

ON GADDING.

Sick or in health,
 We all love to Gad;
 Poor or in wealth,
 'Tis gadding go mad.
 The gay and the grave,
 The surly and proud,
 The fair and the brave,
 All mix in the crowd.

Or when taking the air,
 In coach or in cart,
 For the vulgar to stare
 Whenever they start.

The old and the young,
 The lame and the blind,
 All eagerly run
 Through sunshine and wind.

To keep them at home,
 We labour in vain,
 Abroad they must roam,
 Though smarting with pain.

Though liberty sure
 Is the law of the land,
 The lame it won't cure,
 Or teach men to stand;

The blind have no fear,
 Though one foot in the grave,
 The deaf cannot hear
 The wind or the wave.

But all are the same,
 And would fly o'er the moon,
 And would think you to blame,
 Should you stop them too soon.

Oh wonderful sure
 Is the air that we breathe—
 So holy and pure
 In the morn and the eve.

That in spite of *old age*
 And our *shortness* of breath,
 We would fly from our cage
 Till cut shorter by death.

[*Novascotian.*]

*The young red Lips and the old
 red Nose.*

Sighs a beau, rather old to a beau-
 teous young dame,
 "Your charms, lovely nymph, set
 me all in a flame,
 My heart is on fire"—then says
 she, "I suppose
 It caught its bright blaze from the
 tip of your nose."

CHARADES.

Three-fourths of a something
 Would feed you a week,
 Three fourths of a mountain
 In Palestine seek.
 Be my last, and I'm certain
 My whole you will find
 Is a large foreign fowl
 Of a ravenous kind.

Three-fourths of a cross
 And a circle combine—
 Two half circles with
 A perpendicular join
 Two-thirds a triangle,
 Erect on two feet—
 Two half circle; more,
 And a circle complete—
 If these you proclaim,
 A plant they will name.

REBUSES.

A fish you'll invert,
 Then two pronouns insert,
 My whole when combined,
 In a circle you'll find.

From a city in Spain,
 Cut off tail and head,
 Transpose what remain,
 See what oft I have read.

A mountain in scripture define,
 One-third of an insect expose;
 With caution the parts intertwine,
 An American beast to disclose.

Conundrum.—Why is a piece of
 iron like a tailor?

Answer to last year's Rebus.
 Add half a small tree (*bush*) sh
 To three-fourths of a hue (*blue*) blu
 And then you will see
 What ladies oft do, &c. *Blush.*

Answer to last year's Paradox.
 Your paradox is *Lampblack*, sir,
 Or; so it seems to me:
 For, on the *Black* if you confer
 His *natural Liberty*,
 A *Lamp* remains to light your way,
 And *Mungo's* joyous looks display.

Answer to the Enigm. { *Cubit.*