

## Puzzles for Pastime.

### Enigmas, Charades, &c.,

I.

Shame will bring me into thy face,  
Grief will not let me stay ;  
Of joy am I an abiding trace,  
Envy drives me away.  
So long as with thee I still remain,  
Beauty and youth will smile ;  
When I am gone, thou'lt seek them in vain ;  
They've vanished, alas ! the while.

II.

From Messina came a lady fair,  
With a sharp and biting tongue,  
And met by the way a negro pair,  
One sweet and soft as the summer air,  
The other endowed with strength so rare—  
One old, the other young.

On a realm of waters these people met,  
'Twas a wonderous thing to see,  
For the young and the old, the cold and  
the hot,  
Commingled together, were, I wot,  
Right pleasant company.

III.

Why's a merciless man, with a memory  
bad,  
Like one with whom avarice is a sin most  
besetting ?  
Because, if no better solution be had,  
He's never *forgiving* but always *forgetting*,

IV.

Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower ;  
Hark to the chimes from yonder tower ;  
Call ye my first from her chamber now,  
With her snowy veil and her jewelled  
brow.

Lo ! where my second, in gorgeous array,  
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,  
Looking for her, as he curvets by,  
With an arching neck and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet and studied the song,  
Ranged in meet order the menial throng,  
Jerome is ready with book and with sto'le,  
And the maidens strew flowers—but where  
is my whole ?

Look to the hill !—is he climbing its side ?  
Look to the stream !—is he crossing its  
tide ?

Out on the false one ! he comes not yet ;  
Lady, forget him—yea, scorn and forget !

V.

A fool will allow me but scanty rest.  
I've less to do at the wise man's behest ;  
Single am I as a good man's slave,  
But double when owned by a liar or knave ;

Justice will look at me sharply and well,  
And weigh in the balance each word I tell ;  
Yet many will cheat the judge, they say,  
With me for their servant day by day.

VI.

A bridge of pearl, in cunning wise,  
Built o'er a sea of gray ;  
With lightning speed 'tis seen to rise  
Over our heads away.

The largest ship, with loftiest mast,  
Rides 'neath its arched span ;  
Over the bridge no man hath passed  
Since first this world began.

It comes with the stream, and dies away  
When the water floods abate.  
The bridge's name, now I pray thee say,  
And who did the bridge create ?

VII.

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

He said my first, whose silent car  
Was slowly wandering by,  
Vailed in a vapour faint and far,  
Through the unfathomed sky,  
Was like the smile whose rosy light  
Across her young lips passed.  
Yet oh ! it was not half so bright,  
It changed not half so fast ;  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

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

VIII.

Among the snakes, I wreck of one  
Not born of earthly breed,  
And with this serpent vieth none,  
In terror or in speed.