FORFEITS *Page 20*

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1870

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1870.

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

CONTENTS.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

First Evening.

WINTER AND ITS FIRESIDE—THE LITTLE OLD MAID—OLD AND NEW AMUSEMENTS—THE PERSECUTED FEATHER—HOW TO FORCE A LAUGH—JULLIEN'S CONCERT.

The spring, the summer, and the autumn have passed away; and now we are in the night of the year, the interval between the evening and morning twilight—between the first faint peep of spring, and the last fading smile of autumn. The flowers are withered; the corn reaped; the fruit gathered; the bare branches of the trees shiver, as if from cold, in the blast; and the birds, that used to hop so merrily among the twigs, not liking the change, have hopped away—all but poor Robin. With them has departed the melody of the woods; and so dear

old WINTER has not even a song to enliven her dark and solitary reign.

What shall we do to amuse ourselves, and keep our fingers warm? Oh we know that very well! There are walks and runs on the hard ground; there are snow-sports in the fields; there is the hoar-frost to admire, that hangs like silver filigree-work upon the trees; and there are the ice-coverings of foot-prints to wonder at, which, crunching beneath our feet, show that there is not a drop of water beneath! There are all sorts of out-door games for the day; and at night the stars are much more splendid than in summer, and we can learn the names of many of them from a book, and know them, like acquaintances, when we see them again.

But the evening, the cold, dark, gusty evening, when the daylight is past, and the stars have not yet come fully out, do we not then regret the bright balmy days that are gone? No; for the winter evening, instead of the long twilight of the earlier year, has its own Fireside. Is there anything so beautiful, anything so joyous, anything so loving and kindly, as our dear fireside? It flings a ruddy glow upon the

faces around it, which seems to penetrate to the heart. Tell me, girls and boys, tell me honestly, if you were ever happier than on a cold, dreary winter evening, surrounded by a company of your young companions? For my part, although I have been a little old maid for many a day, I not only look back with pleasure upon such enjoyments, but I could still join in them as zealously as any of you. I begin to think, however, that I am more competent to teach than to play—to hold the candle, as the proverb says, than to dance and sing; and therefore it is that I have determined, instead of mixing on the floor with suppler limbs and merrier hearts, to retire into a corner of the room, and direct the amusements I formerly shared.

I have seen many more winter evenings than you, and therefore I ought to be better acquainted with Fireside Amusements; but at anyrate it will be convenient to have the best of them set down in a little book, so that, without much waste of time, that important question can always be settled, "What shall we play at?"

The advantage of most fireside games is, that there is no preparation, no machinery wanted:

we have everything within ourselves. The older sort require a good deal of cleverness to be done well; but many others nothing more than a glib tongue or a good memory—and, above all things, a merry, natural heart. This is the difference between them and the amusements of our forefathers some generations ago. At that time the company met, not to amuse each other, but to be amused at the expense of the entertainer. What would you think now-a-days of seeing a great ship at one end of the table, and a great castle at the other, with a deer in the middle, having an arrow sticking in his side—all made of pastry? The ladies pretend to compassionate the wounded deer, and perhaps a little girl is prevailed upon to pull out the arrow—whereupon a stream of claret spouts all over the table. Then the ship, which is provided with little cannon, loaded with real powder, begins suddenly to bombard the castle; the castle returns the cannonade as bravely; and so, in the midst of smoke, and screams, and laughter, the fun is at an end. This is somewhat nonsensical for the few minutes it lasts: the way to get an evening's true and harmless amusement is to depend upon ourselves.

You must have observed that when the party meet there is always a good deal of reserve at first. The boys and girls sit eyeing one another gravely: the older among them stand upon their dignity, and wonder how it will be possible to play with such children. After tea, the table is wheeled away into a corner (where the little old maid is sitting), and the circle draws round the fireside. Mamma, or the eldest daughter, or the governess, asks them what they will play at? and they look at one another in silence, as if afraid of compromising themselves. Some whispers are exchanged here and there; but the tallest make themselves as stiff in their chairs as so many Maypoles, and cast their eyes upon some books of prints on a side-table, as if thinking they would furnish more suitable amusement for *them*.

This awkward pause is broken by a "trifle light as air;" for the youngest child, picking up a feather from the carpet, gives it a puff, which sends it towards the circle of Mandarins. A little girl cannot refrain from a modest puff as it passes, and up it mounts into the air, where it attracts the attention of all. As it descends, several pairs of demure lips prepare

themselves by instinct, and another puff—another—and another—passes it rapidly on. The tallest at length thinks no more of his height than as an advantage which will bring him nearer the object. The governess puffs as zealously as any of them; mamma herself cannot refrain; and the little old maid, although she is at the other side of the room, bends unconsciously over the table with her lips pursed. The zeal grows warmer and warmer; and at length, one by one, all start upon their feet, big and little, old and young, and with their heads almost meeting, keep puff, puffing till the feather disappears. "Ye smile," says an author, treating of this subject—

——— 'Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while;'

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff, puffing, and that competition, might be the subject of a homily too grave for Christmas-time!"

Sometimes this accidental amusement is systematised into a regular game. The feather, or tuft of floss-silk, or anything else light enough to float in the air, is puffed from one of the circle to the next; and the unfortunate per-

son who suffers it to drop is condemned in a forfeit. The most amusing, however, is what I have described above; and it would be difficult for one who has never witnessed the sport to fancy the eager looks and determined lips that follow the flying feather. When people, however, have light hearts and good heads (for it requires sound sense to enjoy innocent fun!), it is surprising how mere a trifle causes merriment. Do you know what we who are learned in fireside amusements call "Forcing a Laugh?" It is nothing more than this:—"Ha!" cries one, looking into his neighbour's face; "Ha!" answers she instantaneously; "Ha!" says the next as quickly; "Ha!—ha!—ha!"—round it goes like lightning, till the gravity of the proceeding—for everybody is anxious to be in time with his "Ha!"—excites such a feeling of the ridiculous, that the forced laugh changes into a natural one, and ends in a general roar.

A laugh is a capital thing in its own time, although very silly and impertinent when out of season; but a laugh that is occasioned by mere noise, forms, it must be confessed, a somewhat alarming accompaniment. Since we are beginning at anyrate, however, with a *crash*

(like the overture of most operas), we may as well have out our instruments at once, and indulge in a "Concert."

The performers are ranged in a circle, in the midst of which stands the leader of the orchestra, whose business it is to beat time, and to see that each of the rest does his duty, and who can stop the performance instantaneously by a movement of his hand. It is now settled what instrument each one is to play. Violin holds out his left hand, and places the right across it to serve for a bow; Horn doubles up both hands, and puts them to his mouth; Piano spreads out her fingers upon a table; Harp takes a chair with her left hand, and prepares to touch the imaginary strings with the other; and so on with Drum, Fife, Base-Drum, Kettle-Drum, Cymbals, Clarionet, Hand-Organ, Hurdy-gurdy—in short, as many instruments as there are performers. All this being arranged, the leader claps his hands, and off they go. "Tweedle-dee—tweedle-dee!" squeaks Violin; "Twang-twang—twang-twang!" sings Harp; "Too-hoo—too-hoo!" roars Trumpet; "Rub-a-dub—rub-a-dub!" thunders Drum; and so on, every performer making a sound with his lips

to imitate his instrument, till the whole room trembles to the noise of the concert, and the little old maid stops her ears.

Suddenly the leader claps his hands again, and an instantaneous silence takes place. He fixes his eyes sternly upon Drum.

"Why don't you rub-a-dub better?" demands he.

"Because one of my drum-sticks is broken," replies Drum. Thus satisfied, the leader gives the signal anew, and the concert is resumed. By and by another clap of the hands causes another instantaneous silence, and he looks this time at Miss Piano; but she, confused with the suddenness of the address, and minding more what her neighbours are doing than her own business, answers to the question, "Why don't you play better?" by saying, "Because one of my harp-strings is loose!" Miss Piano is of course fined in a forfeit for her inadvertence; for in this world we must always mind what we are about if we would get quietly along.

Second Evening.

THE BALL OF WOOL—THE CANDLE RELIGHTED—THE OLD SOLDIER—LIMPING TOM—THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF—HONEY-POTS—MILKING-PAILS.

The German game of the "Ball of Wool" is some little advance beyond "Blowing the Feather." The wool is rolled lightly up into a ball, and placed upon the table, when the company set themselves earnestly to puff it off, the one at whose right hand it falls being fined in a forfeit. A hurricane is soon blowing from every point of the compass on the unlucky ball, which staggers from side to side, like a ship blown by contrary winds. After a while, however, the winds abate—for people can't blow and laugh at the same time, you know—and forfeits flow in thick and fast, till at last there are only two combatants left. And now the struggle begins in right earnest, and the longest-winded rises as proud and triumphant as any victorious general after a hard-fought battle.

When candles are first brought into the room, the boys are usually eager to blow one of them out—supposing that there is only one pair—in order to give their companions the satisfaction of relighting the other. The operator sits on one foot, with the other crossed over the knee; but as he cannot retain so constrained a position for more than a few moments, as soon as the candles can be brought to bear upon each other, he falls back sprawling upon the carpet, amidst the laughter of the others.

But mamma thinks this rather dangerous sport, and taking away the candles, proposes a quiet game at "Old Soldier" instead. So they all sit round in a corner; and trying to remember that they must not say "yes," "no," "black," "white," or "scarlet," in their answers to the expected questions, wait the coming of the Old Soldier with demure faces.

"What will you give an Old Soldier?" says he to the first: "he is very much in want of a coat."

"Well, I'll give him a green one."

"A *green* one! A soldier would look ridiculous in a green coat: wont you give him any other?"

"No I wont."

"Ah, give me a forfeit for that 'no.'"

"Wont you, miss, give some of your pretty black hair to make the Old Soldier a wig?"

"No," says miss, laughing: "I think *white* hair more becoming an old man."

"Oh, dreadful! two mistakes already. Two forfeits, please."

The next game I shall mention will be, for the sake of variety, "Limping Tom." The hen sits in the middle, while her chickens form a circle round her; and the fox limps on the outside, coming nearer and nearer by degrees. At last the hen says—

"Who goes round my house this night?"
"None but Limping Tom."
"Do you want any of my chickens this night?"
"None but this poor one!"

And with that he seizes the smallest child, and carries it away to his lair—which is the sofa, or some other convenient corner. Thus he goes round until he has got all the "poor ones;" and then the hen runs about crying, "Where are my chickens?—where are my chickens?" And some of the chickens, on hearing her voice, try to run away to her, and the fox has sharp

work to prevent them. He puts them all behind him, however, in Indian file—that is, one after the other—holding on by each other's clothes, and goes out to meet the bereaved mother, who tries to run behind him, and get back her children. If she takes hold of any one, she can carry it away, and put it behind her. The fox keeps his booty as well as he can, although the hen generally contrives to get back her chickens; and then she becomes the fox herself, and goes "round the house" as Limping Tom.

"The Shepherd and the Wolf" is a similar game to this; the lambs taking the place of the chickens, and the wolf that of the fox.

Another game something like this is "Honey-Pots." Here all but two sit in a row, with their pinafores or handkerchiefs over their heads —these are the honey-pots—and one stands up to sell them. Presently the purchaser comes and says, "Have you any nice honey this morning?"

"Oh yes," says the merchant: "here are a number of nice pots."

"Well, I will buy them all. Will you help me to carry them home?"

This is done by the honey-pot clasping his or her hands beneath the knees, and the merchant and purchaser each taking an arm, or "handle," as it is called, carrying her away, and setting her down in a corner. When all have been thus removed, the merchant comes and says, "I think you have taken away my daughter, and I suspect she is among those honey-pots."

"No, indeed; they are all good honey, and you can taste them."

So the merchant opens a small space in the pinafore, and pretends to taste the honey. "Ah," says he, "that tastes very like my little girl."

"Yes!" cries the little girl, and springs up, and runs away, with the purchaser after her, who tries to catch her; but while she is doing so, all the others run away too, and the game is ended.

In Germany they have a kind of dramatic game somewhat akin to this, which I shall describe to you on account of its oddity, for I have not seen it played in this country. It is called the "Milking-Pails," and is always played by girls. Two of the girls are mother and daughter: half the others join hands, and form a line, with

the mother in the middle; and the other half do the same by the daughter. The daughter then walks slowly forwards and backwards, with her companions, before her mother, and chants—

"Mary's gone a-milking, mother, mother;
Mary's gone a-milking, mother, dear mother mine."

Then the mother answers in the same way—

"Take your pails, and go after her, daughter, daughter;
Take your pails, and go after her. daughter, dear daughter mine."

"Then buy me a pair of new milking-pails, mother, mother;
Then buy me a pair of new milking-pails, mother, dear mother mine."

"But where's the money to come from, daughter, daughter?
But where," &c.

"Sell my father's feather-bed, mother, mother;
Sell my father's," &c.

"But where will your father sleep then, daughter, daughter?
But where," &c.

"Oh he can have the servant's bed, mother, mother;
Oh he can have," &c.

"But what will the servant sleep on, daughter, daughter?
But what," &c.

"Put him in the pigsty, mother, mother;
Put him," &c.

"Then where shall we put our pig, daughter, daughter?
Then where shall we," &c.

"Put it in the washing-tub, mother, mother;
Put it," &c.

"And where shall we wash our clothes, daughter, daughter?
And where shall," &c.

"Wash by the sea-side, mother, mother;
Wash," &c.

"But suppose the clothes should blow away, daughter, daughter?
But suppose," &c.

"Then take a boat and go after them, mother, mother;
Then take," &c.

"And if the boat were upset, daughter, daughter?
And if the boat," &c.

"Then there would be an end of you, mother, mother;
Then there," &c.

"Oh you cruel daughter!" cries the mother

in a rage, and chases her unnatural child round the room.

Third Evening.

PUSS IN THE CORNER—SMUGGLERS—CAT AND THE MOUSE—MAGIC MUSIC—SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON—THE GARDEN-GATE—CUPID'S COMING—MY MASTER SENDS ME TO YOU, SIR—THE GRAND MUFTI—MR RED-CAP.

I suppose "Puss in the Corner" is too old a game for any of you to be unacquainted with it; but at anyrate you play at it thus:—Four of you take the four corners of the room, and one stands in the middle. One Puss cries to the other, "Puss, puss, give me a drop of water;" and then both make a rush to exchange places. But if the Puss in the middle can dart into one of the corners before the other gets there, she may keep it, and the other must watch in *her* place to cheat some one else out of a corner.

"Smugglers" is a newer game of the same kind. The "smugglers" stand at "harbour" in a corner of the room, and one entitled the Officer stands on the look-out. At the cry of "Look-out!" the smugglers rush out for the other side of the room. The officer gives chase;

and if he captures one of them, makes him officer, and becomes himself a smuggler.

Another more complicated game of this kind is the "Cat and the Mouse." The company stand hand in hand in a circle, the mouse being inside, and the cat outside. They dance round, raising their arms and lowering them alternately, which gives the cat an opportunity to jump in at one side, while the mouse jumps out at the other. Puss is now a prisoner, and goes round *mi-au-ing;* but as the dance continues, she soon gets out, and chases the mouse, who darts in to save herself. To admit of this, the dancers raise their arms; and if she enters alone, the cat pays a forfeit; but if her enemy gets in with her, it is she who loses.

In "Magic Music" you must get somebody who can play the piano pretty well, but you can generally get mamma or the governess to officiate; and if not, the little old maid, you know, is always at your service. Well, when you have chosen some one for that duty, some one else must leave the room; and while he is gone, you all agree on what he shall do when he comes in. For instance, he shall take a flower out of the vase on the table, and give it to one of the young

ladies. Now, "Come in!" and some simple air is struck up. He approaches the table, and the music increases in animation: he lays his hand on the vase, he takes it up—merrily goes the music: he carries it away—ah, the music dies away: he puts it down, and takes out a flower —bravo! says Piano: he takes the flower, and presents it to a young lady—tush! 'tis not the right one; you can hardly hear what tune is playing: he gives it to another; she takes it with a smile, and the piano drowns every voice with its own. This game is played in the same way by hiding a thing which is to be found, instead of fixing on something to be done.

And now, while I am at the piano, I will show you another game in which it is employed. I never heard the name of it, so you must make one for yourselves. You all join hands in a ring, previously placing a number of chairs round you, with one less than your own number While I play, you all dance round in time to the music; but when I stop, which I will do suddenly, and when you least expect it, you must all make a rush for chairs. Of course one is left without, who pays a forfeit; and whoever has paid three forfeits, is out of the game. An-

other chair is taken away, and the game goes on as before.

I think singing and dancing together have also a good effect. These are both introduced in the pretty French game, "Sur le Pont d'Avignon." You all join hands in a ring; and dancing round in time, you sing—

"Sur le Pont d'Avignon,
On y danse tout en rond."

Then standing still, you turn to the girls on each side of you, and rubbing your closed hands together, chant, "Les blanchisseuses (washerwomen) faitent comme ça: et comme ça." Then all dance round as before. The second time you sit down on the ground; and putting one foot on your lap, make as though you were sewing your shoe with both hands; and looking first at one of your companions, sing, "Les cordonniers (shoemakers) faitent comme ça;" and then at the other, "Et comme ça." The next time you imitate a cross-legged tailor, singing, "Les tailleurs faitent comme ça." Then, "Les charpentiers (carpenters) faitent comme ça"—pretending to saw: and "Les forgerons (blacksmiths) faitent comme ça"

—pretending to hammer on an anvil: and "Les marchandes de modes (milliners) faitent comme ça"—taking up your dress, and hemming it: or, "Les danseuses (dancers) faitent comme ça"—dancing in an affected style; and so on with as many different "comme ças" as you choose.

The "Garden-Gate" is another musical game in English, and sounds very pretty when all the players sing in time. A ring is formed round one in the centre, who stands still till it has danced three times round her, when a pause occurs, and she sings—

"Open wide the garden-gate, the garden-gate, the garden-gate;
Open wide the garden-gate, open, and let me through!"

The circle then wheels round, singing—

"Get the key of the garden-gate, the garden-gate, the garden-gate;
Get the key of the garden-gate, and open, and let yourself through."

Then they stop to listen to the little one within, who, weeping, sobs—

"I've lost the key of the garden-gate, the garden-gate, the garden-gate;
I've lost the key of the garden-gate, and cannot let myself through."

But the circle revolves with the same velocity, crying derisively—

"Then you may stop all night within the gate, within the gate, within the gate;
Then you may stop all night within the gate, unless you have strength to break through."

The captive then rushes to the weakest part of the walls, and tries to break them down—that is, by throwing her whole weight upon the clasped hands of her adversaries; and generally, after two or three trials, contrives to "break through," when the one whose hand first gives way is made captive in her stead.

In "Cupid's Coming" you choose a letter—D, or any other—and take care that your words all end in "*ing;*" then sitting in a circle, the first says to his neighbour, "Cupid's coming!"

"How does he come?" says the other.

"Dreaming," returns he.

"Cupid's coming!"

"How does he come?" says the third.

"Disenchanting;" and so round and round, until there are no more words of the kind. If one stops, unable to remember another word descriptive of Cupid's course, he must leave the

game. This is capital exercise; but you must not forget that whatever *initial* letter you choose, it must always *end* in *ing*.

"My Master Sends me to you, Sir," takes that name from the announcement made by a messenger who comes into the circle.

"My master sends me to you, sir," says he.

"What to do, sir," asks the person he addresses.

"To do as I do;" and he thumps his knee gently with his closed hand. The other imitates him closely; and turning to *his* neighbour with the like injunction, the command is soon flying round the whole circle, and they are all industriously thumping at their knees like so many blacksmiths.

"My master sends me to you, sir," says the messenger again.

"What to do, sir?"

"To do as I do;" and he taps the floor with his foot, still keeping his hand employed as before. The next two commands are the same, only applying to the other leg. Then the master's message is, that they shall sway their bodies to and fro, and then shake their heads. After this, the motions are at the discretion

of the leader; but I always found the foregoing quite enough for me, and indeed the game was usually given up long before it came so far. I never knew any game produce so much laughter as this. No one, but on penalty of a forfeit, must stop any of his different movements for an instant; and the absurd appearance therefore presented on every side—each beating the ground with his feet, thumping his knees with his fists, swaying his body to and fro, and wagging his head—would be too much for the gravity of an anchorite, and make "Bedlam broke Loose" a more appropriate name for the game than any other. It is the leader's duty to inflict the usual fine of forfeits on whomever fails an instant in his part; but as the delay necessary to receive them would make himself open to a fine likewise, it is rarely demanded; but amidst the laughter may every now and then be heard accusations and defences: "You're stopping!" "You stopped!" "I'm not!" "I didn't!"

The "Grand Mufti" is another game something like this, and is a great favourite among the younger players. The Grand Mufti stands up in a chair, and makes some gesture or

grimace, saying each time, "So says the Grand Mufti," or "Thus says the Grand Mufti." When he says "so," the company remain still; but when the word is "thus," every one must imitate him; and a mistake involves a forfeit.

"Mr Red-cap" is another amusing game, but its effect depends entirely upon the animation with which it is played. Each having assumed a name, a handkerchief is suddenly thrown to one, the thrower calling out his name—for instance, "Mr Red-cap!"

"What! I, sir?" says Redcap instantly.

"Yes, you, sir!"

"Not I, sir!"

"Who, then, sir?"

"Mr Bluecap!" and the handkerchief is thrown to that gentleman. The same dialogue is repeated without a moment's interval between the sentences; and an incessant clatter is kept up of "Red-cap! Blue-cap! Yellow-cap! Green-cap! What! I, sir? Yes, you, sir! Not I, sir! Who then, sir?"

Fourth Evening.

ORANGES AND LEMONS—BUFF SAYS BUFF TO ALL HIS MEN—CHITTER-BOB—PRUSSIAN EXERCISE—THE TRAVELLER—THE COACH—MY LADY'S TOILET, &c. &c.

"Oranges and Lemons" is a truly London game, and, I should think, a very old one. The two tallest of the company take each other's hands, and raise their arms high in the form of an arch, while the rest have hold of each other's petticoats or jackets, and pass through, one after another, like a string of cabs at Temple-Bar, the arch singing in a tone as much like a church-chime as possible—

"Oranges and lemons, says the bell of St Clement's;
You owe me five farthings, says the bell of St Martin's;
When will you pay me? says the bell of Old Bailey;
When I grow rich, says the bell of Shoreditch;
When will that be? says the bell of Stepney;
I'm sure I don't know, says the great bell of Bow."

Then changing the chimes into a funereal knell, the bells ring solemnly—

"Here comes a light to light you to bed;
Here comes a chopper to chop—off—the—last—man's
—head."

At these ominous words the arch suddenly lowers, and encloses, unless he be too quick for the chopper, the "last man" of the line. He is then asked, in a whisper, which he prefers—oranges or lemons? and, according to his choice, is put to one side or other. The same proceeding goes on till every one has become a "last man," and all are ranged in opposite factions. The two leaders then try to seize upon the followers of the other; and after a long struggle, the one who obtains all the captives of the other wins the game. This is pretty nearly the same, with the exception of the rhyme, as the modern game of "Queen Victoria's Troops," and the old Scottish one of "Through the Needle-e'e, Boys."

There are several games in which the only art consists in keeping one's gravity while saying absurd things. The company, for instance, are seated in a circle, one with a stick in his hand, who speaks thus:—

"Buff says buff to all his men,
And I say buff to you again;

Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face with a very good grace,
And passes his stick to the very next place."

The speaker now hands his stick to his neighbour with as comical a gravity as possible, and the same thing is repeated till the whole circle has been gone through. Those who suffer themselves to be betrayed into a smile while speaking must pay a forfeit. Another game of the same kind bears the respectable name of "Chitterbob," and the rhyme is thus:—

"There was a man, and his name was Cob;
He had a wife, and her name was Mob;
He had a dog, and his name was Bob;
She had a cat, and her name was Chitterbob.
'Bob,' says Cob;
'Chitterbob,' says Mob.
Bob was Cob's dog;
Mob's cat was Chitterbob:
Cob, Mob, Bob, and Chitterbob."

Of a totally different kind is the "Prussian Exercise." The party form the regiment, with a corporal at their head, and the captain standing before them, who puts them through their exercise.

"Right-about face!" growls he. "Pull

noses!" "Slap cheeks!" "Pinch chins!" "Ground knees!" "Advance two steps, and cough!" "Corporal, slap that fellow's toes with his feet turned out like a dancing-master: doesn't he know that the feet are always worn inwards in this regiment?" "Eyes right!" "Noses left!" The captain then walks up and down for a few minutes, and stopping, cries suddenly, "Present arms!"

This they do by thrusting their arms straight out.

"Fire!"

The corporal immediately obeys by giving the soldier next him a smart nudge; and he, falling upon his neighbour, and his neighbour upon his, the whole line is down like a row of cards. It is best to give the command, "Ground knees," just before "Present arms;" because, as they will then be kneeling, the fall will not be so severe, especially if a cushion or two are placed beside the last victim of war. The oddity of this game, as well as that of the military exercise it represents and ridicules, consists in the precision with which the orders are obeyed at the same instant by the whole company. The more absurd these orders are,

the more laughing there will be; but it must always be contrived that the captain is the smartest boy or girl in the room.

"The Traveller" is another amusing game, depending likewise upon promptitude. The party represent the officials of an inn, some taking the name of different things or persons whose services a traveller may be supposed to require on arriving from a journey. When all are ready, the traveller comes to the inn crying, "Ostler, here take my horse, and see him well rubbed down, put into a comfortable stall, and given a good feed of oats!" Those personating the ostler, horse, stall, and oats, immediately jump up; for all must be sitting. "Landlady," continues the traveller, "can I have a good supper in no time?" (landlady and supper both get up); "and pray send the chamber-maid to look after a room for me. Meanwhile you can tell the landlord to give me a bottle of his best port." Chamber-maid, room, landlord, and port, all start up like the others; or in case of forgetfulness, or slowness, they pay a forfeit. The traveller may mention their names as often as he chooses; but of course he must not ask for anything which is not in the inn.

There are a good many ways of playing this game; that called the "Coach" being, I think, even better than this. The company take the names of different things or persons belonging to the coach — coachman, guard, passengers, horses, wheels, doors, windows, &c.; and one standing up while the rest sit, relates some little anecdote of an accident on a journey, and at every mention of any part or person belonging to the coach, each jumps up as before.

"My Lady's Toilet" is almost the same, except in name. All personate different articles of the toilet—such as Macassar-oil, hair-brush, bracelets, cap, &c. with the exception of one, who is the lady's-maid, standing in the midst.

"My lady wants some Macassar-oil," cries she: "she wants her hair-brush, her cap, or her bracelets," and up jumps what is wanted the moment its name is pronounced. Sometimes the cry is, "My lady wants her whole toilet!" and at these words the toilet all jump up, and, with the lady's-maid herself, make a rush for chairs, of which there is one less than the persons present. The unlucky individual who is left without a seat becomes lady's-maid in turn.

We may now take a single glance at those

active games which are as household words among us, and which are too well known to require much description.

"Hunt the Slipper" is, I daresay, the oldest of these. The company sit on the floor in a circle, one personating the cobbler, and another the hunter. The hunter brings a slipper to the cobbler, saying, "I want this shoe mended; when will it be ready?"

"To-morrow morning," replies the cobbler. So the hunter goes away for a few moments, and then returns for his slipper; but he is put off to another day, and another, and another, until, losing patience, he declares he will find it himself; and then commences a hunt after it, each one passing it rapidly round to his neighbour. He with whom it is caught becomes hunter.

A newer and prettier game than this—"Hunt the Ring"—is played with a ring strung upon a ribbon, which passes round the whole circle instead of a slipper.

In "Hunt the Squirrel" all stand in a circle, holding hands, excepting the squirrel, who walks round and round behind backs with a handkerchief in his hand, which he drops next the individual he thinks most off his guard.

This one immediately darts after the squirrel, singing—

"Hunt the squirrel through the wood!
Now I've lost him—now I've found him;
Hunt the squirrel through the wood!"

When caught, the pursuer becomes squirrel himself.

"I Wrote a Letter to my Love" is very similar to this, the words only being different. The one who goes round with the handkerchief says—

"I wrote a letter to my love,
And on my way I dropt it,
I dropt it, I dropt it;"

dropping the handkerchief at the last word. The pursuer must take particular care to go in and out at the same places as the other, or he is liable to a forfeit.

"Hide-and-Seek" takes its name from some small object, such as a thimble, a ball of worsted, &c. being hidden in the absence of one of the party. He is then recalled, and told to "go seek it." When he approaches nearer and nearer the hiding-place, it is the duty of the others to cry, "You are getting warm!" "You are hot!" "Oh dear! you are quite in a

blaze!" But when he is not in the right scent, and goes to some other part of the room, he is said to be "cold," "freezing," &c. When the article is found, the person who hid it leaves the room, that he may take his turn in seeking.

I suppose it is scarcely necessary to say much about "Blind-Man's-Buff." The eyes of the blind man are well bandaged with a handkerchief, and he is then made to turn round three times, in order that he may get confused as to the geography of the room. The others then run about him, touching his arms, sometimes even pinching his fingers, but taking pretty good care not to be caught. If one, however, is seized, he may get off by the blind man being unable to tell his name; but if once fairly caught and identified, he becomes, as a matter of course, the blind man.

The "French Blind Man," instead of having his eyes blindfolded, has his hands tied behind his back; and thus disabled, he endeavours to catch his companions.

"Shadow-Buff" is an exceedingly quiet game, though well suited for a winter's evening. A large white cloth is put up against the wall, so as to make a smooth surface, and allow the

light to fall well upon it. Buff then sits before it, so that he cannot see his companions, who, dressing themselves up as grotesquely as possible, throw their shadows upon the white surface; and he has to guess the name of each as he appears.

"Blind-Man's-Wand" is much like "Blind-Man's-Buff," but here the blind man is accommodated with a small stick or wand. The others dance round him, joining hands; and he then stretches out the stick; the one who is touched takes hold of it by the point, and replies in a feigned voice to three questions of the blind man. If the latter recognises him, they change places; but if not, Buffy has to make another venture.

All the games of these four evenings are little more than mechanical—that is to say, they might be played as well by machines, if machines could speak. Of course some are better than others, and some may be made more amusing by the intelligence of the boys and girls employed in them; but I mean that they do not require any knowledge, or exercise any faculty but the memory, and that only in a trifling degree. We shall now get on, however,

to games not less amusing, but demanding a little more thought and information, or where they depend upon the memory, keeping that faculty upon a greater stretch.

Fifth Evening.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS — DUMB MOTIONS — FLY AWAY, PIGEON — ELEMENTS — JACK STRAWS — JERKING STRAWS — NEWSPAPER — DUMB ORATOR.

On arriving at the amusements which require somewhat more intelligence in the players than the preceding ones, I might begin no doubt in a lecturing key if I was in the mood; but I always think that play is best considered as play, and study as study; and at anyrate you must know I am but very *little* of an old maid. I shall not even affect a much clearer arrangement than on the former evenings; for the truth is, there is a certain confusion and uproariousness, as it were, running throughout the whole of these juvenile games which make my little head turn round.

"Farmers and Mechanics" is another of this

kind of game; but instead of a *word*, it is a *trade* which has to be discovered, and everything is indicated by signs. Thus when the one who left the room re-enters, if the trade chosen is that of a farmer, the others will all be employed in the different occupations of a farmer: one will be reaping in a fine crop of nothing with papa's stick, with another perhaps gleaning after him; one, taking hold of the legs of a dining-room chair, will form it into a serviceable plough; in one corner a boy will be engaged in thrashing with his sister's parasol; and in another the sister will be busily engaged in making butter in an invisible churn. If they are mechanics, they may mend their shoes in concert, or saw at the chairs with a stick, hammer nails into the pianoforte, plane the rosewood-table, or do anything else, so that they all agree in acting one employment, which may form a good indication of their trade. When he who was out guesses it, another takes his place, and another trade is of course chosen.

"Dumb Motions" is just the same as this, but the players are not obliged to be either farmers or mechanics, but may choose a shop in which to exercise their ingenuity.

Here is a quick, lively, little game, very different from the last — "Fly away, Pigeon!" The leader sits with his feet on a stool, so as to make a large lap; or, which is better, all sit round a little table. The leader then puts his finger down upon it, and the others place all their fingers round his. "Fly away, pigeon!" cries he suddenly, and up all the fingers start. Then they all settle down again. "Fly away, eagle!" cries he again, and off they all go once more. "Fly away, bull!" is now the cry, and away most of the fingers fly as before, not remembering that bulls have no wings. Those who make this mistake pay a forfeit amidst the laughter of the others. "Fly away, feather!" cries the leader again; but the others, taught by the last experience, keep all their fingers fixed to the table, and the leader's flies up alone.

"Why don't you fly?" says he.

"Why, feathers don't fly, do they? They have no wings!"

"No, but they fly for all that. Don't you remember the 'Persecuted Feather' we played at some evenings ago, when the feather flew all round the room, and afterwards went up the chimney?" So the leader, like an

Eastern king, settles all disputes by his own decision.

In the "Elements" you require to have your wits as much about you as in the "Pigeon." This game creates much laughter—not from its comicality, but because of the frequent and ridiculous mistakes committed by those who are engaged in it. Before describing the game, I must premise that the only "elements" acknowledged in this game are earth, water, and air—fire being omitted, because there are no creatures known to exist in it, the salamanders we sometimes read of in old books being fabulous creatures. When all are prepared, the beginner of the proceedings takes a handkerchief, and looking at some one, as if he were about to throw it at him, suddenly darts it at another person, crying, "Air" (or whatever element he chooses); "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten!*" The other, if he be ready-witted, will answer, before the numbers are over, "Sparrow," or the name of some other bird; but frequently, when thus taken by surprise, he will either remain in a state of stupid perplexity, or give the name of a four-footed beast as an inhabitant of the air! If he make a

mistake, he pays a forfeit; but at anyrate throws the handkerchief in his turn, and soon meets with plenty of companions in misfortune, whose forfeits are forming into a pile on the table.

There is a newer game under the same name, but I do not think it an improvement on the old one. Here the players sit in a circle, and the handkerchief being pinned into a ball, is thrown in the same manner, but without any given time being fixed for the answer. Of course, therefore, this game is not so lively as the other.

A good deal of care and delicacy of touch is required for "Jack Straws." A number of little straws, or fine splinters of wood bearing this name, are procured, and placed on end on the table, meeting at the top, something in the same way as we see the new-mown corn in the fields. Three of these little straws are marked in a peculiar manner—each one different—and called King, Queen, and Bishop. The difficulty of the game (and those who have tried it will agree with me in thinking it a difficulty) is by means of a little pin bent in the form of a hook, and stuck into a splinter, to remove one of these

straws without moving any of the others. If the experimenter succeeds, he lays the straw aside, as the card-players do, counting it as one. After he has obtained that one, he gives up the hook to another, and thus it passes through all the party. He who gets most straws wins the game; if he gets the king, he counts it as four; the queen as three, and the bishop as two. I think, when there are only a few playing, it would be an improvement to divide the party into two, each person playing for his party; if any one, however, moves the heap, he is out of the game.

"Jerking Straws" is exactly similar to this, except that the straws are thrown in a heap upon the table, and each one tries to remove them, under the same conditions, by means of the hook, or a splinter sharpened to a point.

Some games aspire to nothing higher than "raising a laugh" by means of their sheer absurdity. Of these the "Newspaper" is perhaps the most amusing. The company, sitting in a semicircle, assume various trades—such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c.; and when the reader of the newspaper, who selects an

important despatch, pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or the next must immediately help him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading is usually given as an example, and it will do as well as any other:—

"Early in the morning the whole" (looking at one, who immediately continues)—

Dinner-service—

"Was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in"—

Vinegar;

"Armed citizens occupied the"—

Frying-pans;

"Others had taken possession of the"—

Cotton-balls;

"Planted the"—

Marrow bones;

"And surrounded the"—

Scissors.

"All were prepared to"—

Break tumblers.

"All the powder and lead which they found in the"—

Sugar hogsheads

"Were taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to"—

Make gingerbread;

"The students of law and medicine imitated the"—

Worked muslin;

"In fact, Paris appeared like a"—

Chopping-block;

"All the shops were"—

Cut bias;

"And the Royal Guards, Lancers, Swiss, and"—

Teapots,

"Were drawn up on all sides."

The "Dumb Orator" is a kind of little play acted by only two persons, the rest of the party being merely spectators, or relieving these two out of their own ranks when they are fatigued. When two actors have been chosen—the qualities requisite for their parts being only that both should possess plenty of self-possession, and that *one* should be acquainted with a popular speech—they leave the room, and consult with each other which shall be the dumb, and which the speaking orator. The latter then puts on a large cloak, which should likewise

hide completely his associate, who creeps beneath it, with the exception of his arms, which are thrust out before him, to represent the arms of the speaker, these being held close to his side beneath the cloak. When thus prepared, they re-enter the room, resembling as much as possible one individual, and begin the performance. The speaker recites with energy some well-known speech admitting of a great deal of action, while the other gesticulates in a violent manner, throwing out his arms, clasping them together, or beating the speaker's forehead and breast at the pathetic parts; and throwing them in the air, or clenching his hands, when indignation and anger are to be depicted. Neither speaker nor dumb orator can be too energetic, in order to produce the object of the game—a hearty laugh. Any common speech will do; but "My name is Norval" is generally chosen, because it admits of a great deal of acting, and is the speech most familiar to the generality of girls and boys:—

"My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took: then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought, and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master!
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name."

When this speech is well spoken, the exagge-

rated action of the dumb orator has a most absurd effect, and the actors are usually repaid with roars of applause.

Sixth Evening.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? WHEN DO YOU LIKE IT? AND WHERE DO YOU LIKE IT?—PUZZLE WORD—MANY WORDS IN ONE—WATCHWORD—WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?—I LOVE MY LOVE—PROVERBS.

"How do you Like it? When do you Like it? and Where do you Like it?" is the name of a game, a favourite both of young and grown persons. One of the party leaves the room, while the others fix upon some word with two meanings, or rather upon two words with the same sound—such as bell, belle; quay, key—and when the absent person is allowed to re-enter, he must try to find out the word by asking the above questions. His difficulty is, that the answers refer sometimes to the one meaning and sometimes to the other, and he is puzzled by the contradictions. For instance—if the secret to be discovered is quay, key—on his asking the

person next him the usual question, "How do you like it?" the answer will probably be, "Oh, I like it patent." The others will perhaps say, "I like it of stone;" "of steel;" "with a strong foundation;" and so on. The interrogator perhaps can make nothing of so mysterious a thing, and he has recourse to his next chance by demanding, "When do you like it?"

"After a long sea-voyage," says one.

"When I have anything valuable I don't wish to lose," says another.

"When I am locked out," says a third.

The questioner, supposing him to be still unable to discover the word, now puts his last question in desperation, "Where do you like it?"

"By the sea-side."

"In my pocket."

"Attached to my watch-chain." Such an answer as the last generally reveals the secret; but unless the answers are ingeniously framed, it is frequently found out at the first or second question. When the questioner altogether fails in discovering the word, it is customary to condemn him to a second trial with a new word; but I think it would contribute more to the

amusement of the company to put somebody else upon the search, and set the former individual to exercise his small ingenuity in puzzling other people.

The "Puzzle Word" is a very amusing game, and much more difficult than the above. In this case also one of the party leaves the room, while the rest fix upon a word, which he must endeavour to find out by asking *ten* questions. For example, if the word is "paper," on returning into the room, he will ask some one—

1. "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"—Answer (we shall suppose), "Vegetable."

2. "Where does it grow?"—"In most European countries, but more especially in Russia and Prussia."

3. "Is it a food, or a manufactured article?"—"It is manufactured."

4. "What colour is it?"—"Generally white, and often brown; but it can be made of any tint."

5. "It is not food you say—can it be tallow?"—"I am not aware that tallow is a vegetable! Remember that's another question."

6. "How stupid of me! Well, is it used in England? and is it common, or a rarity?"—

"These are two questions. It is common in all civilised places; perhaps more common in Britain than anywhere else."

8. "Is it in this room?"—"Yes."

9. "Is it an article of clothing?"—"No."

10. "What is its most common use?"—"That is hardly a fair question; but it is mostly used to convey our thoughts to one another."

"Ah, it is paper—is it not?"

An easier game than this, which is too difficult for most children, is the "Secret Word." While one is out of the room, the others decide on some common word fit to be introduced, without attracting attention, in all the answers; for when the absent one returns, he is permitted to ask a question of each of the company, and each must make use of the secret word in his reply. Let us suppose that this word is "*care:*"—

"Did you see the Queen when she passed through Glasgow?"

"No: I don't *care* for any sight, however grand, if I have to encounter a crowd to see it."

"Do you ever read the Juvenile Library?"

"Oh yes; I take *care* never to miss a volume."

"Are you fond of conundrums?"

"No; they give one so much trouble and *care* in finding them out."

And so on, round the whole circle, till the word is discovered, when the person whose answer has "let the cat out of the bag" leaves the room in his turn.

"Many Words in One" is of something the same nature, but still easier. Here a word is chosen which has as many letters as there are persons in the room, and each person must say a word beginning with his letter. Thus, when the one who was absent comes in, he fixes his eye upon the first, who says immediately "Prince;" the others then all repeat their words by turns:—

"Lightning."

"Apple-pie."

"Year."

"Truth."

"Herald."

"Ingenuous."

"Nut-cracker."

"Gamesome."

It does not require a very good speller to pronounce this—plaything; but if some of the

players are unacquainted with the game, and the leader tells them what words they are to say, unless they are very clever, they will be exceedingly astonished at the word being guessed so easily.

In the "Watchword" also, it is better that the leader and the guesser alone be acquainted with the game. The game consists in some one touching a thing in the room while the guesser is out of it, and which he has to point out when he returns, though it is impossible he can have seen the action. Thus some one touches a book on the table; the other is recalled, and the leader, pointing to the piano, asks, "Is it this?"

"No."

"Or is it this newspaper?"

"No."

"Is it not this flower-stand?"

"No."

"Nor that purple book?"

"Yes it is."

"Dear me!" cry the others, opening their eyes in innocent astonishment, "how did you find it out?" Very easily: the whole secret is, that whenever the leader changes her question from "Is it *this?*" to "Is it *that?*" or the

reverse, the other knows she points to the object which has been touched. Sometimes the leader whispers the other whether the watch-word will be "this" or "that," but I think it is unnecessary; and it looks more mysterious if there appears to be no communication between the two.

"What is my Thought Like?" is a good game for testing the ingenuity of the players. One of the party thinks of something—a dog, a cat, the sun, moon, stars—anything, in short, he chooses; and then, turning to the others, demands of them, "What is my thought like?" A most unwarrantable and unreasonable question seemingly, for who can tell what an unknown thought is like? However, as there must be an answer, some one will perhaps begin by replying at random, "I think it is like a goose;" and the others, ambitious of giving their opinion, all hazard a conjecture of the thought being "like" some object they themselves think of: "like a table;" "like a wig;" "like a flower;" "like a fire;" "like a frosty morning." When all have said their say, the thinker reveals his thought, and each one, under pain of forfeit, has to prove the resemblance he has ventured to

suppose; and it may be imagined that some merriment is occasioned by the striking contrasts of the two objects. We will suppose a party playing at this game, and the answers have been those I gave as specimens: the thought, for instance, may be a cat. "How can a cat be like a goose?"—"Why, because they are both sometimes seen to eat grass." "Like a table?"—"Because it has four legs." "Like a wig?"—"That is easy; because it is covered with hair." "Like a flower?"—"Because they are both often seen in the drawing-room." "Like a fire?"—"Because both, when touched, give out sparks."* "Like a frosty morning?" —"How can a cat be like a frosty morning? Impossible." And the unlucky wight who gave the answer, unable to find any similarity between them, pays a forfeit in default.

On one occasion, when a party of grown people in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be "Lord Castlereagh," a minister of state, who had a very uninteresting way of speaking in parliament. How could Lord

* When a cat is stroked in the dark, sparks of electricity are seen to issue from her back.

Castlereagh be like a score of incongruous things to which he was likened? Above all things, how could he be like a "*pump*," the resemblance adopted by Moore the poet, who was among the players? The company were delighted to catch a man of wit and genius in so awful a scrape, and crowded round to hear him bungle out his attempt at an impossible explanation. But "Thomas the Rhymer" was not easily caught unprepared, and opening his oracular lips, he instantaneously replied—

"Because it is an empty thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!"

"I Love my Love" is too simple a game to find its natural place here, but it comes into my head because, like "What is my Thought Like?" it was a favourite with the "grown children" of a former age. There are three ways of playing this game. In the first and simplest, which is sometimes called "Alphabetical Compliments," one of the party says to her or his companions, "I love you, *A*, because you are Affectionate; *B*, because you are Beautiful; *C*, because you are Comic;" and so on through the

whole alphabet excepting *X*, as there are no English words commencing with that letter. The two following, however, used to be the most in vogue. In both these the party sit in a circle, and each person takes a letter: the first begins of course by *A*, and without the slightest hesitation—or a forfeit is inflicted—goes through his letter; and the next takes up *B* in his turn, and thus round the whole, until the alphabet is exhausted.

"I love my Love with an *A*," confesses the first, "because he is Amiable. I hate him with an *A*, because he is Ambitious. He took me to the sign of the Abercorn Arms, and treated me with Almonds and Ale. His name is Alexis, and he comes from Ardrossan."

"I love my Love with a *B*," pursues the second, "because he is Beautiful. I hate him with a *B*, because he is a Beau. He took me to the sign of the Belle Savage, and treated me with Bread and Butter. His name is Benjamin, and he comes from Bedford."

"I love my Love with a *C*," exclaims another, "because he is Careful. I hate him with a *C*, because he is Cautious. He took me to the sign of the Cat and Cradle, and treated me to Crab

and Capers. His name is Charles, and he comes from Carolina."

"I love my Love with a *D*," pursues a fourth, "because he is Diverting. I hate him with a *D*, because he is Dainty. He took me to the sign of the Dog, and treated me to Duck and Dates. His name is Duncan, and he comes from Dartford."

"I love my Love with an *E*," says a fifth, "because he is Enthusiastic. I hate him with an *E*, because he is Extravagant. He took me to the sign of the Emerald, and treated me to Egg-hot and Elder-wine. His name is Edward, and he comes from Exeter."

The third way of playing "My Love" is much the same as this; although in it the question is of sending "My Love" to a particular town, and giving him certain articles.

In all these, whoever hesitates, or is unable to find a word beginning with his letter, pays a forfeit.

"Proverbs" belongs to the same more *intellectual* (if I may so term it) class of games as "What is my Thought Like?" In the absence of one of the party from the room, the others pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each

person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose acuteness is to be put to the test re-enters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him; and in the answers, all must take care to introduce the *word* they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discovered to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance, that the one in question is, "All is not gold that glitters." In this case the words "all, is, not, that," introduced into the respective answers, give no clue; but if the person who undertakes "gold" is not very careful to introduce it in such a way as to prevent its making any impression upon the questioner, it is easily connected with "glitters," and so the "cat gets out of the bag" at once. We will fancy, then, by way of example, that a party engaged in this game have fixed upon "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush:" when the questioner enters the room, he will find his companions sitting in a line or circle, and beginning with the person next him, he

will put his questions regularly through the whole.

"Were you out to-day?" he asks carelessly.

"Yes, and had *a* delightful walk."

"Did you ever hear Jenny Lind?"

"Yes I did, and I thought her as superior a singer to every one else of her sex as the nightingale is to every other *bird.*"

"I hear you intend taking lessons yourself?"

"Yes; I mean to attend musical classes *in* winter."

"Do you intend going to see the skating to-morrow?"

"Yes, if *the* day is fine."

"Can you tell me the day of the month?"

"No I cannot, for I have no almanac at *hand.*"

"Pray make some error in your answer, that I may find out the proverb."

"There *is* nothing worth your care, I assure you, in my answer."

"So I see: is there more in yours?"

"Indeed I cannot say mine is *worth* much either."

"Do you not think trying to guess a proverb is as difficult as trying to find your way through a marsh?"

"I daresay you find it so at anyrate; but be easy; in *two* or three minutes you will be relieved."

"Is it not provoking to be told to be easy when you are on the verge of losing patience?"

"Yes, and it seems particularly so *in* your case."

"Well, can you help me?"

"Not in *the* least."

"Now I am at my last chance, and trust to your mercy."

"Trust rather to find an easy seat in a quickset-*bush* than mercy at my hands."

"Hands—bush! Well, I give it up. No!—'bird—hand—bush'—'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'"

But you see it would take a very clever boy or girl to discover this; and perhaps, in some companies, it would not be discovered at all.

Seventh Evening.

CONSEQUENCES—CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS—GENTEEL LADY—CHINESE SHADOWS—SHOPKEEPERS—APPRENTICES.

"Consequences" cannot be played by more than ten persons at one time, who sit round the table, each provided with a pencil. The leader then takes a long slip of paper, and after writing down, if possible in one line, an adjective, such as "the beautiful," "the fascinating," folds the paper over, so as to conceal what he or she has written, and then hands it to the person on his right; the latter writes the name of a young lady present, or who is known to the company; the next writes a similar adjective to the first; the next another name, either feminine or masculine; the next the name of a place, such as "in the garden," "at a concert;" another puts down some action, such as, "dancing the Polka," "eating apples;" another a substantive, such as "book," "smile," "lecture;" another a similar substantive; another gives the opinion of the world; and the last gives the final conse-

quences of the whole. All having "said their say," the leader unfolds the paper, and reads it aloud for the diversion of the party. It should run something in this fashion:—

"The beautiful"
"Miss Smith,"
And "eccentric"
"Master Brown,"
"Were together at a Chartist meeting"
"Dancing the Polka."
"He gave her his opinion of the present state of Bohemia,"
"And she, in turn, presented him with a sugar stick:"
"The world thought the whole proceeding very extraordinary;"
And "the consequences were, that the cat jumped out at the window."

This game can be made much simpler by cutting a piece of card into four dozen slips; and writing on twenty-four of these slips the names of those present, and of your common acquaintances; on twelve more some kind of action, such as playing at battledoor and shuttlecock; and on the remaining twelve the consequences. These slips are then placed in

three little baskets, well shaken, and handed round to the company, each person taking two of the "names," one of the "actions," and one of the "consequences." When all are thus provided, each one, in rotation, opens his budget and reads it aloud. Or sometimes the game is only played by three persons, who each takes charge of a basket, and when the first has read his two "names," the other two bring out their "actions" and "consequences." Here are some examples:—

"Jane Roberts" and "Clara Vincent"
Were together "enjoying a see-saw;"
The consequence was, "they lost their shoes."
"Miss Williams" and "Master Richards"
Were "playing at battledoor and shuttlecock;"
And the consequence was, "they had a fit of the gout."
"James Seymour" and "William Jennings"
Were "hemming some pinafores;"
The consequence was, "they strutted about as proud as peacocks."
"Laura Jervis" and "Miss Pattison"
Were "running a race;"
The consequence was, "they went to loggerheads."

"Cross Questions and Crooked Answers" has so long been a well-known favourite, that I suppose there are few ignorant of its mysteries; however, here it is for the benefit of these few. The company being seated in a circle, one of the party asks his neighbour a question in a whisper, and the answer, which is conveyed to him in the same manner, he treasures up in his memory, until the questions having gone the whole round, it comes to his turn to receive one. Then joining the question he received from one to the answer he had from the other, he tells aloud his "cross question and crooked answer" for the diversion of the company, whose mirth is sometimes greatly excited by the ludicrous effect these little unconnected sentences have when put together. "I was asked," one will perhaps say, "whether I liked ice-cream? and I replied, 'Yes; I should think it would be a great comfort to the dogs of St Bernard.'"

"I was asked," says another in rotation, "whether I liked to see Italian greyhounds wearing their little woollen greatcoats? and I replied, 'I believed they were the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood.'"

"I was asked," says another briskly, "my

opinion of the fountains in Trafalgar Square? and I replied, 'I didn't know I was sure.'"

"And I was asked," cries a fourth, "whether I could skip a hundred jumps on the rope without stopping? and I replied, 'If some one held me by the heels I would.'"

"And I was asked," adds a fifth, "if I thought I could hang on for six hours to a branch of a tree without falling? and I replied, 'I was afraid my great toe would be in the way.'" And so on to the end of the chapter—that is, till every one is wearied.

With those who are fond of laughter and absurdities, the "Genteel Lady" will be a favourite. No forfeits are exacted in this game, which is only played by girls; but a number of little paper horns being prepared, she who makes the slightest mistake is favoured with one of these ornaments by way of punishment. All being seated in a circle, the first lady affects to come as a messenger from some unknown friend (a kind of "Mrs Harris") to her neighbour on the left, saying politely, "Good-morning, genteel lady, always genteel; I, a genteel lady, always genteel, come from a genteel lady, always genteel, to tell you that she owns an

eagle with a golden beak." The lady, properly impressed with this singular fact, immediately turns to *her* neighbour, and says, with equal civility, "Good-morning, genteel lady, always genteel; I, a genteel lady, always genteel, come from a genteel lady, always genteel, to say that she owns an eagle with a golden beak and *silver claws.*" The next, full of the important news, turns to the lady next her, and repeats the exact words she has heard, after the usual compliments; "an eagle," says she, "with a golden beak, silver claws, and—and"—— Wo to her if she cannot remember the other perfections of this wonderful bird, for she will be invested with a horn for the rest of the game, and another will take up her place, and say, "Good-morning, genteel lady, always genteel; I, a genteel lady, always genteel, come from a *horned* lady, always horned, to say that she owns an eagle with a golden beak, silver claws, and a *lace skin.*" The next in the circle repeats, if she can, the same words, adding, however, "diamond eyes" to the list. As the slightest mistake is punished by a horn, before the game is finished, most of the heads are bristling with paper, so that the last lady is

able to say, "Good-morning, two-horned lady, *always* two-horned (laughing); I, a three-horned lady, always three-horned (weeps), come from a five-horned lady, *always* five-horned (laughing immoderately), to say that she owns an eagle with a golden beak, silver claws, lace skin, diamond eyes, and *purple feathers.*"

"Chinese Shadows" is of something the same nature as "Shadow-Buff," and when well managed, forms a very good substitute for the magic-lantern. A white sheet, or large white cloth of some kind, is drawn tightly over the window, or upon the wall—a couple of steel forks at top and bottom will keep it stretched very nicely. Before this the spectators are seated, while two or three of their companions stand behind them, and throw the shadow of a number of figures, cut in paper, upon the smooth surface. If ingeniously managed, this play may be exceedingly interesting. You may form a very pretty scene by keeping the shadow of a little house stationary at one side of the space you have marked out on the sheet for your stage—which may appear lighted up, by having the windows cut out, so that the light may shine through. Around this, and at the other side of

the stage, trees may be planted, and the figures of minute birds, suspended on wires or fine threads, be made to dart about through them. A couple or more of human figures may then appear, and by the mouth of the operators hold humorous conversations. Or a battle-piece may be represented; a man passing along the road with his cart; a hunt, with the sportsmen chasing the deer before them. As these scenes appear, one of the performers may increase the spectators' interest by giving them high-sounding titles, and describing a part of the picture. Thus, if the representation is a battle-piece, he may cry, "This is the battle of Crecy, which was fought in 1346; in the middle is Edward the Black Prince, holding his sword above his head." If it is a hunt—"This is the royal party at Balmoral, her Majesty and the Prince riding first."

"The Shopkeepers" comprehends the whole company: there is no leader, and no spectators. Each person takes a profession of some kind: some are druggists, and some are haberdashers; some are stationers, and others furniture-warehousemen; every one, however, has something to sell, and asks the opinion of the merchant

next him whether it belongs to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. If he answers wrongly, he is not allowed to sell any of his goods until the next time the question comes round. We will suppose a party playing at this game, and that the first shopkeeper, turning to the one beside him, says, "I am a tea-dealer, and have some green tea to sell; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"It is vegetable, because it is the leaves of a shrub that grows in China. I am a haberdasher, and have a card of mother-of-pearl buttons to sell; are they animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"They are mineral, because they are formed of the shell of an oyster." (This occasions an argument, an oyster being an animal; but the company settle it that the shell is only the oyster's house.) "I am a doctor, and have some peppermint-drops to sell; are they animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"They are vegetable, because they are made of sugar, which is extracted from the sugar-cane in the West Indies, and are flavoured with the juice of the peppermint plant. I am a stationer, and have a bunch of quill pens to sell; are they animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Animal, because they are plucked from the wings of a goose. I am an upholsterer, and have a mirror to sell; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"It is both vegetable and mineral, because it is composed of sand, soda, and quicksilver, and its frame is of wood, usually gilded. I am a small-ware dealer, and have some whalebone to sell; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Vegetable, is it?"

"Oh, dear no! Don't you know it is taken from the great sea-monster, the whale? But let us begin again."

The shopkeepers may then change their sex, and become the mothers of an "Apprentice." One of them, after having apprenticed her son to a good trade, tells her neighbour the fact, and also favours her with the initial letters of the first thing he sold, which are to enable her to guess the name of the article. Says the first —"I apprenticed my son to a mercer, and the first thing he sold was S. S."

"Shaded silk, was it? Well, I apprenticed my son to a shoemaker, and the first thing he sold was a pair of C. S."

"Carpet slippers, I suppose? And I, having

apprenticed my son to a grocer, I went the next morning and bought a pound of M. from him."

"A pound of M.? Oh, maccaroni! I apprenticed my son to a stationer, and he says the first thing he sold was a sheet of B. P."

"Brown paper?"

"No."

"Well, blotting-paper? I apprenticed my son to an ironmonger, and the first thing he sold was a C. S."

"Coal scuttle? Well, *my* son was more respectably connected by being apprenticed to a bazaar-master, and the first thing he sold was a box of C. M.'s."

"C. M.'s—C. M.'s! What *can* that be?"

"Cigar matches."

"Oh, no wonder we could not find that out."

Eighth Evening.

BUZ!—TEN FINE BIRDS—PETER PIPER—MR ROBERT ROWLEY—DIDON DINA—PARAPLUIE—TON THE—GROS, GRAS, GRAIN D'ORGE—SI J'ETAIS PETIT POT DE BEURRE—SI J'ETAIS PETITE POMME—GAPING, WIDE-MOUTHED, WADDLING FROG—GRAND PANJANDRUM.

"Buz!" is a good exercise in arithmetic, and, besides, a very amusing game. It stands quite alone in its kind, for I think there is no other similar. It merely consists in repeating all the numbers of the multiplication-table except seven, for which the word buz is substituted. Thus, beginning at the right hand, the first person says "one," the next "two," the next "three"—"four"—"five"—"six"—"buz!" This is continued through all the multiplications of seven—such as 14, 21, 28, and likewise wherever the number seven should be used—17, 27, 37; and so on. When the number gets beyond seventy, "buz-one," "buz-two," &c. is said; and seventy-seven is "buz-buz." If any one names a wrong number, speaks out of his turn, or delays speaking after five is counted mo-

derately fast, he has to pay a forfeit, and begin the game anew, by saying, "one;" when the numbers will go round again, commencing on the left hand.

The "Ten Fine Birds" requires to be learnt before being played, as it is rather an exercise for the memory than a regular pastime; or at anyrate the leader should be well acquainted with it, in order to exact a forfeit from all who stumble in their parts. The leader commences by saying, "A good fat hen;" and this is repeated by the whole circle, one after another. "Two ducks, and a good fat hen," says the leader again, and so say all the rest. "Three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen," is now the sentence. "Four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." This having gone round as before, "Five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen," is next given out. "Six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Waiting until the echo has died away, the leader commences again—"Seven green parrots,

six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Adding again, "Eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." This having been said, "Nine ugly turkey-buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen," is the next round; and "Ten bald eagles, nine ugly turkey-buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen," is the finale. "The House that Jack Built," "The Little Old Woman that Lived in a Vinegar Bottle," and other games of the same nature, may be substituted for the "Ten Fine Birds," by way of variety.

Sometimes the difficulty of the game consists in the pains it takes to "get one's tongue about the words," or in the mere oddity of the sound. For instance, in the well-known "Peter Piper"—

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Or in a cousin-german of Peter's, "Mr Robert Rowley"—

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

The following French sentences are of a similar kind:—

DIDON DINA.

Didon dina, dit-on, du dos d'un dodu dindon.

PARAPLUIE.

Etant sorti sans parapluie, il m'eût plus plu qu'il plût plus tôt.

TON THÉ.

A Frenchman having taken herb tea for a cough, his neighbour asked him, "Ton thé, t'a t'il oté ta toux?"

GROS, GRAS, GRAIN D'ORGE.

"Gros, gras, grain d'orge, quand te dégragragrain-d'orgeriseras-tu?" Second time going round: "Je me dégragragrain-d'orgeriserai, quand tous les autres gros gras grains d'orge se dégragragrain-d'orgeriseront."

SI J'ÉTAIS PETIT POT DE BEURRE.

"Si j'étais petit pot de beurre, je me dépetit-pot-de-beurre-rais comme je pourrais." The next time going round: "Et vous, si vous étiez petit pot de beurre, *comment* vous dépetit-pot-de-beurriez-vous?"

SI J'ÉTAIS PETITE POMME.

"Si j'étais petite pomme d'api, je me dépetite-pomme-d'apierais, pomme je pourrais." The second one must repeat this, word for word; and the third must ask, "Et vous, si vous étiez petite pomme d'api, *comment* vous dépetite-pomme-d'apieriez-vous?" The fourth must repeat this without mistake.

A very difficult game of memory is a very odd one, the "Gaping, Wide-Mouthed, Waddling Frog." One of the players, handing anything he pleases to his neighbour, says, "Take this!" The next answers, "What's this?" to which the first replies—

"A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog."

The second does the same thing to a third; adding—

"Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, wide-mouthed," &c.

And so on through the whole party.

Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;

Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Eight joiners in a joiner's stall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I don't know, and I don't care;
Eight joiners in a joiner's stall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;

Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Ten comets in the sky,
Some low, and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I don't know, and I don't care;
Eight joiners in a joiner's stall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Eleven ships sailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and some for Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low, and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I don't know, and I don't care;

Eight joiners in a joiner's stall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, &c.

Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds;
Eleven ships sailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and some for Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low, and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I don't know, and I don't care;
Eight joiners in a joiner's stall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall;
Five puppies buy a rounded ball,
Which daily for their breakfast call;

Four horses stuck in a bog;
Three monkeys tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog;
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

This odd composition is the more difficult to remember, from the ideas it contains having no connection with each other, but being simply absurd. It is surpassed, however, in the same respect by a piece of drollery known as the "Grand Panjandrum," invented by Foote, the humorous writer, to puzzle a man who had boasted of his memory. Here it is:—

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops his head into the shop. What! no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

Ninth Evening.

CAPPING VERSES — CENTO VERSES — CRAMBO, OTHERWISE THE AMERICAN GAME, OTHERWISE THE GAME OF QUESTIONS AND NOUNS.

There is a class of juvenile amusements which leans in some degree upon literature, and has therefore an air of more elegance than the others. All of this class require a certain amount of ingenuity, and imply some acquaintance with at least common books.

"Capping Verses" is an old game, that seldom fails to amuse young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. One of the party recites a verse of poetry, and the next must immediately repeat another, beginning with the same letter as the last word of the first verse began with, out of some different piece. Thus, if the first repeats—

> "Go, lovely rose!
> Tell her that wastes her time and me,
> That now she knows,
> When I resemble her to thee,
> How sweet and fair she seems to be"—

The next immediately continues—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Blessed be thy dwelling-place!
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper-song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!"

"My beautiful—my beautiful! that standeth meekly by
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!"

"So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaidens whispered, 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'"

"Cento Verses" is a much more difficult pastime than this, and was formerly thought worthy of being the occupation of high and celebrated persons, though it has now degenerated into a fireside game for young people. Instead of a verse, each person in this case has a single line of poetry to say; but every two, or every two alternate lines, must rhyme with each other. As an example will show my meaning better than any description I can give, here are some verses compounded of these lines:—

"On Linden when the sun was low,"
"A frog he would a-wooing go;"
"He sighed a sigh, and breathed a prayer:"
"None but the brave deserve the fair."

"A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,"
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;"
"Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,"
"Or who would suffer being here below?"

"The youngest of the sister arts"
"Was born on the open sea;"
"The rest were slain at Chevy-Chase,"
"Under the greenwood tree."

"At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,"
"And says—remembrance saddening o'er each brow"—
"Awake, my St John!—leave all meaner things!"
"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

"It was a friar of orders gray,"
"Still harping on my daughter;"
"Sister spirit, come away"
"Across this stormy water."

"On the light fantastic toe,"
"Othello's occupation's gone;"
"Maid of Athens, ere I go,"
"Were the last words of Marmion."

"There was a sound of revelry by night"
"In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,"
"And comely virgins came with garlands dight"
"To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego."

"Oh! the young Lochinvar came out of the west,"
"An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he;"
"A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,"
"Far more than I once could foresee."

The game of "Crambo"—for I like odd names—is sometimes called the "American Game," and sometimes the "Game of Questions and Nouns." Let each of the party be provided with two slips of paper of different sizes, and write on the one a question, on the other a

noun; then fold them up separately, and drop them into a basket, a hat, or any convenient receptacle placed ready to hold them. The papers, when thus collected, must be shuffled and handed round, when each of the company takes two—the larger containing a question, which he is to answer, and the smaller a noun, which, however foreign to the subject, he must introduce into the answer. Be it remembered that the answers, and, if practicable, the questions, must be in verse. This partly constitutes the difficulty of the game; but an obstinate, impracticable noun, which will not take its place quietly in verse, is a very serious obstacle.

Of course the papers are in due time collected and read aloud by one of the party for the amusement of the rest, no one present knowing by whom they are severally written. Here is a wide field for the imagination—a rare opportunity for "popping the question" without feeling any alarm as to the consequences. Imagine yourself for a moment making one of a Christmas party so occupied, and eagerly examining the papers it has been your lot to draw One of them is written in a pretty feminine hand, and contains an anxious inquiry for your

opinion on the subject of ladies' eyes—"whether black eyes or blue you prefer?" while coupled with it, written in large characters on the other slip, is the unintellectual noun "mince-pies." "How provoking!" you exclaim. "What in the world have mince-pies to do with a lady's most charming feature?" and you gaze despairingly on the bright orbs around you, and wish people would not put such words into the basket. But patience; even more unmanageable words have been pushed into rhyme, and very successfully too. If I may venture to introduce to your notice a few specimens of this amusing game, written by a few friends sitting by my own fireside, I think this point will be clearly established. The nouns in question are printed in *italics*:—

"Which do you prefer—riding or walking?"

"Gladly I'd walk
To hear you talk,
And list to your accents sweet;
Gladly I'd ride
By your dear side,
But it would not be *étiquette*."

Or, again; plumpudding is surely as difficult to manage in a stanza as mince-pies; but we

think it appears to advantage in the following couplet:—

"How felt your heart—
Pray softly tell—
When Cupid's dart
Upon it fell?"

"How felt my heart? Why, sure that's a good 'un;
It felt like an o'erboiled Christmas *plumpudding!*"

The mention of pudding giving rise to the inquiry—

"Since you talk of pudding, is it not to be dreaded,
That, by having too much, you become pudding-headed?"

It was met by the following tart rejoinder, in which the "walnut-shell" proves a useful auxiliary instead of an annoyance to the versifier:—

"To judge from the specimen furnished by you,
I fear the remark you've just made is too true.
But that you had a head, I knew not before;
For I thought 'twas a *walnut-shell,* minus the core."

This may be properly followed by another, in an equally severe strain:—

"For better or worse will you take me?
Believe that I ne'er can forsake thee."

"It wont be for better, it can't be for worse;
As you're in such a *hurry*, you'll prove but a curse."

But it is time we had a touch of the sentimental; of which, take the following specimens:—

"Which instrument do you prefer—
The harp, piano, or guitar?"

"Piano and harp are sweet to hear,
Yet your tones have more music than either, my dear.
To me more fragrant than balmy spice
Is the breath of your lips. I spring up in a trice
If I hear but your name, for that is to me
The sound most melodious of all *melodie*."

A fair querist asks—

"Why does the moon—fair empress of the night—
Infuse into thy soul such calm delight?"

And is told—

"If the moon e'er calm my restless mind,
'Tis when by its light my *duck* I find."

I add only one more, though I fear the reader's patience is nearly exhausted:—

"Dear sir, your opinion I'd like to know,
How far in Leap Year it is proper to go?
Address to me
At No. 3,

On the left-hand side from the fire.
And postscript, I pray,
Will you please to say,
Do you black eyes or blue most admire?"

Answer—

"To Miss Mee,
At No. 3,
On the left-hand hob by the side of the fire.
My dear ladie,
I can't, d'ye see,
Give you my advice on the point you desire.
'Twould be very improper for me to say
How late in the year you may safely delay;
But really I think
I would not shrink
From an early endeavour to settle the thing

With orange flowers and a plain gold ring.
As to where beauty lies—
In black or blue eyes—
It's my present impression,
The most pleasant *expression*
Is that which beams forth from your own pretty face
I'm yours faithfully,
A B C, near the fireplace."*

* The account of this game comes from an anonymous correspondent.

Tenth Evening.

FORFEITS—SELLING PAWNS—THE PRICES PAID.

It will have been observed that the apparent purpose of most of the preceding games is to obtain forfeits from the company; and the redemption of these forfeits, or "selling pawns," as it is called, is as amusing a game as any of them. Sometimes the pawn merchant sits in a chair with his or her eyes blindfolded, while another holds up one of the forfeits, and the former mentions at what price it may be redeemed; but more commonly mamma, or the governess, or perhaps the little old maid, is coaxed into taking charge of the pawns; and one of the company kneels, or sits on a low stool at her feet, and places her head in her lap, with her face downwards, so as to answer the purpose of blindfolding. Supposing it to be done in this way, which I like the best, perhaps because I am most accustomed to it, the person who sits holds the pawn or forfeit over the head

of the kneeler, and says, "Here is a pretty thing, and a very pretty thing; what shall the owner do of this very pretty thing?" The seller asks, "Is it fine, or superfine?" If it belongs to a girl, the reply is that it is superfine; if to a boy, that it is fine; and the punishment is awarded accordingly, giving of course the milder task to the fair sex. If the forfeit belongs to himself, the pawn merchant very disinterestedly leaves his place, and some one else conducts the sale. The following are some of the most approved methods of regaining a forfeit:—

1. Perform the laughing gamut rapidly without mistake—

ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha

2. Say five flattering things to the person sitting next you without using the letter *l*.

3. Compliment and banter every one in the room.

4. Stand in the middle of the room with a lamp in your hand, and first make a very woful face, and then a very merry one.

5. Stand with your face to the wall, while some one stands behind you making silent signs indicative of a kiss, a pinch, or a box on the ear. You then choose, without knowing the rotation of the signs, whether you will have the "first," "second," or "third," and abide by the result.

6. Recite a piece of poetry, of a humorous character if possible.

7. Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in a second, yawn in a third, and sing in a fourth.

8. Kneel to the prettiest person in the room, bow to the one you consider the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.

9. Propose a conundrum, or repeat a stanza of poetry.

10. Sing a song, or, if unable, tell a short story.

11. Kiss yourself in a looking-glass.

12. Kiss a box or bag inside and out without opening it. This may be done by first kissing it *in* the room, and afterwards taking it *out* of the room and kissing it there also.

13. Walk round the room, and kiss your shadow in each corner of it. Sometimes it is added, that if you cannot refrain from laughing, you must pay another forfeit.

14. Keep a serious countenance for five minutes, without either laughing or frowning, whatever your companions may say or do to disturb your equanimity.

15. Imitate, without a laugh or smile, any animal your companions may name.

16. Repeat whatever your companions tell you, however difficult; if you make a mistake, you must pay another forfeit.

17. Compose two lines in rhyme.

18. Your companions give you a line of poetry, and you must repeat another to rhyme with it, or pay a forfeit.

19. Guess a riddle or conundrum, or pay another forfeit.

20. Relate an anecdote.

21. Count twenty backwards.

22. Ask a question of any of the party which cannot be answered otherwise than by "yes." The question is, "What does y-e-s spell?"

23. Mention the name of some remarkable

person, and repeat an anecdote of him. A forfeit if you fail.

24. Repeat a proverb.

25. Spell Constantinople syllable by syllable. When you have spelt Con-stan-ti-, all the party will immediately cry out, "No, no!" and if you do not know the trick, you will stop in great surprise, wondering how you have made a mistake, and will begin over again. But do not be alarmed; spell their "no," saying politely, "Thank you," and finish the word.

26. Stand upon a chair, and perform whatever grimaces or motions you are bidden without laughing.

27. Hop on one foot from once to four times round the room as you are bidden.

28. Dance a solo, such as a minuet or hornpipe.

29. Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on your breast; if you change or leave the motion of either until you leave off altogether, you are liable to another forfeit.

30. Bite an inch off the poker! This is done by holding the poker to your mouth, and biting the air at the distance of an inch from it.

31. Make a good cat's-cradle.

32. Repeat these four lines rapidly without a pause or mistake :—

"As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids.
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,
Braiding broad braids, 'Braid broad braids, brave maids.'"

33. Put yourself through the keyhole. This is performed by writing the word "yourself" on a slip of paper, rolling it up, and pushing it through the keyhole.

34. Allow yourself to be fed with water till you guess who is feeding you. To perform this, you are blindfolded; a glass of water and a teaspoon being provided, your companions then each pour a spoonful into your mouth by turns, until you guess who is doing it. It is to be hoped you are a good guesser.

35. Perform a statue. To do this, you stand on a chair, and your companions each gives you a new position added to the last, until they have exhausted their ingenuity. The first will perhaps put one of your arms a-kimbo; some one else will place the other over your head;

the next performer will point your toe; the next will bend a finger; another will loop your tresses (if you have any) over your fingers; another will open your mouth; the next will command you to shut one eye; another to hold your head back. And now, being fully engaged with these different attitudes, I will leave you to descend and require your forfeit, while I show you how to redeem another by performing

36. The "Dutch Doll." This is played by a boy, who, unobserved by the company, lies down on his face under a table, which should be covered with a large cloth, so as completely to conceal him excepting his feet, which are raised soles upwards. Two of his companions then dress the feet with clothes, so that they have the appearance of a large, ugly doll. When everything is prepared, the exhibition is opened, and the figure begins to act, the legs making comical movements, such as might be supposed to be performed by a galvanised doll.

37. Stand in a corner while some one asks you to come out. You must answer "No" to every question, and yet will leave the corner at last. Thus he will ask you, "You like being in that corner, do you not?"

"No."

"You would not object to remaining all night though?"

"No."

"Then I may leave you there?"

"No," &c.

"You will not object to my taking you out?"

"No."

The last "no" meaning an affirmative to his request, you are then led out.

38. After a sixpence has been stuck upon your forehead, take it off without touching it with your hands. This is a very good trick to play upon a person not acquainted with it. Some one showing him a sixpenny-piece, presses it hard against his forehead, previously wetted; and although the coin is instantly taken off and concealed, the impression remains, and the victim is haunted for a long time by an imaginary sixpence, which he supposes to be sticking to his forehead. He will then begin shaking his head, and rubbing it against different places, but all of course to no purpose; his companions in the meantime receiving with shouts of laughter his efforts to dislodge—nothing at all. He must not use his hands, or he pays another forfeit.

39. Two forfeits may be redeemed at once by those to whom they belong lamenting the death of the king of Bohemia. They go to opposite sides of the room, and walk slowly towards each other: one puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and says disconsolately, "The king of Bohemia is dead!"

"Is it possible?" cries the other, bursting into tears; "sad news indeed—sad news!"

Then repassing one another with their handkerchiefs to their eyes, they both cry, "Alas—alas! let us cry for the king of Bohemia!" If either of them laugh during this lamentation, a forfeit is exacted for the impropriety.

40. Two more may be regained by their proprietors performing the "Dumb Orator."

41. Two boys may redeem their forfeits by performing the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance and his Squire." The knight takes a candle in his hand, and marches round the room, stopping before every girl; the squire kisses the hand of each girl, and afterwards wipes the knight's mouth with his handkerchief. Both during the operation must preserve grave, sad faces. If either laugh, he pays a forfeit.

42. A number of pawns or forfeits may be redeemed at once by some merry girls performing "Mrs M'Tavish." The first cries out to the others, "Mrs M'Tavish has fainted away!"

"Is it possible? How did she faint?"

"Just in this manner," and the first lady throws herself fainting into a chair.

"Mrs M'Tavish has fainted away!" cries another.

"You don't tell me so! How did she faint?"

"It was thus," rejoins she, and falls down upon the carpet in a state of insensibility.

"Mrs M'Tavish was nearly fainting!" cries a third.

"It is not possible! How was it?"

"So;" and the speaker throws herself into affected attitudes, fanning herself with her handkerchief, and calling for water in a faint voice. And so it goes round, until every one, after fainting away, or nearly doing so, recovers sufficiently to take back her forfeit.

43. When all the forfeits except two or three have been regained, these few may be redeemed all at once by the performance of the "Cats' Concert." To do this, the whole company sing at the same time, each song and air being diffe-

rent, till the little old maid is as near fainting as Mrs M'Tavish.

Eleventh Evening.

RIDDLES OR ENIGMAS.

Having now recited all the games I can remember that have much chance of amusing young people, I proceed to the various other means of passing an evening agreeably by the fireside.

First, we have to deal with a very numerous tribe of enigmas or dark sayings, on which the company are required to exercise their ingenuity. The most famous of these is the riddle of the "Sphinx," a devouring monster, who could not be destroyed till his conundrum was discovered. Œdipus was at length so fortunate as to expound it: but for my part I will maintain that I have found many boys and girls quite as clever at such work as that renowned Theban king. The affair was simply to tell what creature it is which in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and at night on three. The answer

was "a man:" because in infancy he creeps on hands and feet; in middle age he walks on two legs; and in old age he adds to these a staff. I shall now show that the ancient world was more easily puzzled than the modern; for in the following selection I flatter myself you will find many that the Sphinx could not have invented, and that Œdipus could not have solved.

RIDDLES.

1. In spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array,
In summer more clothing I wear;
As colder it grows,
I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear?

2. Two women went to market to sell their eggs: one had more in her basket than the other; the one who had the most said to the other, "Give me one of your eggs, and then I shall have double the number that you have." "No," said the other, "give me one of yours, and then we shall be equal." How many eggs had each of these women?

3. A shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together:
Fire, water, earth, and air;
And every customer takes two pair!

4. No body I have,
No food I e'er crave,
And yet of long legs I have two;
Yet I never walk,
And I never talk,
Then what does my *nobody* do?

If you move me, then I
Move most pliantly,
And my feet always serve me for hands;
I gather up all,
The great and the small,
As my master or mistress commands.

If you straddle me wide,
I then cannot ride,
And this for the best of all reasons;
That nothing I've got,
On which I can trot,
In winter or in summer seasons.

Although you may stare,
This is all, I declare;
So now, tell my name, if you can;
I'll farther make known,
In the same honest tone,
I'm neither child, woman, nor man.

5. I'm strangely capricious; I'm sour or I'm sweet;
To housewives I'm useful, to children a treat;
Yet I freely confess I more mischief have done
Than anything else that is under the sun.

6. I contain many gallons of drink;
Yet I often am held to the lip:
Scarce Goliah could lift me, you'd think,
And yet I can hold but a sip.

From the top of your house I descend,
And under the pavement I crawl;
I furnish whole cities with drink,
Though seldom they see me at all.

7. Deep in the bosom of the earth,
I lie concealed from sight,
Till man, who ransacks nature through,
Draws forth my form to light.

Yet when I first salute the view,
I'm rude, and void of use;
Till frost, which other objects binds,
Assists to set me loose.

Then polished by the artist's hands,
In wood I'm closely bound;
And when fair Learning calls her sons
My ready help is found.

To me the sciences are known;
In algebra I shine,
In mathematics often deal,
And make each problem mine.

To me the wisest heads submit,
The deepest scholars bend;
And though I neither read nor write,
I'm Learning's common friend.

Of neither sense nor lore possessed,
The strongest sense I aid;
Relieve the memory of its load,
And ease the studious head.

Yet soon my knowledge is effaced,
And every trace is lost;
And oft again I'm filled with lore,
Nor feel the conscious boast.

8. I from Siberia's frozen realms am brought.
Or in the wilds of Canada am sought;
But soon by art a domicile I form,
At once convenient, elegant, and warm.
Within the compass of this pretty cell
But two inhabitants can hope to dwell;
Here, snug and warm, in spite of wind and weather,
They both may live most lovingly together.
When spring returns, with blooming flow'rets gay,
My fickle inmates from my shelter stray;
And through the summer months inconstant roam,
Till winter's cold recalls the wanderers home.

9. I have no head, and a tail I lack,
But oft have arms, and legs, and back;
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
Were a monarch now present (I tell you no fable),
I still should be placed at the head of the table.

10. Sixteen adjectives, twenty-four pronouns, a disappointed lobster, an oyster in love, and nineteen Radicals,

may all be expressed in one common liquid—which you must discover.

11. I'm here, and I'm there, and I'm everywhere;
In one place not a moment I stay;
Like a goblin or sprite I appear in the night,
And Shakspeare declares me a fay.
However this be, I am civil, you see,
In giving you pretty good warning—
That unless you take care, you will very ill fare,
And perhaps be drowned before morning.

12. Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go,
And many nails thereon, but not one toe.

13. My head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee;
Whether I stand on head or heel,
'Tis all the same to you or me.

But if my head should be cut off;
The matter's true, although 'tis strange—
My head and body severed thus,
Immediately to nothing change.

14. Perfect with a head, perfect without a head; perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail; perfect with either, neither, or both.

15. There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which, when the owner home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it,
He that bought it would not use it,

And he that had it could not tell
Whether it suited ill or well.

16. I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies have shadows—shadows give me one;
Loved for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy where'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth,
And, like a monarch, hates my speaking truth.

17. A riddle of riddles! It dances and skips;
It is read in the eyes, though it cheats in the lips;
If it meet with its match, it is easily caught;
But if money will buy it, 'tis not worth a groat.

18. I lived before the Flood, yet still am young;
I speak all languages, yet have no tongue;
In deserts was I bred; I know no schools,
Nor ever understood the grammar rules;
Yet when the courtly gallant talks with me,
As polished in discourse I am as he.
I am in France, in Spain, in England too;
Next moment I'm in China or Peru.
Yet legs to walk with nature did deny:
Nor have I fins to swim, nor wings to fly.
I sympathise with all, in joy or pain;
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain.
By nature taught such an obliging way,
That if you converse with me all the day,
I never once dissent from what you say.

Where'er I am to understand I'm plain,
Yet all the while invisible remain;
Though thousands do, I ne'er shall die of age,
Till the last day concludes this mortal stage.

19. Ye bards, whose deep skill all mysteries clear,
Pray attend and discover my name:
Four brothers I have, and a fifth I appear,
But our age is exactly the same.
Yet I to their stature shall never attain,
Though as fast as them always I grow;
By nature I'm fixed, a dwarf to remain,
And hence the enigma you'll know.

20. Ever eating, never cloying;
All devouring, all destroying;
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

21. Enough for one, too much for two, and nothing at all for three.

22. Cato and Chloe combined well together,
Make a drink not amiss in very cold weather.

23. There was a man who was not born,
His father was not before him;
He did not live, he did not die,
And his epitaph is not o'er him.

24. We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:

One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
One of us is met in tin;
And the fourth a box within:
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

25. 'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple;
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people;
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell;
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.

26. Light my body is, and small,
Though I have wings to fly withal,
And through the air may rove;
Yet were I not by nature pressed,
In ease and indolence I'd rest,
And never choose to move.

'Tis beating makes me diligent;
When beat, and on an errand sent,
I hurry to and fro;
And, like an idle boy at school,
Whom nothing but the rod can rule,
Improve at every blow.

27. 'Tis true I have both face and hands,
And move before your eye;
Yet when I go, my body stands;
And when I stand, I lie.

28. Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use whilst others sleep ;
What few would like to give away,
Yet none would wish to keep.

29. There was a thing a full month old
When Adam was no more;
But ere that thing was five weeks old,
Adam was years five score.

30. A tall and slender shape I bear;
No lady's skin more white and fair!
My life is short, and doth decay
So soon, it rarely lasts a day.
If in the evening brought to light,
I make my exit during night.

31. What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?

This is enough for a time: let us now breathe for an instant, and then begin a new series.

Twelfth Evening.

CONTINUATION OF THE RIDDLES.

32. Eleven great men, fifteen celebrated women, twenty-three extraordinary children, thirty-two fine pictures, a new manner of cooking oysters, the best way of making coffee, a great improvement in the cultivation of grapes, ten fashionable bonnets, and the substance of a hundred books, may all be expressed by a liquid in common use, and of only one syllable.

33. In every city, town, and street,
'Tis ten to one but me you meet;
Sometimes adorned in shining gold,
Splendid and brilliant to behold;
And different characters I wear—
A lamb or lion, buck or bear,
A dragon fierce or angel fair,
An eagle or a warrior bold,
These various forms in me behold;
But though exalted as a chief,
I'm gibbeted like any thief.

34. I am small; but when entire,
Of force to set a town on fire;
Let but one letter disappear,
I then can hold a herd of deer;

Take one more off, and then you'll find
I once contained all human kind.

35. In comes two legs carrying one leg, which he lays down on three legs. Out goes two legs. Up jumps four legs, and runs off with one leg. Back comes two legs, snatches up three legs, and throws it after four legs to get back one leg.

36. "What relation is that gentleman to you?" said one lady to another. She answered, "His mother was my mother's only child."

37. A man who was going to cross a river in a small boat, had charge of a fox, a goose, and a basket of corn. He could only take one at a time, and was much puzzled how to take them all over, so as to save them from each other, knowing that, if left together, the fox would eat the goose; and that the goose could not be trusted alone with the basket of corn, which she would certainly devour if allowed to remain with it while the man carried the fox across the river. If the goose was taken over first, it is true that the fox would not meddle with the corn; but then, after being carried across the water, and left with the goose, he would surely eat *her* while the man went back for the corn; and if the corn was taken first, the fox would demolish the goose when left alone with her. How did the man manage to convey the fox, and the goose, and the basket of corn across the river in safety?

38. Formed half beneath and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;

The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters.
Made upon land to travel o'er the waters;
Swifter we move the tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the sea, nor air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim;
Sink when it rains; and when it freezes, skim.

39. What is that word of one syllable which, if the two first letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables?

40. Two brothers wisely kept apart,
Together ne'er employed;
Though to one purpose we are bent,
Each takes a different side.
We travel much, yet prisoners are,
And close confined to boot;
Can with the swiftest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot.

41. I am a vehicle that's wondrous large,
But neither coach nor wagon, ship nor barge;
Whether sitting, standing, lying,
With you I'm miles uncounted flying;
You hear not a breath, while mute as death
My journey I pursue;
With a mighty swift whirling, I'm constantly twirling,
But 'tis all unfelt by you.

Some travel with me who never can see,
Nor believe I convey them a yard;
And for years I have taken them,
Nor ever forsaken them,
And yet claimed no reward.
And, gentles, against or with your will,
Or sleeping or waking, I'll carry you still.

42. I am red, black, or white; I am blue, gray, or green;
I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen;
Like mortals, inflexible often am I,
Till, by the tongue softened, I'm brought to comply;
Of prodigal spendthrifts I am an apt token—
I only exist to be ruined and broken.

43. Though I live in a study, I know not a letter;
I feast on the Muses, but ne'er am the better;
Can run over English, o'er Latin, or Greek,
Yet none of those languages ever could speak.

44. What yesterday was, and what to-morrow will be.

45. What is that which, by adding something to it, will become smaller; but if you add nothing, will grow larger?

46. Suppose there was a cat in each corner of the room; a cat sitting opposite to each cat; a cat looking at each cat; and a cat sitting on each cat's tail: how many cats would there be?

47. Mr Jones told another gentleman that he had six daughters, and each daughter had a brother; how many children had Mr Jones?

48. As I was going to St Ives,
I chanced to meet with nine old wives:
Each wife had nine sacks,
Each sack had nine cats,
Each cat had nine kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
Tell me how many were going to St Ives?

49. Little Miss Netticoat, with a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
She has no feet nor hands; and the longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

50. What is that which in the morning walks on four legs; walks on two legs at noon; and in the evening walks on three legs?

51. What is that which a pudding has, and which everything else in the world has also?

52. A duck before two ducks; a duck behind two ducks; and a duck between two ducks. How many ducks were there in all?

53. There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
'Tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short,
It joins our walks, it joins our sport,
And plays at every game.

54. Use me well, and I'm everybody; scratch my back, and I'm nobody.

55. I never was, but always am to be;
None ever saw me—you may never see;
And yet I am the confidence of all
Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball.
The princely heir, his honours not yet blown,
Still looks to me for his expected crown;
The miser hopes I shall increase his wealth;
The sick man prays me to restore his health;
The lover trusts me for his destined bride;
And all who hopes or wishes have beside.
Now name me, but confide not, for believe
That you and every one I still deceive.

56. What is that which lives only in winter; would die in summer; and grows with its root upwards?

57. I have but one eye, and that without sight,
Yet it helps me whatever I do:
I am sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright
The fortune of some, and of some the delight,
And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

58. If I from you a kiss receive,
And you that kiss return,
You by that act the word dost give
I now demand to learn.

59. Twenty pronouns, nineteen troops of horse, seven regiments of infantry, what the ladies like, because the

gentlemen dislike, a child one year old, a tabby cat, a screech owl, a bonnet, seven fat geese, an alderman's thumb, seventeen turkeys, a disappointed lobster, Mr B——'s nose, the third curl in Dr ——'s wig, and a Maypole, may all be expressed by a thing in very common use.

60. Gentle breath of melting sorrow,
Pleasure does thy garment borrow;
Love on thee is silent hung;
Silence gives to thee a tongue;
Pleasing, sweet without a word;
Gently felt, and softly heard;
Never seen, though known to be;
Child of sensibility.

61. There is a thing by you possessed
(Strange as it seems, 'tis true),
Which your acquaintance ne'er can have,
Yet use it more than you.

62. No rose can boast a brighter hue
Than I can, when my birth is new;
Of shorter date than is a flower,
I bloom and fade within an hour;
Though some in me their honour place,
I'm oft a token of disgrace;
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
Those secrets I would fain conceal;
Fools, coxcombs, all agree in this,
And equally disturb my peace;

Though 'gainst my will to stoop so low,
At their command I come and go.

[The following riddle is by Lord Byron. It was written by him many years ago in the scrap-book of a lady:]—

63. I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age,
But in infancy ever am known;
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And though I'm distinguished in history's page,
I always am greatest alone.

I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon—
You may search all the sky—I'm not there;
In the morning and evening—though not in the noon—
You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches, and yet I am told
Wealth ne'er did my presence desire;
I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold,
And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,
Though I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in political life—
In my absence no kingdom can be—
And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife,
No one can live single, no one take a wife,
Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many, and of my whole race
Not one is more slender and tall;
And though not the eldest, I hold the first place,
And even in dishonour, despair, and disgrace,
I boldly appear 'mong them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness, and pain,
I am never in sorrow nor gloom;
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,
And I ne'er shall be found in the tomb!

64. We are spirits all in white,
On a field as black as night;
There we dance, and sport, and play,
Changing every changing day:
Yet with us is wisdom found,
As we move in mystic round.
Mortal! wouldst thou know the grains
That Ceres heaps on Libya's plains,
Or leaves that yellow autumn strews,
Or the stars that Herschel views,
Or find how many drops would drain
The wide-scooped bosom of the main,
Or measure central depths below?
Ask of us, and thou shalt know!
With fairy step we compass round
The pyramid's capacious bound,
Or, step by step, ambitious climb
The cloud-capped mountain's height sublime.

Riches, though we do not use,
'Tis ours to gain, and ours to lose.
From Araby the Blest we came;
In every land our tongue's the same;
And if our number you require,
Go count the bright Aonian quire.
Wouldst thou cast a spell to find
The track of light, the speed of wind?
Or when the snail, with creeping pace,
Shall the swelling globe embrace?
Mortal! ours the powerful spell:
Ask of us, for we can tell.

65. A word of three syllables seek till you find,
That in it are twenty-four letters combined.

66. A young lady had an aunt in prison; she sent her an animal, whose name urged her to escape; and the aunt returned a fruit, the name of which implied, "I cannot escape."

67. I'm English, I'm Latin, the one and the other:
What's English for one-half is Latin for t'other.

68. I went into a wood, and got it; when I had got it, I looked at it; and the more I looked at it, the less I liked it; and I carried it home in my hand because I could not find it.

69. As I was walking through a field of wheat,
I picked up something good to eat;
It was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor bone,
And I kept it till it ran alone.

70. I often murmur, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges though it ne'er is fed:
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run—
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

FRENCH RIDDLES.

1. Je suis ce que je suis,
Et je ne suis pas ce que je suis;
Si j'etais ce que je suis,
Je ne serois pas ce que je suis.

2. Je suis capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats,
Et sans moi Paris seroit pris.

3. Mes amis, j'ai vécu cent ans et quelques mois,
J'aimais à célébrer le jour de ma naissance;
Devinez de ce jour la singulière absence—
Il n'est pendant cent ans venu que vingt-cinq fois.

ENIGMATICAL TREES.

1. What tree takes a gift?
2. What tree is of great use in history?
3. What tree smokes when water is poured on it?
4. For what tree will men scale precipices, and dive to the bottom of the ocean?
5. What tree is a delicate article of dress?

6. What tree withstands the fury of the ocean?
7. What tree is eaten?
8. What tree is an officious gossip?
9. What tree is a city?
10. In what tree would you impound asses?
11. What tree is one hundred thousand pounds sterling?
12. What tree is double?
13. What tree do we keep in our barns?
14. What tree would be sure to lose in a race?
15. Of what tree do we make a wicked manufacture?
16. What tree plagued the Egyptians?
17. What tree produces more leaves than any other?
18. What tree makes babies sleepy?
19. What bush is superior to all others in age?
20. What bush needs a physician?
21. In what tree would you shut up a precious gift?
22. What small tree is a letter of the alphabet?
23. What tree is a lady's name?
24. What bush keeps the floor clean?
25. What is the dandy among trees?
26. What plant makes a sweet walking-stick?
27. What tree is the opposite of all that is beautiful?
28. What tree carries you?
29. What tree gives an invitation to wander?
30. What tree decorates dresses and cushions?
31. Could this puzzle the trees, and in riddles involve them,
'Tis the tree I address I call on to solve them.

ENIGMATICAL BIRDS.

1. The bird beloved by Eve.
2. Smooth and quiet.
3. A famous English architect.
4. What wicked men are doing.
5. What we all do at dinner.
6. A plaything.
7. A cheated person.
8. Spoil a metal.
9. A sound indicative of triumph.
10. Warm country.
11. A tailor's instrument.
12. An instrument to raise weights.
13. A bird disliked by mice.

These enigmas are so various, that I have found it impossible to classify them; but perhaps there is more amusement in taking them as they come—head and shoulders.

Thirteenth Evening.

CHARADES—LOGOGRIPHE—REBUSES—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES, &c.

A charade is a sort of compound enigma, a riddle being connected with each syllable of the

word in question as well as with the whole. The following are a selection of the best I have heard or read —

CHARADES.

1. My first is a contraction for society; my second denotes a recluse; my third forms a part of the ear; and my whole is but a quibble.

2. My first I would venture for; my second I would venture in; my whole is more talked of than practised.

3. Without my first I ne'er should need the aid
Of Betty (simple soul!) the dairy-maid;
My second (start not, ladies!) claims a place
As well in yours as in the tiger's face;
My whole's elicited by Sol's bright ray,
To deck the bosom of sweet smiling May.

4. My first is a prop; my second is a prop; and my whole is nothing else than a prop.

5. Where you place your child is my first; what you make your child is my second; and a court ornament is my whole.

6. My first is equality; my second inferiority; my whole is superiority.

7. My first is a proposition; my second a composition; and my whole an acquisition.

8. My first's the gayest, saddest thing,
That Heaven to mortals gave;
It flutters most on rapture's wing,
It withers o'er the grave.

My next is sought with toil and pain,
In various realms to find:
The search, alas, how very vain!
Its home is in the mind.

Just like a sweet and humble flower,
It seeks the silent shade;
It flees the haunts of pride and power,
Fops, fashions, and parade.

Lady, mayst thou, on whose fair breast
My whole with beauty glows,
Enjoy within that peace and rest
Which it alone bestows!

9. My first is ploughed for various reasons, and grain is frequently buried in it to little purpose; my second is neither riches nor honour, yet riches would generally be given for it, and honours are often tasteless without it; my whole applies equally to spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

10. When frost and snow o'erspread the ground,
And chilly blows the air,
My first is felt upon the cheek
Of every lovely fair.

In earth's cold bosom lies my next,
An object most forlorn;
For often cruelly 'tis used,
And trampled on with scorn.

Amid the dismal shades of night,
My whole is bright and gay;
Though dark and gloomy it appears
Exposed to open day.

11. My first is a plaything; my second few play with; my third plays with nobody.

12. My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my whole I know you are.

13. My first a blessing sent on earth,
Of plants and flowers to aid the birth;
My second surely was designed
To hurl destruction on mankind:
My whole a pledge of pardoning Heaven,
Of wrath appeased, and crimes forgiven.

14. My first gives light; my second gives light; my whole gives light.

15. A mischievous urchin may soon do my first,
If he meet with a teapot or ewer;
My second brings on us both hunger and thirst;
My whole thirst and hunger can cure.

16. My first is a fish; my second is a fish; my whole is a fish, and also a fruit.

17. My first is irrational; my second is rational; and my whole is scientifical.

18. My first keeps time; my second spends time; and my whole tells time.

19. My first is to multiply; my second we ought all to avoid; my whole the most avaricious will give, and the poorest are seldom willing to receive.

20. He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said my first—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapour faint and far
Through the unfathomed sky—

Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said his life-blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

21. My first does affliction denote,
Which my second is fated to feel;
My whole is a sure antidote
That affliction to soften and heal.

22. All is my first,
So is my second,
And also my whole.

23. My first is myself in a very short word,
My second's a puppet,
And *you* are my third.

24. Ages ago, when Greece was young,
And Homer, blind and wandering, sung,
Where'er he roamed, through street or field,
My first the noble bard upheld;
Look to the new moon for my next,
You'll see it there; but if perplexed,
Go ask the huntsman, he can show
My name—he gives it many a blow.
My whole, as you will quickly see,
Is a large town in Tuscany,
Which ladies soon will recognise;
A favourite head-dress it supplies.

25. My first is nimble; my second innumerable; and my whole fatal.

LOGOGRIPHE.

For man's support I came at first from earth,
But man perverts the purpose of my birth;
Beneath his plastic hand new forms I take,
And either sex my services partake;
The flowing lawn in stricter folds I hold,
And bind in chains unseen each swelling fold;
The band beneath the double chin I grace,
And formal plaits that edge the Quaker's face;

By me great Bess, who used her maids to cuff,
Shone in the dignity of full-quilled ruff.
Such is my whole—but, parted and disjoined,
New wonders in my varying form you'll find:
What makes the cit look big with conscious worth;
What bursts from pale surprise, or boisterous mirth;
The sweep Rialto forms, or your fair brow—
The fault to youthful valour we allow;
A word by which possession we denote;
A letter high in place and first in note;
What guards the beauty from the scorching ray;
What little master first is taught to say;
Great Nature's rival, handmaid, sometimes foe;
The most pathetic counterpart of "Oh!"
The whiskered pilferer, and his foe demure;
The lamps unbought, which light the houseless poor;
What bore famed heroes through the ranks of war;
What's heard when falls from high the ponderous jar;
What holy Paul did at Gamaliel's feet;
What Bavius writes, what schoolboys love to eat;
Of eager gamesters what decides the fate;
The homely, rough support of Britain's state;
What joined to "been" is fatal to a toast;
What guards the sailor from the shelving coast;
The stage whence villains make their last harangue;
What in your head and bones gives many a pang;

What introduces long-tailed similes;
A preposition that to place agrees;
A stately animal in forests bred;
A tree that lifts on high its lofty head;
What best unbinds the weary student's mind;
A beauteous fish in northern lakes we find;
A graceful blemish on a soldier's breast—
All these are in my single name expressed.

FRENCH CHARADES.

1. Le nouvel enrichi porté sur mon premier,
Qui peut à l'indigent refuser mon dernier,
Ne vaut pas l'animal qui mange mon entier.

2. Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second n'a point de second; et j'espère ne te jamais dire mon tout.

REBUSES

are a kind of charade, but are not very common or popular. You are told, for instance, that a "colour" and a "pledge" name a kind of "fruit;" and you are required to discover what fruit it is.

We come now to a selection of

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. How can you take away one from nineteen, and have twenty remain?

2. What is the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty?

3. If you can buy a herring and a half for three halfpence, how many herrings can you buy for elevenpence?

4. A and B made a bet concerning which could eat the most eggs. A ate ninety-nine; B ate one hundred, and won. How many more did B eat than A?

5. If a person hold in his hands a piece of silver and a piece of gold, you can ascertain in which hand is the silver, and in which the gold, by the following simple process:—The gold must be named some *even* number, say *eight;* the silver must be named an *odd* number, say *three.* Then tell the person to multiply the number in his right hand by an even number, and that in his left hand by an odd number, and make known the amount of the two added together. If the whole sum be odd, the gold is in the right hand; if it be even, the silver is in the right hand. For the sake of concealing the artifice better, you need not know the amount of the product, but simply ask if it can be halved without a remainder; if it can, the sum is of course an even one.

6. The figure 9 has one remarkable characteristic which belongs to no other number. Multiply it by any figure you will, the product added together will still be nine. Thus twice 9 are 18; 8 and 1 are 9. Three times 9 are 27; 7 and 2 are 9. Eight times 9 are 72; 7 and 2

are 9; &c. If you multiply it by any figures larger than 12, the result will differ only in there being a *plurality* of nines.

7. When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age exceeded hers as much
As three times three does three.

But when ten years and half ten years
We man and wife had been,
Her age approached as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen.

Ques. How old were they when they married?

8. If you cut thirty yards of cloth into one-yard pieces, and cut one yard every day, how long will it take you?

9. A boy went to a well to fetch exactly 4 quarts of water. He had with him a 3-quart measure and a 5-quart measure: how did he contrive to measure exactly 4 quarts?

MAGIC ARITHMETIC.

Think of any *even* number you please, but do not mention it; I then ask you to double it; then I name to you some *even* number to add to it; then I ask you to take away half of the whole amount; then I ask you to take away the number you first *thought* of: although I do not know what that number was, I can invariably tell you the remainder. It will always be just half the number I

told you to add. For instance, you think of 8. I ask you to double what you thought of; you know that it will make 16, but I know nothing about it; I ask you to add 4 to it; that makes 20; I ask you to take away half of the whole amount; 10 is then left. Lastly, I ask you to take away the sum you first thought of; without knowing what the sum was, I can tell you that 2 remains. This seems very puzzling; but the fact is, half of the sum ordered to be added is *always* left. I requested that 4 might be added, therefore I knew the remainder would be 2.

Fourteenth Evening.

CONUNDRUMS.

I shall close this series of amusements by a selection of conundrums, the most popular of all enigmas.

1. If Queen Victoria gave Prince Albert a kiss, and he returned it, what public building would it name?
2. What wig cannot a barber make?
3. On what side of the church does the yew-tree grow?
4. Why is an empty room like a room full of married people?
5. Why is a cobbler like a king?
6. When is a man truly over head and ears in debt?

7. Why is a horse, constantly ridden, and never fed, not likely to be starved?

8. Why is a drawn tooth like something forgotten?

9. Who dare sit before the king with his hat on?

10. Why is a schoolboy just beginning to read like knowledge itself?

11. Why do we go to bed?

12. Why are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken?

13. Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy?

14. What is that which goes from London to York without once moving?

15. What is the difference between twice twenty-eight and twice eight and twenty?

16. What is every one doing at the same time?

17. If Dick's father be John's son, what relation is Dick to John?

18. What is that which, though blind itself, guides the blind?

19. In what respect were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light from darkness?

20. Why is an amiable and charming girl like one letter in deep thought; another on its way towards you; another bearing a torch; and another singing psalms?

21. Why is a schoolmistress like the letter *C*?

22. What difference is there between live fish and fish alive?

23. Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?

24. What word is that which contains all the vowels, and all in their proper order?

25. What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?

26. What word is there of five letters, that, by taking away two, leaves but one?

27. Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?

28. Why does a miller wear a white hat?

29. What kin is that child to its own father, who is not its own father's own son?

30. Why do we buy shoes?

31. What is that which ladies look for, but never wish to find?

32. If I shoot at three birds on a tree, and kill one, how many will remain?

33. Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?

34. When is a window like a star?

35. Why is the wick of a candle like Athens?

36. To what question can you answer nothing but yes?

37. Why is a beehive like a spectator?

38. Why are fixed stars like pen, ink, and paper?

39. What letter used to be distributed at tournaments?

40. Why do you suppose a glass-blower can make the letter *E* gallop?

41. What class of people bear a name meaning, "I can't improve?"

42. What word asks the question, "Am I strong?"

43. Why is a fretful man like a loaf of bread baked too much?

44. Why is heedlessness like a ragged coat?

45. Why should there be a marine law against whispering?

46. What does a seventy-four weigh before she sets sail?

47. What people can never live long, nor wear great-coats?

48. What word is shorter for having a syllable added?

49. If the alphabet were invited out, what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z go?

50. If a tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it name?

51. If a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient historian would they name?

52. Why is an uncut leg of bacon like Hamlet in his soliloquy?

53. Did you ever see a bun dance on the table?

54. Name me, and you break me.

55. Why is Liverpool like benevolence?

56. Did you ever see the elegy on a turkey?

57. The figures representing my age are what you ought to do in all things. How old am I?

58. Why is a very angry man like 59 minutes past 12?

59. Why are your teeth like verbs?

60. Why are deep sighs like long stockings?

61. Why is a tattler unlike a mirror?

62. What is placed upon the table, often cut, but never eaten?

63. What word makes you sick if you leave out one of the letters?

64. What sea would make a good sleeping-room?

65. Why would Titian's large daughter, Mary, be like a very able statesman?

66. Decline ice-cream.

67. Which side of a pitcher is the handle?

68. Where was the first nail struck?

69. Why is a short negro like a white man?

70. Why do white sheep furnish more wool than black ones?

71. Why is a Jew in a fever like a diamond ring?

72. According to the laws of retaliation, what right have you to pick an artist's pocket?

73. Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?

74. Why is a necklace like a speech on the deck of a vessel?

75. When is a door not a door?

76. Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure?

77. Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man?

78. If the letter *D* were never used, why would it be like a dead man?

79. What is larger for being cut at both ends?

80. Why are conundrums like monkeys?

81. If Falstaff were musical, what instrument would he play upon?

82. If you throw a stone into the water, what does it become before it reaches the bottom?

83. What most resembles a cat in a hole?

84. What is a man like who is in the midst of a river, and can't swim?

85. In what place did the cock crow when all the world could hear him?

86. What is the weight of the moon?

87. Tom went out, and his dog went with him. The dog went not before, nor behind, nor on one side of him: where did he go?

88. What colour are the winds and the storms?

89. What relation is your uncle's brother to you if he is not your uncle?

90. What is a sprat like lying on a gravel path?

91. When is a lady's cheek not a cheek?

92. What smells most in a chemist's shop?

93. If the poker, shovel, and tongs cost L.3, 4s., what will a bushel of coal come to?

94. What is higher when the head is off?

95. Why is an iron steam-ship like losing one's fortune?

96. Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy?

97. Who was the first whistler, and what did he whistle?

98. What were the first words Adam said to Eve?

99. Why is the letter *D* like a wedding-ring?

100. When is a sailor not a sailor?

101. Why is your hat, when it is on your head, like a giblet-pie?

102. When is a lady not a lady?

103. When is a man thinner than a lath?

104. Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire?

105. When is a fowl's neck like a bell?

106. Which would travel fastest—a man with *one* sack of flour on his back, or a man with *two* sacks on his back?

107. If a gentleman bought four apples for a penny, and presented a lady with one of them, why would he be like a telescope?

108. Which is heaviest—a pound of *lead*, or a pound of *feathers*?

109. Why are gymnastics like the tide at low-water?

110. If a man falls
By chance from St Paul's,
What does he fall against?

111. Why is Westminster Abbey like a fender?

112. Why is a person in bed like a book unbound?

113. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?

114. What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden?

115. Van Amburgh drove a ten-in-hand through London, and his horses had only twenty-four feet among them. How was that?

116. Of what trade is the sun?

117. Of what trade is the sun in the month of May?

118. Of what trade are all the Presidents of the United States?

119. Of what trade is a minister at a wedding?

120. What trade should keep flies from mirrors?

121. What trade is best fitted to cook a hare?

122. What trade never turns to the left?

123. What trade most deserves the gratitude of colleges?

124. What trade is more than full?

125. Of what trade is the manager of a theatre?

126. Of what trade is every child?

127. What trade is most likely to frighten handsome ladies?

128. Of what trade are the greater part of authors?

129. What trade are, all of them, men of letters?

130. What trade is it whose best works are trampled under foot?

131. Of what trade are all mankind?

132. What Miss is that whose company no one wants?

133. What Misses are those whose days are all unlucky?

134. What Miss is always making blunders?

135. What Misses are of a very jealous temper?

136. What Miss occasions a great many quarrels?

137. What Miss is a very bad mantuamaker?

138. What Miss is very disobedient and disorderly?

139. What Misses can never find a thing when they want it?

140. What Miss plays more tricks than a monkey?

141. What three Misses are great story-tellers?

142. What Miss is awkward and rude?

143. What two Misses should travellers avoid?

144. What Miss never studied arithmetic?

145. What Miss is very extravagant?

146. What Miss will ruin any man?

147. What Miss should never attempt to translate?

148. What Miss should never repeat anything she reads or hears?

FRENCH CONUNDRUMS.

1. Quel est dans l'histoire le roi dont le nom offre une demi-douzaine de Russes?

2. Quelle est la plante sur laquelle on reste le plus longtemps quand on apprend la botanique?

3. Comment se nomme le septième roi de la dynastie des lapins?

4. Pourquoi le mouton est-il le premier des animaux?

5. Quelle est la personne qui dort les yeux ouverts?

Fifteenth Evening.

PUNS—CHRONOGRAMS—ACROSTICS—FIGURE VERSES—ANAGRAMS—BOUTS RIMES.

On the Ninth Evening I touched upon Capping Verses, Cento Verses, and other amusements of a class leaning in some small degree upon literature; and now that you have exercised your wits upon enigmas till you might puzzle Œdipus, and laugh at the simplicity of the Sphinx, I may proceed to unfold to you some still less mechanical modes of playing with the Muses.

You must have observed in the different classes of enigmas that the puzzle frequently turns upon what is called a *pun*—that is, when the same word, or at least the same sound, has two meanings. This species of false wit is of very respectable antiquity; even Cicero, a famous Roman orator, having been celebrated for his puns. Thus he complimented a senator, who was the son of a tailor, by telling him that he had touched the subject with the point of a

needle—that is, with *sharpness;* and when one who was suspected of being a Jew attempted to get the cause of a state criminal called Verres (meaning likewise a male pig) out of his hands, he observed, "What has a Jew to do with swine's flesh?"

The chronogram may be termed a sort of pun, although it was sometimes useful. It is made by writing a sentence or a word in such a way that the letters signifying Roman numerals may be read both separately and as part of the word or sentence. Thus, if the word is "Diversion," and you wish to indicate in connection with it the year 506, you arrange the letters thus:—DiVersIon. In this way, in writing the name of a king, you may give at the same time the date of his birth.

The acrostic usually occurs either in complimentary or satirical verses, and is made by causing the first letter of each line to form, when read together, the name of the person alluded to. Sometimes the same name is likewise formed by letters down the middle of the verses, and sometimes, in addition to the others, by letters running diagonally across from corner to corner! In playing the game of "Many Words

in One," described in the Sixth Evening, you form an acrostic in prose; but this kind of folly has now gone entirely out of fashion. In allusion to the acrostic and chronogram, the author of "Scribleriad" says—

"To join these squadrons now the champions came—
A numerous race of no ignoble name:
Riddle and rebus, riddle's dearest son,
And false conundrum, and insidious pun;
Fustian, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground,
And rondeau, wheeling in repeated round:
On their fair standards, by the wind displayed,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes, were portrayed."

The figures mentioned in the last line were formed by making the verses long or short according to the space they were required to fill.

The anagram requires more ingenuity, and is sometimes very amusing. It is made by dissolving the word, as it were, into its component letters, and forming of these a new word or sentence, with some complimentary or ludicrous application to the other. For instance, the letters in the name of Samuel Whitbread (the brewer) were formed into this sentence—"We use his bad malt;" and "Horatio Nelson," our great

admiral, was turned into "Honor est à Nilo"—"Honour to the Nile." In like manner a beautiful lady mentioned in French history, Marie Touchet, was gallantly converted into "Je charme tout"—"I charm everybody." The Hebrews and Greeks were great anagrammatists, and they attached a mystical importance to the sentence into which a person's name might be transposed. Influenced by some such crazy superstition, Lady Eleanor Davies, in the time of our Charles I., fancied that the spirit of prophecy was in her because the anagram she had found of her name ran thus:—

"Eleanor Davies"—
"Reveal, O Daniel!"

After all, this anagram had an *l* instead of an *s;* but the poor lady, notwithstanding, set to prophesy on the strength of it so vigorously, and so much against the government, that she was at length brought into the court of High Commission. Here the lawyers disputed with her, and the bishops reasoned with her from Scripture, but all in vain; till somebody hit upon a very different anagram of her

name, which he handed round the court amid convulsions of laughter, for it read thus:—

"DAME ELEANOR DAVIES"—
"NEVER SO MAD A LADIE!"

This shocking discovery is said to have silenced the prophetess at once.

The following are a few anagrams; and you may be worse occupied at the fireside than by trying to add to the number:—

Revolution, . .	To love ruin.
Democratical, . .	Comical trade.
Telegraph, . .	Great help.
The bar, . . .	Breath.
Old England, . .	A golden land.
Lawyers, . . .	Sly ware.
Astronomers, . .	No more stars.
Charades, . . .	Hard case.
Patience, . .	A nice pet.
Lame, . . .	Male.
Cork, . . .	Rock.
Potentates, . .	Ten teapots.

"Bouts Rimés," or rhyming ends, form a game of skill which may be made interesting enough. The father of this amusement is said to be one Dulot, a fantastical French poet, who once lamented in company an unfortunate loss

he had sustained—the loss of three hundred sonnets! On being questioned by his sympathising friends, he explained that they were *blank* sonnets; that is, sonnets of which only the rhymes were invented—doubtless the most important part of the composition with him. The idea seemed so comical, that it soon became the fashion for a company to collect as many difficult rhymes as possible, and tax the ingenuity of each other to fill them up so as to make complete verses. Suppose, since we are only beginners, that we try a set of easy rhymes as a specimen. Let us choose a subject suitable to the present moment, and call the poem "My Own Fireside." What do you think you could make of these rhymes?—"Joys, play; noise, gay—away, divide; stray, Fireside—words, arise; chords, eyes—prize, abide; sympathies, Fireside—now, mine; brow, thine—divine, hide; shrine, Fireside—roar, earth; more, hearth—birth, chide; mirth, Fireside—deities, joys; flies, annoys—cloys, tried; toys, Fireside—sweet, thee; feet, sanctuary—be, betide; me, Fireside."

Make a column of these rhymes on the right-hand side of your paper, and try if you can

prefix to each the rest of the line, so as to make a complete and coherent copy of verses. Try as you may, however, you will never succeed in producing a more charming and elegant little poem than the following; for the rhymes, to confess the truth, are not set down at random, but are taken from a poet who, unlike Dulot, makes his sense first, and his jingle afterwards:—

"My Own Fireside.

Let others seek for empty joys
  At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
  Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry hour away—
  'Twixt book and lute the hours divide—
And marvel how I e'er could stray
  From thee—my own Fireside!

My own Fireside! These simple words
  Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
  And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize
  That doth not in thy sphere abide?
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
  My own—my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than here—my own Fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without that ravage earth?
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide;
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own Fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies
When fortune frowns or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are the world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fireside?

Oh may the yearnings fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!

Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own Fireside!"*

Sixteenth Evening.

THE ACTED CHARADE.

A very fashionable game, and one played by grown people as well as children, is a charade put into action, like a little drama. You choose a word of two or more syllables, of which each syllable is a word in itself; and the actors must so perform their parts that the audience may be able to spell the word by the import of the several scenes. Thus, if you select the word "Innocent," the first scene may be an Inn; the second, some excitement which causes a frequent repetition of the exclamation "O!"—the third may draw the attention to the word "cent"—either the American fraction of a dollar, for instance, or the English per cent.; and the fourth must give the whole word "Innocent."

* Alaric A. Watts.

In the Acted Charade the business and bustle must never flag; everybody must play with spirit; and there should be one or two clever performers to sustain the principal parts. As to the plot or story of the piece, the simpler that it is the better. A few minutes of consultation will determine what it is to be; and then each person engaged must dash through his part in the best way he can, saying anything that comes uppermost. I have often seen a great deal of natural humour thrown into scenes of this kind; and even when some of the performers have no talent at all—why, we laugh at their awkwardness, and that answers the purpose as well.

I shall now give you a specimen of an Acted Charade, which I am in hopes will be tried in thousands of families this winter—only the actors taking care not to mind the little old maid's words, but to put in better ones of their own. The word shall be the one I have accidentally mentioned; and I choose it the rather that the words usually selected require for the most part to be sadly misspelt to make out the meaning of the dramatist at all. Our word has at least the merit of being clear—INN-O-CENT.

SCENE THE FIRST—ROOM ARRANGED AS AN INN.

Landlord, Landlady, Waiter, Boots, and Chambermaid, all bustling about the room.

Landlady. It must be near the time for the coach, John. I hope it will bring us more luck than it did last time.

Landlord. Ah, business isn't what it used to be!

Landlady. Sally, are all the rooms comfortable?

Sally. Oh yes, ma'am; they're all like so many bandboxes.

[*Horn blows from without.*

All. There it is!

[*The landlord, landlady, and servants, rush to the door, and encounter traveller entering in travelling dress, with a portmanteau in his hand.*

Landlady. (*Curtseying.*) Welcome, sir; very welcome, sir!

Landlord. (*Bowing.*) Fine day, sir. Picked up an appetite, sir?

Waiter. Shall I take your portmanteau, sir?

Sally. Want your bed aired, sir?

Traveller. (*Throwing down his portmanteau.*) There now; don't bother. I'm as tired as a

dog. I declare that abominable coach has given me the cramp in every limb. Three nights on the road! No joke, I can tell you. Ah, here's a capital fire; the only good thing I've seen since I left London.

[*Goes up to the fire, rubs his hands, stamps about, and finally stands with his back to it; the others in the meantime bustling about the room, handing him officiously a chair or a newspaper, &c.*

Traveller. Here, landlord.

Landlord. Yes, sir.

Traveller. Got something nice for supper, eh? It don't much matter what it is, so as you get it soon. "If 'twere well done, 'twere well it were done quickly"—hem! Feel as though I could eat a horse!

All. Oh yes, sir; ready directly, sir.

[*All rush out to get the supper ready*

Traveller. (*Throwing himself into a chair beside the fire.*) A—h! How tired I am to be sure! Shall sleep to-night at anyrate. Wonder how lawyers can live so far away from town, dragging one down I don't know how many miles about a business that perhaps might have been settled just as well without me. Not

but it's worth the trouble too, I daresay; but —a—h (*yawns*).

[*Enter waiter, and lays the table for supper.*

Traveller. Waiter, bring me a pair of slippers.

Waiter. Yes, sir.

[*Rushes out of the room, and returns with slippers, and proceeds to pull off the traveller's boots.*

Traveller. (*In a rage.*) Why, you blockhead, what are you doing? Do you want to pull off my leg too? If you haven't got corns, I have, I can tell you! There, there, that'll do! Can't you let me have my supper in peace?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

[*Goes out with the boots, while traveller sits down to his supper, yawning fearfully, and eating with his eyes half-shut. Enter chambermaid.*

Chambermaid. Please, sir, your room's ready.

Traveller. Is it? Well, and I am ready for my room. Here, Molly—Polly—what's your name?

Chambermaid. (*Curtseying.*) Sally, sir.

Traveller. Well, Sally, just get out my dressing-gown from that portmanteau, will you? There's the key. (*Throws it to her.*)

Sally. Yes, sir.

[*She tries to unlock the portmanteau, but does not at first succeed; at last she brings out the gown.*

and carries it to the traveller, whom she finds asleep.

Sally. Please, sir, here's the dressing-gown. My! he's fast asleep. (*Shaking him.*) Please, sir, wake up! Ho! ha! (*Shaking him.*)

Traveller. (*Starting.*) Eh—what? Bless me, what's that you say? Oh, ah, to be sure! Think I've been to sleep, have I? Ah, it's no wonder—three nights on the road! Shall be quite knocked up to-morrow. Here, help me off with this coat. (*Sally helps him to take it off, and to put on the other.*) There, now, you can (*Yawns*) take that away. Oh, stop; give it to me: I must take the things out of the pockets.

[*Takes the gown to the front of the stage, while Sally clears the table. With his eyes half-shut, he takes out a handkerchief, snuff-box, &c. from the pockets of the day-coat, and puts them into the one he has on. At last, yawning desperately, he pulls out a pocket-book.*

Sally. Please, sir, are you ready? The bed is nicely warmed, and will get cold.

Traveller. (*Nodding, as if falling asleep.*) No, no, neither cold nor warm; I have had enough.

Sally. Ready, sir! I said ready!

Traveller Coach ready? What, already?

[*Thrusts the pocket-book back into the day-coat by mistake.*

Sally. The bed, sir; the bed!

Traveller. Oh ay, true: but you needn't hollo so: I aint deaf. Come (*Slapping his pockets*), it's all right now. Must be careful in a strange place. Girl looks honest too. Sally!

Sally. Yes, sir; coming, sir.

Traveller. Take this coat and the portmanteau, and light me up stairs. Don't know where I am going. Dead asleep.

[*They go out; the chambermaid carrying the portmanteau, coat, and candle; and traveller following her, yawning.*

SCENE THE SECOND—TRAVELLER'S BEDROOM.

Traveller discovered without a coat, and with his nightcap on, holding his dressing-gown with one hand, and ringing furiously with the other, shouting at the same time for the landlord, landlady, and waiter. Enter Landlord, Landlady, Waiter, Sally, and guests—some with shawls and nightcaps on, as if just awakened.

All. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Sally. What's the matter, sir?

Traveller. What's the matter? You brazen-faced thing! How dare you ask me such a ques-

tion? Do you see that? Don't you see it, eh? Don't you see it?

[*Waves the gown in Sally's face.*

Sally. (*In great surprise.*) La, sir, yes; I see it. What's the matter with it, sir?

Traveller. Phoo! You don't gammon me!

[*Strides up and down the room, dragging the gown after him.*

All. (*Looking after him in astonishment.*) O—O—O!

Landlady. (*Rushing up and down the room after the traveller.*) O dear, sir, pray do tell me what is the matter?

Traveller. (*Stopping suddenly before her.*) Matter, ma'am! O, nothing's the matter—nothing at all! I've only been robbed, ma'am—robbed! and by that—that—that *woman* there—that precious chambermaid of yours; for there was not a soul in my room after she left it; but I suppose that is nothing! O no, nothing at all!

Waiter. (*Shaking his fist at the traveller.*) How dare you say that our Sally robbed you? It's false! You ate the money to your supper—you swallowed it in your sleep—anything, everything but that our Sally is a thief!

Landlord. (*Holding up his hands.*) Well, what will the world come to!

Landlady. (*Crying.*) O, Sally, sure it isn't possible, after being two years with me, and after getting such a good character with you too, and all——

Sally. (*Bursting into tears.*) O, sir!

Waiter. Don't cry, Sally; take my arm: I'll stand up for you, if all the world deserts you. Don't c-r-y. (*Blubbering.*)

Landlord. O, Sally!—and such a pretty girl! O!

Landlady. O, Sally! and so good and properly-conducted a girl! O!

Guests. (*Holding up their hands, and looking at Sally.*) O!

SCENE THE THIRD—INN PARLOUR.

Traveller discovered with his coat and hat on, seated at table eating his breakfast.

Traveller. A most unlucky journey! Lost a hundred pounds by it already; wonder what I shall do before I get home. What'll Mrs B—— say? My gracious!

[*Enter two lawyers with bags in their hands.*

Traveller. Good-morning t'ye both. (*Shaking hands with them.*) In a great hurry though—can't attend to business this morning—at least to yours. Can't, I assure you. Gobbling up my breakfast as fast as possible, that I may be in time to give my evidence at the Town-Hall!

Lawyers. At the Town-Hall?

Traveller. Yes, I tell you. What do you think of being *robbed* in a respectable inn like this? and by a little chit of a chambermaid, who looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. However, she shall be tried to-day; and——

1*st Lawyer.* How much have you lost, sir?

Traveller. A hundred pounds, besides my pocket-book.

Lawyer. (*Hastily.*) But our papers—Brown's papers—you've got them?

Traveller. Oh yes! What good would she get by them you know?

1*st Lawyer.* Then, sir, I would advise you to give up this business—we'll manage to get you off: you will get ten per cent. more in this affair of Brown's in half an hour than you would get on that hundred pounds in a hundred years; and it is impossible to put Brown's off.

Traveller. I don't care if you make it a hundred per cent. My dear fellow, I wouldn't give up this business of the pocket-book for any money. Why, sir, it's a duty I owe to society to get that girl punished: let her go, and there's no knowing what mischief she'll do at last!

2d Lawyer. I perfectly agree with my friend Mr Wiseman; but since you are determined to go, you must at anyrate give us those papers: if you are resolved on ruining yourself for the sake of justice, we will do what we can to lighten the loss, since we have undertaken your cause.

Traveller. I shan't be half an hour—besides, I couldn't attend to the business properly with that girl on my mind! Here's your papers. (*Thrusts his hand into his pocket, and draws out the lost pocket-book!*) Whew!—(*Regarding it with a look of dismay*)—Oh, botheration. and I've been on the wrong scent after all! Here, where's my hat?

[*Seizes his hat, and rushes to the door; the lawyers run after him, and hold him by each arm. Traveller struggles to get free.*

Lawyers. Stop, stop! Is the man mad?

Where are the papers—the papers, man—the papers?

Traveller. Let me go, I tell you—let me go!

Lawyers. Never! You shall not ruin yourself. If you neglect this business, you deserve to be without a cent in the world!

Traveller. Hang your cents!

[*Shakes himself free, and rushes out with the lawyers after him.*

Scene the Fourth—Town-Hall.

Magistrate sitting in a chair elevated above the rest; Policemen, Lawyers, and inn-guests scattered about the room; Landlady leaning on her husband's arm crying; Waiter beside them sniffing and rubbing his eyes with his coat-sleeves; Sally standing by herself weeping.

Magistrate. (*Rising.*) It is singular that the prosecutor has not yet appeared, when he must know that the principal evidence rests with him. However, I am sorry to say that I think we now only want his testimony; there can be no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Waiter. Oh, sir, I'm sure our Sally didn't do it!

Magistrate. (*In a passion.*) How dare you

interrupt the court! If you say another word, I'll commit you! As I was saying, there can be no doubt of the prisoner's guilt; and while we are waiting for the prosecutor's appearance, I think I cannot improve the time better than in saying a few words to the unhappy girl upon the nature of her crime. (*Magistrate pauses to hem, and take a pinch of snuff.*) I shall first point out what she might have been had she never committed this felonious act. (*Here Sally, landlady, and waiter set up a dismal howl, and the women burst into sobs.*) Silence —silence in the court!

[*Instead of silence, a great murmuring gets up among those nearest the door. Cries of "How he is running!" "What is the matter?" "Good gracious!" and the like among the guests.*

Magistrate. Silence—silence! What is the meaning of all this?

[*Enter traveller running, and flourishing the pocket-book above his head.*

Traveller. This—this! Here—it—is! (*Panting.*)

[*The judge sits down, and blows his nose.*

All. She is INNOCENT!

[*The landlady and Sally rush into each other's arms. The landlord smiles, and claps Sally on the back;*

while the waiter performs an Ojibeway Polka round the group, laughing and crying at once.

Waiter. Of course she is innocent! Hurra!

[*Tearing off his apron, and flourishing it like a flag above his head.*

All. INNOCENT!—INNOCENT!

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

THE YOUNG MAGICIAN.

MAGIC CIRCLE—IMPOSSIBILITY POSSIBLE—WONDERFUL HAT—APPARENT IMPOSSIBILITY—DOUBLE MEANING—VISIBLE INVISIBLE—MIRACULOUS COTTON—APPLE BEWITCHED—MULTIPLYING COIN—LOCOMOTIVE SHILLING—PENETRATING SIXPENCE—SPINNING SIXPENCE.

My reading, memory, and space are well-nigh exhausted together; but I must not conclude without unfolding some magical secrets which rarely fail in exciting either the mirth or the wonder of the fireside. Some of the simplest of these do not aspire to any higher title than that of a "bit of fun." Such is the "Magic Circle." After professing yourself of course to be a conjurer, every one will be anxious for a

proof of your art; and you propose to draw a narrow circle round any one of the company, out of which he shall not be able to jump, though he will be a perfectly free agent, unconfined either in hands or feet. To perform this miracle, you blindfold one of the party, place him in the middle of the room, and button his coat round him. You then push him here and there, telling him he is not on the right spot of the carpet, in order to divert his attention, and to form an excuse for putting your hands about him while you draw a line of chalk round his waist. You then take off the bandage from his eyes, and showing him the circle, desire him to make haste and jump out of it, as you have some other business of more consequence to attend to.

Another much the same as this is the "Impossibility Possible," or "Go if you Can," as it is sometimes called. Addressing the strongest boy in the room, say to him that you are able to clasp his hands in such a way, that unless he unclasps them, he will be unable to leave the room, though you will make no opposition to his exit. The young gentleman being of course incredulous, you can prove your boast by

clasping his hands round the leg of the piano, and beg him to take the instrument away with him, since he is *determined* to go.

The "Wonderful Hat" belongs to the same class. Get three hats, or boys' caps, and place them all in a row over three bits of bread, or apple, or anything you happen to have for supper. After having directed the attention of the company to these preparations, you raise the caps one after another, and deliberately eat the articles beneath them; then declare that you can put all the three devoured pieces, or any of them, under whichever of the hats the company indicate. One hat is accordingly selected to be the vehicle of the promised miracle; and amid much laughter, you take it up, and placing it on your head, inquire if there is any doubt that the things in question are under it?

While at supper, you can exhibit another "Apparent Impossibility." Declare that you are able, by the aid of magic, to show them what they, and even yourself, have never seen before; and after having once seen, will never see again. To keep your word, you take a nut and crack it, and holding the kernel up,

ask if any one has seen it before. The answer of course being in the negative, you declare oracularly that it shall never be seen again; and putting it into your mouth, you grind and swallow it in an instant. It is to be hoped that the nut is good, or the joke will be against you.

The "Double Meaning" is performed by placing a hat or cap over a full glass of wine or water, or any other liquid at hand. You then tell your companions that you will make the wine, or whatever it is, disappear, though you will not touch the covering that is over it; and knocking upon the table, you look knowingly under it, as if to see through the wood that the liquid had taken itself off. Being satisfied on this point, you raise your head quietly, and say, "Look!" A dozen eager hands are stretched out; the cap is removed—*not* by you—and taking up the glass and drinking the contents, you bid the company observe that the wine has disappeared.

If there are no mirrors in the room you are in you can successfully play the trick of making the "Visible Invisible." To do this, you first offer to place one of the candles in the room in

such a position that every person there but the one you select shall be able to see it; and it will be an impossibility for that individual even to look at it, though he shall not be blindfolded, or prevented from looking anywhere he chooses. This being agreed to, you take any one you like, and making him stand in the middle of the room, place the candlestick on his head, where he alone will be unable to see it.

We now come to those tricks in the performance of which a little more ingenuity is required; for those I have just mentioned are of course nothing more than "practical jokes."

The "Miraculous Cotton" is a very good trick, but a great deal of care is requisite in its performance. Get two pieces of fine cotton of equal length; roll up one, unobserved by the company, in a little ball, and place it between your finger and thumb, and you can easily keep it in that position, as you will have frequent occasion during the performance to close the fore-fingers and thumbs of both hands. You then exhibit the other bit of thread; and folding it double, ask some person to cut it in two; you then fold it again, and make the same re-

quest; and again, and again, until the cotton will not admit of being folded more. Then roll it up with the disengaged hand, and then with both hands, so that you have both balls together; breathe upon them; and while so doing, manage to get hold of one end of the entire thread, which you draw gradually out, to the astonishment of the party, who cannot but suppose that it is the thread which was cut. Sometimes the trick is played over again the opposite way—that is, by bringing out an entire thread in little bits—but this is at a great risk of discovery; indeed I think no trick should be played twice over in any way whatever in the same evening.

The "Apple Bewitched" causes a great deal of laughter. Take the largest and most beautiful apple you can get; then pass a needle threaded with silk under the rind, in and out at the same place, until you have thus travelled round the whole apple; then bringing out the needle at the same hole in which you inserted it, take both ends of the silk in your hands and draw it out—thus cutting the apple in half *underneath* the skin without its being perceptible on the outside. Pass the needle and silk round once

or twice again, in different directions, in the same manner. When it is done to your liking, affecting to be seized with a sudden fit of generosity, make a gift of it to one of your companions. As soon as he bites or pares it, of course it will fall to pieces in his mouth or plate.

A very curious and ingenious trick is that called "Multiplying Coin." Tell one of your companions that although you have not yet got so far in your profession of magic as to have found any signs of the existence of the Philosopher's Stone, so much talked of, yet you have already discovered a very useful art—that of multiplying coin. Thus, if any one will give you sixpence, you will increase it before their eyes to eighteenpence. The sixpence having been procured, you get a glass of water and a plate; put the sixpence into the tumbler, and then, covering it with the plate, turn it upside-down on the table; the coin will drop down upon the plate, and appear a shilling, while the sixpence will seem to be floating on the top. Any other coin will increase in like manner—a shilling appearing half-a-crown; and half-a-crown a crown.

The "Locomotive Shilling" will win you a great renown. In order to play this trick with convenience to yourself, you should always keep a shilling with some peculiar mark on it in your pocket. Before stating that you are going to perform the "Locomotive Shilling," put this one which is in your pocket in some place where it is not likely to be discovered. Then borrowing a shilling from one of the company, you mark it openly with the same impression there is on the other, in order, as you tell them, that it may be recognised again. Then place the shilling near the edge of the table; give a loud knock upon it, and at the same time make a sudden cry, which, startling your companions, will in some measure prevent them from seeing you whip the coin quickly into your sleeve. Having thus disposed of it, say to the company, "I think it has gone; did you see which way it went?" And it will be amusing to see their perplexed countenances when they answer, "No." Not being able of course to get any information as to the whereabouts of the shilling, you can say to the person from whom you borrowed it, "Will you be kind enough to look into that vase; perhaps it may be there?" On looking there, the shilling you

hid will be found, and will be bandied from hand to hand for the inspection of doubting eyes; whose owner, as he recognises the mark, will scarcely be able to "believe his senses."

The "Penetrating Sixpence" has somewhat the same properties as the "Locomotive Shilling." To perform this trick, you must have a sixpence, or something resembling one, sewn in a corner of your handkerchief. Having borrowed a sixpence, pretend to wrap it up in the middle of the handkerchief, but in reality put the sewn corner there in its stead; and holding the handkerchief in your hand, ask any one who chooses to feel that the sixpence is there. Then place it near the edge of the table, and cover it with something; hold a glass of water under the table, strike the table sharply, and drop the borrowed sixpence with a splash into the water; replace the glass on the table to show the sixpence; and taking up your handkerchief, shake it carelessly, and put it in your pocket.

Here is a way of making a sixpence spin on the point of a needle:—Cork a wine bottle, and push the eye of a needle into the cork until it

is half-way in; then get another cork, make a little slit in the bottom of it, large enough to receive the sixpence edgeways; then stick two steel forks into the top. Place the edge of the sixpence upon the needle, and spin it round by means of the forks: it will revolve rapidly without danger of falling.

Eighteenth Evening.

THE CHANGEABLE ROSE—CHAMELEON FLOWERS—SAP GREEN—TEARS — BREATH — VISIBLE INVISIBLE — CURIOUS TRANSPOSITIONS — FLOATING STEEL—COLOURED SHADOWS—MAGIC PINHOLE—HAND-WRITING UPON THE WALL—CARD TRICKS.

As some of the amusements in an earlier part of the volume are described as leaning upon literature, so there are others which, in the same way, have a certain connection with science.

Some of the experiments I allude to may be made with little or no trouble or expense, which are quite as wonderful as those tricks which I have just described, and which have the advantage of being real, no deception of any kind being practised, although the hidden causes of

their beautiful effects are only revealed to the student of chemistry.

To begin with the most simple, there is the "Changeable Rose." Hold a red rose over the flame of a sulphur match, and whatever spot of it the fumes touch will become pale or white, so that out of a red rose you can form a white rose. I have heard of young ladies keeping flowers in this way from summer till the season of winter gaiety with success. Towards the close of the season they picked a number of the finest roses, taking care that they were quite dry: they then held them over the fumes of sulphur until the colour faded completely away; the flowers were then sealed at the cut stems, and shut up in air-tight boxes. When the Christmas and New-Year festivities began, the roses were taken from their retirement, dipped in water, and carried into ball-rooms nestling in the hair or on the bosoms of their fair owners.

Another way of making "Chameleon Flowers" is by the use of the spirit-lamp. Sprinkle the wick of the lamp with a little salt. Place a few scarlet flowers beside it, and they will appear yellow. Purple flowers will appear blue.

A lighted match will change the colour of almost any flower except yellow ones; and flowers put into a bottle of common *sel poleton* will also change—making a pink flower, for instance, a beautiful green.

Sap Green is very sensible to the influence of soda and acids. For instance, a little carbonate of soda dropped into it will change it into a yellow colour, and by the addition of acids, a red colour will be produced; and chalk will restore it to its original hue.

Tears have also a singular effect in changing colours. Thus, if tears are dropped on a piece of paper stained with violets, the paper will be changed into a green colour.

Perhaps you never knew before that there is such magic in your *breath* as the two following experiments will show:—Fill a tumbler with lime-water, then, while you stir it round with a piece of glass, breathe into it frequently. The liquid, at first transparent, will gradually become perfectly white; and if you leave it for a short time, on again examining it, you will find *chalk* deposited at the bottom of the tumbler.

The "Visible Invisible." Get a dressing-glass, or any kind of looking-glass, and write

over its surface with French chalk; now wipe all off with your handkerchief, and the clear surface will again appear; breathe upon it, and, hey presto! the lines are there again. You may repeat the experiment several times, and the effect will be the same.

"Curious Transpositions" may be made with hot water and jelly. Having placed a basin of hot water upon the table, next procure a glass of jelly, and let it down gently, mouth downwards, into the water, and let it remain for a short time just under the surface. The jelly being heavier than the water, will immediately, on dissolving, sink to the bottom of the basin, and the glass will fill with water.

Most persons, especially *young* philosophers, would laugh on being assured that solid steel will float; yet this fact may be proved by placing a few fine needles upon the surface of a tumbler of water, where they will remain without sinking.

"Coloured Shadows" may be made simply by the use of coloured glass; for example, I will suppose you have two pieces of glass—green and blue. The wall in the room you are in should be white or light-coloured; but if it is

not so, you can stretch a sheet over it. Put two candles on the table just before the part on which you wish to throw your shadows; but one of the candles must be at a greater distance than the other. Take your green glass, and hold it before the light nearest the wall, and you will find two shadows thrown upon the wall, one of which will be green, and the other red; now put your blue glass before the flame, and of the two shadows thrown, one will be blue, and the other yellow.

A curious representation of an inverted flame may be seen by a "Pinhole Focus," by using it in this manner:—Take a lighted candle into a dark room; make a hole in a card with a pin, and hold it between the light and a sheet of white paper; you will then see the exact representation of the flame, only turned upside down, on the paper. Make a hole rather larger, and hold it between the light and the sheet of paper, and on the paper will be seen a beautiful and exact view of everything in the room, even with the same colours they happen to have; and the objects either moving or stationary as they are in reality.

A representation of "Handwriting upon the

Wall" may be obtained by cutting whatever words you choose out of a piece of pasteboard; put it between a lighted lamp and the wall, and the words will be exactly delineated.

I suppose you have often heard of a diving-bell, or perhaps have seen it in the Polytechnic Institution of London? You can make a good imitation of it with a glass goblet instead of the bell. Fill a basin nearly full with water, light one of the little wicks used in invalids' chambers, and set it floating on the surface; over this put the goblet, which, if you press it down ever so hard, will not fill with water, but will form an exact representation of a miniature diving-bell and its occupant.

Some good tricks are performed by means of cards, but it is very difficult to describe them clearly enough for practice. The grand thing requisite is to know, or be able to discover, the card selected by your companion; and the simplest way to effect this is to *force* one upon him of your own choosing. Forcing a card is commonly done in this way: — While shuffling the cards as usual, turn their faces towards you, and fix upon the card you wish to force. Shuffle it towards one side of the

pack, keeping your eye fixed upon it, so as not to lose it: if you have occasion to pause, or look somewhere else, take care to place a finger against the card, so that you may know it again. Now ask some one to choose a card; and while he is choosing, throw the cards about as much as possible, until at last you throw *the* card (though without the appearance of doing so) into his hand. Tell him to look at the card, and shuffle it well into the pack. When he returns it to you, look at the cards, and shuffle the chosen one to the bottom with its face upwards; then bringing them near the edge of the table, give them a sudden jerk, and they will all fly along the table with their backs upwards, except the forced card, which will of course exhibit its face.

"The Queens' going to dig for Diamonds" is one of the prettiest of these feats by cards. Take all the Queens, Kings, Knaves, and Aces, and four common cards of each suite, from the pack. Then putting the four Queens together, lay them down, face upwards, on the table, and say, "These four Queens went out together to dig for diamonds (*Here you place four cards of Diamonds half over them*), and each one took

a spade (*Placing four Spades half over the Diamonds*); but the four Kings, their husbands, fearing that they would meet danger on the road, sent an escort after them for a protection (*Here you put the Aces half over the Spades*); the Kings, however, became anxious, and all set out together after their wives (*Here the Kings must be placed half across the Aces*); this business getting wind, four robbers determined to lie in wait for the Queens on their return, and seize the diamonds thus procured (*Place the Knaves half over the Kings*); each one of these robbers was armed with a club (*Put the Clubs half over the Knaves*), and all were well known as the bravest, stoutest-hearted men in that country (*Laying the Hearts half over the Clubs*)."

Having finished your cards, you now pack them up into one parcel; that is, you first take up the Queens, and place them, face downwards, on the table; then, keeping the Diamonds together, you lay them in the same way, face downwards, upon the Queens, and so on. Give the cards to any one who wishes to cut, and afterwards cut them yourself, until the common card of Hearts remains at the bottom: if you lay them out as before, you

will find them all come into their proper order. Any one trying this feat, without knowing the secret of keeping the Heart at the bottom, will, unless favoured by some very rare chance, be sure to fail.

But card-tricks are best learned from conversation and practice, and I shall not venture on any more, lest I should end my task by wearying and confusing my readers. The little old maid likes rather to part with her young friends in good-humour; and she hopes that in this small volume she has left them a token whereby to remember her kindly in their FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

SOLUTIONS OF THE ENIGMAS.

Riddles.

1. A tree.
2. Seven and five.
3. Blacksmith.
4. Fire-tongs.
5. An apple.
6. A pipe.
7. A slate.
8. A muff.
9. A chair.
10. Ink.
11. *Ignis fatuus*, or Jack o'Lantern.
12. A yard measure.
13. Figure 8.
14. A wig.
15. A coffin.
16. A looking-glass.
17. The heart.
18. Echo.
19. The little finger.
20. Fire.
21. A secret.
22. Chocolate.
23. The man's name was Not.
24. The five vowels.
25. The letter *R*.
26. A shuttlecock.
27. A clock.
28. A bed.
29. The moon; never more than a month old.
30. A candle.
31. A glove.
32. Ink.
33. A sign.
34. Spark. Park. Ark.
35. A man comes in carrying a leg of mutton, which he lays down on a three-legged stool; he then goes out. A dog runs away with the leg. The

man comes back, and throws the stool at the dog, to make him drop the leg of mutton.

36. Her son.

37. He first crosses the river with the goose, leaving the fox with the corn. He then returns for the fox, which he lands, and takes back the goose. He goes across again with the corn; and finally, conveys the goose over for the second time. Thus the fox is never left with the goose, nor the goose with the corn.

38. A pair of skates.

39. Plague. Ague.

40. A pair of spurs.

41. The globe of the earth.

42. A wafer.

43. A mouse in a library.

44. To-day.

45. A hole in a stocking.

46. Four. Every one would be opposite each other, could look at each other, and might sit on her own tail.

47. Seven. Having one son, of course he was brother to all the six daughters.

48. Only myself. As *I* was going *to* St Ives, of course all the others were coming *from* it.

49. A lighted candle.

50. Man. In infancy he creeps on all-fours; when he is grown up, he walks erect; and when life is closing in, he supports his feeble steps with a stick. This is the famous riddle of the 'Sphinx.'

51. An end.

52. Three.

53. A shadow.

54. A looking-glass.

55. To-morrow.

56. An icicle.

57. A needle.

58. A rebus.

59. Ink.
60. A sigh.
61. Your name.
62. A blush.
63. The letter *I*.
64. The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, brought from Arabia.
65. The alphabet.
66. Antelope and cantelope.
67. To-ad.
68. A thorn.
69. An egg.
70. A river.

French Riddles.

1. A footman following his master:—I am what I am; I am not what I follow: if I were what I follow, I should not be what I am.
2. The letter *A*.
3. The twenty-ninth of February.

Enigmatical Trees.

1. The palm.
2. The date.
3. Lime-tree.
4. Silver-tree.
5. Lace-tree.
6. Beech-tree (beach).
7. Crab-tree.
8. The medlar.
9. Cork-tree.
10. Aspen (ass-pen).
11. Plum.
12. Pear (pair).
13. Cow-tree.
14. The sloe.
15. Tallow-tree. (Candles are *wick*-ed.)
16. Locust.
17. The paper-tree.
18. Rock-maple.
19. Elder-bush.
20. Fever-bush.
21. Box.
22. Tea.
23. Olive.
24. Broom.
25. Spruce.
26. Sugar-cane.
27. Plane (plain).
28. Axle-tree.
29. Orange (O, range!)
30. Fringe-tree.
31. Yew (I call upon *you*).

Enigmatical Birds.

1. Bird-of-Paradise.
2. Halcyon.
3. Wren.
4. Robin (robbing).
5. Swallow.
6. Kite.
7. Gull.
8. Martin.
9. Crow.
10. Turkey.
11. Goose.
12. Crane.
13. Cat-bird.

Charades.

1. Co-nun-drum.
2. Friend-ship.
3. Cows'-lip.
4. Foot-stool.
5. Lap-pet.
6. Peer-less.
7. For-tune.
8. Hearts'-ease.
9. Sea-son.
10. Glow-worm.
11. Rattle-snake.
12. Wel-come.
13. Rain-bow.
14. Fire-brand.
15. Break-fast.
16. Cod-ling.
17. Horse-man-ship.
18. Watch-man.
19. Ad-vice.
20. Moon-shine.
21. Wo-man.
22. Al-so.
23. I-dol.
24. Leg-horn.
25. Quick-sand.

Logogriphe.

Starch. The parts are—Cash, Ah! Arch, Rash, Hast, A, Hat, Ta, Art, Ah! Cat and Rat, Stars, Car, Crash, Sat, Trash, Ace, Tars, "Has," Chart, Cart, Ache, As, At, Hart, Ash, Chat, Char, Scar.

French Charades.

1. Char-don. Char is a chariot; don is a gift, chardon is a thistle, which is eaten by jack-asses.
2. A-dieu.

Rebus.

Green-gage.

Arithmetical Puzzles.

1. xix. xx.
2. Twice twenty-five is fifty; twice five, and twenty, is thirty.
3. If a herring and a-half are three-halfpence, of course each herring is a penny a-piece.
4. Those who hear you, will think you say "one."
7. The bride was fifteen, and the bridegroom forty-five.
8. Twenty-nine days.
9. He first fills the five-quart measure, and from it fills the three-quart. He pours away the contents of the three quarts, putting the two quarts into it. He then fills the five-quarts, and fills up the three-quart measure from it, thus leaving exactly four quarts in the five-quart measure.

Conundrums.

1. Royal Exchange.
2. Earwig.
3. Outside.
4. There is not a *single* person in it.
5. Because his nose is above his chin.
6. When he has not paid for his wig.
7. He has a bit always in his mouth.
8. It is out of your head.
9. A coachman.
10. He is learning.
11. Because it wont come to us.
12. They have a merry thought between them.
13. There are three scruples to a dram.
14. The road.
15. Twenty.
16. Growing older.
17. His grandson.
18. A staff or stick.

19. One was governed by *deys*, the other by *knights*.
20. A-musing; B-coming; D-lighting; N-chanting.
21. She forms lasses into classes.
22. There is *a* difference.
23. He stops at the sound of "wo."
24. Facetious.
25. A bald head.
26. Stone.
27. No horse has five legs.
28. To keep his head warm.
29. A daughter.
30. Because no one *gives* them to us.
31. A hole in their stocking.
32. None; they will all fly away.
33. When exposed to fire, they run.
34. When it's a skylight.
35. Because it is in the midst of Greece (grease).
36. What does y-e-s spell?
37. Because it is a bee-holder (beholder).
38. Because they are stationary.
39. Largess (large S).
40. Because he makes a decanter (D canter).
41. Mendicant (mend I can't.)
42. Amiable (Am I able?)
43. He is crusty.
44. It is a bad habit.
45. Because it is privateering (private hearing).
46. She weighs anchor.
47. Dwarfs.
48. Short.
49. After tea (After T).
50. Chaucer (Chaw, sir).
51. Eusebius (You see by us).
52. It is Ham let alone (Hamlet alone).
53. I often see abundance on the table.
54. Silence.
55. It is founded on Mersey (Mercy).
56. L E G.
57. X L (Excel).
58. He is just ready to strike one.
59. They are regular, irregular, and defective.

60. They are high hose (Heigh ho's!)
61. One reflects without speaking; the other speaks without reflecting.
62. A pack of cards.
63. Music.
64. Adriatic (A dry attic).
65. She would be a great politician (Polly Titian).
66. I scream, thou screamest, he screams.
67. The outside.
68. On the head.
69. He is not a tall black (Not at all black).
70. Because there are more of them.
71. He is a jewel (A Jew ill).
72. He has pictures (Picked yours).
73. He is always forgetting (For getting).
74. It is a decoration (Deck oration).
75. When it is ajar (A jar).
76. Because it holds a gal on (A Gallon).
77. He is *above* doing a wrong action.
78. It would be deceased (D ceased).
79. A ditch.
80. They are far-fetched and troublesome.
81. A sack-but.
82. Wet.
83. A cat out of a hole.
84. Like to be drowned.
85. In the ark.
86. Four quarters.
87. On the other side.
88. The winds blew (blue), and the storms rose.
89. Your father.
90. Like a fish out of water.
91. When it is a little pail (pale).
92. The nose.
93. To ashes.
94. The pillow.
95. Because it is a hardship.
96. Noah when he took Ham into the ark.
97. The wind, that whistled "Over the hills and far away."
98. Nobody knows.

99. Because *we* could not be *wed* without it.
100. When he is a-board.
101. Because it contains a goose's head.
102. When her bonnet becomes her.
103. When he is a-shaving.
104. Because the sooner it is put out the better.
105. When it is wrung (rung).
106. The man with two sacks, because they would be lighter than *one* sack of *flour*.
107. Because he would present a far-thing present.
108. Both the same.
109. Because they develope the muscles.
110. Against his inclination.
111. Because it contains the ashes of the great (grate).
112. Because he is in sheets.
113. Because there is Cork in it.
114. His foot.
115. They had twenty-*fore* feet.
116. A tanner.
117. A mason (May sun).
118. Cabinet-makers.
119. A joiner.
120. A glassblower.
121. A hairdresser (hare-dresser).
122. A wheelwright.
123. Founders.
124. Fuller.
125. A stage-driver.
126. A player.
127. A bell-hanger (belle).
128. Paper-stainers.
129. Printers.
130. A shoemaker.
131. Dyers.
132. Mis-fortune.
133. Mis-chance and Mis-hap.
134. Mis-take.
135. Mis-give and Mis-trust.
136. Mis-understanding.
137. Mis-shape.
138. Mis-rule.
139. Mis-lay and Mis-place.
140. Mis-chief.

141. Mis-represent, Mis-inform, and Mis-report.
142. Mis-behave.
143. Mis-guide and Mis-lead.
144. Mis-reckon.
145. Mis-spend.
146. Mis-management.
147. Mis-interpret.
148. Mis-quote.

FRENCH CONUNDRUMS.

1. C'est Cyrus. In French pronounced six Russes, which means six Russians.
2. C'est la *plante* des pieds, the French phrase for *sole* of the foot.
3. Lapin VII. (La pincette). Lapin 7th, sounds in French like la pincette, which means the tongs.
4. Parcequ'il est l'aîné (Lainé). L'aîné means the eldest, and lainé means covered with wool.
5. Un homme sans un sourcil. Souci means care, anxiety; sourcil means an eyebrow.

THE END.