
For varied tints not famed;
'Tis seldom seen in house of wire,
'Twas ne'er a warbler named.

XVI.

MY first's in gloomy tints arrayed,
And but one word has ever said,
Which oft is loud and plain;
Young man! you're for my second fit,
And as you've eloquence and wit,
High honour you may gain.
My whole in metal is displayed,
And weighty matter light has made,
When used with daring skill;
Jack Sheppard, ever gay and bold,
Did by its aid the trade uphold
Which did his pockets fill.

XVII.

IN the Lily of the Valley my first attracts your eye,
Although to hide her loveliness with modesty she'll try;
My second represents a lure should it from virtue lead,
Encourage not the tempting snare, but quick from it secede;
My whole is of the finny class; at Inns you'll with it meet;
A good repast I hope you'll make when of the dish you eat,
For though you're not an Epicure, you sometimes like a treat.

XVIII.

SHOULD you wish by the Railroad a journey to take,
You my first will of course ascertain;
As you are not my second, a change you would make,
But I hope soon to see you again.
When combined, I'm oft said as a matter of form,
And excite neither pain nor dismay;
But when hearts are united, and feelings are warm,
Oh! the word,—it is anguish to say.

XIX.

MY first has conveyed you from home to the Races;
You always approved of its regular paces.
Not possessing my second, your jewels were lost,
And your dresses from out of your Wardrobe were tossed.
Now your heart I'm assured is with gratitude filled,
For the hand of a Robber your blood might have spilled;
As a warning you've had, I will only observe,
That my whole you should get, and your treasures preserve.

XX.

MANY letters my first's doomed to head, like the Queen,
But in Post-office orders it never is seen;
My second's a mother, whom we all must admire
For her care to her young when that care they require;
When combined, see a Being whose weakness was proved,
When the wish he obeyed of the wife that he loved.

XXI.

IF deprived of my first we could not long survive;
Certain medical men through it profit derive;
And without it, you ne'er had those riches obtained,
Which at famed California, by digging, you gained;
Yet it varies in colour. opaqueness, and hue,
From a green to pure white, or a delicate blue;
And its sounds at one moment may lull you to rest:
At another, have anger and fury expressed.
If too closely embracing of life 'twould bereave;
For, like Lovers and Courtiers, 'tis prone to deceive.
If you've luck at my second, your purse may be filled,
'Tis a pastime, perchance, which dull care may have killed.
Now my whole is a spot which we fondly believe
In the annals of fame must unceasingly live.
In ages unborn, shall its marvellous story,
Make visions of valour, of honour, and glory.

XXII.

MY first is not a level, and my third is much the same;
My second is a letter, and my whole a Quack they name.

XXIII.

MY first is large, or small, or high, and round;
Within it luxuries do oft abound.
Sometimes, alas! with misery 'tis fraught,
Comprising all the ills the fall has brought.
Although untruths to crime are near allied,
It deals in stories it cares not to hide.
My second tends, in culinary art,
A piquancy of flavour to impart;
My whole's a plant which on my first appears,
And spreads profusely in a few short years.

XXIV.

MY first is used for sport, but does require
Propelling power to act as you desire.
A Child seductive, with bewitching smile,
Reigns o'er this first, nor wields it without guile.
Wanting my next, the oak would leafless be;
This next gives stamina to shrub and tree;
In divers shapes 'tis on the table placed,
To suit of mortal man the varied taste.
Sometimes in glass its form you may espy,
By tints surmounted of the richest dye;
Great nurture from my whole the sick derive,
For oft exhausted nature 'twill revive;
From eastern shores this treasure they convey
To England's clime, where worth is sure to pay.

XXV.

MY first is a part of your beautiful form ;
Though perfect the sound, I one letter withhold.
My second is destined to weather the storm,
And seek on the billows both laurels and gold.
My whole was celestial, but now may be found
At Verey's, where so many good things abound.

XXVI.

TO mortal man I prove a foe or friend,
And thousands daily on my power depend ;
But yet an instrument it does require
Ere any purpose can through me transpire.
In Sèvres china oft I snugly lie ;
Perchance enclosed in glass you'll me descry.
I tell the dictates of the feeling heart,
In dire revenge I'm doomed to act my part ;
A lovely hand in me you'll often trace,
Showing its elegance, its style, its grace ;
In Lawyers' offices I'm ever used,
But in their hands I'm frequently abused ;
Yet when employed by them you'll often find
Displayed through me, the good and noble mind ;
That I am troublesome you can't deny,
And sometimes faint, when you my strength would try.
I'm never white, but differ in my hue ;
But when in careless hands, oft mischief do.

XXVII.

WHEN bright and cloudless is the sky,
We see my first with grateful eye;
My second has a warning sound,
Wafted by breeze from holy ground;
My whole is found in mead and bower,
A sweet and drooping modest flower.

XXVIII.

NO line of beauty I possess,
But that I am useful all confess;
On silver pedestal I'm found;
No wonder thieves near me abound.
I cheer the solitary hour,
And add to beauty double power;
But if neglected, I'm a foe,
A deadly harbinger of woe.
And she who now indites this rhyme
Must finish it another time,
Unless some kind obliging maid
Will by her act dispel the shade.
Fanny, perform what I require,
Fie, fie! my patience out you tire.
Prophetic sounds now rend the air:
Your doom with resignation bear;
For through your want of tact, my dear!
You will be husbandless this year.

XXIX.

OVAL my first, or sometimes round
In many gardens does abound.
Although its flavour all admire,
Its produce sets the brain on fire.
I feel my second through my heart,
Caused by young Cupid's cruel dart.
Now, as your abject slave for life,
I sigh for leave to call you wife.
My whole performs terrific deeds,
By which full oft a Hero bleeds.
But the details, should I express,
'Twould your kind heart too much distress.

XXX.

I'M long, I'm short, I'm dark, I'm bright,
The fiercest Beasts in me delight;
The Smuggler bold, without my aid,
Would never dare pursue his trade.
Next in my second you may trace
An animal replete with grace;
Thousands upon her power depend,
And man may almost call her friend.
My whole is ponderous as lead,
A monster which all mortals dread;
A Vampire with a Griffin's claw,
That seems as if your blood 'twould draw.

XXXI.

THERE is in my collection rare a diamond of worth,
Of very showy paintings too there never is a dearth;
Your eyes no doubt would beam with joy, should you the prize obtain,
For 'twould, when cut, ensure to you a most decided gain;
Yet in my playful party, Ma'am, beware of one you'll meet,
Who aptly may be quoted as an arrant clever cheat;
He'll make the greatest efforts both your hand and heart to win,
And should you prove his victim, he'll consider it no sin;
Yet he's a loyal subject called—has honour in his face,
And yields the palm without a word to those of royal race;
To architects my aid I give, with me they structures raise,
And many lips there may be found who will the buildings praise,
But if a fearful gale arise, the mansion quickly falls;
Sad accidents will oft occur from thin and tottering walls.

XXXII.

'TIS a chance that to-morrow my first you will meet;
With their bows and et ceteras they may you greet.
Now my second belongs to my first you will say,
'Tis surprisingly keen, when a Thief's in the way;
When you're reading, perhaps you'll encounter my whole,
But examples so bad all should learn to control.

XXXIII.

MY first is productive, perhaps the reverse,
To some 'tis a blessing, to others a curse;
Its richness is oft very highly esteemed,
And now for its poverty, worthless 'tis deemed.
It sends forth the frozen-out Gardener's wail,
Makes hard working Peasants pour forth the sad tale,
Dooms rose-buds to wither too quickly away,
And blossom to fall in their promise to pay.
When good,—what a change in your path you'll descry,
All tends then to gladden the traveller's eye;
And lightly you'll trip to your favourite Bower
To inhale the rich balm of each lovely flower.
The man of true courage, for victories gained,
The rank of my second has sometimes obtained.
Perhaps you're my whole, and sweet mercy will show,
To those who toil hard, but can't pay what they owe.

XXXIV.

AS of Pictures you're fond, pray behold one in me.
Should you smile, sympathetic I am in return.
Though they say that your pearls ever matchless must be,
Yet their rivals in beauty through me you'll discern.
From my back, if your sweet taper fingers should deign
To take off but my coat, you would speedily find
That I could not produce that dear portrait again,
But can shelter you only from rain and from wind.

XXXV.

MY first oft in summer abound in the air:
Of them I would have you fair maiden beware;
They warble no songs, but for humming are famed;
Some toil all the day, others Drones may be named.
By the aid of my next, my first often rove
From rose bud to lily, or jessamine grove.
The true connoisseur views my whole in a glass,
Declaring, I've charms which all others surpass.

XXXVI.

THAT you're my first, well pleased am I to say,
As you have studied deeply night and day;
And by the reputation you've obtained,
Honour, and wealth, and patronage you've gained.
My second is a term applied to land,
And those possessing it, oft wealth command;
If half of it you in Belgravia own,
You doubtless as a man of wealth are known;
My whole's the opposite of what it seems,
A cutting satire this a critic deems;
And 'tis a name which only you'd apply
To one of simple mind, or vacant eye.

XXXVII.

MY first is a letter or short exclamation;
My second's a term for the Lords of creation;
And my whole (if you're credulous), oft may be found
In the moan of a Dog—in a Dream—in a Sound.

XXXVIII.

THAT you are my first, your demeanour bespeaks,
Do you wonder I this should express?
The bright laughing eye, and the smooth dimpled cheeks
Indicate that I've made a right guess;
My second,—not easy perhaps to pourtray—
Is a sentiment formed by the brain;
It guides all our acts, let them be what they may,—
When 'tis evil, indulge not its vein.
My whole in a Pheasant you'll always descry,
And I see by that mischievous smile,
With other fair damsels your luck you would try,
Then your time I'll no longer beguile.

XXXIX.

MY first is most commonly made from a tree,
And shows no refinement of art;
When for vengeance employed, the culprit you'd see
Approach it with sickening heart.
A book, by the skill of my next may inspire,
Balloons may convey you above,
A carriage by railroad, a telegraph wire,
The worth of this second does prove.
My whole oft a term of derision is made
For a Being, who laurels ne'er won;
If the Thames were on fire through his tact and aid,
'Twere the first clever thing he had done.

XL.

NONE can assert that I'm a graceful creature,
Possessing elegance of form or feature;
Then in my days of darkness be it known,
I pinched and scratched, and was to mischief prone;
But when suffused with blushing tints I prove,
Hatred for me is oft exchanged for love;
At times well dressed great praise I do acquire,
And you, perhaps, my taste may then admire.
Balloon ascents are doubtless all the rage:
For risk of life or limb this seems the age;
And beasts and birds *(à contre cœur)* must soar,
That scarcely ever left their homes before;
Just fancy Mr. Green some moonlight night
Selecting me, to take with him a flight;
'Twould be a daring thing for him to do,
Whilst I had life, and limbs unshackled too;
He has his *chère amie;* well! so have I,
Nor can I mount with him midst earth and sky
Unless the lady my companion be
Whose life, whose sole existence, rests with me.

XLI.

MY first's not a diamond, yet equally bright,
A fire-fly? No—yet around it throws light.
From depths that are briny my second they bring;
My whole is a bird with a bright glossy wing.

XLII.

MY first is a tint that's exceedingly bright,
It dazzles the eye in a powerful light.
The ladies this colour most highly approve;
A magnet it seems unto maidenly love.
My next, may a Biped or Quadruped be,
Which not in a state of quiescence you'd see.
My whole is a pulse. Now! say which, if you know,
For Doctors to feel, or for tables to show.

XLIII.

'TIS said I am gifted with more lives than one;
Great things for my master by me once were done.
When young, I delight in a frolicsome game;
For mischief when done, I too oft bear the blame.
My second's the first without doubt of its class,
Its claim to precedence you needs must let pass.
My third on your table perchance I may see,
A liquid it yields most delicious to me.
My whole is a place very solemn and still,
More dull than a prison, more dark than a mill.

XLIV.

MY first you on paper or parchment may view,
It renders the promise more lasting and true;
My second steals roses and lilies away,
And chills the warm feelings that round the heart play;
My whole is a state where no freedom can reign,
A state of dependance, oppression, and pain.

XLV.

UPON my first my darling child I place,
A little cherub, full of winning grace;
My second is an animal I prize,
Whose tried affection no one e'er denies.
My whole's my second, and a Pet all deem,
'Tis often fed on chicken and on cream.

XLVI.

MY darling child, oh! do not play
With that cross animal to-day;
I've heard him do my first;
And think how grievous it would be,
In frantic pain my boy to see;
Of ills—'twere sure the worst.
My second has a ruby eye,
And scales upon its back do lie;
'Tis of the serpent tribe.
The beast was thus to me portrayed,
But eyes on it I never laid,
Nor more will I describe.
My whole's a game replete with fun;
Children will start, and jump, and run,
The contest to maintain;
And elders, full of mirth and jokes,
Will often share with younger folks
A portion of their gain.

XLVII.

OF rude materials I am made,
As you will plainly see;
In me, a metal is displayed,
With portions of a Tree;
At times I almost seem to fly,
Although no wings I bear,
My graceful curves attract the eye
Full oft of ladies fair;
But when I'm with a novice found
Your laughter I excite;
With arms extended, see him bound
Like any spectre white;
I tend to cheer the gloomy hour,
By gambols, fun, and play,
Though ruled by a superior power,
Whose wishes I obey;
And many youths and heroes brave,
Through my seductive spell,
I've lured to meet an early grave,
As bleeding hearts can tell.

XLVIII.

MY first is often dark and dreary,
My second is the same;
Reader, should you of life be weary,
Dwell not upon my name.

XLIX.

I'M but a short and simple word,
And yet I volumes tell;
To Beauty's self I am preferred,
So potent is my spell.
Decapitate, and you will find
A sport which gives delight;
Go to that sport if you're inclined,
But take a purse that's light.
By more elision now you may
A new result obtain;
Another letter take away
And one will then remain.

L.

I'M sometimes made of softest skin,
Of white, brown, blue, or green;
The treasures which the silk-worms spin
In me may oft be seen.
In iron I my form display,
Then hostile I may be;
But when my head you take away,
A total change you'll see.
A boy appears with smiling face,
And mischief in his eye;
A weapon in his hand you'll trace,
Away! for danger's nigh.

LI.

A RAMBLE take some gloomy night,
Clad in a sheet that's snowy white,
And holding a dim lamp;
Attired thus, my first you'll do
To those who catch a glimpse of you,
Since all from ghosts decamp.
My second has bright glossy wings,
But yet it never sweetly sings;
Its food it hails with joy;
And in that field where it has been,
My whole with hat on may be seen,
Though neither man nor boy.

LII.

ALL connoisseurs would deem the face
Wanting in interest and grace,
Whose looks are what my first is;
And in a game where friends are met,
My second should you haply get,
What joy within you, nursed is.
My whole is oft a trick you'll find,
Indulged by persons of no mind,
An art that can't embellish;
And should you for it have a taste,
Then to a Pantomime you'll haste,
And view the Clown with relish.

LIII.

HUNDREDS are daily occupied through me,
Which proves that very useful I must be;
From divers counties I'm to town conveyed,
So I produce much traffic and much trade;
What could the Railroad carriages propel,
Should I refuse to lend my potent spell?
How would the baffled Epicure complain,
If he my services could not obtain?
The rich ensure of me a good supply,
But to the poor my aid I oft deny.
Sometimes on you a purse I may intrude,
But in a manner that's extremely rude:
Yet, ah! no cash within it will appear
The eye to please or drooping heart to cheer.
When round, and large, I'm always highly prized;
When small, I am by all alike despised.

LIV.

MY first is a term which is used by a Jew,
Though it never can orthodox be;
My second, you may in the finny tribe view,
Although not as they swim in the sea;
My third, by a Huntsman with rapture is hailed,
As it tells of the fleet timid hare;
And mortals by bodily anguish assailed
Through my whole, may desist from despair.

LV.

MY first was a god who no beauty could boast,
For his form was repulsive to view,
A suite of attendants he always engrossed,
And with huntsmen the chase did pursue;
For musical sounds he an instrument made,
Which by many is not disesteemed;
On it some performers have talent displayed,
But my lips with its praise never teemed.
A problem too intricate, say have you found,
And abandoned the thing in despair;
Again do my second, rework the same ground,
And your brow will the laurel leaf wear.
My whole is a place where abundance oft reigns,
Thus your wishes 'twill amply supply;
A portion I'm certain of what it contains
To the poor you could never deny.

LVI.

WHEN void of resources on credit or gold,
The comforts of life to supply,
I dread the keen looks of my first to behold,
And up to my chamber I fly;
Had the one I adore a few thousand pounds,
In haste to my second we'd go;
My whole is a town which with English abounds,
A sea-port abroad that all know.

LVII.

MY first in their rambles at night I've espied,
Like the prowlers who furtively steal;
Their coats have no pockets their plunder to hide,
Yet they'll rob to obtain a good meal.
My second belongs to my first you'll perceive,
And if touched can a smoothness display;
But prithee beware! lest a mark you receive,
For a treacherous part it can play.
Combined, I am often a poor silly thing,
And the victim of all that's unfair,
My praises I thought my employer would sing,
But alas! heavy censure I bear.

LVIII.

YOU eat of my first which an artist has made,
Then ye idlers a lesson pray learn;
Where Flora's productions are richly displayed,
You the artist at work may discern.
My second is pallid, and varies in form,
And it plays in the serpentine stream;
Its face 'twill conceal in the midst of a storm,
For 'tis tender as love's early dream.
If my whole you have passed, you'll probably say
'Twas the happiest time of your life;
You do not repent having uttered—Obey!
For you study to prove a good wife.

LIX.

I INTEND very shortly my cards to send out,
'Tis a thing which my friends all entreat;
For their presence will charm at my concert or rout,
And my first names the hour we meet.
When my second you do, none their praises withhold,
For you conquer wherever you're seen;
Now my whole should you guess, it to you will unfold
Just the time and amusement I mean.

LX.

IF of my first the age you e'er should gain,
The name of Veteran you well obtain;
My next a title is on Spanish land,
Which marked precedence ever must command;
My whole is sought by one of noble mind,
When in his conduct errors he may find,
And does a dignity of soul reveal,
Which little minds can never know nor feel.

LXI.

YOU blush, cast down your eyes, and look demure;
From all which signs in you my first I see.
My second certainly was insecure,
Or your love sonnets still would sacred be.
My whole a monster was, with heart of stone,
But woman's wit his cruel plan did foil;
'Twas vain for him to rail, and sigh, and moan,
He lost deservedly his earthly spoil.

LXII.

IN Ladies' dresses I'm of wondrous use,
But if exposed, oft meet with sad abuse;
And even gentlemen do me require
In most of their unpicturesque attire.
Attorneys greatly profit through my aid,
For what disordered was, I neat have made.
One letter add, and what a change you'll see,
A valued substance quickly there will be;
That substance touched by fair Aurora's child
Produces light, which has your hours beguiled.

LXIII.

MY first at the end of your finger you'll see:
My second a Bird, or a Kitten, may be;
At one time, a Spider the gloom could dispel
Of a suffering man immured in a cell.
This second he was to the Prisoner, I've read,
Who hailed all his visits with rapture, he said.
My whole to the figure adds beauty and grace;
In silk 'tis produced, and in rich Brussels lace.
From an animal's coat it also is made,
And fashion and taste are to form it displayed.

LXIV.

A MAN'S called my first of the Emerald Isle,
And my second's a number you'll name;
My whole has a ring and a tie. Do not smile
If I wish you safe home with the same.

LXV.

MY first's like a bon-bon of almond or rose,
Or the woodbine that blooms in the dale,
Or violet banks upon which you repose,
Or the lily that graces the vale.
I feel the deep blush on my once healthy cheek,
As my love I'm obliged to confess;
Oh, would that my second his fond one would seek!
And for her a true passion express;
My whole in a parterre may sometimes be found,
And most balmy it renders the air;
In richness of tints it is known to abound;
Now pray guess what it is, Lady fair.

LXVI.

MY first is a sound indicating content
In an animal useful to man;
An animal kind, or of contrary bent,
And that killeth its foe if it can.
My second has charms that engage fond report,
It pertains to the copse and the field;
Pray question a person that's fond of the sport,
And he'll say it does ecstasy yield;
All know you have judgment and taste on your side,
And my whole for yourself and friends make;
This whole has with comforts the poor oft supplied,
For the wretched you never forsake.

LXVII.

YOU always in my first are found, with nought of rhyme
or reason;
Yet truth, you know, too plainly told may be considered treason.
But here you will perhaps exclaim, the orthography is bad.
Nay! you must pardon me this once, for the tail I dare not add.
Whene'er you write a note, for your sake I am oft annoyed
To see the ink spots spilled about, and neatness thus destroyed.
And when a letter you dispatch to one you hate or fear,
Wax kisses on the envelope as types of love appear.
The produce of my second is a source of wealth and gain;
'Tis on the stormy billow tossed, ere you the prize obtain.
With gold this second's oft adorned, and pray young man beware
For if the gentleman you drop its visits you may share.
My whole, alas! to Heroes bold has caused an early grave,
While fruitless every aim and hope the valued life to save,
For peril is synonymous with the uncertain wave.

LXVIII.

THE meeting of Shamrock, with Thistle and Rose,
The name of my first will avail to express.
My next as a term doth a sailor disclose,
Although wherefore so called I never could guess.
My whole is the pride of the mariner's heart,
When ships that are hostile he fearlessly views;
From that whole, (his heart's object,) before he would part,
His own life in the struggle to guard it he'd lose.

LXIX.

MY singular first does but two letters show,
Though a plural it means to express.
My second, poor maiden, has uttered a vow,
And her rashness may live to confess.
Who knows but her heart in the bloom of her youth
Clung to one who fond love might declare.
To one, who by forfeiting friendship and truth,
Made her quit the gay world in despair.
My third is an Instrument, empty and tough;
And responds to the blows it receives.
My whole may at times be amusing enough;
Dare I point for the proof to these leaves.

LXX.

TATTOOED though I'm not, I have marks on my face,
While my hands are unequal in size;
My features include, though oft plain be their case,
Very often the blackest of I's.
With no sallies of wit nor *bon mots* I amuse;
And though wayward I sometimes am found,
Yet your want of attention would make me refuse
E'en to speak or to utter a sound.
What oracular looks in my face can you see,
That 'tis broad as 'tis long is most clear;
Yet the wise and the foolish alike consult me,
Though they know I am oft insincere.

LXXI.

A GROUP of fair Ladies I bring to your mind,
Of personal beauty and taste most refined;
One dances divinely, another sings well,
And each in some province of art doth excel;
This preface is long to a fault I confess,
Their number tell not, or my first were no guess.
My second's most useful in Ladies' attire,
Their presence the lace on your robe did require.
My whole is a pastime delightful to boys.
Pursued without heed to the trouble or noise.

LXXII.

IN ivory, perchance, my first is made,
Its carved work oft has wondrous taste displayed;
Now formed of paper, you may it espy,
While on its surface paintings meet your eye;
Behind it, sometimes, maidens fair have glanced
On the loved youth who has their souls entranced.
My next doth briefly mark a name, possessed
By one, whose agitation all confessed;
Whose wit was great, whose faults should die away;
Beyond the tomb let mercy have its sway.
Two letters only will compose my third,
It gives a license though so short a word.
My whole's a dance of spirit and of grace,
Peculiar to a continental race.

LXXIII.

MY first a red is called when 'tis a green,
And black or white, when nought but blue is seen;
I colour highly, you will think I fear,
Though to the truth most strictly I adhere.
My next a reptile marks—a reptile fierce,
Or him who in the dark your heart would pierce.
My whole's a monster that excites surprise—
That heeds not wounds—that mortal art defies;
Strange things report doth of the creature teach,
Cleaving the general ear with horrid speech.
Oh, were its weight in gold but only mine,
No wretch in England penniless should pine!
Parties I'd give, regardless of expense,
Replete with charms to fascinate each sense,
A sumptuous banquet daily I'd prepare,
For all who wished my luxuries to share:
And short or long the life that I might live,
Still to my brother man I'd give, give, give.

LXXIV.

PRAY be my first, and to the station go,
Or for the train you'll be too late I know.
Like Petrarch, you love-sonnets can indite,
Which on my next (if false), you'd better write.
My whole to lasting sleep has often lured
The good, the bad, the young, and the maturep.

LXXV.

PART of a Lady's dress my first displays;
'Tis thin, 'tis thick, and made in divers ways.
Oft, on one side, a Lily you may trace,
Or Briar Rose, entwined in Brussels lace.
'Tis sometimes formed of fur and brilliant chains
For manly wearer, who all fear disdains.
Perhaps my second may your palate suit;
Though 'tis not fish, nor fowl, nor herb, nor fruit.
Placed on your table it is white as snow;
But not in England does this treasure grow.
No more be captious, but my whole avoid;
'Tis most absurd, and oft has me annoyed.
For instance! you a lady did invite
To hear Alboni sing last opera night;
You, without why or wherefore, then did send
A letter of excuses to that friend.
Of such vagaries, pray the growth prevent,
Or their sad produce you will needs repent.

LXXVI.

FOR riding, my first ever famous must be,
She never was thrown, therefore fearless is she.
My next may be seen upon water to move,
But life it has not, which by solving you'll prove.
My first is the means of producing my whole,
Which acts as a spell that we cannot control.

LXXVII.

MY first if you cannot walk far you may hire,
But in England it rarely is seen;
To manage it properly skill does require,
As you know, if within it you've been.
My second is sometimes abounding in gold,
But as church mice it often is poor;
'Tis warlike and barbarous, haughty and bold;
Yet oppression may mildly endure.
My whole to a Bouquet adds infinite grace,
In your Boudoir perhaps it may bloom;
But if near your heart this sweet flower you place,
I'd give worlds to be there in its room.

LXXVIII.

AS page after page you so speedily learn,
I decide that my first you must be;
What many would take a whole week to discern
In one hour you thoroughly see.
My second is colourless, polished, and bright
And most curious designs it will bear;
Nor does it (though dead), sad emotions excite,
For we all wish its favours to share.
My whole is a fluid for running much famed,
But quiescent it oft may appear;
The doctors long since have its value proclaimed,
For they almost its virtues revere.

LXXIX.

YOUR calculations all the world declare
Are most original, profound, and rare.
You could not make my first a square appear,
Were you to rack your brain for one whole year.
My second's winged, and when a child I read
It made a coverlet for babes when dead.
My whole is a petition duly signed,
By all unanimous in thought and mind.

LXXX.

WOULD that my first we all pronounced could be,
The lawyers then could seldom claim a fee;
For robbery, mankind would have no bent,
And cash so wantonly would not be spent.
My next, that can a coolness fresh impart,
Is now produced by almost magic art;
In oriental climes 'twill be a treat,
To those oppressed by sultry scorching heat:
To the inventor give his meed of praise,
He well deserves a golden store to raise.
In equity, my whole should bear the sway,
Though bold oppressors sometimes gain the day
Judges are oft compelled by quirks in law,
Or by a deed which may contain a flaw
To pass a sentence, where, against their will,
My whole escapes their learning and their skill,
And guilty hearts with pride and conquest fill.

LXXXI.

WHEN snow, and frost, and searching wind,
And icicles around you find
On every leafless tree,
My first has charms all then uphold,
And teeth that chattered from the cold
Through it, have parlance free.
My second as a verb you'll treat,
Yet as a noun you with it meet;
But truce to parts of speech.
This second do for exercise,
By which you may obtain a prize,
The goal, is Chelsea Reach.
My whole is not a level plain,
From which a chaplet you'd obtain
Of flowrets wild and gay;
'Tis long and narrow, deep and wide,
And shapes the way for autumn's pride,
And summer's rich array.

LXXXII.

BECAUSE you are my first, my dearest wife,
I chose you, as the solace of my life.
In Paradise, my second held the sway,
Until God's laws he dared to disobey;
Innate refinement! sympathy of soul!
Are the essentials to produce my whole.

LXXXIII.

OF silk or satin I am made—
My shape in velvet is displayed;
But I may not the substance tell
In which most oft my form they sell;
For should I such detail express,
This riddle you 'd too quickly guess.
You'll think for dress a taste I show,
For seldom I'm without a bow.
When in the presence of a Queen,
Adorned with diamonds oft I've been.
You're called polite—'tis doubtless true;
Well! I am often polished too;
Yet I can cause a throb of pain,
And eke from pinching can't refrain;
But mark! lest you should rail and scold,
I prove a comfort when I'm old;
And I am faithful to the last;
Nought ever has my use surpassed.

LXXXIV.

MY first in various shapes is made,
Which on the festive board you see;
If Bruin's essence on be laid.
My next, of course, you'll never be.
My whole does various tints display;
'Tis white, 'tis black, 'tis brown, 'tis grey.

LXXXV.

MY first is abridged, but a name
  Man or Boy may apply to his friend;
My second precedence may claim,
  For its head to none other 'twill bend;
You may sport with my third if you please,
  Noble Dukes have its presence admired,
But my whole the red Indian will seize,
  Should his passions vindictive be fired.

LXXXVI.

TWO little runaways are we,
That roll and romp as if in glee;
Our winning ways so full of sport
Show captivation as our forte;
But good is ne'er without alloy,
So health and rest we oft destroy;
We give the eye the maniac's glare,
We rend the heart through wild despair;
Then lead perchance to durance vile
The victims whom we thus beguile;
But yet no harm in us you'll find
When used by men of noble mind.
At times, our fabric is unfair,
Poor dupes to lure into a snare.
These, when our inward sins they spy,
Do crush and beat us till we die

LXXXVII.

I LIKE not the sight of my first when alone,
It pertains to a Creature, I fear.
My next oft produces a sweet dulcet tone,
That has charms for the sensitive ear.
My whole is an exercise full of display,
Exciting each muscle its call to obey.

LXXXVIII.

MY presence in winter you always require;
In snow-storms, my figure you see.
The wizard, whose legerdemain you admire
Could never appear without me.
With man I have nothing whatever to do;
On woman I always attend.
No sons with an atom of favour I view;
A nephew I'm last to befriend.
You'll see in the world I'm the first of my kind;
But lest you should deem me too vain,
Observe that the worm has my aid, and you'll find
In sorrow, my portion is plain.

LXXXIX.

WHEN Ladies or Gentlemen enter the room,
I'm presented with due etiquette.
Dismiss my first letter, and then I presume
That your cap and myself oft have met.
The prop of this second word if out you take,
You'll find that without it the world you'd forsake.

XC.

FIVE syllables compose the word I mean;
One vowel only through its course is seen.
Each syllable displays that vowel's face,
And to it owes its prop and final grace.
In Johnson's work you read it is a charm
Against an illness which excites alarm.
Should your quick wit upon th' Enigma pounce,
With solemn look and voice the word pronounce.

XCI.

MY first oft smoothes the rugged path of life,
And fills with joy the almost sinking heart;
The seeds exterminates of deadly strife,
And to the mind does purest thoughts impart;
My second robs the Warrior of his fire,
The gifted Painter of his magic skill;
Bids the coy Muse no longer to inspire,
And Cupid's darts deprives of power to kill.
'Tis oft a happy dwelling, when combined,
A peaceful home, for one of sober mind.

XCII.

FROM one you considered benignant and kind,
My first you received with surprise;
My second's a term though not over refined,
For the maiden with sweet beaming eyes.
My whole is a weapon which life blood may shed,
And doom its sad victim to sleep with the dead.

XCIII.

ALAS, that to the poor should be denied
My first, by Providence to man supplied!
Its absence from the hovel, all confess
Entails neglect, disease, and wretchedness.
Perish, by none regretted, the harsh laws
That do this gloom to drooping spirits cause.
My next in dreary wastes is seldom seen,
But shines a palace for our gracious Queen.
My whole's a hallowed spot, for in it dwelt
One who for others woes acutely felt;
For succour! when the sinking man would cry,
And death appeared before his phrenzied eye,

She, like a guardian angel, oft was known
To save that life, by hazarding her own.
As famed Canova's Graces she was fair,
And with that sisterhood her name did share.

XCIV.

MY first's not an icicle you will agree,
And Soyer without me would powerless be;
The throbs of my second have made me complain;
Ah! who can pretend that pride ne'er suffers pain?
But now in a different form I appear,
And pray that kind fate be propitious this year.
I wave with the breeze, and my car if well stored,
Is hailed with delight both by Peasant and Lord.
My whole's aromatic, but nothing of weight,
A matter of form, as the Lawyers do state.

XCV.

THEY say my first's decreed; well, be it so!
But 'tis, alas! the cause of deadly woe;
It severs from his Love th' impetuous youth,
Although renowned for probity and truth;
It parts the widow from her only child,
Whose every grief that tender son beguiled.
My second is a place from taxes free;
No window there can the collector see;
My whole's a post that needs as its possessor
The tact and temper of a staid Professor.

XCVI.

MY first you have done in a fright;
My second's the warrior's delight;
My whole is an author, whose name
No critic may dare to defame.

XCVII.

YOU look my first, and on your brow
A frown I almost see there now;
Without a change, I shall not dare
My ardent sentiments declare.
Now in my second I can trace
Your type, replete with every grace,
Would that no thorn I there could see!
But nought on earth can perfect be;
My whole 's a little hardy flower,
That blossoms in the rustic bower.

XCVIII.

IF you look at a Guinea, your eye
Will my first in a moment descry;
It is seen in the meadow and lawn,
In the rings that your fingers adorn;
My second deals blows on the head,
That even the bravest may dread;
My whole in the air takes its flight,
Its tints are both pleasing and bright;
'Tis a native of climates serene,
But in England it oft may be seen.

XCIX.

THE dress you wore of gauze and lace,
The dress so much admired,
From me, in part derived its grace,
From me, its shape acquired;
Sometimes I cut a host of Beaux (Bows),
All handsome, rich, and smart;
Although a Flirt you me suppose,
My wounds reach not the heart.
You have a taste for repartee,
In punning, you excel,
Yet I as sharp as you can be,
And pointed too, as well;
Such is my potent art and skill,
That man I make light headed;
From regal crowns I rob at will,
My thefts are all undreaded;
Mansions I've formed midst Shrubs and Trees,
And Parks where Deer abound;
And Features dark that sometimes please,
As to your cost you've found;
But as I now from you must part,
My hints you'll not disdain,
For know! that Rose so near your heart
Might cause a fearful pain;
Its lovely head has cast a shade
Where treacherous thorns may dwell;
But if you'll profit by my aid,
All fear 'twill soon dispel.

C.

WHEN you've counted up twenty, my first you have named;
(If I trouble you, such is your doom).
For true industry ever my second was famed,
In this house there is one I presume.

CI.

HAD you taken my first near the violet bed,
Thus inhaling kind Nature's perfume,
You would not suffer thus from those pains in your head,
But you're lazy fair maid, I presume.
Now my second you wear, and the gentlemen too,
And it often for style is much famed;
To your party you ever were constant and true,
So my whole you could never be named.

CII.

IF you take off your coat and examine it well,
Then my first you can't fail to behold;
Be it blue, black, or brown, the same tale it will tell,
Or a scarlet bedizened with gold.
Now my second's a term you may sometimes have heard,
To deceive is the sense 'twill convey,
But the gentlemen only make use of the word,
More refinement the ladies display.
When combined, I appear in the form of a game
In which battles are anxiously fought,
Where oft white men pursue the poor blacks to their shame,
And sequester the victims they've caught.

CIII.

I VISITED the Nile the other day,
Painted by Warren, Buonomi, and Fahey;
Such strong illusions did their picture give,
Mid Mosques and Pyramids I seemed to live.
The room where glows this work of magic art
Has constant Visitors in every part.
One place, it chanced, was empty in the row,
Where numbers hastened with a rush to go:
Fear seized a maid who would have sought retreat,
Not daring to approach the vacant seat.
To her I bowed, for her in haste made way;
And in her ear my first did gently say.
Her grateful smile, her "thank you," touched my breast;
The seat she gained, but with my loss of rest!
Love's silken fetters now I'm doomed to wear,
But Hymen soon for us his torch will bear.
Few things improvement to my second owe;
Wine and Cremonas for exceptions go.
I heard you name a purpose for next year,
To meet in Erin's Isle a friend most dear.
May (as the Channel you're compelled to cross),
No wind, no wave, your buoyant vessel toss.
My whole, I wish you greatly may enjoy,
Without one fear or aught that can alloy.

CIV.

YOU may utter my first without any reserve;
Of a male it is doubtless the name.
Adam ne'er was my second, I beg to observe;
But with Cain the case was not the same.
My whole is a being much wanting in grace;
Ever boisterous, noisy, and bold;
No lady-like feeling in her you could trace;
Such an object 'tis sad to behold.

CV.

WHY will you all your studies leave,
For knowledge you've no thirst?
The reason plainly I perceive
All day you do my first.
My second is in white and black,
And should it fair appear,
The man of honour will not lack
His just account to clear.
My whole, your senses will delight,
For in it you will see
Macready acts to-morrow night,
The Scottish Thane he'll be:
A crowded house he will ensure,
And great applause will gain;
A private Box you must procure,
Lest you no seat obtain.

CVI.

MY first to you a notion will convey,
Of size, and power, and wonderful display.
My next's a term for one of nearest claim,
Who has an idol that I must not name;
And for that idol surging waves she'll brave,
Or into flames will rush its life to save.
Should sickness dim its once bright laughing eye,
Beside its couch this being you'll espy,
Anxious each night unwearied watch to keep;
Regardless of her rest, her food, her sleep:
And when the pallid tints have passed away,
And health reclaims the sufferer to its sway,
No lips to listener could e'er impart,
The joy unspeakable that glads that heart.
Not worst ingratitude, nor cold neglect
From the adored one, can that love affect;
And with her dying breath she still would bless
This object of her love and tenderness.
But now 'tis time to tell a different tale,
And show her truly out of nature's pale,
When to an ignominious death she's driven,
For poisoned food, to helpless infants given.
My whole assuredly respect must claim,
Which you must own when uttering her name.

CVII.

WE dwell in a sequestered spot,
With many of our race;
Comfort and ease fall to our lot,
As natives of the place;
But man, to us a cruel foe,
To our abode will stray,
And, as no weapon we can show,
We are an easy prey.
Alas! that pain we should endure,
Which pleasure may induce,
For, through our anguish, you insure
The treasures we produce.
One of our tribe, some years ago,
Did wonderment excite;
Numbers would to his concert go
To hear his song each night.
But further traits I can explain
Our characters to prove;
'Tis said we may endure the pain
Of unrequited love.

CVIII.

TO do my first a child is taught;
My second, guards your secret thought;
My whole, should you resolve to take,
This world for ever you'd forsake.

CIX.

WHENEVER you to Parties go,
You're sure my first to gain;
Then do not flirt, I pray you so,
If them you would retain.
My second always comfort means;
On couches soft 'tis found,
Or in poor cot midst rural scenes,
Where woodbine breathes around.
My whole belongs to Flora's train;
Your emblem may it prove!
Pity your poor empassioned swain,
Whose all is lost through love.

CX.

MY first is large, or small and hard;
Its flavour oft is sweet;
You must the outer coat discard,
Before of it you eat.
My next, to Boys give great delight,
Who will their money hoard;
To buy them for a certain night,
Enjoyment to afford.
My whole employed is often seen
When you my first obtain;
And they that idle else had been,
Their uses now maintain.

CXI.

SHOULD the wrong path appear in view,
To error's mischief tempting you,
Then do my first I pray;
No guilty conscience will annoy,
Nor frightful dreams your rest destroy,
If you this hint obey.
My second, in a tented field,
The hand of bravery may wield
To number with the slain;
But if perchance in ride or drive,
You quickly at my whole arrive,
Your speed it may restrain.

CXII.

WHENE'ER my first in sight appears,
And when his roar assails mine ears
How terrified am I!
Its form in me such fear creates,
My side so beats and palpitates,
I fear to sink and die.
Because your heart is good and kind,
My second with it is combined,
And acts the noble part:
And 'twould, (did mortals but agree
To spurn the crime of treachery,)
Cure life of many a smart.

My whole belongs to Flora's suite,
And blossoms in some wild retreat,
Some spot by pride disdained;
Its tints are delicate and light,
And, from the flower, a nectar bright
By art may be obtained.

CXIII.

WHEN birds their pleasing carols sing,
And flowrets tell the coming spring,
You to the meads repair;
And should you meet by streamlet side
My first, I think you'd step aside
Its harmless life to spare.
My second was in Eden found,
And flourishes on goodly ground,
E'en in this world of woe;
Matured, it admiration gains;
Many a shape to wear it deigns,
Its uses to bestow.
My whole in medicine is used,
And roundly is its taste abused;
But what of that I pray?
If it may serve to kill a pain,
Then wherefore from the herb abstain,
So let it have fair play.

CXIV.

GIVE not my first young man, I pray,
To that poor animal to-day,
Whose patience none deny;
Ah! thaw that icy heart of thine,
Let mercy with thy power combine,
Or she may sink and die.
At times my second is esteemed,
And of superior value deemed,
But oft not worth a sou;
And various shapes and forms it wears,
Now like a blaze of light appears,
And is of every hue;
Thou art my whole, dear maid, I find
In Cupid's net my heart's entwined;
Thou hast the Syren's spell;
Oh, that I once again were free!
But that I know can never be,
Whilst on this earth I dwell.

CXV.

MY first was quaffed in days gone by,
By one who lived luxuriously,
Yet a great man was he.
Glass after glass he'd freely take,
Until one object he'd mistake,
Perhaps for two or three.

My second you will quickly guess,
It does a term of years express,
  Though not a Lustrum named.
For Dioramas without end,
And all that science can befriend,
  This second word is famed.
My whole produces dire dismay,
When reckless warriors gain the day
  In hamlet and in town.
They temples pilfer, mansions rase,
And with a torch of fiercest blaze,
  The scene of horrors crown!

CXVI.

IN dreary wilds my first you meet,
  To heaths they will repair;
Pursue them not, or they'll retreat
  With fleetness light as air.
My second you'll be sure to hear
  In Jullien's mighty band;
Its lengthened tones delight the ear
  When in the master's hand.
In illness oft my whole they seek,
  It may the health restore,
And bring the roses to that cheek
  Which was so pale before.

CXVII.

WHEN snow is in the atmosphere,
And whistling winds around you hear,
Then what a boon am I;
Within a prison I am placed,
And divers forms in me are traced
To please the curious eye;
But oft I prove a cruel foe,
And heap on mortals heavy woe;
Death may through me ensue.
So should you from my charms retire,
Enclose me in a guard of wire,
That I no mischief do.
My next is known of divers sorts,
And oft in sunny rays it sports.
Ephemeral are some;
In gorgeous tints they are displayed,
But when in sober brown arrayed,
As plagues to mortals come.
But should no star nor moonlight ray
Cheer the lone traveller on his way,
His way, so dark and drear;
My whole impart a brilliant light,
His drooping spirits to excite,
Dispelling every fear.

CXVIII.

MY first, dear maid, I know you are in every word and deed,
In manner and accomplishments, and all that fair ones need;
My second oft in durance vile attracts the curious eye,
But once within its dreary home a captive it will die;
Yet sometimes by a chance most rare, 'twill liberty obtain,
And then a miracle 'twould be to welcome it again.
One of the tribe, a vocalist, so fascinates the ear,
That even Jenny Lind is pleased the charming name to bear;
My whole in sunny rays delights—is often on the wing,
And forms an insect small and bright, and quite a harmless thing.

CXIX.

UPON my first your graceful foot must bear
Before you into Howell's shop repair,
In that Emporium, style and taste you'll find;
But as you're rich, the outlay you'll not mind.
When Ceres kindly on my second smiles,
The heart of man with pleasure she beguiles.
Upon a garden wall my whole appears,
And is a plant which glowing flowers bears.

CXX.

MY first is a number which you must unfold;
On my second you'll foliage perceive.
Esteemed was this second by Britons of old;
And my whole is in Kent by your leave.

CXXI.

MY first is a creature that flies,
Though not quite as high as the skies;
Synonymous 'tis for my third,
Which is an inelegant word.
In my second, a fruit may be found,
Which for months in the year does abound.
As a liquid my whole is displayed,
Of my second and first it is made.

FRENCH CHARADES.

I.

Sans ma tête je représente une personne dans un état méprisable : avec ma tête je suis une chose quelquefois bonne, mais très-souvent mauvaise.

II.

Mon premier mange mon second et mon tout.

III.

Un état est toujours assez florissant, quand mon premier s'y trouve en abondance. Mon second est une chose très nécessaire quoique bien commune. Mon tout est un meuble de guerre.

IV.

Mon premier est un nom adjectif qu'on recherche dans la physique de l'homme. Mon second est un nom adjectif qui plait beaucoup dans son moral. Mon tout est tirê d'un animal.

V.

Sans ma tête je suis ce qu'une coquette n'aime pas á voir paroître. Avec ma tête je suis une espèce de gouvernail.

VI.

Mon premier est un animal utile. Mon second un ornement bien utile. Mon tout une production de la terre.

VII.

Mon second ronge ce que produit mon premier. Mon tout est un verbe actif Français.

VIII.

Mon premier pris du Latin ne designe pas l'unité. Mon second est ce que beaucoup d'hommes ne se soucient pas d'être. Juge, lecteur, s'ils doivent aimer être mon tout qui est encore au dessus de mon premier.

IX.

Mon tout ne peut exister sans mon premier; s'anéantit ou se fortefie par mon second.

X.

Mon premier qui sert à fixer, n'a cependant aucun pouvoir sur mon second, qui dégrade mon tout.

XI.

Mon premier est un animal tres amusant dans sa jeunesse. Nous ne pourrons exister sans mon second et mon tout nous sert d'abri.

XII.

Sans ma tête je suis une rivière en France. Avec ma tête je suis ce que chacun doit s'efforcer de fuir.

XIII.

Mon premier est une partie de la tête. Mon second une particule de la langue Française. Mon tout un terme d'architecture.

XIV.

Mon premier sert d'abri aux navires. Mon second est une plante qui ne plait pas à tout le monde. Mon tout orne l'avenue d'une maison de campagne.

XV.

Mon premier chez les Romains servait dans les triomphes. Mon second peut être facile ou possible à parcourir. Mon tout fait partie d'un édifice.

XVI.

Mon premier est un animal. Mon second est un élément. Mon tout est un instrument de campagne et une pièce d'horlogerie.

XVII.

Ne te fie pas à mon premier, quoiqu'il soit souvent tranquille. Comptez ordinairement sur mon second. Jadis mon tout quoique divinité n'avoit pas trop bonne réputation.

XVIII.

Avec mon cœur je sers au soutien de la vie. Sans mon cœur je détruis la vie.

XIX.

Si tu retranches ma queue, tu auras l'instrument propre à exécuter mon tout.

XX.

Mon premier brillait aux jeux Olympiques. Mon second est un acte qui plait à tous ceux qui le reçoivent. Mon tout est une plante dont certain animal est très friand.

XXI.

Mon premier est une conjonction de la langue Française. Mon second est un terme de musique. Mon tout est une composition fort-utile.

XXII.

On m'oblige de vous blesser et même quelquefois de vous donner la mort. Avec ma tête je suis souvent la production de ce que j'étois sans ma tête.

XXIII.

Sans ma tête je suis une chose extrêmement dure : avec ma tête j'ai le talent de rendre bonnes beaucoup de choses.

XXIV.

Mon premier, grand présent des dieux, fait les délices de la table. Mon second est ce que mon premier ne doit jamais être pour être estimé. Mon tout est fait de mon premier.

XXV.

Mon premier fait souvent bien souffrir le genre humain. Mon second plait à tout le monde. Mon tout est un vilain oiseau.

XXVI.

Mon premier porte les dons d'une divinité. Mon second est ce que bien des prêtres désirent d'obtenir. Mon tout est le nom d'un ancien philosophe.

XXVII.

Avec ma tête je suis une espèce de prison, qui ne peut cependant pas arrêter ce que je suis sans ma tête.

XXVIII.

Mon premier sert à couvrir. Mon second est un élément. Mon tout est ce que tout bon soldat ne doit jamais abandonner.

XXIX.

Mon premier est un vêtement peu usité en Barbarie. Mon second est extrait du froment. Mon tout est un instrument de musique.

XXX.

Quoique mon second soit plus joli que *vous*, madame, obtenir de vous mon premier serait pour moi le suprême bonheur ; car dans mon tout vous réunissez toutes les grâces.

XXXI.

Sans ma queue je suis un soutien très solide. Avec ma queue je suis très fluet et peu solide.

XXXII.

On met mon premier sur certain animal. Mon second porte mon tout.

XXXIII.

Avec ma tête je suis une qualité bien déplaisante dans le genre humain. Sans ma tête je suis un instrument de musique bien admirable.

XXXIV.

Mon premier est ce que tout Chrétien doit avoir. Mon second est une note de musique. Mon tout est un rassemblement bruyant.

XXXV.

Mon premier est un instrument de musique. Mon second est détestable. La mer produit mon tout.

XXXVI.

Sans ma tête je m'élève jusqu'aux dieux. Avec ma tête j'occupe presque toutes les femmes.

XXXVII.

Tous les hommes devroient être égaux devant mon premier. Mon second est une note de musique. Mon tout est un beau fleuve de France.

XXXVIII.

Sans ma tête je fais partie de l'habit d'un ecclésiastique de le communion Romaine. Avec ma tête je suis un poisson.

XXXIX.

Si de mon entier tu retranches le cou et la queue, tu auras ce qu'on voit dans toutes les villes. Si tu me rends mon cou, sans ma queue, je suis une chose très nécessaire poir voiturer. Enfin dans mon entier je suis un instrument très utile, plus souvent mis en usage par les femmes que par les hommes.

XL.

Avec ma queue je dois ma naissance à ce que je suis sans ma queue.

XLI.

De grand matin vous ne l'avez pas, à midi vous le possédez en abondance, et dans la soirée ordinairement je vous abondonne.

XLII.

Mon premier est une chose qui plait à tout le monde. Vous êtes sans doute mon second. Mon tout est un fruit très agréable.

XLIII.

Mon premier, quand il est vide, ne fait pas grande sensation à un gourmand ; et encore moins s'il étoit plein de mon second. Sur mon tout vous pouvez placer mon premier.

XLIV.

Mon premier a servi de tombeau à une foule de choses. Mon second donne la naissance à une infinité d'autres. Vous êtes mon tout de beauté et d'agrémens.

XLV.

Ne refusez pas mon premier à celui qui demande l'aumône. Mon second est un pronom possessif. Si vous m'abandonnez je perdrai mon tout.

XLVI.

Sans moi, point de puissance pour l'Angleterre. Mon second ne fait pas d'impression aux sourds. Quand vous avez soif vous avalez bien mon tout.

XLVII.

Mon premier est une note de musique. Mon second a sur les arbres et sur la beauté l'avantage de ne pas craindre l'hiver. Mon tout est un animal craintif.

XLVIII.

Quand il fait beau tems, mon premier vous invite à la promenade. Tout ce que vous faites me prouve que vous méritez le nom de mon second. On se trompe souvent sur mon tout.

XLIX.

Mon premier est utile dans la main des femmes; mais souvent nuisible dans d'autres. On est convenu de ne jamais disputer sur mon second. Je crains bien qu'en me lisant vous ne fassiez connaissance avec mon tout.

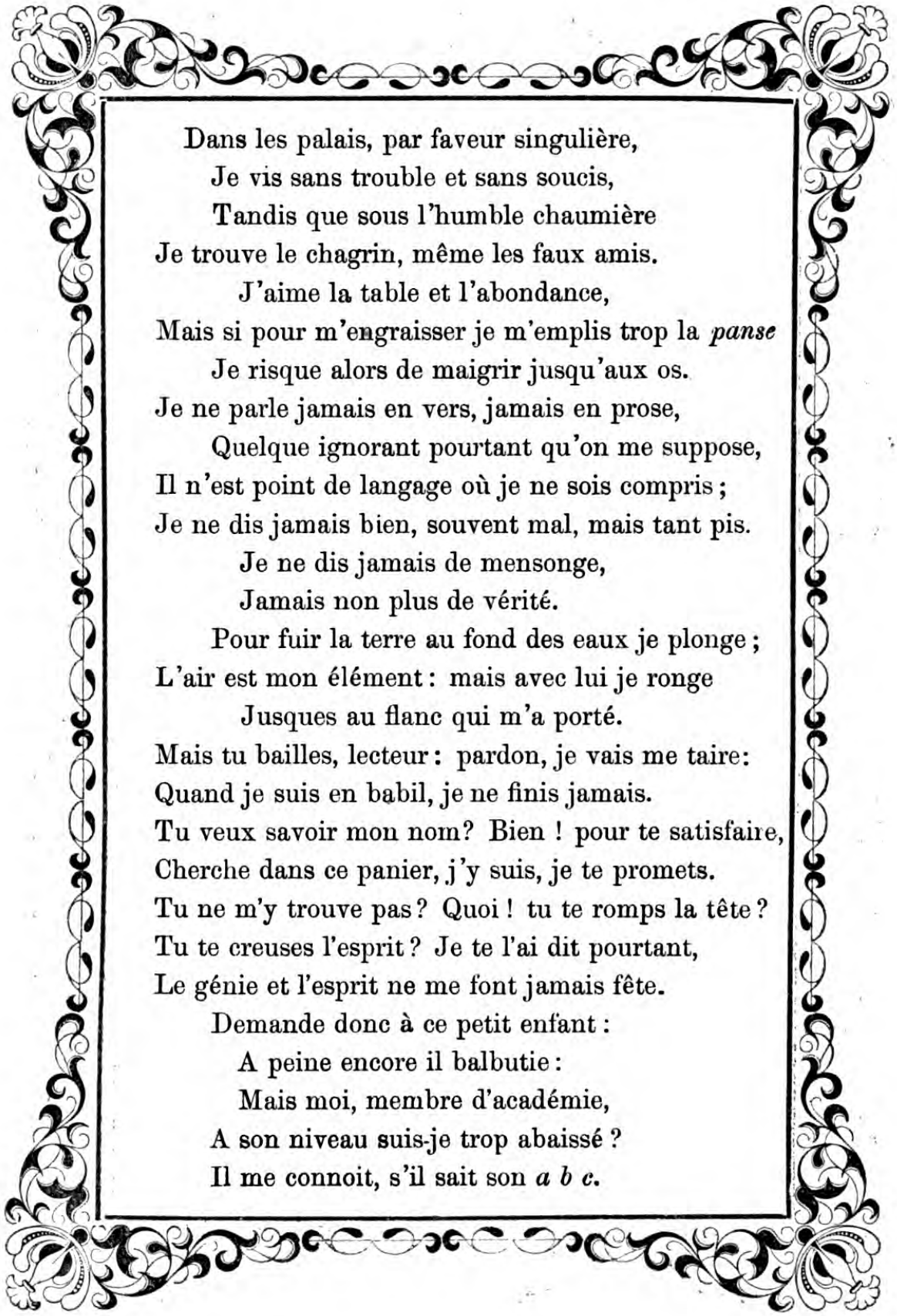
L.

J'ai répandu dans le monde les plus grands biens, et les plus grands maux. Ayez la bonté de changer ma tête pour m'offrir l'emblême de l'espérance.

ENIGME.

Lecteur, je ne suis rien dans ce triste univers.
Pourtant, sans moi, tant de pays divers
Seraient bien *pis* qu'ils ne sont, je te jure.
Jamais je n'ai paru sous aucune figure,
Et mon partage est pourtant la beauté.
Porté toujours vers la méchanceté,
Je hais également les hommes et les femmes.
Je ne sais ce que c'est que brûler nuit et jour,
Et cependant je vis au sein des flammes,
Et j'ai donné la naissance à l'amour.
Ah! contre toi surtout, lecteur, que je défie,
Je vis tonjours en grande antipathie—
Quoi! tu m'ouvres tes bras? soit, j'entre en amitié.
Mais reconnois Procus qui t'arrache la vie,
En t'allongeant les membres sans pitié.
Je me plais au sein des orages,
Et j'aime la tranquillité.
Le Nil me voit sur ses rivages,
Et jamais je n'ai vu ce fleuve si vanté.
Je hais les guerriers et la guerre:
Ligué pourtant avec Napoléon,
J'affermis sa puissance et j'aggrandis son nom.
Sans moi l'Espagne et l'Angleterre,
France, Allemagne, et cætera

Ne vaudraient pas un iota.
Je déteste la politique,
Et nuit et jour je siège au parlement.
Mahométan et Catholique,
Brame, Idolâtre, ou Protestant,
Au milieu d'eux tous m'accordent un rang :
Je ne vis point pourtant en hérétique.
A la divine Trinité
Je fais depuis long-tems une guerre maudite :
Hélas ! pour prix de mon impiété
Mon corps brisé roule au fond du Cocite :
Là, Satan, je l'avoue, est un de mes amis ;
J'ai su pourtant garder ma place au Paradis.
Ame de la plus lourde bête,
Si je daignois un peu me rétrécir,
J'animerais certaine anachorète
Qui jadis pour son Dieu, je crois, se fit rôtir.
La science est mon ennemie :
Mais contre elle, à l'académie,
J'ai su me former un appui.
Le croirait-on ? Je suis ami de la sagesse,
Aussi bien loin de moi je laisse
Les philosophes d'aujourdhui.
Toujours l'on me voit en voyage ;
Et toujours dans ma chambre on peut me voir encor.
A chaque instant je fais naufrage,
Mais je suis en mourant à l'abri de la mort.



Dans les palais, par faveur singulière,
Je vis sans trouble et sans soucis,
Tandis que sous l'humble chaumière
Je trouve le chagrin, même les faux amis.
J'aime la table et l'abondance,
Mais si pour m'engraisser je m'emplis trop la *panse*
Je risque alors de maigrir jusqu'aux os.
Je ne parle jamais en vers, jamais en prose,
Quelque ignorant pourtant qu'on me suppose,
Il n'est point de langage où je ne sois compris ;
Je ne dis jamais bien, souvent mal, mais tant pis.
Je ne dis jamais de mensonge,
Jamais non plus de vérité.
Pour fuir la terre au fond des eaux je plonge ;
L'air est mon élément : mais avec lui je ronge
Jusques au flanc qui m'a porté.
Mais tu bailles, lecteur : pardon, je vais me taire:
Quand je suis en babil, je ne finis jamais.
Tu veux savoir mon nom? Bien ! pour te satisfaire,
Cherche dans ce panier, j'y suis, je te promets.
Tu ne m'y trouve pas? Quoi ! tu te romps la tête ?
Tu te creuses l'esprit ? Je te l'ai dit pourtant,
Le génie et l'esprit ne me font jamais fête.
Demande donc à ce petit enfant :
A peine encore il balbutie :
Mais moi, membre d'académie,
A son niveau suis-je trop abaissé ?
Il me connoit, s'il sait son *a b c*.

LOGOGRIPHE.

Je suis enfant bâtard du beau pays d'Homère :
Celui qui me créa ne crut pas trop bien faire ;
Car mon nom, à coup sûr, ne fut jamais le sien.
Pauvre exilé jamais je n'ai manqué de rien :
Né discret, et dès-lors assez aimé des dames,
J'ai rencontré, sinon de bonnes âmes,
Mais quelques bons esprits au moins,
Qui subvinrent à mes besoins
Et soutinrent mon existence.
Le dieu du commerce et des arts
Me transporta naguère en France,
Où, grâce à son appui, j'affermis ma puissance
Malgré la guerre et les hasards.
Autour de moi Mars agitoit son foudre,
Les trônes tombaient dans la poudre ;
Mais moi, dans mon rempart enfermé prudemment,
Je fis gronder d'autres tempêtes,
J'eus aussi le plaisir de casser bien des têtes ;
Et depuis j'ai pris goût à ce délassement.
A qui tente de me surprendre
Nouveau Protée à l'instant j'apparais,
Tantôt aigle, lion, baleine, ou salamandre ;
Tantôt Foudre, Satan, larve, nuage épais ;
Je puis prendre à mon gré cent formes, cent figures
Pour repousser mon agresseur :
Par goût pourtant je choisis les plus sûres ;
Parent, je crois, d'un Anglais grand seigneur,

J'ai pris " *tutus cavendo* " pour devise.
S'offrir aux coups, cher lecteur, c'est sottise.
En fuyant, je lance mes traits.
Si l'ennemi me prend, ô Fortune cruelle !
Souvent il devient mon bourreau ;
J'ai pour bûcher alors une chandelle
Ou le sein d'un rat pour tombeau.
Mais, prodige inoui ! vois du sein de ma cendre
Renaitre mille rejetons.
Dans le monde ils vont se répandre
Pour venger ma mémoire et laver mes affronts.
Moi qui te parle ici, je ne suis pas moi-même,
J'ai d'une de mes sœurs et la forme et le ton,
Mon babil te paroit extrême,
Elle est vieille ma sœur : j'n conviens sans façon—
Mais je *vais* à présent chanter à ma manière.
Mon sort, je te l'ai dit, est heureux sur la terre ;
Mais doit-on s'étonner de mon brillant destin,
Avec dix pieds l'on fait bien du chemin.
Je ne suis bon à rien du chef à la ceinture ;—
Si l'on veut écorcher le reste de mon corps,
Je puis égratigner alors
Le cruel qui me défigure.
Tu vois qu'en tout je suis un fort triste animal,
Mais si tu ne crains pas de me faire de mal,
Mets-moi dans un mortier bien—et que faut-il faire ?
—Lis dans mon sein—c'est fait—bon ! écrase à présent
—Mais avec quoi ?—Je puis encor te satisfaire,
Je porte dans ma queue un outil excellent.
Seulement, pendant ma souffrance,

J'aurai le droit de te montrer, je pense,
Ce sentiment qu'Homère autrefois a chanté :
Mais par mes cris ne sois point arrêté —
C'est fini—tends le bras et du mortier retire
A pleines mains ce que ton cœur désire.
Tu voudrais voyager? Ce sera bientôt fait.
Te voilà juste au bout du monde.
Dans l'Egypte vas voir ces canaux précieux
Qui font d'un sable aride, une terre féconde :
Leur nom n'est presque rien près du Nil orgueilleux
De-là redescends vers la Grèce,
Hélas ! sous le joug qui l'oppresse,
Que peut t'offrir mon pays? De vains noms.
Celui d'abord qui suit les grands génies,
Après lequel presque tous nous courons.
Ce fanal éclairé des torches des Furies
Qui jadis s'allumait au flambeau de l'amour—
Sans doute il te rappèle unde fidèle amante.
Vois ce troupeau dans les champs d'alentour :
Cherches-tu dans leur foule une fille charmante
Qui captiva le cœur d'un céleste taureau?
L'Italie à présent : où passe ton vaisseau
En côtoyant les rives de Venise?
Quel est ce fleuve ici, rival de la Tamise?
Prends garde : ce pays de fripons est rempli :
Pour ton or dans mon sein cherche un réfuge en i.
L'amour, autre fripon encor plus redoutable,
Ici va te guider, ami, n'en doute pas :
Un aveugle pareil peut te mener au diable :
J'ai ce qu'il faut pour éclairer ses pas.

Aux Alpes maintenant, évite en homme sage
Ces défilés étroits dont le vrai nom, je gage,
Est encor au fond du mortier ;
Sur le sein d'une femme, ou bien dans ton gosier.
Sans danger (mais non pas peut-être sans obstacle,)
Du bout du monde enfin te voilà revenu :
Parle—pour la soirée à présent que veux-tu ?
Je t'entends—aller au spectacle !
Mais vois, il pleut : pourquoi t'aller mouiller ?
Cherche plutôt au fond de ton mortier
Ce qu'un acteur doit dire avec méthode ;
Choisis ensuite une place commode ;
Ainsi loin des siffleurs, du chaud et des claqueurs,
Il ne te manque rien—excepté des acteurs.
Après—quelle heure est-il ? Je veux bien l'apprendre :
Remue encor un peu ma cendre ;
Et puis bon soir—non pas—que veux-tu ?—Le bonheur.
—Si je l'avais, hélas ! de tout mon cœur :
J'ai seulement la source où le cherchent les hommes :
Ce n'est point "la vertu, du pain bis et des pommes :"
Es-tu content ?—non pas : je veux règner.
—Cherche au fond du mortier de quoi te satisfaire,
Quel pays saisis-tu ? C'est, je crois, l'Angleterre,
Ou celui qu'à Sancho l'on faisoit espérer :
Mais ton titre, mon cher, fera plus d'étalage :
Je veux t'apprendre aussi quelle espèce d'hommage
Tu recevras de tes vassaux nombreux :
J'ai surtout le secret d'affermir ta puissance,
Ce n'est ni par le sang ni par la violence :
Je tiens d'un vieux Crétois ce dépôt précieux.

Pour bien juger de ton nouvel empire,
Veux-tu d'abord que je t'offre un goûter?
L'un de tes commensaux, espèce de Vampire,
Si tu n'étois qu'enfant pourrait t'épouvanter.
Vois quel affreux duvet couvre sa peau noircie!
L'autre est Juif, et ressemble au saint prophete Elie :
Commencez ! votre pain n'est pas de pur froment :
Mais toi, pour dédommagement,
Prends cette espèce de bouteille,
Elle contient une liqueur vermeille
Qui de bien près touche les meilleurs vins.
L'eau d'un fleuve de France est ausis dans tes mains.
Si tu n'es pas content crains de rencontrer *pire*.
Gôute un peu cet oiseau bavard autant que moi ;
Ce poisson plat pêché tout près de ton empire ;
Cette espèce de rat grillé tu sais sur quoi ;
Ce pontife Romain—mais, pardon—pas pour toi :
Il est pour ton voisin que ce mêt fait sourire.
Après l'oiseau du capitole enfin ;
Prends ce fruit que toujours pour la soif on réserve :
Tu peux ensuite ordonner qu'on desserve :
Je vais jouer d'un instrument divin
Que je tiens de la main d'Orphée.
—Dieu ! quel *de profundis !* toujours le même ton !
Bon soir ! je vais, bavard, te trouver chez Morphée.
—Moi, bavard !—Sans parler je t'avois dis mon nom.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY LADIES.

I.

MY first is the glory of the day and the idol of the Persian's worship. In its beauty it is like the gladness of human hearts, for like that it diffuseth light and joy where its presence is felt. Yet only when my first is my second do the inhabitants of earth behold the other wonders of the universe of space. My whole is very lovely; its mantle is of crimson or of purple, radiant with richer than earthly gold, or roseate more glowingly than the flower of beauty itself. Words cannot paint me; but a mortal hath robed his memory in my beauty; and while I am seen and loved for my exceeding graciousness, so shall he live, and men appreciate the genius of Claude.

C. H.

II.

WHEN I your absence long had mourned,
My first you were when you returned.
My second, built for man's defence,
Best seated on an eminence.
When philanthropic Howard went,
Benevolent in his intent,
To visit dungeons dark and drear,
And shed o'er misery pity's tear;
To the worn captive, me, he gave,
Whom he had struggled hard to save.
Should anguish bring the bitter tear,
And shed it o'er some loved friend's bier;
Should your kind fortune go astrav,
And turn to night your brightest day;
My total may you quickly find
To soothe the agitated mind.

M. S.

III.

WITHOUT my first we ne'er could send
A letter to an absent friend.
My second will myself express,
In shortest manner I confess.
My third upon the Battle plain,
Midst strife and carnage must remain.
To be my whole when wrong we've done,
May well become the proudest one.

A. W.

IV.

A LADY at her casement stood, tears glistened in her eye,
As oft she gazed with pallid cheek upon the cloudy sky.
My raging first, beneath the beam of moonlight wan and pale,
Struck terror on her beating heart when moved by stormy gale.
'Tis for my second that she weeps, who lightly left her arms;
For him she bends a suppliant knee—for him her wild alarms.
But even as her prayer ascends, the treasured one to save,
The ship (with all its gallant crew), has found an ocean grave.
Before my whole comes round again, no longer she will weep,
A broken heart shall end her woes, and calmly she will sleep;
The tear that dims her placid eye no more shall tremble there;
And many a pitying tongue will tell how died that lady fair.

A. W.

V.

I'M waiting here for thee, in my lonely garden bower;
The sun's first rays are bright, for 'tis the morning hour
My first has waked its song so full of mirth and glee;
But my own heart is sad—I'm waiting love for thee.
Oh, let my second urge thy steed to quicker pace,
That I may view once more thy well remembered face!
My plighted vows of truth thy willing Bride to be
Have never broken been—I'm waiting love for thee.
A summer wreath I've twined of early blossoms fair,
They yield a rich perfume around my raven hair.
My whole thy favourite flower upon my brow shall be;
Then hasten to my cot—I'm waiting love for thee.

A. W.

VI.

THE Saviour's Mother bore my first,
A pure and holy name;
My second, cause of woes the worst,
Of avarice and shame.
My whole doth in the garden grow,
A bright and sunny flower;
And in my second here doth glow
Without its evil power.

C. H.

VII.

AT early dawn I left my bed,
And found my first at every tread.
Breathe your fond tale in Emma's ear,
Perchance my second may be near.
My total's pendant from the thorn,
When smiles the sun at early morn;
And glittering in a powerful light,
No diamond is more pure or bright.

M. I. B.

VIII.

SHOULD fate frown o'er us for a while,
Do not my first, but strive to smile.
The downfall of the human race
Unto my second you may trace.
My whole's a fruit; its name, dear maid,
You'll quickly tell from what I've said.

A. W.

IX.

MY first they say from Heaven derived its birth,
Pure it is there, but rarely so on earth;
And yet, transported to this mortal sphere,
It reigns alike o'er Peasant, Prince, and Peer.
It cheers the captive in his dungeon cave;
It glads the sailor on the lonely wave;
It softens anguish and relieves despair,
And makes the fool seem wise, the ugly fair.

M. I. B.

X.

IN fair Anna's beauties unrivalled I stand;
I'm in her sweet face, and her snowy white hand.
Full often with beautiful damsels I dwell;
I live in a cottage, but never a cell.
I'm always in Heaven, yet rest upon earth,
And when at a death I'm of infinite worth;
Although I am small, yet to thee I must say,
Without me thou never could'st dance, talk, or play.
With the happy and gay I'm certain to be,
So hope I may never be parted from thee.

A. W.

XI.

WHAT is that Quadruped named, who, upon inquiring the state of its health, will give you most probably a rational answer in a foreign language?

M. W.

XII.

WHAT is the difference between a donkey and a goldfinch?

E. G.

XIII.

BENEATH the sun's all powerful ray
An idler does my first all day;
To do so 'neath a fair one's smile,
I would not care to walk a mile.
My second is a Latin word,
Its meaning thou hast doubtless heard;
Translate to English, and thou'lt see;
Reverse it,—then it meaneth thee.
My total's black, and white, and brown,
Go but to neighbouring market town;
There view my tribe. It does no harm,
Though pressing tight on many an arm.

M. I. B.

XIV.

MY first gives half an outlaw's name,
Whose deeds are not unknown to fame.
My second, turn it oft about,
Is always the reverse of out.
My whole, when winter chills the gale,
And spreads its mantle o'er the Vale,
Will come a soft and shivering guest;
And though no crime lodge in its breast,
A stain of guilt you there may trace,
The ancient emblem of its race.

M. I. B.

XV.

MY first is a pronoun, my second a circle, and my whole a fish.

C. H.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY GENTLEMEN.

I.

THE Lady gaily donned my first,
And to the Castle pleasance hied,
Where, loitering amid the flowers,
A youthful knight she spied.
The Lady then, as eye met eye,
On sudden conquest reckoned,
And conscious of her power to charm,
She slily did my second.
The Lady's fascinating powers
Soon subjected his soul;
Her will was then his only law,
And seeing nought but as she saw,
The Knight became my whole.

H. E.

II.

THE labouring sons of London's mighty hive,
From my full first, their solace oft derive.
My next affords to men of other spheres,
A potent charm to drown their woes and cares;
But still of Father Mathew 'tis averred,
For neither of them does he care my third.

H. E.

III.

A YOUNG Lady entreated her mother to go to the Opera instead of herself. What two French authors did she name to urge her wish to her parent?

H. D.

IV.

MY first's a circle undivided,
My second to a point is guided;
My whole, too, often is one sided,
And then should only be derided.

G. D.

V.

WHERE famed Colonna's long deserted fane
Still graceful gleams athwart the Ægean main,
My first once held an undisputed sway
O'er Neptune's sons, in Neptune's glorious day.
Beneath Colonna's cliff, my second still
Those hardy sons direct with daring skill.
My whole was mighty in that earlier time,
For deeds of darkness, or for arts sublime,
And still (tho' faith be changed) 'tis native to the clime.

H. E.

VI.

MY first is in Latin, a noun that conveys
What most Invalids are accustomed to praise.
My second's in English a verb that implies
The kind of exchange that is best in all eyes.
Combined, I'm a man very high in his post,
Who dignity public and private can boast;
Supplied with these data, find out if you can,
The noun, and the verb, and their product, the man.

G. D.

VII.

IN London once there lived a special rogue,
A famed swell-mob's man, of the highest vogue.
His arts he plied among the best and worst,
Using in daring deeds my dexterous first.
And when he chose a Dandy to be reckoned,
My first was garnished by my snow-white second.
But soon he fills the measure of his deeds:
To all his triumphs sad reverse succeeds;
And soon his case, at Marlbro'-street once heard,
Consigns him to my ignominious third.

H. E.

VIII.

MY first is sometimes in a Lock in an Hospital, and in Chancery; and Ladies keep my second in my whole.

E. B.

IX.

MY first is an animal useful in kind,
Though bearing a name that's not over refined;
To some of his species inferior in show,
And sure, as a warranted watch, is to go.
My second, expressed by a syllable short,
Is a place of concealment and lowest resort.
My whole is a Patriot, sturdy and hot,
Whom some may rejoice in, but others do not.

G. D.

X.

OF my first, the light
Shines bright by night,
But by day 'tis only mystical;
Always wicked, often good,
My friend it has stood
When dealing with things sophistical.
In the darkest days
Of Popish ways,
My second brought lots of pelf
To the jolly priest,
Who kept his feast,
And took tender care of himself.
My whole is a season,
When without rhyme or reason,
Certain good things no longer abound;
Oh, if I were the Pope,
Or a King, you might hope
They would flourish alike the year round!

E. E.

XI.

THE miser's hoard with me in safety placed,
I help his spendthrift son to madly waste.
Ladies of fashion joy to have me theirs;
Dustmen and sweeps with me forget their cares.
The prosperous tradesman to my shade retires;
The mighty hunter oft my use requires;
The hardy sailor in me comfort seeks;
The artist, too, my friendly aid bespeaks;
The soldier posted under wintry skies,
The coachman, gard'ner, all my various merits prize.

H. E.

XII.

LIKE to a fat Philosopher my first,
Both round is and profound, and sometimes dry.
My next no present participle durst
Dispense with, or its very name would die.
My third its useful aid, and special weight,
To commerce and her dealings loves to give.
My whole makes up a man of modern date,
But one whose fame through centuries will live.

G. D.

XIII.

MY first is a name in green Erin beloved;
To my second, her sons are too frequently moved.
Oh! when shall kind heaven in power send my third,
To heal where she's suffered, correct when she's erred.

H. E.

XIV.

I HELP to swell a coachman's pride;
I'm found at a policeman's side;
And sometimes I aspire to deck
A duchess or a milk-maid's neck.
Cut off my head—behold a creature,
Half human in its ways and feature.
Cut off my tail, and I may fit
You, sir, or madam, tho' a wit.
Remove them both, and I am found
Where Celtic chiefs and bards abound.
Replace them both, and you may find
My native home and name combined;
Renowned in geographic lore,
And found in many a vintner's store.

H. E.

XV.

I AM a tradesman, one whose worth
On all hands is admitted;
My customers I furnish forth
With goods exactly fitted.
But lose my business and my heart,
And yield to softest fetter;
If you reverse the Postman's part,
And take away a letter.

G. D.

XVI.

MY first is steep, and broad, and high,
Though of the earth, 'tis in the sky,
And round about its head is driven,
By eddying winds, the clouds of Heaven.
My second is a Child of night,
That scarce survives the morning light.
Where the Lark carols it is seen,
In ruin grey and ivy green.
The Lily cups do it enclose,
And in the bosom of the Rose,
And in the Violet's purple eye,
Revelling in odours sweet, 'twill lie.
Combined, I often prove a curse,
Making the vicious even worse;
Yet I assuage the pangs of grief,
And to the wretched bring relief.
The poor forget their poverty,
And laugh and sing when I am nigh.
I cause the lover to forget
Her upon whom his heart was set,
The Patriot to forget his cause,
The Judge to mystify the Laws,
The Soldier to sleep on his post,
The pale-faced Coward fume and boast,
And Virtue's self hath me to blame,
For sudden sin and lasting shame.

J. F.

XVII.

IF wisdom's in the wig, I ween
My first is wondrous wise;
If danger's in the storm, 'tis seen
To make the billows rise;
While landsmen suffer anguish keen,
And seamen bless their eyes.
If whiskey's in the brain of Pat,
My second's ever near;
Would that my first were it to that,
But this does not appear,
Though both contribute soon or late
The wayward wight to cheer.
But now 'tis time to tell my whole,
For long descriptions bore;
It makes Pat's fortune with a sho'el,
Yet let us higher soar,
A hero's resting-place, a goal
Of antiquarian lore.

E. E.

XVIII.

WHEN the Bricklayers finish my first,
They drain to the bottom my second;
And my whole when it comes to the worst,
A crown to their labour is reckoned.

H. E.

XIX.

SIR HENRY to the weald of Kent
In love's young day impatient went,
For Alice thither beckoned;
But country ways were at their worst,
And often led him to my first,
When he pursued my second.
"Ye Gods!" he cried, in strains sublime,
"Annihilate both space and time,
And bless each lover's soul!"
Sir Henry's wish at last is won,
For lo, the wondrous deed is done
By my stupendous whole.

H. E.

XX.

ANECDOTE OF JACK SHEPPARD.

AN ancient Dame, who lived alone,
And fondly thought to guard her own,
In magnanimity of soul
A weapon bought, yclept my whole.
One darksome night the robber came
To storm the castle of our Dame.
Among his crimes, 'twas not the worst,
Bold Jack committed then my first;
And from the Dame my second stole,
But yet she did not use my whole.

H. E.

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Solutions to Enigmas and Charades.

1. Bull's-eye.
2. Sham-rock
3. A Hat.
4. Fire-lock.
5. Dumb-bell.
6. A Parasol.
7. Jew's-harp.
8. Sun-dial.
9. Spectacles.
10. Diving-bell.
11. Black-Thorn. Sloe leaves.
12. The letter H.
13. The Hand.
14. Dun-mow. Flitch of Bacon.
15. Spar-row.
16. Crow-bar.
17. White-bait.
18. Fare-well.
19. Pad-lock.
20. A-dam.
21. Water-loo.
22. Mount-e-bank.
23. House-leek.
24. Arrow-root.
25. Nec-tar.
26. Ink.
27. Blue-bell.
28. A Candle.
29. Grape-shot.
30. Night-mare.
31. A Pack of Cards.
32. Dogs ears.
33. Land-lord.
34. A Looking-glass.
35. Bees-wing.
36. Wise-acre.
37. O-men.
38. Merry-thought.
39. Block-head.
40. A Lobster.
41. Star-ling.
42. Scarlet-runners.
43. Cat-a-comb Whittington.
44. Bond-age.
45. Lap-dog.
46. Snap-dragon.
47. Skates.
48. Night-shade.
49. Grace-race-ace.
50. Glove-love.
51. Scare-crow.
52. Grim-ace.
53. Coals.
54. Chlo-ro-form.
55. Pan-try.
56. Dun-kirk.
57. Cats-paw.
58. Honey-moon.
59. Atten-dance.
60. Par-don.
61. Shy-lock.

SOLUTIONS TO ENIGMAS AND CHARADES.

62. Tape-r.
63. Tip-pet.
64. Pat-ten.
65. Sweet william.
66. Pur-chase.
67. Hurri-cane.
68. Union Jack.
69. Co-nun-drum.
70. A Watch.
71. Nine-pins.
72. A Fan.
73. Sea-serpent.
74. Quick-sand.
75. Cap-rice.
76. Witch-craft.
77. Car-nation.
78. Quick-silver.
79. Round-robin.
80. Just-ice. Masters of Regent-street.
81. Fur-row.
82. Gentle-man.
83. A Shoe.
84. Pie-bald.
85. Tom-a-hawk.
86. Dice.
87. Horn-pipe.
88. The letter W.
89. Chair-hair-air.
90. A-bra-ca-dab-ra.
91. Parson-age.
92. Cut-lass.
93. Light-house. Long-stone.
94. Pepper-corn.
95. War-den.
96. Shake-spear.
97. Prim-rose.
98. Yellow-hammer.
99. A Pair of Scissors.
100. Ten-ant.
101. Turn-coat.
102. Back-gammon.
103. Pass-age.
104. Tom-boy.
105. Play-bill.
106. Grand-mother.
107. Oysters.
108. Hem-lock.
109. Hearts-ease.
110. Nut-crackers.
111. Turn-pike.
112. Ox-lip, or Cows-lip.
113. Worm-wood.
114. Load-stone.
115. Sack-age.
116. Harts-horn.
117. Fire-flies.
118. Lady-bird.
119. Stone-crop.
120. Seven-Oaks.
121. Goose-berry-fool.

Solutions des Charades, &c.

1. Li-vre
2. Chèvre-feuille.
3. Havre-sac.
4. Sain-doux.
5. B-ride.
6. Chien-dent.
7. Fer-mer.
8. Bis-ayeul.
9. Mari-age.
10. Vis-age.
11. Chat-eau.
12. M-isère.
13. Front-on.
14. Port-ail.
15. Char-pente.
16. Rat-eau.
17. Mer-cure.
18. Pois-son.
19. Rame-r.
20. Char-don.
21. Car-ton.
22. L'-arme.
23. B-roche.
24. Vin-aigre.
25. Cor-beau.
26. Epi-cure.
27. C-age.
28. Drap-eau.
29. Bas-son.
30. Main-tien.
31. Arche-t.
32. Bat-eau.
33. M-orgue.
34. Foi-re.
35. Cor-ail.
36. M-ode.
37. Loi-re.
38. B-rochet.
39. Rouet.
40. Poule-t.
41. Dent.
42. Or-ange.
43. Plat-eau.
44. Mer-veille.
45. Sou-tien.
46. Bois-son
47. La-pin.
48. Pré-sage.
49. Dé-goût.
50. Encre-ancre.

SOLUTION DE L'ENIGME,

La lettre A.

MOT DU LOGOGRIPHE.

Logogriphe dans lequel se trouvent les mots de Pile, hie, ire Pôle, rigole, gloire, héro, Io, golphe, Pô, pli, œil, gorge, rôle, loge, horloge, or, ile, roi, lige, loi, ogre, poil, héli, orge, Phiole, lie, Loire, Pire, pie (oiseau,) Plie, pie (pontife), oie, poire, lire, ré.

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Solutions to Contributions.

LADIES.

1. Sun-set.
2. Com-fort.
3. Pen-i-tent.
4. Sea-son.
5. Lark-spur.
6. Mary-gold.
7. Dew-drop.
8. Pine-apple.
9. Love.
10. Letter A.
11. A eat (mieux.)
12. The one eats the thistle up / The other the thistle down
13. Bask-et.
14. Rob-in.
15. Her-ring.

GENTLEMEN.

1. Hood-winked.
2. But-ton.
3. Hu-go Du-mas. (You go, do Ma.)
4. O-pinion,
5. Priest-craft.
6. Rus-sell.
7. Hand-cuffs.
8. Ward-robe.
9. Cob-den.
10. Candle-mas.
11. Box.
12. Well-ing-ton.
13. Pat-riot.
14. Cape.
15. Glover-lover.
16. Mountain-dew.
17. Bar-row.
18. Chimney-pot.
19. Rail-road.
20. Blunder-buss.

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