

ACROSTICS



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NUTS TO CRACK



CHRISTMAS

ORIGINAL
DOUBLE ACROSTICS AND ENIGMAS.

BY
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AND
MRS BLACKLOCK.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
THE HON. MRS GORDON, OF KENMURE,
AND
GERALD MASSEY, Esq.



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DEDICATION.

For her I reverence all other friends above.
I wrote my share, so little worthy of her love;
But there's a place she taught me to love more
Than earthly friend—the Church where Jesus I
adore.

As age creeps on, and years fresh sorrows bring,
More closely to the parent Church my feelings
cling.

1. I think, if you'd take my advice, lady fair,
2. You'd escape from the scent that oppresses the
air.
3. And as sitting indoors gives no pleasure to you,
4. And will injure your system, here's what I
would do:
5. I'd take out this book at the close of the day,
6. And sit by the stream 'mong the closely-mown
hay.

PREFACE.

“A verse may find him who a sermon flies,”
So wrote George Herbert: and no man denies
That his sweet Christian words must ever last.
Then, let the maiden “of the Period” (or the boy),
While talking “chaff” in summer days of joy,
Remember that some clouds must overcast.
Such games as this, that lead the young to think,
Can bring no sad regrets upon the grave’s dark
brink.

M. R.

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ACROSTICS.



1.

He watched the busy weaver small,
As he lay upon his bed ;
“ By it I mean to stand or fall,
“ Or persevere,” he said.
“ If it succeed in what it tries,
“ I hope to prosper too,
“ I’ll trust the strength that in me lies,
“ Whatever foes may do.”

1. Oh ! dream not of wealth on a foreign strand,
2. As the middle deck ye pace,
3. And ne’er of a cherry take half a piece,
4. If you wish to conclude well your race.
5. First learn to obey, if you seek to command,
6. And then you may rise above all in the land.

2.

Alas! the good days of King Jamie have flown,
 When the first the last always would stand,
 But he takes the same chance as his neighbours
 do now,
 And can still "hold his own" in the land.

1. A Freeman true, no foreign slave,
2. Say, who can check my homely life?
3. I seek no gold across the wave,
4. Nor relish I the battle's strife.

3.

Aye foremost in protection's cause,
 Aye ready for the fight,
 Tho' fallible like mortals all,
 He did what he thought right.
 And he who spoke the dying words
 That urged the warrior on,
 Addressed no braver, nobler man
 Than the hero who is gone.

1. I detest the malignant and poor spiteful mind.
2. In feats so ærial no pleasure I find.
3. An ascent thus stupendous I rather would view,
4. Than the most splendid house with its furniture new.
5. Why worship an image when God reigns above?
6. For He stands alone with a right to your love.
7. While we trust in that love all is bright as mid-day,
 All shadows are past and all tears wiped away.

4.

A well-known Queen in ancient days,
 One of the saintly band,
 Who civilized the Northern boors,
 And Christianized our land.
 Altho' she came of Southern blood,
 A true-born English maid,
 She organized the Scottish clans,
 And introduced the plaid.

1. The swamp or marsh beside the breezy lake.
2. To live in water suits a duck or drake.
3. A Norman pirate, whose last days were good.
4. A sum of money, and a sick man's food.
5. The iron block whence many a spark has flown.
6. The Royal ensigns in the Tower still shewn.
7. The night draws on, the darkening moments fleet.
8. Oh! may we pace life's path with harmless feet.

5.

The scenes of two great Northern fights,
 That all the Scotch know well.
 The flowers of Scottish chivalry
 In each engagement fell.
 See there, the lonely moorland heights,
 And here, the rocky dell.

1. I give you here a nut to crack.
2. In Italy this painter seek.

3. To calm your mind and ease your woes,
4. Just on that couch a while repose.
5. An Island that is near Japan.
6. Escape a tyrant if you can.
7. To such mistakes we all are prone.
8. This river's sometimes over-flown.
9. The centre can be quickly caught.
10. Here English Christians first were taught.
11. Please let us two at once unite,
12. To break no law, and only do what's right.

6.

As lonely in my home I stand,
 As the poor traveller left on foreign strand.
 Since every child has read the wondrous tale
 To guess this riddle you can scarcely fail.

1. Here dwelt a man whose worth is sung by Pope.
 2. To jealous rage the next gave fearful scope.
 3. A gay assemblage of the dancing throng,
 4. Where quite alone I stand the crowd among.
 5. The day is past—thick darkness may be felt.
 6. A Jewish name that often with an H is spelt.
 7. What all men feel with each advancing year.
 8. There's nothing new in this poor earthly sphere.
-

7.

WRITTEN 1868.

Two of the noble and great of the land
Are lately gone to their rest,
As their lives were noble, and good and pure,
So in Paradise they are blest.

1. A small Latin word, so commonly known,
It may almost be said to be English grown.
2. The maiden from whom the lion did flee,
(Byron says), in respect for her purity.
3. The metal that once in the Scriptures is
named,
So in using the slang the snob can't be blamed.
4. If we walk in God's ways, injure friends, foe,
or none,
We can say, in strict conscience, the next was
ne'er done.
5. The great ones I write of have now the repose,
That my next would betoken : a rest from all
woes.
6. The pure stream that for ever its waters will
pour
When time's but a dream, and when tides are
no more.
7. The meekest, the gentlest of animals seen,
But the Great Type where pastures for ever
are green.
8. The sweet valediction to dearest friends given,
The farewell that points up most directly to
Heaven.

9. When our dear friends are taken, we feel
 they're not far,
 That they hover around, like some soft guid-
 ing star.
10. We shall meet them again, where the time
 will just seem
 As from morn until sunset—at best but a
 dream.

8.

It is rarely we find that those with means blest,
 Ever think of the wants of the poor and oppressed.
 We have lost a good man, of whom one could see
 That his heart was united to hand as free.

1. Let us fly across the wide smiling sea,
2. For I've had of this world quite sufficient for
 me.
3. So I'm outward bound to a foreign shore,
4. Where happier days may be in store.
5. Two-thirds of the ointment they waste on their
 hair,
6. Or spend in their sports at games or fair,
7. Would suffice for us if used with care.

9.

When Macedon's proud warrior wept
 For more lands to subdue,
 He only thought of this old world,
 And dreamt not of a new.

Not yet the gracious lady lived,
 Who furnished ships and gold,
 And sent the great discoverer forth,
 With followers true and bold.

1. An ancient painter known to fame ;
2. Few are forgetful of his name.
3. The burning stream from fiery hill ;
4. Oh ! why unloose what works such ill.
5. Here let me pause, and ponder in my mind,
6. Why Popish edicts now we rarely find.
7. The flag of liberty we spread abroad.
8. A country true to freedom and to God.

10.

Dear friends, if you will now attentively look,
 You will find out the first in the front of this book ;
 And as writing for print was never my mission,
 I trust he'll accede to this earnest petition,
 That he will not despise my poor womanly powers,
 Since I wrote to beguile some sad lonely hours.

1. I once, like a lark, could be blithe and gay,
2. As down by the stream, rod in hand, I'd stray.
3. Hymns of praise from my heart then would
 oft ascend,
4. But now in a convent my knees I bend.
5. And far from the world, its riot, and strife,
 I am wearing away my peaceful life.

11.

Our minister is much beloved,
 A kindly man is he ;
 And when he must reprove his flock
 He does it merrily.
 One night as he was driving out,
 He saw an angry dame,
 Who tried to chase some chickens home,
 But her efforts were in vain.
 "Deil tak' ye," said the auld wife,
 (She spoke in accents gruff),
 "Have patience," quoth the minister,
 "And you'll meet him soon enough."
 Then driving on a little way,
 What should the good man spy,
 But another woman trying to
 Put young pigs in a sty.
 "Deil tak' ye," said this young wife,
 "I wus he had yer grup!"
 "Have patience," quoth the minister,
 "And he will soon be up."
 "He is not very far away,
 "But busily engaged
 "In seeing that some chickens
 "For night are safely caged."

1. I wish I had brought them to some better fair,
 I am dull and depressed, I had such ill luck there.
2. And now I must tell, that whatever the weather,
 Among sisters five we stand closely together.
3. Now pray do not scold me, and worry me so,
 I have done my poor best, as you very well
 know.

12.

"Twas nearly twenty years ago,
 We saw this wondrous sight,
 The waters of the River Ken
 Rose sixty feet in height.
 A cloud from Heaven came down to meet
 The wave as it rose higher,
 And the rustics cried, in terror wild,
 "The river is on fire."

1. What is not now, nor ever yet in time shall be.
2. So steep a hill we do not oft in Europe see.
3. Not often can attorney to a Chancellor rise.
4. He who reprov'd three friends who wrongly
 did advise.
5. And now from off the scene I beg leave to
 retire,
 While you guess how it chanced the river
 seem'd on fire.

13.

Dear bard ! who for Piërian draughts didst ever
 thirst,
 Revered by even those "with want of genius
 curst,"
 Yet never deem'd by any one to be my first !
 Deep as the deep recesses of my second,
 E'en to this hour, thy mental power is reckon'd :
 No purer soul to heaven the angels beckon'd.

1. The act is done, the venture now is past ;
2. I don't aspire among great writers to be class'd :
3. All that I long for is to be at rest,
To sleep in Jesus, and among the blest.

14.

A TALE OF CASTLE-DOUGLAS.

As I stood with mourning parents
Beside a sick boy's bed,
While weeping school-friends cluster'd round,
He raised his dying head,
And said to his young playmates,
"Oh! dinna greet sae sair ;
I hae run wi' ye these eight years,
But I'se rin wi' ye nae mair.
We hae a' been thochtless laddies,
Neither heedin' wrang nor richt ;
The days aye seem'd sae bricht and fair
That we thocht na o' the nicht.
Oh! when ye're idlin' in the schule,
Or sportin' in your glee,
Bethink ye that the day maun come
Ye'll be laid low like me !
O mither, let me haud yer han'—
I canna see you clear—
I ken that I hae vex'd ye whiles,
But aye I held ye dear.
I thocht to live an' work for ye
When ye were frail an' auld ;

Now ye'll be left when I lie low
 In Kelton kirkyard cauld."

* * * *

The father stood and watched the bed
 Where lay the dying son ;
 He saw his strength was almost gone,
 That his earthly course was run.
 Then his own life passed before him,
 And the summer days of joy
 In the Back Wood o' the Kenmure,
 Where he roved a stirring boy,
 Whiles nievin' trout and bairdies
 In the shoal Knocknarlin burn,
 Or gatherin' nuts and wild slaes
 When the leaves were on the turn.
 " Oh ! better dee in childhood,
 Afore the days o' care ;
 There's nocht but pain and sorrow here—
 It's safest to be *There!*"
 So he bowed his head in sadness,
 And meekly kissed the rod ;
 And with Christian resignation
 He gave his boy to God.

1. Though not many his days or his pleasures
 below,
 2. He was safer in youth so to die.
 3. Oh ! never resist the Almighty God's will—
 4. There's no sorrow where He reigns on high.
-

15.

"No arm in the day of the conflict can wound him,
 Tho' war launch her thunder in fury to kill,
 For the angel of death in the desert has found him,
 And stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill."
 —GILLESPIE.

'Twas after Waterloo was fought,
 When war's wild blast was o'er,
 A wounded Highlander returned
 Back to his native shore.

He never reached his mother's cot,
 In the far off Northern glen,
 For tired with march, he fell asleep,
 Beside the banks of Ken.

The train now rushes o'er the place
 Where the Highlander was found,
 And busy traffic desecrates
 What once was hallowed ground.

A cairn once stood upon the spot
 That saw the hero die ;
 But sleepers of a different kind
 Upon the ground now lie.

1. I cannot endure its noise and its screams.
2. By fair Italy's river I wander in dreams,
3. Or long for the land of the great and good
 Queen,
4. Whom to praise would be "painting the lily,"
 I ween.

16.

The stranger came from the Western shores,
 And he shed great tears of joy
 When he saw the well-remembered things
 He had left when quite a boy.
 Not alone the old Scotch scenery
 With tears his heart would fill,
 For he wept when he saw the little bird *
 As it fed on the window-sill.

1. I am not quite so slow, or defective in wit
2. As to fancy poor women for Senators fit ;
3. An epoch may come when a woman can rule,
4. But first train her up in some law-giving
 school.
5. For she's lower in reason than man, 'tis confessed,
6. And e'en in a firm sleeping partner at best.
7. If I hit her too hard with the shaft I have sent,
 No personal aim or intention is meant.

17.

The father at Newhaven dwelt,
 A village by the sea,
 The mother had precarious work,
 And an anxious time had she.

For her husband drank her earnings small,
 And her son a cripple lay ;

* There are no birds of this species in Massachusetts.

But a lady came and shared her watch
By the bed where the sick boy lay.

In opening her oyster shells,
The mother found each bead,—
“Oh! gie them to Miss Charlotte’s care,
And she’ll wear them when I’m dead.”

1. I love the goodwill of the poor.
2. Unchangeable through life,
3. As constant as the ocean tides.
4. A port in every strife.
5. Their hearts from thoughts of ill are free.
6. Their friendship is great wealth to me.

18.

All Edinburgh flocked to Leith,
All Leith went up to town;
The first to watch the wondrous sight,
The last lest they should drown.
And after all, ’twas but a hoax,
Just one of Captain Saxby’s jokes.

1. I love to watch the great ship sail away,
When safely tugged out of our sunny bay,
2. Tho’ I have not a scrap of a notion, you know,
To what foreign station she means to go.
3. Perhaps to the Russian district wide,
She sails away on the breezy tide.
4. She seems glad of success, proud, haughty, and
gay,
As like a white bird she skims over the spray.

19.

A very Tragic Double Acrostic, showing how a Lady's Pet went to Dollar and came to grief.

Pretty Daisy went to Dollar,
On his neck he wore a collar ;
From that collar hung a bell,
Now my story I must tell.
Trying a young bird to follow,
He hanged himself upon his collar ;
And while upon the bough he hang,
His bell a toll funereal rung.

1. An Irishman's temper I mostly detest,
2. More false than it's faithful when seen at its best.
3. He seems to me ever deficient in reason,
4. Full of malice, and everything short of high treason.

20.

I have told you of Daisy's adventure at Dollar,
How, in chasing a bird, he was caught on his collar.

A much queerer story to tell I can't fail,
How he sank in a bog and was saved by his tail.
His prey was amphibious. My moral is found,—
If you're born to be hanged you will never be drowned.

1. I fear if most beauty were brought to the test,
2. More hideous 'twould seem than at first sight was guessed,

3. Not a harem in Turkey an inmate would find,
4. Nor sweet words be sung with soft music combined.

21.

You have now heard of Daisy's queer doings at
 Dollar ;
 How in mounting a tree he was caught on his
 collar ;
 How our pretty white Daisy was sunk in a bog,
 And pull'd out by the tail,—he'd been hunting a
 frog :
 And now I've to tell of another mishap—
 How in hunting the woods he was caught in a
 trap,
 Which trap was intended for some of his kind ;
 So my first and my last mean the same, you will
 find.

1. Don't swallow too fast, in case you should choke.
2. Even half of perdition is truly no joke.
3. To be reckless and thoughtless will hasten
 your fate.
4. A holy Church service, which Protestants hate.
5. An anguish from which it is hard to find ease.
6. What I really should relish in Eastern rupees.
7. So cold is the climate, find heat I scarce can.
8. Word never applied to a woman or man.
9. When I hear fresh accounts, I'll be certain to
 write,
 And I beg now to wish you a very good night.

22.

Conclusion of Daisy's Dolorous Adventures, with a Moral addressed to the Young Men of the Period.

He was saved from the tree, he was saved from
the bog,

And from eating a toad he mistook for a frog;
He was saved from the bog with a mew and a wail,
But, I'm sorry to say, minus half of his tail.

And now he's returned to his home in our street,
All his old friends the tom-cats and tabbies to
greet;

But while they rub noses, he sees at a glance
That they view his poor docked hinder-quarters
askance.

So he arches his neck, and, affecting some passion,
Says, "Why, you poor fools! it's the latest-out
fashion!"

23.

You suppose that no further adventures will
follow,

But here comes another that beats them all
hollow.

His mistress was sorting some books in an attic,
When Daisy came up, with his habits erratic.

He was closed in a box, and he would be there now
If a maid had not heard quite a feeble "Mee-ow."

His fate might have been like the bride's in the
tale,

Which every child knows; so to guess you can't
fail.

Oh! the poor pussy's meow! oh! the poor
pussy's meow!

1. I love a well-penn'd fairy story.
2. A tragic actress who has gained much glory.
3. What never was, and never yet shall be.
4. Though on a ship, found on a forest tree.
5. If you have given everything away,
6. You cannot suffer loss (that's comfort, any way !)
7. He put the foe to flight in sad disgrace.
8. Two of five sisters, standing next in place.
9. I'm Roman, I'm Grecian, I'm high, and I'm low ;
But whatever my form, I can stand a good blow.

24.

I'm growing old and careworn now,
But still my memory's hale ;
And three things I was taught in youth
I never found to fail :

“ Oh ! fecht na wi' the baker,
Although his wecht be scant ;
For gin ye fecht about yer bread,
For bread yer bairns 'ill want.

“ And fecht na wi' a minister,
Though he be frail, or worse ;
For fechtin' wi' a minister
Will bring on ye a curse.

“ And fechtin' about fishin'
Is the queerest freit o' a' ;
For gin ye fecht about the fish
They're sure to swim awa.”

Hech ! times are changed in Galloway !

For I can min' fu' weel

When ilka laddie had his rod,

His huiks, and wee bit creel ;

And stood ilk simmer evening

In water to the knee,

To bring us hame a trout or perch

For kitchen * till our tea.

Now fish are scarce in loch and burn,

And birds fail on the muir,

And lairds hae tint, what ance they prized —

The blessings o' the puir.

1. I really don't care to be thus catechized
2. Why I fly to the Swiss canton free.
3. It is only a donkey who shows he's surprised.
4. You deserve a good hard hit from me.
5. 'Twould be half of destruction to stay at home.
6. I shall lack daily bread if I do not roam.
7. My quarrelsome neighbours have taken my whole ;
I can't suffer loss now except of my soul.

25.

A little fish swam up the Firth,

As proud as he was vain,

When he met the glittering king of fish

At the head of his shining train.

"I've a better right to be king than you,

Since I come from the sunny South ;"

* *Anglicè*, Relish.

And with that he gave an ugly grin,
 And a twist of his ugly mouth.
 Says the king of the fish, "To pay you off
 For this insolence to me,
 From this day forth, where'er you go,
 Your mouth shall crookèd be."
 And the kingly malediction wrought;
 For, be it North or South,
 Where'er you meet this little fish,
 He has a twisted mouth.

1. I am not content with division so small;
2. If I cannot be best, I'll be nothing at all.
3. So small a proportion, I plainly can see,
4. Would really be half of perdition to me.
5. My nature's too stubborn to bend to your sway.
6. For though I'm in want I can take my own way.
7. I'd be sorry to wound you, so, ere I take leave,
8. Try to think I'm not bad, as some folks would believe.

26.

A small bird sat outside the ark,
 And chatter'd aloud in great glee,
 And sneer'd and mock'd when it look'd upon
 Drowning men in the surging sea.

Said the eagle-king, "For this cruelty,
 Henceforward, where'er you may go,
 You shall ever be known, all over the world,
 As the certain precursor of woe."

And this kingly malediction wrought
 (Be it east or west, don't matter) :
 Misfortune most surely will befall
 If you hear this small bird chatter.

1. Very much liked by most children am I.
2. I am seen very bright in the northern sky.
3. A sack or a purse, whichever you choose.
4. A curate this dignity would not refuse.
5. I have only attain'd to two-fifths of fourscore.
6. 'Tis a fiction to say that I am any more.

27.

Oh ! turn not away from the holy pile
 Where your fathers knelt and prayed ;
 Forsake not, dear friends, " God's acre " sad,
 Where your ancestors are laid.
 For breaking away is an awful sin,
 That can bring you nought but sorrow ;
 For what you do to your God to-day
 May your child do to you to-morrow.

Oh ! why disbelieve the great truths you've been
 taught !
 I'd like to seize books that with danger are
 fraught.
 Rather watch the good Bishop, who's faithful
 and true,
 And not the promoters of customs so new.
 In dramatic effects no comfort I find :
 They're monastic, and Popish, and wrong, to my
 mind.

28.

Oh ! judge not that ye be not judged,
When all our faults are reckoned,
Some that men deem to be my first,
Their God may deem the second.

1. The anxious watchman longs for light,
While waiting for the Lord,
What does the watchman ask of night ?
What is the watchman's word ?
2. The scoffer boasteth of the fire,
While warming in its ray,
Provoking God's most righteous ire,
What does the mocker say ?
3. We thank God for his harvest good,
The crowning of the year,
May He who sends us heavenly food
Give us the means to hear.
4. Oh ! do not waste those precious hours
No sooner come than fled,
The day may be you'll wish them back,
If pressed when old for bread.
There is a crook in every lot,
No gold's without alloy,
But those who sow in sorrow here
May reap in heavenly joy.

29.

" The tongue is a fire," the Apostle has said,
Such a text for a moment may kindle alarm.
But while he seems " heaping hot coals on your
head,"
The preacher may mean, not to burn, but to warm.

The contest is clear—"Give a thirsting foe
drink,"*

This doctrine is taught by our Saviour, I think.

1. There is nothing, I think, more senselessly
wrong,
2. Than giving such sway to your temper strong,
3. Just climb up the mountain your passion to cool,
4. And seriously try not to act like a fool.

30.

Altho' we are the first and last,
Till time its course has run,
We know that in the Day of God
We shall unite in One.

1. My first once drave the ark of God,
Obeying Judah's king,
(With harps and tunèd instruments
They made the welkin ring.)
2. Tho' rich in gold and worldly goods
An Eastern Church was reckoned,
'Twas mis'erable, and wretched too,
Because it was my second.
3. The next's the sweetest thing on earth,
In love and joy combined ;
'Tis what—we quote the Almighty's words—
The wicked never find.

* "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

4. I see a far off Eastern vale,
Washed by the wild sea wave,
And there, we're told in prophecy,
A giant finds his grave.
5. And last there stands a Jewish king,
Who acted well his part,
For, ever doing what was right,
He upright was in heart.

31.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC AND CHARADE
COMBINED.*Question.*

- "Has she passed away to the far off strand
That the poet calls 'the better land?'
She has left no trace; left nought to our care,
Not even a book or a bit of hair."

Answer.

- "Till the Great Day comes, will no mortal know,
Where the friend is gone we have lost below;
There is One Alone who holds the key
To unloose this mystery to thee."

I have always considered a sudden collision
A much better thing than a constant division.

1. Here's a fellow I don't quite advise you to follow.
2. Just hark to the sound as 'tis heard through the hollow.
3. 'Tis so awfully cold that I'd rather not rove
4. So far in a ship from the friends whom I love.

32.

The first should o'er the last prevail,
If men were good ; but human nature's frail.

1. I thus invoke our gracious Queen,
2. Who reigns o'er first and least,
3. Conferring no false dignity
4. Like the weak old Jewish priest.
5. She reigns by the law we confess divine,
A law that must last while the sun doth shine.

33.

That the first make few friends is a fact that's
well known ;
But just give them a stroke of the second,
And the friends will flock back, who once from
them had flown,
When empty their pockets were reckoned.

1. I'd not lose my faith in the great saintly man,
2. For half of a province in Hindostan,
3. Tho' my sight is defective, thank God I can
quote,
4. Without torture to memory, words that he
wrote.

34.

My first's a channel of conveyance,
My last an invitation ;
The former is of Latin growth,
The latter of our nation.

1. Say what poisonous acid is here.
2. A sea where many islands small appear.
3. What's often bad if you are out of health.
4. What's generally the follower of wealth.
5. Of holy women the most highly blest.
6. Naught can disturb her peace and heavenly rest.
7. She flew to Egypt when with care opprest.
8. A prefix which at once the sense will change,
9. And make the prudent wife unmanaging and strange.

35.

The first is better than the last,
 And yet (I must confess it),
 I greedily prefer the whole,
 Now surely you will guess it.

1. Is she gone to live with the angels, mother?
2. Since you tell me that up she is gone.
3. Oh ! no ; I but meant she had gone up to town,
4. 'Tis there that our 'scaped bird is flown.

36.

" My mother bids me bind my hair,"
 My father bids me curl it,
 The ancient Greeks said, " Plait it up,"
 The moderns say, " Unfurl it."
 But if you'll take my cool advice
 You'll just do as you please,
 For some firms cling to Chubb's old Safes,
 And some use Bramah's Keys.

1. There's a sudden calm on the stormy deep,
2. And the Western river is soothed to sleep,
3. And the snarling philosopher owns the God
4. Who has stood at the door with His chastening rod ;
5. Whose arm has stilled the ocean's wide,
6. Who has said, "Peace, be still," to the surging tide.

37.

The first must drive away the last,
When in its perfect state ;
But if not true, and clouds o'ercast,
Too oft it turns to hate.

1. When ye give back the fallen spray to the tree,
2. Or the metal restore to the mine,
3. And our Queen shall cease to reign over the sea,
4. Then affection will always be thine.

38.

Our barks sail forth from West, from East,
Across the pearly main,
For traffic with the Canadas,
For Dantzic's golden grain ;
For Russia's oils and merchandise,
For California's ores ;
And bear away our sailor lads
Far from their Scottish shores.

1. See yon beetling rock arise,
Tow'ring midway to the skies.
2. A game of cards, well known to rakes,
Unlimited as to its stakes.
3. I'm fleeting hour by hour away ;
Oh ! use with prayer each shortening day.
4. Avoid me ! I bring certain woe.
Be love the only thing you owe.
5. Back to my womb return you must,
Ashes to ashes ! dust to dust !

39.

My first, my last ought to convey ;
But in conscience I'm bound to confess,
'Tis more often some poor silly say,
Pack'd up in a gauze-paper dress.

1. I am silent ; my teeth are all gone ;
2. Rowland's power to assist me has flown ;
3. In wild frenzy my hair out I pull,
4. My Bohea stands neglected and cool,
5. And I sit quite alone, like the bird of the night,
As I cannot show face such a positive fright.

40.

When the first and last fall out in their rage,
Then the honest folks will thrive ;
For a good name is a great heritage,
Of which no one his foe can deprive.

1. No, not for emperor nor king would I
2. Say "yes," when feeling that I should deny.
3. Should I be acting rightly in my heart,
4. With these old classic ornaments to part?
5. Their simple beauty may have charm'd your
eyes ;
'Tis for the donor's sake the gift I prize.

41.

The first is not always a proof of great grief,
It as often results from some sudden relief ;
And the tear in the eye does not always denote
That with sorrow the poor trembling heart has
been smote.

The primals read down, and the finals reverse,
And you will not be long in guessing the verse.

1. The sitting may surely be closed,
2. For we only are wasting our day.
3. To hear the great singer to-night I'm disposed,
4. And you're cruel to keep me away.

42.

You cannot make the first the last,
However you may try ;
But scandal makes the last the first,
Which fact you can't deny.

1. Just as the wind was, so was he,
2. (I ridicule inconstancy) ;

3. He oft said he was far from home,
4. Though my pussy just as soon would roam.
5. Such flights of fancy seem to me
Like the boyish toy, so wild and free.

43.

'Tis neither clever to be pert,
Nor witty to be rude ;
Politeness is the safest dart,
The weapon of the good.

1. No need to look so very sour.
2. 'Tis twined around our garden bower.
3. In Piedmont this town you'll see.
4. This style of verses suits not me.
5. However, I must freely own
That I am very idle grown.

44.

Ah ! when we ache, with what more pain
Can poor mankind be curst ?
The old folks groan and hold their heads,
And call the second worst.

Though young folks scoff at feelings old,
And deem them cold as ice,
I'm sure that when the first's in pain
They think it rather nice !

1. What's never felt in Arctic climes.
2. A sound return'd oft several times.

3. The god of music, known to fame.
4. What cats and terriers call fair game.
5. The joy now felt by Gladstone's friends;
Dizzy's may come ere winter ends.

45.

Though she never had seen one, she much could
enjoy one,
For she came from the far Western strand,
Where ornithological objects employ one
Who has lived in our native land.

1. This defamation has ruin'd me.
2. Not the smallest article can I save.
3. Shall I drown myself in the rolling Dee?
4. Or despise with my foot each perjured knave?

46.

Oh, mother ! is the post gone by
And nothing come for me ?
He said that when this day came round
His writing I should see.
And while he whisper'd loving words
I've told to none but you,
He promised he would send my first,
To prove my second true.

1. Perhaps, in some rural country-seat,
His heart for another doth fondly beat ;
2. Or why should he stand so far aside
From me, who trusted to be his bride ?

3. Alas ! must every fond hope decay,
As the foliage falls from the autumn spray ?
4. From dawn to sunset I still must pine,
Repose and rest are no longer mine.
5. Why proffer love's nectar to loving lip
And withdraw the cup with but half a sip ?
6. Why play me as cruel old Walton would
The tiny fish at the end of his rod ?
7. O mother ! must I assert my might ?
I alone can claim his love as a right.
8. Who knows but he may enjoy my 'moans !
And play the fiddle 'mong dying groans.
9. Well ! some day with him I may equal be,
So as night draws near, I'll go in to tea.

47.

When dear friends are my first,
They oft pine for my last ;
There's no place half so sweet,
Tho' some dark clouds o'ercast.

1. How sad was her cry ! Why, I said, I must
leave her !
 2. Does she think that I court her and mean to
deceive her ?
 3. Believe me, my darling, there's no cause for
fear,
 4. Shall we settle the day for Christmas this year ?
-

48.

What pleasure can it be to contradict?
Whatever I attempt my friends will interdict,
I've lost near all I ever prized on earth,
Oh! leave at least in peace my quiet hearth.

1. I'm not such a novice, nor to the trade new,
2. As to need their assistance in all that I do;
3. I shed tears by the hour, for I have not the
mind
4. Of philosopher, comfort in study to find,
5. Compensation in this world I never shall see,
6. But there's One reigns above, Who'll be faith-
ful to me.

49.

Altho' they are alike in name,
In sex you'll find they're not the same.
The first was born before the flood,
The second 'mong five sisters stood,
Who first asserted woman's claim
To share in land. Now guess the name.

1. The father of a Jewish leader.
2. A dish dear to each Spanish feeder.
3. A prophetess of wondrous age.
4. What's never low in history's page.

50.

Let me recall the merry days,
 When we sported at the school,
 When we chose among our mimic plays,
 A king and queen to rule.
 Let me recall some other days,
 As the autumn hours expire,
 When we ate our apples at the glass,
 Or nuts before the fire.

1. I do not wish to second childhood to attain.
2. Few like the prophetess their energies retain.
3. We every year some loss of force deplore.
4. Or mourn o'er friends who have gone on before.
5. With racking pain my weary limbs I bow.
6. Enough of years I've lived to suit me now.
7. I do not wish to have the term increased.
8. Long life is not desirable at best.
9. At least, I cannot say, I think it so,
 Tho' I must bide the allotted time below.

51.

Brothers in art, whose well-earn'd fame
 To talent, and a world-known name,
 And genius, none dispute.
 The younger's works the better seem,
 The elder's many critics deem
 Too glassy—too minute.

Reverse the primals, if you please,
 And then the words you'll guess with ease.

1. Let's go to the academy, dear,
For though my hearing's gone,
Thank God I still have eyes that love
What's fair to look upon.
2. We're living in a curious time,
True art we seldom see.
Oh, may the epoch come again,
When genius shall be free?
3. It may be that I'm growing old,
And cannot like new rules.
It seems to me that Ruskin's right
In spite of modern schools.
4. Yes, granny, you are growing old,
You prate of ancient ways;
I think you'd gladly take us all
Back to old Noah's days.

52.

The elder is best known to fame,
The younger I the more admire;
Such hymns as his must wake the flame
That kindles to celestial fire.
The younger wrote the concert song
'Tween mortals and the angel throng.
His name's revered, and last in place,
Though foremost in the Christian race.

1. Proceed with caution on your way,
2. Ask whether from the path you stray;
3. Wait not to bask in sun's bright ray.
4. To lose your time you are not free,
5. For rest on earth is not for you and me;
6. You'll find it 'neath the churchyard tree.

53.

Great actors much dissatisfaction cause,
 When called before the stage 'mid thunders of
 applause,
 By singing something that will raise their glory,
 When only asked to tell the same old story.
 The listeners long to hear the same again,
 And do not ask them for a different strain.

1. I certainly never made greater mistake
2. Than a blockhead like you into service to
 take;
3. To pay for this breakage you cannot refuse;
4. It was part of a pair, and that left's of no use.
5. To old friends in Moscow I'll give you a letter,
6. As a wandering life may perhaps suit you
 better.

54.

Away to the moorlands! away! away!
 The face of all nature is bright and gay;
 Away to the moors o'er mount and through glen,
 There's shot for the *birds*, and there's prog for the
 men.

The heath-bell is hanging its beautiful head—
 It weeps o'er the blood that to-day must be shed.
 "Pooh! it's only fair game," your true sportsman
 will say,
 So away to the moorlands! away! away!
 When we shout with delight o'er the birds we
 have slain,
 Do we think of the sorrow of those that remain?

'Twas an epoch for them when they brought out
their young,
Glad as morning's first ray which the angels have
sung.
When our Lord comes to reign what on earth
He'll scarce see.
What's considered no company by you and me.
Now here comes the last, which this writer be-
lieves
To be common 'mong gentry, tho' found among
thieves.

55.

Nor whence it comes, nor where it goes,
No mortal man can tell:
It passes o'er the stormy sea,
And rushes through the dell.
It swells the merry babbling brook,
And cheers the thirsty ground;
But tho' a blessing here on earth,
In heaven 'twill not be found.
Go, beat your pruning hooks to spears,
There's danger o'er the land!
The foeman comes! forget your fears,
And meet him on the strand.
Crimea's dangers scarcely past,
We sought the foreign shore,
Where bloodshed and sedition reigned,
And must we fight once more?
Oh! has not blood enough been spent?
Let stormy passions cool;
Far better fight it out in Court,
And take a lawyer's rule.

In vain we preach; till time is o'er
Must stormy passions flow;
A wicked spirit rules the heart
Of angry men below.

56.

My last is a powerful weapon, well ruled,
But I'm sorry to say it is too little schooled;
If my first would but guide it to try the right
way,
You would find it's true magic to turn wrath
away.
They a dainty dish form, when combined, 'tis
agreed,
One that's not often seen to the north of the
Tweed.
You naughty little child, what reason can you
find
For playing such an easy piece of music ill?
You've lately in your studies fallen very much
behind,
'Tis all from foolish trifling that you've gained
no skill.
Then you tear your pretty clothes, till you quite
half-naked go;
Your newest Sunday boots are all broken out
below.

57.

My young friends, if for happiness
In married life you thirst,
Be sure that when you choose a wife
She's given to my first.

My second can bring nought but woe,
And penury, and sorrow,
And putting off, on false pretence,
To-day's work till to-morrow.

1. Primal and final, both alike,
Both very egotistic.
2. A land—a sleepiness of head—
(This is perhaps too mystic).
3. Mankind's most dire and deadly foe,
Who watches us where'er we go.
4. To be of it we may endeavour,
For all of us can not be clever.
5. How strange ! The third comes in again;
Beware ! He'll bring eternal pain.
6. A prickly weed of Scottish growth,
Yet donkeys flourish in the South.
7. What we all covet. Oh ! Why care
For what is called a certain snare ?
8. A little word, to lovers dear,
No sweeter meets the wooer's ear.

58.

They've taxed us right, they've taxed us left,
O'er mountain and through glen;
And next they'll tax our tools in trade,
They'll tax the author's pen;
But there's one tax would never pay
The gatherer for his pains—
The tax the honest man would lay
On legislators' brains.

1. The planets circle when 'tis clear displayed.
2. An Indian corn when into flour 'tis made.
3. Good news of God, as told to wondering men.
4. Another tax! must I lay down my pen?
5. Or shall I prove that I am far away?
6. Or scold, and bid old Socrates to pay?

59.

If on these pages you will kindly look,
His works stand most conspicuous in the book.

1. In offering our grateful thanks,
We only do what's right;
2. No need to proffer compliments
To such a genius bright.
3. If God should spare my wasting strength,
From year to year I'll pray,
4. For blessings on his home and hearth,
No language can convey.
5. And now I finish off my verse—
My finals will his name reverse.

ACROSTICS

BY

MRS BLACKLOCK.

DEDICATION.

TO GERALD MASSEY, Esq.

THOUGH unto fame thine honoured name
Should higher rise,
The lowliest aim thou wilt not blame,
Nor yet despise.

My share I dedicate to thee,
Thrice gifted Bard,
Though scarce deserving it may be
Of thy regard.

E. M. B.

PREFACE.

THE weaving of these simple Rhymes has afforded to the writer an agreeable recreation amidst the pressure of household cares; and she trusts that the solving of the following Acrostics and Enigmas may prove to not a few of her readers an equally pleasant amusement.

E. M. B.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, *Christmas*, 1869.

ACROSTICS.

1.

We two depend upon each other,
And true we are to one another;
My friend's so faithful, you must know,
He follows me where'er I go;
Although I may quite safely say
'Tis always I who lead the way.
In confidence I own to you
That I'm the sharper of the two:
But he surpasses me in length,
And sometimes too, I think, in strength.

What would you wives and mothers do
Without us two to help you through?
Then who would make the children's frocks,
And neatly darn the little socks?
And goodness knows who'd mend the holes
In pinafores and stocking-soles!
The best machines can't supersede us,
For they themselves confess they need us.
But if you think it does not matter
About a little rent or tatter,
Why, then, you've nothing more to do
Than just to bid us both adieu!

1. The first affords enjoyment keen
To boys and girls on Hallowe'en.
2. The next's a village of some fame,
Also a gallant viscount's name.
3. What shall I call the third, I wonder?
Why, just a slight mistake or blunder.
4. The fourth's what many people do
Between the hours of one and two.
5. The fifth's a vulgar exclamation,
Expressing joy or admiration.
6. And number six concludes the fun,
And plainly says my riddle's done.

2.

This little thing of which we read,
Though but a tiny thing indeed,
Does in the world much mischief make,
And e'en has caused some hearts to break.
This sland'rous thing, if once let loose,
Doth load its victim with abuse;
Unmoved by threats, untouched by tears,
It mocks and taunts, reviles and jeers,
Yea, rails and storms with all its might,
To vent some fury's pent-up spite;
Yet one soft word, if breathed in season,
Can make its owner yield to reason.

1. Bright angels, who God's throne surround,
Were once my visitants,
And holy patriarchs were found
'Mong my inhabitants.

2. Not long ago I reigned a king,
But finding that my crown
Proved but a cumbrous, weary thing,
I went and laid it down.
3. Far from the busy haunts of men
I lead a peaceful life ;
But though I reach threescore and ten
I ne'er will be a wife.
4. I own that I'm declared to be
A very treach'rous thing ;
To those who are most fond of me
I want and ruin bring.
5. I'm small in form, I must allow,
Yet were it not for me,
The alphabetic list, I trow,
Would but imperfect be.
6. I'm thought to be the fittest time
For silent contemplation ;
The fittest time for thoughts sublime,
And self-examination.

3.

Acrostic and charade combined
You'll in these simple verses find,
In which will presently appear
Two pleasant seasons of the year.

1. Within a chamber warm and bright
A careful mother sat one night,
And as her work she wisely planned,
What held she in her busy hand ?

2. Some invalids possessed of wealth,
Are sent abroad in search of health,
To sojourn at a watering place,
Whose name I beg you now to trace.
3. A father stood beside his son,
His well-belov'd and only one ;
His child was rescued from the dead,
And what was offered in his stead ?
4. A well-known gifted author penned
A tribute to a much-loved friend.
This brilliant poem's name now tell,
For ev'ry reader knows it well.
5. Upon his couch a youth was laid,
His features sudden pain betrayed ;
He raised a cup in eager haste
This life-reviving draught to taste.
6. Sweet strains of music greet mine ear
In the soft moonlight bright and clear.
What instrument emits that sound
That makes the evening air resound ?

4.

(The initials and the terminals making the same word.)

1. The noblest of a noble race ;
E'en like unto the wind its pace.
2. What followed when a *voice* said " Peace,"
And bade the raging tempest cease ?
3. The name of one whose sinful fall
Brought curse and misery on all.
4. What e'en true Christians cannot be
Till time's lost in eternity.

5. What may be seen with naked eye
In the far-distant moonlit sky.
6. A letter which e'en now perplexes ;
It's often placed between two X's !
7. A maid who leads a saintly life
Apart from worldly care and strife.
8. A vehicle in which may ride
Two people seated side by side.

5.

Two things in these brief lines you'll find—
 Long-suff'ring is the one, and kind ;
 A precious gift from Heaven above
 That maketh strong the bands of love.
 No tender pity hath the other,
 It separates e'en friend and brother ;
 Of scorn and hate it sows the seeds,
 And bitter spite and mischief breeds.

1. Full many a saint to glory gone
Was doomed to suffer death thereon.
2. Should bloody war give way to peace,
Then this to some extent would cease.
3. A country in the distant West,
With cruel slav'ry long opprest.
4. For this doth " Mother Earth " implore,
Her verdant beauty to restore.
5. A little word we often use
When hearing some momentous news.
6. Around her many women wept,
As in the arms of death she slept ;

Her loss they all with tears deplored,
Till unto life she was restored.

7. A piercing and terrific sound
That's heard for many miles around.

6.

I am aught but a blank, for with nobles I rank,
Nor obscure is my name, for wide is my fame.
Some say I paint well, some declare I excel,
But my forte, it is clear, is the painting of deer.

1. Esteemed of greater worth than all the world,
Redeem'd, or unto endless ruin hurled.
 2. A little sunny island, one of three,
Surrounded by a well-known inland sea.
 3. What in eternity will be our fate,
Unless the path of vice we shun and hate.
 4. A youthful English monarch next is named,
For piety and virtue widely famed.
 5. A gifted foreign author, now alive,
Whose name will be disclosed by number five.
 6. What leads to want, and is a grievous sin,
If long and wilfully persisted in.
 7. A foreign queen, who reigned in ancient times,
Famed for her wit, her beauty, and her crimes.
 8. A German theologian, born a Jew ;
A man of genius, and a Christian too.
-

7.

Here you will find a holy man,
Who trials great withstood ;
Who stray'd not from the sacred paths
Of truth and rectitude.

Full many times a-day in prayer
Before his God he knelt,
While, in a land of strangers, he
A lonely captive dwelt.

Although it was his painful lot
Three heathen kings to serve,
He never even once was known
From duty's path to swerve.

1. What follow'd that fierce hurricane
When Jesus' voice was heard,
And when the winds and waves were made
Obedient to His word ?
2. The name of one whose fatal crime
Hath made frail man to mourn,
And sin to be his heritage,
E'en from the day he's born.
3. A Hebrew who express'd a wish
To prove King David's friend,
When on that good but erring king
The Lord did trouble send.
4. A prophet who was once by God
Unto a monarch sent,
And was the means employ'd by Him
To make that king repent.

5. With Simeon she rejoiced that now
 God's goodness they beheld,
 While in his aged, trembling arms
 The infant Christ he held.
6. A godly man of humble birth,
 Of whom the Scriptures write,
 That though he oftentimes sadly fell,
 In him God took delight.

8.

Two things in this acrostic I have named,
 For both of which some heroes have been famed;
 Two precious gifts, the last of which we trace
 To nature, and the first we owe to grace.

1. What I am doing at this time,
 When putting couplets into rhyme.
 2. A lovely spot we often see
 Beside the winding banks of Dee;
 It bears the name, as will be seen,
 Of Scotland's fair but hapless Queen.
 3. One famed for strength and warlike skill,
 And stern, indomitable will.
 4. An interesting foreign game
 That bears a short euphonious name.
 5. This I am sure you'll find at once,
 'Tis what is seen in ev'ry *dunce*.
 6. An ancient church, to which was sent
 A solemn warning to repent.
-

9.

An illustrious hero you'll find in these lines
Who was once but a poor peasant youth,
By means of whose zeal and success there now
shines
The bright light of the glorious truth.

1. What rushes on with fiery speed
O'er hill and valley, moor and mead.
2. A man who lived in Moses' time,
And suffered death for heinous crime.
3. A never-ending joy in store
For pilgrims bound for Canaan's shore.
4. If this we seek with heart and mind,
We'll everlasting pleasures find ;
In ages past 'twas for its sake
That martyrs perished at the stake.
5. What soothes the sick man's fever'd brain,
When stretched upon a bed of pain.
6. When parted friends unite once more,
And when the old year's reign is o'er.

10.

1. An Emperor, whose lonely grave
Was girded by the wild sea wave.
2. A Jewish king, who from his youth
Walked in the paths of grace and truth.
3. A saint, the page of history saith,
Who died a martyr's fiery death.
4. A wretch, who, to his own disgrace,
Branded a youthful Queen's fair face.

5. What men of valour and renown
Entwined into the victor's crown.
6. What suff'ring invalids obtain
When for a season free from pain.
7. The hero of a well-known play,
Composed in "good Queen Bess's" day.
8. A hapless monarch, now no more,
Named in my answer four times o'er.

11.

Herein we write a proverb trite,
But wise and true, we vow to you.

1. A mountain—famed in bygone ages,
Whose name is found in Scripture pages.
2. A sound we instantly repress
At sight of trouble or distress.
3. Of noble birth—a wicked Woman,
One who was bold, depraved, inhuman.
4. What all frail mortals are in heart,
Till death doth soul and body part.
5. What fatal proved to that great giant,
Who to God's people was defiant.
6. What once was used, the Scripture saith,
To cause a mighty Captain's death.
7. A river which is said to flow
Through northern lands of ice and snow.
8. A grace Saint Peter failed to cherish,
When 'midst the waves he thought to perish.
9. A foreign city, greatly famed,
From which an English Prince was named.

10. What's valued much, and doth abound
In some parts, underneath the ground.
11. The cause of grief—yea, e'en despair—
To many a maiden, young and fair.
12. What oftentimes deck the noble brow
Of those to whom e'en great men bow.

12.

If in this weary world below
My first we meekly bear,
Then in the Paradise above
My second we shall wear.

1. 'Mong living authors known to fame
We class this gifted lady's name.
2. A noble river far away
'Mong lands where slavery once held sway.
3. A well-known foreign importation,
Useful in ev'ry rank and station.
4. A word the pardon'd thief express'd
Ere entering on his promised rest.
5. Some years ago, this king laid down
What he had ne'er enjoyed—his crown.
6. What sometimes proves the trav'ller's grave,
If no kind hand is near to save.
7. What makes the face of nature glad,
The fields with verdure to be clad,
The birds to raise their tuneful voice,
And drooping spirits to rejoice?

13.

*(On the scenes of two memorable events
in modern history.)*

1. Brave, gallant men, alas ! they sleep
Beneath the billowy, raging deep.
2. *She* figures in the "Fairy Queen,"
And with the forest King she's seen.
3. *He* with his hapless, ill-starr'd wife
Fled from a city for his life.
4. What in our youth we're taught to fear,
And shun throughout life's brief career.
5. What each fair maiden may expect
If she true love doth not reject.
6. What sometimes hath a fatal end,
At which a "second" must attend.
7. To tell *her* name my pen refuses ;
You'll doubtless find her 'mong the Muses.
8. A monarch, cruel, base, and lewd,
Before whose bar Saint Paul once stood.

14.

Within those couplets you will find disclosed
One of the finest poems e'er composed ;
The author's name I purposely conceal,
But that my riddle will of course reveal.

1. This city's fort, whose name I write,
Is built upon a mountain height.
2. A midnight scene of mirth and sin,
That wicked men take pleasure in.

3. Here iron, coal, and lead are found,
And salmon in its streams abound.
4. What you will never be again,
If you have reach'd threescore and ten.
5. The fifth and last, oh ! scorn to be,
And from vile cunning be thou free.

15.

Two things I wish you now to find,
Great blessings they are reckon'd;
But no one who has lost the first
Can well enjoy the second.
If, with those precious gifts combined,
Heaven's blessing you possess,
You then assuredly will find
You've gain'd true happiness.

1. Beside a celebrated town
There stands a school of great renown ;
I pray you now consider well,
That you its well-known name may tell.
2. In heart so pure, in form so fair,
None ever may with her compare ;
'Mong Eden's bowers behold her stand,
Fresh from the Great Creator's hand.
3. In Erin's Isle, so richly green,
A spot now famed in song is seen,
That Moore describes as fair and sweet,
The valley where the waters meet.
4. What does that soldier prove in heart,
Who, doom'd from home and friends to part,
Is willing to lay down his life
In battle's fierce and bloody strife ?

5. When Peter was by fear assail'd,
And when his faith had well-nigh fail'd,
What was it that in strength increased,
And then in one brief moment ceased?
6. A group of boys one winter night
Stood round a bonfire, large and bright;
While upwards to the sky it blazed,
What was the joyful shout they raised?

16.

1. One wafted to "the better land,"
Untouched by death's destroying hand.
2. A monarch driven from his throne
To wander desolate and lone.
3. When golden grain is bound in sheaves,
And "sere and yellow" are the leaves.
4. What this acrostic will, I fear,
Unto a critic's eye appear.
5. Where pilgrims, weary and opprest,
Repose in never-ending rest.
6. What those of noble blood can trace
Far back to some distinguished race.
7. A fate to which some in the world
Each day in life are being hurled.
8. An erring King—a man of God—
Oft chastened by affliction's rod.
9. A child, whom nought from death could save,
The idol of a martyr'd slave.
10. A little word, of mighty weight,
That oft decides a lover's fate.

17.

A man of great benevolence,
Of genius and sound good sense;
A statesman, and an LL.D.,
A true friend to philanthropy.

1. A common article of fare,
Much valued, yet by no means rare.
2. Thereinto, softly breathed, I trow,
Steals many an ardent lover's vow.
3. A small and unpretending town,
Where died a king of great renown.
4. One that was blest with visions bright,
And many a fair and glorious sight.
5. Upon the Scripture page we trace
The father of a giant race.
6. A well-known name, in which you'll find
An author and M.P. combined.
7. He with an exiled monarch went,
Whose heart with grief was well-nigh rent.
8. Where once a miracle was wrought,
And one from death to life was brought.

18.

By solving the left you'll be able to trace
What ne'er can be reckoned the slightest dis-
grace;
By finding the right you'll be able to name
What's better than riches and dearer than fame.

1. The success of the first depends altogether
On the friends you invite, and the state of the
weather.
2. The name of a river the next will disclose;
Through far-away tropical regions it flows.
3. An Emperor's name now appeareth to view,
Or a flower which, perchance, is familiar to
you.
4. The fourth in its order will doubtless be seen,
If you name what you do when your appetite's keen.
5. On a sharp winter morn, when you shiver
with cold,
The fifth you may oft on the landscape behold.
6. Inside of the sixth you may ride if you please,
With the greatest security, comfort, and ease.
7. In the making of bread, if we use number
seven,
We shall find that it acts in the same way as
leaven.

19.

In summer and in winter weather
We two are always seen together,
Though brothers we are said to be,
Nor kith nor kindred e'er had we.
You'll see us, if you will but look,
Beside the peasant's "ingle-nook;"
The rich man's hearth we also grace,
And no one dares usurp our place;
But though we're there the live-long day,
A single word we never say.

1. While father Time doth run his course,
My first will come and go,
To some conveying happiness,
To others pain and woe.
2. If you my second would behold,
Great danger you must brave,
It designates a spacious lake
Beyond the Atlantic wave.
3. Within the poor man's lowly cot
My third is free to roam,
And yet in courtly palaces
It feels itself at home.
4. To-morrow at the breakfast hour,
My fourth perchance you'll eat,
When, gathered round your pleasant board,
You with your children meet.
5. Throughout life's rough and dreary way,
Where'er your feet may tread,
I fondly pray your path each day
May with my fifth be spread.

20.

This worthy and esteemed divine,
Whose praise I fain would sing,
Was chaplain many a year ago
To a merry English King.

1. On ev'ry side, where'er he turned his eye,
A wat'ry waste was all he could descry.
2. A well-known southern continental isle,
To which Napoleon once retired awhile.

3. When worn with sickness, or o'erwhelmed with
grief,
From what do we expect to find relief?
4. In Spain this handsome edifice is seen—
A palace now, alas ! without a queen.
5. The last but one will presently betray
A famous opera singer of the day.
6. With social gaiety and festive mirth
We frequently await its midnight birth.

21.

I'll be thy true and faithful guide
Whatever ills may thee betide,
And in temptation's evil day
I'll be thy firm support and stay ;
Yea, though a thousand foes assail thee,
Rest thou assured I'll never fail thee.
Should earthly friends prove false and leave thee,
I ne'er will grieve thee, ne'er deceive thee.
When sorely pressed with pain and grief,
To me repair for sweet relief.
In death's dark hour I'll bear thee o'er
In safety unto Canaan's shore.

1. On yonder ill-clad beggar child,
Who, 'midst the piercing cold,
Must cross the dark and lonesome wild,
You may my first behold.
2. My second was a Hebrew judge,
And one much loved by God ;
And yet on him there surely fell
Jehovah's chast'ning rod.

3. My third's a foreign traveller,
Not quite devoid of fame,
Who from a well-known Pope of Rome
Is said to take his name.
4. My fourth, if you should chance to feel
Towards either foe or friend,
Strive from your breast to banish it
Ere this brief day shall end.

22.

1. A tiny thing good housewives hate,
And can by no means tolerate.
2. Name what all fragrant flow'rs emit,
Then you upon the word have hit.
3. The name that Rachel gave her son
When she life's race had well-nigh run.
4. Yon weary traveller, alas !
Upon the rugged mountain pass
Beneath the snow his grave had made
But for its prompt and timely aid.
5. A Sov'reign for her wisdom famed,
By some for lack of feeling blamed.
6. When hard-wrought man enjoys his rest,
With sweet refreshing slumber blest.

23.

1. A maiden who the tempest braved,
And many a life from ruin saved.
2. A sound that fills the desert drear,
And thrills each heart with sudden fear.

3. Far in the glowing West 'tis seen—
The home of fair "Evangeline."
4. A stimulant in daily use,
But liable to much abuse.
5. A feature that can well express
Love, hatred, joy, or deep distress.
6. A work that all our readers know,
Its writer—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
7. A king among the ancients famed,
And who "The Scourge of God" was named.
8. What rushes on with rapid motion,
Until it joins the mighty ocean.
9. What every gallant soldier proves,
Whom nothing from his duty moves.
10. A letter you must twice repeat
Ere this acrostic is complete.
11. The Syrian lord who scarce would yield
To bathe in Jordan, and be healed.
12. A noble Englishwoman's name,
Who bravely to the rescue came.

24.

These simple lines reveal the name
Of one that's known to rank and fame,
Whose entertaining works in prose
Each studious reader doubtless knows.

1. A bird whose sweet and thrilling note
Is heard in regions far remote.
2. The word that follows will suggest
A river in the sunny West.

3. What shines from heaven so clear and bright,
And follows e'en the darkest night.
4. What thousands of the wretched poor
Must of necessity endure.
5. Within some miles of Timbuctoo
A spacious town appears to view.
6. A burst of music, sweet and clear,
In fancy falls upon mine ear.

25.

In this Acrostic you will find
(If you will read it right)
A "poet" and a great "divine,"
Whom friendship did unite.

1. What we shall all hereafter wear,
If patiently our *cross* we bear.
2. What each united pair are made
On whom the marriage vows are laid.
3. A tree, whose graceful branches wave
Beside a loved one's lonely grave.
4. A place in which, from morn till night,
Ne'er penetrates heav'n's blessed light.
5. A work in which great talent's shown,
Whose author's name is yet unknown.
6. A blessing sent direct from heaven,
Yet as a *curse* it once was given.

26.

In ev'ry heart throughout the land
His name will long be cherish'd ;
He, by a vile assassin's hand,
But lately well-nigh perish'd.

1. What designates a well-known spot
Where one of royal blood was shot.
2. A coin, whose name our readers know,
In common use in Mexico.
3. A chateau far beyond the seas,
Fann'd by the balmy southern breeze.
4. A visit once a-year it pays,
And stays exactly thirty days.
5. What some would part with wealth to gain,
When worn with sickness, rack'd with pain.
6. With anguish and dismay to some,
But joy to millions, *this* shall come.

27.

This brief acrostic, you will find,
A quaint old proverb brings to mind,
Which saith that some, who toil and slave,
Do in the end but little save.

1. A martyr'd saint in early ages,
Whose name is found in history's pages.
2. A voice you would suppose close by,
Though no one but yourself is nigh.
3. Two wicked men, on whom was sent
A sad and dreadful punishment.

4. A Prophet, who in olden time
Convinced a monarch of his crime.
5. That which no soldier likes to do,
If loyal-hearted, brave, and true.
6. What's pluck'd by many a little child,
And groweth in the woodlands wild.
7. One charged, our greatest poet saith,
With falsehood and a woman's death.
8. Where some have heap'd up wealth untold,
A city in the land of gold.
9. A well-known, ugly, slimy fish,
Which makes, they say, a savoury dish.
10. A politician at this day
Of Popery the prop and stay.
11. What's part of an expressive feature,
Common to every human creature.
12. A woman, noble, wise, and brave,
Who from their foes did Israel save.

28.

The poet I've named is one that is famed
For his sonnets, his love-songs, and ditties ;
He's alive at this day, and his dwelling, they say,
Was once in the fairest of cities.

1. He breath'd his last 'mid cannon's rattle
In Killiecrankie's bloody battle.
2. A city—fairer is not seen—
Once the abode of Scotland's Queen.
3. A lord who lived in Richard's reign,
And by that cruel king was slain.

4. A man whose language was sublime,
Who labour'd in the Apostles' time.
5. In heart be truthful to the end,
And to the fifth ne'er condescend.
6. If to the sixth and last we yield,
Then will our doom, alas ! be seal'd.

29.

1. What in our hearts we love and prize,
And some are apt to idolize.
2. One who in time of sorest need
To David proved a friend indeed.
3. A valiant monarch, long since dead,
Interr'd beneath a river's bed.
4. A stalwart Highland chief it names,
Who once right bravely fought King James.
5. What man esteems a thousand-fold
More precious than a mine of gold.
6. Where our primeval parents dwelt
Before the power of sin was felt.
7. What gallant soldiers bravely wield
Upon the bloody battle-field.

30.

In this acrostic you will find
A man of highly gifted mind,
Who was, by every one's confession,
The greatest in his own profession.

1. For Christian charity she's famed,
In Scripture you will find her named.

2. What some young people, I believe,
In token of true love receive.
3. Near to a well-known seaport town
This vessel and its crew went down.
4. A man possess'd of strength so great
He bore with ease a bullock's weight.
5. Where General Smith did vict'ry gain,
And where a host of Sikhs were slain.
6. An author who resides in France,
A gifted writer of romance.

ENIGMAS

BY

MRS BLACKLOCK.

ENIGMAS.

1.

A peasant child had wandered from his home,
Far up the rugged mountain-height to roam;
But many hours before the close of day
Asleep the little wearied wand'rer lay.

'Twas thus his anxious, sorrowing mother found
him,

E'en with my first enveloped close around him;
And while in silent grief she knelt before him,
In vain were all her efforts to restore him.

My second one by one she gently gave,
Still struggling earnestly his life to save;
But while it was, alas! just being given,
His ransomed spirit softly rose to heaven.

The little tender frame, now cold as clay,
Adown the mountain-side she bore away;
Then in the morn a lonely grave she made him,
In which with gentle hand she weeping laid him.

So while the wintry winds are blowing keen,
Beside his mountain cot my whole is seen;
And, reader, you and I, methinks, can tell
The reason why that mother loves it well.

2.

My first, as you will see, is one of five,
Who are not dead, nor yet I'm sure alive.
When Christmas, with its right good cheer,
comes round,
My next may often on your board be found;
Although I feel somewhat inclined to question,
Whether or not 'tis easy of digestion.
When hearts are light, and joyful strains are
heard,
I'm sure you cannot but enjoy my third.
My whole we like to see (if we are able)
At least three times a-day upon our table.

3.

A child lay sleeping in the arms of death;
Upon my first it breathed its latest breath;
To happier spheres by angels it was beckoned,
Who veil their radiant faces with my second.
The sun is sinking in the glowing West;
Hard-working man doth from his labour rest;
With rapid motion through the summer air
My whole doth to its lowly nest repair.

4.

My first, if we are well inclined,
We'll strive to be with heart and mind.
My next all gamblers try to do
When playing billiard, whist, or loo.
Upon my third in summer weather
Gay ladies promenade together,

Some seeking health—that priceless treasure—
And some in quest of nought but pleasure.
With ceaseless motion round my whole
The wild sea-waves are heard to roll;
There many a vessel meets its doom,
And many a crew a wat'ry tomb.

5.

A youthful prince stretched forth his hand,
And straightway, 'gainst express command,
He tasted of my *first* and *second*,
And, strange to say, a crime 'twas reckoned.
A little, pouting, pampered pet
Cried for my *third*, and sore did fret;
But that, alas! it ne'er could get!
My *whole* is joyous, bright, and fair,
To each fond, youthful, wedded pair,
Who at the altar, side by side,
Vow by each other to abide,
If weal or woe shall them betide.

6.

'Tis many years since I began
To prove myself a boon to man;
In ages past I was unknown,
Now indispensable I've grown.
The young, the beautiful, the gay,
To me a daily visit pay,
And though I'm but a silent friend,
Full many an hour with me they spend.
At morning, noon, or close of eve,
I noble visitors receive;

Before me has been seen to stand
The proudest monarch in the land.

I must confess my nature's such
That I prefer a gentle touch,
And if you all resemble me
How pure your character will be.

What am I, then, ye aged men,
Whose years have reached threescore and ten,
Whose eyes are nearly dim with age,
Who soon will end your pilgrimage?

Without me life would be a blank,
So me you've right good cause to thank,
For doubtless by my powerful aid,
Yea, e'en old age is cheerful made.

Behead me, then in very truth
I'm graced with beauty, health, and youth,
And over field and sunny glade
I roam, a merry, smiling maid.

My spirit's buoyant, gay, and light,
I've nought of care my youth to blight;
So while from sorrow I am free
I'll ever blithe and cheerful be.

Behead again, what am I then?
Nought but a byeword among men;
Yet cheerfully I'll labour on,
Though as a slave I'm look'd upon.

I ne'er but once was known to chide,
Yet I'm despised on ev'ry side;
And I must bear unto the end,
With few to treat me as a friend.

And yet, though mean and hard my lot,
My name will never be forgot,
For I have travelled far and wide,
With great and good men at my side.

And now I'll say adieu, dear friends,
For here this simple riddle ends.
Its answer you'll be sure to guess
Within five minutes' time, or less.

7.

PHONETIC.

A regiment my first doth lead,
A Lilliputian one indeed !
My second I shall ne'er betray ;
It's too well liked, I grieve to say !
Within my third are King and Queen,
Proud lord, and lady fair, I ween.
While at my whole, with sword and spear,
Were warrior-knight and cavalier.

8.

My first is an article ev'ry one knows,
And the longer you keep it the better it grows.
If ever my second should pay you a visit,
I'm sure that his wit will your laughter elicit.
In the sweet month of June, in the warm summer weather,
My third you will see in vast numbers together.
In sight of my whole a brave ship with its crew,
Who proved to their duty both faithful and true,
Was doomed to be lost in the merciless wave ;
For no human effort that vessel could save.

9.

My first adorns our gracious Queen,
Or on a tiny babe is seen.
Upon my second and my third
(If turned into an English word),
A weary traveller sank to rest,
And with a heavenly dream was blest ;
While sleeping on the cold, bare ground,
Bright angel spirits hovered round.
My whole's familiar to your ear ;
Full many a heart he thrilled with fear ;
For in the great French Revolution
He hundreds doomed to execution.

10.

My first—Oh Lucifer ! 'tis thou !
My next will ne'er be *more*, I trow :
My whole this riddle will not be ;
Nevertheless, pray tell it me.

11.

A hapless beauty o'er my first
Once bent her lovely head.
Many, by what's within my next,
Do earn their daily bread.
The answer's plain: sure every swain,
Though neither smart nor witty,
Already reads it ; should he not,
The greater is the pity.

12.

My first, well trodden in the ground below,
In process of time to a tree will grow.
Minus her tail my second did canter ;
(So Burns declares in his "Tam o'Shanter.")
My whole is a spice in general use ;
Its name pray tell, if you be not obtuse.
Of its flavour you may or may not be a hater ;
And 'tis never made *less* but by means of a *grater*.

13.

My first 'mong the wild heathy hills you may see,
And there the gay sportsman rejoices to be ;
My second is always by tradesmen erected,
And with a new building is often connected ;
My third now and then, like the rest of its kind,
Is perplexing enough to the juvenile mind ;
My fourth is a word that doth plainly express
What ev'ry one is that's inclined to transgress ;
My whole is a city the traveller may view
On a branch of the stream dear to ev'ry Hindoo.

14.

My first for our use and our comfort is given,
And to some it has proved e'en the gateway to
Heaven.
My next in the midst of fierce turmoil and strife
In a moment can sever the frail thread of life.
My whole was a means of revenge to a giant,
Who proved to his enemies boldly defiant.

15.

My first's a painter known to fame,
Whose name you all have heard ;
He lived and flourished in the reign
Of good King George the Third.

My next's a noted authoress
Of great benevolence,
Who in the eighteenth century
Arose to eminence.

It also names a baronet
Who was for treason tried,
And who in "bluff King Harry's" reign
Upon the scaffold died.

'Tis from the produce of my third
That we our food receive ;
And there our stalwart labourers toil
From morn till dewy eve.

My whole's a well-known northern shire,
Where lakes and hills abound ;
And where in great abundance too
Both lead and coal are found.

16.

I'm small, indeed, yet I may say
I've done much evil in my day ;
For doubtless, both on land and sea,
Distress and death are caused by me.

O'er all the world I'm known full well,
The youngest child my name can tell ;
For oft in wild and careless glee
He has been known to sport with me.

To one and all I say, beware
Of touching me without due care,
And ere you trifle with me, pause,
For I much pain and sorrow cause.

And yet on many a stormy night
I make your chambers snug and bright ;
I vow that were it not for me
Old England's homes would cheerless be.

Despite my smallness, yet in truth
I am a gay and dashing youth ;
I take my pleasure while I may,
And none shall dare to say me nay.

I'm fond of gaiety, I own,
And sorrow I have seldom known ;
So while through life I journey on,
I'll ever bid "dull care" begone.

If you behead me once, then lo !
Within a trice I larger grow,
And on my dewy verdant ground
The playful lamb is seen to bound.

I'm studded with umbrageous trees
That flutter in the gentle breeze ;
And on the balmy summer day
I'm decked with wild flowers bright and gay.

The birds around me gaily sing,
And children's merry voices ring ;
And while in happy groups they go,
They pluck the flowers that in me grow.

Behead me yet another time,
Then in a far-off Eastern clime

Behold me float with gentle motion
Upon the wide and shoreless ocean.
The precious souls that in me live,
To them I home and shelter give ;
And all around me, night and day,
The waves their ceaseless music play.
While higher still the waters rise
I seem uplifted to the skies ;
And when the Heaven-willed storm is past,
Behold ! on high I rest at last.

17.

My first is what the wealthiest lord
With heart and soul desires,
And what, with all his poverty,
The poor man ne'er requires.
My second many a working man
Can always keep beside him,
At which he toils from morn till night,
That want may ne'er betide him.
My whole's what many look upon
With pride and veneration,
And what is cherished and preserved
Through many a generation.

18.

My first (an inexpensive toy)
Amuses either girl or boy ;
A simple plaything it is true
And yet it pleases adults too.
'Tis likewise, as we've cause to know,
The harbinger of pain and woe ;

With cruel and relentless force,
It bears destruction in its course.
It also names a festive scene,
At which perhaps you may have been—
A pleasant scene, I must confess,
Of mirth and youthful happiness.
My second, if you look with care,
You'll find "suspended in mid air."
(I take the liberty to quote
An author of distinguished note.)
In Scotland you have heard my third—
It names a short emphatic word;
'Twas one "sweet Jenny" often used
When she her lover's hand refused.
My fourth's a fruit some like to eat,
And yet methinks 'tis aught but sweet;
Although 'tis useful I'm told,
If you are suff'ring from a cold;
Some people, too, I have observed,
Have had this self-same fruit preserved.
Familiar to each country child,
It grows in great abundance wild.
My whole, if you will search a while,
You'll find in Erin's lovely isle.

19.

I on an island long have been,
That may from this good town be seen;
My domicile is said to be
Right in the middle of the sea.

In language bold and eloquent
I'm heard to speak in Parliament,

And if you guess my name aright
You'll find I am a noble knight.
Yet, by the strangest of devices,
I'm cut into the smallest slices;
And run no risk of being spoiled,
By being either baked or boiled.
Sometimes, without at all intruding,
I'm seen inside a good plum-pudding;
And I am reckoned very nice
With milk and spices, eggs and rice.
So, if you've not as yet divined me,
Perchance you'll in your larder find me;
And as I'm safe inside a jar,
'Tis clear I cannot travel far.
And though it seems somewhat absurd,
I in the thunder crash am heard;
I've power to make a strong man quake,
And cause his limbs with fear to shake.
But when a happy youthful pair
With bridal pomp to church repair;
So blithe and cheerful is my voice,
I make each list'ner's heart rejoice.
What am I then, ye ladies fair?
My name and title now declare;
I who am but a little mite,
And yet a stately English knight.

20.

When Paul before Agrippa stood,
And made his bold defence,
He reasoned with impassioned zeal
And thrilling eloquence.

He then denied he was my first
With touching earnestness;
"Because," said he, "I speak the words
Of truth and soberness."

My next we in our childhood's days
Were daily taught to say,
When first we set our tiny feet
On learning's rugged way.

Without my third our hearths and homes
Would be but dull and dreary,
For by its aid they now are made
To look both bright and cheery.

I own it is a pleasant thing
Within my fourth to ride,
When with a group of kindly friends
You're seated side by side.

The victors, too, in ancient times
Returned within the same,
When laden with the spoils of war,
From vict'ry forth they came.

My whole is now inhabited
By a dark heathen race,
To compass whose conversion
Must be the work of grace.

21.

Though rough and plain I am esteemed,
Yet truly useful I am deemed,
For every age since time began
Hath proved I've service done to man.

With many others of my kind
I own I'm frequently combined ;
Then from our humble bed we rise,
Until we seem to reach the skies.

While time rolls on, unchang'd am I ;
Though millions round me fade and die,
Through generations I remain
Insensible to death or pain.

I once afforded blissful rest
To one whom Heav'n's bright angel bless'd :
A weary traveller was he,
When, seeking rest, he came to me.

Through many a passing generation
I'm looked upon with veneration,
And I am often deemed so rare
That I'm preserv'd with fondest care.

A silent witness I have been
Of many a gay and festive scene ;
I'm valued by the proudest belle,
My name and worth then let her tell.

I'm seen beside each lonely grave ;
The winter's fiercest storm I brave ;
With honest truth it may be said
That my companions are the dead.

In ev'ry age and ev'ry land
Beside the dead I silent stand ;
A mute spectator there I'll stay,
Till time itself shall pass away.

'Tis said by a revered Divine,
That I in Paradise will shine,
And dazzle the beholder's eye
With my resplendent brilliancy.

I'm often valued more than gold,
Yet I am silent, hard, and cold,
So may you ne'er resemble me,
Or hard indeed your heart will be.

Behead me once, then I express
The dying sufferer's deep distress,
The death-doomed victim's wild despair,
The mother's love, and tender care.

I'm often joyous, light, and gay ;
A hidden grief I oft betray ;
I've power to start the glist'ning tear,
Or fill the heart with sudden fear.

Behead again, then you will see
What each united pair should be ;
And twice a-day I warn you all
That time flies past beyond recall.

And is it not revealed to man
That long ere time its course began,
The Holy and the Blessed Three
Were joined for evermore in me ?

22.

A Jewish youth, of whom we read,
Was reckon'd like my first in speed.
My next is also fleet of foot,
And timidly evades pursuit ;
The word suggests (if I am right)
A youth when dress'd in fashion's height.
My whole reveals an Englishman,
A famous politician,
One who has served, it now appears,
In Parliament for twenty years.

23.

PHONETIC.

My first is distant many a mile ;
It names a lake in Erin's Isle.
My next is what you've often heard
Compared unto a graceful bird.
My third is sometimes worn by you,
And is of many a varied hue ;
A portion of your dress 'tis reckon'd,
That frequently adorns my second ;
It likewise names what you should never
Express the slightest wish to sever ;
'Tween friend and friend, 'tween man and wife,
In health or sickness, peace or strife,
It should retain its hold through life.
My fourth will presently reveal
What's sometimes difficult to heal ;
It causes sudden pain, 'tis true,
Yet happens very simply too ;
'Tis oft received in deadly strife,
And then it leaves a scar for life.
Half of my riddle says, "unite,"
The other says, "I disunite ;"
So if you now combine the two
My whole will then be clear to you.

24.

My first's a tiny article,
Of which it may be said,
That men of genius by its use
Have earn'd their daily bread.

Although 'tis but a common thing,
Of little value reckon'd,
With truly wondrous power and skill
'Tis wielded by my second.

Though for a time my next may rank
With creatures of the dust,
Yet he shall reign, when time's no more,
In mansions of the just.

My second guides my third's swift course,
While both by day and night
It bears away with rapid force
Our loved ones from our sight.

If of my first you may, perchance,
Acquire a due command,
My whole you may achieve with skill,
E'en by your own right hand.

25.

The fearless youth, who "upward" sped,
Beneath my *first* lay cold and dead.
My *second* on a flower we view,
When gently falls the summer dew.
My *whole* doth bend its graceful head
O'er many an infant's silent bed ;
Unsheltered is its drooping form,
Beneath the wintry wind and storm.

26.

Full many a joy, and many a grief,
My first-and-second shares ;
How pure and tender is the love
That lightens all her cares !

A maiden, fair to look upon,
Was by a stranger seen
To bear her burden from my third,
With light and graceful mien.

In one of Scotland's Lowland shires
My whole once lived and wrote,
Who, though he gained not world-wide fame,
Is not devoid of note.

27.

I own it's strange, but 'tis a fact,
That I like pow'rful magic act ;
For though I'm nothing but a sound,
I cause young hearts with joy to bound.

Vast multitudes I oft excite
To pure and exquisite delight ;
To me the wondrous pow'r is given
To elevate the soul to Heaven.

I'm heard in plaintive melodies ;
In low and soothing lullabies ;
The babe upon its mother's breast
My charms can softly lull to rest.

On many a balmy summer night,
Under the moonlight soft and bright,
I make the distant woods resound
With the same clear harmonious sound.

I've pow'r to fill the heart with gladness,
Or, oftener still, alas ! with sadness ;
For memories I oft awake
That well-nigh cause the heart to break.

I act upon the dullest sense,
So potent is my influence ;
My charms are oft so deeply felt
That I the hardest hearts can melt.
If in the time of war you hear me,
Full many a one has cause to fear me ;
For then the bitter tears I start,
And tell the dearest friends to part.
And onwards bravely to the fight
The sons of Britain I excite ;
Perchance upon the battle-field
Their precious life-blood there to yield.
In ancient times the Hebrew youth,
Who loved the path of grace and truth,
Employed me as a soothing balm,
A monarch's troubled soul to calm.
And is it not declared that I
Through ages of eternity
Shall to the just afford employment,
And endless, unalloyed enjoyment?
Behold me, then I plainly name
An antiquarian of some fame,
Who many years before his end
Was deemed a gifted author's friend.
For many seasons I have been
In close attendance on the Queen ;
And I am also known full well
To ev'ry pleasure-seeking belle.
Yet, doubtless, both by night and day
I travel miles and miles away ;
Each distant land I've travelled o'er,
Each varied climate I explore.

When I approach you, have a care,
And of my presence, pray beware,
For I with headlong speed can rush,
Your life e'en like a moth to crush.

Behead again, then I am given,
E'en as a blessing straight from Heaven;
With earnest prayer I oft am sought,
For I with good to man am fraught.

I tend each bud and flow'ret's birth,
And softly cheer our "mother earth;"
When drooping nature fain would die,
I gentle nourishment supply.

Were I withheld by heaven's command,
I'd cause distress throughout the land;
Yea, o'er the face of all the earth
There should arise a grievous dearth.

I by Jehovah once was sent
E'en as a dreadful punishment,
And as a dire and bitter curse,
To blight the Heav'n-made universe.

Behead again, then I confess
But three small letters I possess,
That form a short endearing word
In bonnie Scotland often heard.

Yet if perchance you cast a glance,
You'll find me on the map of France;
Those letters three, whate'er they be,
In its departments you will see.

So with a tiny preposition,
Here ends this simple definition,
For were you to behead again
You'd find that nought remains but "N."

28.

My first you'll notice any day
When trav'ling near New-Galloway ;
It is an object you may view
In Scotland and in England too.
A bishop's name it will betray
Who lived in Charles the Second's day,
Whose faith was steadfast to the last,
Though into prison he was cast ;
For zeal and virtue he was noted,
And to the cause of truth devoted.
If startled by the drum's loud beat,
My next you might perchance repeat ;
By woman's hand 'tis also made,
On infants' robes 'tis oft displayed ;
It also names a friar bold,
Who flourish'd in the days of old.
My third is said to wind its way
Through regions many miles away ;
Yet, doubtless, if you search with care,
You'll find it in each " lady fair."
That you may understand it better,
It likewise names a vowel letter.
My whole will to your mind suggest
A region in the distant West.

29.

The hard-wrought working man, that's blest
With vigour and with health,
Enjoys my first with greater zest
Than they who roll in wealth.

To many a weary traveller,
'Mid desert wild and drear,
Oh ! what a truly welcome sight
My second must appear !

My whole is whisper'd when the soul
Doth wing its flight to heaven,
And many a mourner's aching heart
With grief is well-nigh riven.

30.

My first you will find in the fathomless deep,
Where many belov'd ones now peacefully sleep ;
A lady's surname it may likewise denote,
Whose brilliant romances are worthy of note.

By the gay and the wealthy my second is worn,
Yet the Queen and the peasant it both may adorn ;
By some it is fondly preserved to the last,
As a sacred memento of days that are past.

My third, an historian doth plainly attest,
Was one of three sons who have gone to their rest ;
His numerous children are swarthy and sable,
And I pray that his namesake may oft grace your
table !

My whole is the name of the fair habitation
Of one that's the pride and the hope of the nation ;
In England's wide borders no fairer is seen
Than she who in future may reign as our Queen.

31.

My first can boast no life, nor sound, nor motion,
Yet 'tis possessed of reason and sound sense ;
Although it's ever silent, yet it speaks,
And moves to tears e'en by its eloquence.

The influence it's known to exercise
Is felt to be of many a varied kind,
For while it oft exalts and purifies,
It frequently deteriorates the mind.

My next is what we sometimes look upon
With what's akin to feelings of disgust,
And yet, one day, we all shall be its prey,
When, lying low, we moulder in the dust.

Although my whole hath oft been proved to be
With misery, and want, and hunger curst,
Yet he devours, with keen avidity
And deep delight, the contents of my first.

32.

Full many a couple did dwell in my first ;
'Twas a building by water surrounded.
Of my next, among tradesmen, no lack you will
find,
Both in cities and towns they've abounded.
No mason is he, nor yet likely to be ;
(And but little of "wrong" there's about him),
But this we will say, tho' unique in its day,
My first was ne'er finished without him.
My whole is a name that is not without fame,
And ungrateful 'twould be to ignore it ;
He was not an M.P., tho' knighted was he,
And his name has got "Richard" before it.

33.

I am the oddest contradiction ;
But truth is oft more strange than fiction,
For though I am a blessing deemed,
Man's greatest curse I am esteemed.

I oft restore the sinking breath,
And many a one I've saved from death ;
Yea, thousands in a trying hour,
Have rallied 'neath my quick'ning power.

Though as the air of Heav'n I'm free,
A precious boon I'm known to be ;
I'm often, if the truth were told,
More valued than a mine of gold.

When burning fever rages high,
A truly welcome sight am I ;
The sick and weary cry for me,
In pain and bitter agony.

I thus, as you will clearly see,
A blessing have been proved to be ;
And now, what evil have I done
That you my influence must shun ?

Both old and young I lead astray
From duty's hard but pleasant way ;
Yea, countless thousands I entice
Down to the deep abyss of vice.

I am a bitter foe to man ;
I oft curtail his life's short span ;
For I confess that by my aid
Some in untimely graves are laid.

How many in an evil hour
Have yielded to my fatal power !

With what relentless, headstrong force,
Do I assist their downward course !

How many of the humble poor
Do I from time to time allure !
What thousands, 'mong the rich and fair,
Each day and hour do I ensnare !

If those who love me to excess
Had struggled hard to love me less,
Their grief and curse I ne'er had been,
As some have to their sorrow seen.

If I am shunned, 'tis little wonder,
For I love's fondness ties can sunder ;
Fair homes, where shines affection's light,
'Tis in my deadly power to blight.

Behead me once, then I am seen
On many a pleasant quaiting green,
When at the close of some fine day
Our artizans engage in play.

And when the "tournament" was held,
By thousands I was then beheld ;
On that occasion I was seen
In numbers on the bowling green.

And in the bracing, frosty weather,
When lord and peasant meet together,
You'll hear my oft-repeated name
In many a keen, exciting game.

Behead again, what am I now ?
A very useful thing I trow ;
And I may say that as a rule
I'm used by every child at school.

I'm requisite to learned men,
Who gain their living by the pen ;
I often stand at their right hand,
And daily I'm at their command.

I'm known alike to editors,
To debtors, and to creditors,
To lawyers, and to business men,
To statesmen, and to clergymen.

The pris'ner, in his gloomy cell,
Can testify he knows me well,
For partly by my aid he sends
Fond messages to absent friends.

Dark deeds, long hid from human sight,
Have by my aid been brought to light ;
Deep mysteries I have revealed
That have for ages been concealed.

This riddle with my help was penned ;
But here, methinks, it ought to end ;
Its answer will be seen by you
Perhaps before you've read it through.

34.

My first was never seen in motion,
Tho' found in ev'ry sea and ocean.
Down in my next a youth once lay,
From home and parent borne away ;
His name to old and young is known,
In his life a bright example's shown.
My third and fourth we cry in grief,
While striving hard to find relief.
To name my whole you ne'er yet failed,
It is a work or *tale curtailed*.

35.

Though many ages o'er my first have rolled,
It never will by any chance be old.
My next requires great strength to make it move;
The finals of some names 'twill also prove.
My first and second joined reveal the name
Of one who well deserves immortal fame;
Possessed of genius, and of mind refined,
His mem'ry is revered by all mankind.
To find my third, if you express a wish,
It names a very common savoury dish.
My fourth was practised many years ago
By Raphael and Michael Angelo;
In this our day 'tis also studied well
By many a gay, but quickly-fading belle.
My third and fourth if you will now unite,
You'll find a queen of whom historians write;
Although of beauty, grace, and wit possessed,
Her virtue will, methinks, scarce stand the test.
To guess my whole, if you with patience try,
(Though 'tis not found within the Stewartry),
Yet, if you search the map of Scotland well,
Its name you surely cannot fail to tell.

36.

PHONETIC.

Founded on a well-known Conundrum.

My first's what every child must say
When setting out on learning's way.
My second truly may be said
Of any tree decayed and dead.

My third and fourth were *his* abode*
Whose tragic end too plainly showed
How wretched were the days he passed,
Ere 'neath its roof he breathed his last.
Now, if to find my whole you try,
'Twill prove a chamber snug and dry;
Yet if you there repose your head,
'Twill be indeed a wat'ry bed.

37.

My *first's* a title we bestow
In token of respect,
And one that we with noble rank
And gentle blood connect.

My *second* is in various forms
Upon our table seen;
It graces both the yeoman's board
And that of England's Queen.

My *whole* in favour stood right high
With lords and English dames,
And in the age of chivalry
Was knighted by King James.

38.

My first is both noble and strong,
Though not fitted for war or race;
It beareth its rider gently along,
Ambling on at an easy pace.

* Chatterton.

My second did no progress make
(A virtuous end to gain) ;
'Twas wov'n from morn to evening,
Then all unwoven again.

My whole is the work of an insect,
Once watched by a valiant King ;
'Tis the delicate airy trap
Of a creature with tiny wing.

39.

My first's a word that's known to all ;
A most important one, though small.
My next, if you repeat it twice,
Means what is deemed just middling nice.
To find my third if you endeavour,
You'll see it names a rapid river.
My fourth I vow is "Tam o' Shanter,"
Who once on "Meg" enjoyed a canter !
My fifth's a vowel, gentle reader.
My sixth the alphabetic leader.
My whole, as you may now divine,
Is situate near Palestine.

40.

Where sparkling dolphins leap in play,
Where costly pearls abound,
Where countless loved ones sleep in death—
'Tis there my first is found.
When verdant charms o'er vale and wood
Are spread by nature's hand,
Then by the sweet breath of my next
Faint drooping frames are fann'd.

Within a little costly gem
My whole doth lie concealed,
In planning which, the art of man
Is strikingly reveal'd.

41.

PHONETIC.

Within my first all ranks of men unite
To do what they consider just and right.
Unto my next all kinds of people throng
To do what they are well aware is wrong.
With greedy eye look not my third within—
It often tempts an honest man to sin.
Unto my fourth in time of frost repair,
And there, I vow, you'll have enjoyment rare.
My whole you'll find, if to the map you turn,
Within a hundred miles of Bannockburn.

42.

A simple word of letters three
My first doth here reveal,
Which shows what many, to their grief,
Are often apt to feel.
My next's a common article,
But one in daily use ;
Without its aid, our property
Is open to abuse.
My whole's a man we all despise,
Deceitful, base, inhuman,
Whose bloody and revengeful scheme
Was baffled by a woman.

43.

My first-and-my-second comes once in a year,
Ere the leaves of the forest are yellow and sere ;
You also have seen it again and again
Applied to a council of talented men.
My third is a word that you frequently see,
And grammarians say it includes "you and me."
My whole is well-known to the old and the young,
For in history's annals his praises are sung ;
His wisdom and virtue are therein described,
And in one of the Gospels his name is inscribed.

44.

My first is peaceable and mild,
And carries many a little child ;
My second, though by some despised,
In Scripture is immortalised ;
And of my third, in composition,
We shun the frequent repetition.
My fourth and fifth, as will be seen,
Is govern'd by our gracious Queen.
My whole, unto the end of time,
Will be esteem'd a heinous crime.

45.

(SLIGHTLY PHONETIC.)

A common conveyance my first will suggest,
And one that is frequently used in the West.
My second's a title, I'm led to believe,
That the Chief of the Croats is known to receive ;
But if it should happen to rest upon thee,
Then grievous indeed thy condition will be ;

Perchance I shall make it a little too plain
If I tell you, kind reader, it rested on Cain ;
You also will find, if you look for a while,
A stream of this name in the Emerald Isle.
If you and Disraeli are both of one mind,
You're my third and my fourth when together
combined.

Should you find that an envelope fails to adhere,
Take a dip of my fifth ('tis not very dear).
My whole is an object in sight of the shore,
Quite near to a farm of the name of Dromore.

46.

My first-and-second stands alone,
Its beauty and its grandeur gone ;
Deserted now for many years,
A weird-like object it appears.
My third-and-fourth on history's page
Is handed down from age to age ;
A ruthless, stern, and savage lord,
Who brandish'd oft his bloody sword,
Whose pleasure was to fight and slay,
As was the fashion of his day.
My whole possesses one rich trait,
Whose beauty, I may safely say,
Might well afford a noble theme
For poet's lyric, lay, or dream.
If this charade you study well,
Its name you in a trice may tell.

47.

Within my first, in various garbs,
A motley crowd appears;
Many are in the prime of life,
And some bowed down with years.
A herd of cows, at eventide
Enjoying lazy rest
In pasture field, or meadow green,
My second may suggest.
My third's a famous Englishman,
Of great and massive mind,
Whose name declares what you will be
If you this riddle find.
My whole's a lovely, rural spot,
Within our own fair land,
Where Nature's beauties have been dealt
With truly lavish hand.

48.

PHONETIC.

My first was blest with many a glorious sight,
And many a heavenly vision fair and bright.
My second we in deep distress cry out,
Or when we're seized with pain, surprise, or doubt.
My third (when singular) reveals the name
Of an historian of undoubted fame;
'Tis also very useful in our purse,
But when too plentiful oft proves a curse.
Without my fourth to warm and shelter thee,
No better than a beggar would'st thou be;
Yet thereupon set not, I pray, thine heart,
Lest e'en to-day thou'rt doomed from it to part.
My whole's a place with a peculiar name;
Search well your atlas, and you'll find the same.

49.

My first, though but a little word,
Is one we oft express,
When in a strait we find ourselves,
Or when in great distress.

My second makes a favourite dish,
When cooked with proper care;
But in our good old Burgh Town
Methinks 'tis somewhat rare.

My third, some eighteen years ago,
Thrilled each spectator's heart
With pleasure and intense delight,
So wondrous was her art.

My third and fourth unite in one,
And then you'll clearly see
What shades us from the burning sun—
A large umbrageous tree.

My whole involved much loss of life,
Caused pain and great distress,
Made fathers mourn their children's loss,
And children fatherless.

50.

My first's been known to roam about,
E'er since creation's time,
O'er field and meadow, hill and vale,
In many a varied clime.

When to your lips a cup you raise,
With joy and pleasure filled,
My second comes to dash it down;
For so 'tis often willed.

No rare exotic is my whole;
Rough blasts it oft must weather;
It's pluck'd by children as they play,
In merry groups together.

51.

My first was in creation seen,
'Tis in every age and clime;
Though always in decay and death,
'Twill be in the end of time.
For a brief space, within my next,
That holy prophet dwelt,
Who earnestly sev'n times a-day
In supplication knelt.
Where seeds of truth, by parents sown
In youthful hearts, find room
To spring and bud, there will my whole
In richest beauty bloom.

52.

My first's a little English word
That names a Scottish Peer,
Also a forest in the north,
Where bound the fleet red deer.
My second and my third combined
Do form a well-known name;
One bears it at the present day—
An author of some fame.
My whole denotes a famous town,
Where victory was gained
By one who e'en to world-wide fame
And honour hath attained.

53.

No beauty does my first possess,
No life, nor grace, nor charm ;
But many a flower and luscious fruit
It sheltereth from harm.

In company with king and queen
My next has ever been,
When it is near, knaves do appear,
And diamonds too are seen.

No greater hero than my whole
Has history's page pourtrayed,
To an untimely end he came,
By traitor friend betrayed.

54.

Quite unimportant is my first,
Scarce worthy of attention,
Though in common converse, I confess,
'Tis a word you often mention.

No prisoner without my next
Would e'er be thought secure ;
No miser's much-loved store of gold
E'er lacks it, we are sure.

How oft a loving gentle hand
Doth part it from the head !
How fondly do we treasure it
As a " relic of the dead " !

My whole you may already guess,
'Tis now a household name ;
A valiant Gen'ral bore it once,
And wide-spread is his fame.

In the battle-field well-skilled and brave,
In heart and soul devout ;
Highly esteemed and dearly loved,
His worth no one can doubt.

55.

My first darts swiftly from your gaze ;
You scarce have time to note
Its presence, when, behold ! it's gone
Off to a place remote.

Down in the foaming deep my next
Its distant warning gave ;
And many a noble vessel's crew
Was saved a wat'ry grave.

My whole ! Its very name is dear
To th' exiled patriot's heart—
A pretty, simple, tiny thing,
Not made by human art.

56.

At ev'ry step they take in life,
My first doth follow some ;
Whereas to many a thousand
It never deigns to come.

My next's a point of precious time,
Referred to by Saint Paul ;
On its improvement or neglect
Depends your life, your all.

My whole's a bloody battle-scene
That bears no ancient name ;
It's heroes, 'mong her brightest gems,
Britannia's proud to claim.







