

ENIGMAS.

NO. I.

SIR,—The following enigma, if deemed worthy of notice, is offered as a contribution to the *Life Boat*.

I am a word of 11 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 3, 9, was a Roman general.

My 9, 2, 9, 10, 11, was a Roman emperor.

My 1, 8, 11, 11, 5, 10, 11, was a Roman patriot.

My 9, 8, 4, 2, 9, 10, 11, was a great historian.

My 9, 5, 9, 5, 8, 3, was a great painter.

My 10, 9, 5, 4, 8, is a city in the United States.

My whole was a Roman dictator,

I am yours, &c.,

N. H.

Montreal, April 12, 1854.

NO. II.

SIR,—By inserting the following, you will oblige.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 6, 4, an enemy of Temperance.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, a kingdom in Europe.

My 2, 12, 7, 9, the name of a flower.

My 1, 3, 5, 9, the index of the mind.

My 8, 6, 4, 13, a mighty Ruler.

My 9, 13, 14, belong to the feathered tribe

My 10, 6, 12, 4, king of the forest.

My 11, 9, 2, 8, the herald of the morning.

My whole the name of a celebrated Lecturer.

Yours, &c.,

Z. S.

Point a Cavagnol, April 14, 1854.

NO. III.

I am a sentence composed of 22 letters.

My 16, 7, 3, 10, 18 is a mountain in Arabia.

My 2, 8, 4, 10, 6, 20, 2, is a lake in British America.

My 1, 14, 20, 13, 22, 4, 13, 11, is a river in Russia.

My 12, 13, 21, 19, 2, 6, 15, is a town in the United States.

My 5, 18, 10, 3, 10, 22, 17, 13, 10, 9, is a mountain in St. Helena.

My 10, 14, 12, 2, 6, 19, 10, is a small Republic in Europe.

My 1, 13, 19, 3, 10, is a town in Africa.

My whole is a piece of advice to all who wish to avoid a miserable life, or an untimely death.

M. LEONARD.

Drummondville, E. T., 1854.

CHARADES.

NO. I.

With joy it is taken, with rapture return'd;
Not kept for a moment when lovingly earn'd.
A dish that is served on a platter of pearls,
All garnish'd with coral—despise it, yet
churls!

Of nectar, ambrosia compounded the whole,
With a bouquet that flavors the brim of the
bowl.

'Tis a crop that you gather as soon as 'tis
sown;

A bubble that bursts into nothing when blown.
Its substance is changed to a shadowy ghost,

If you give it by proxy, or send it by post.
A thrill of delight, an incendiary spark—

Impulsive, extatic—a theft in the dark,
And should she her loss the fair ravish'd
deplore,

The thief's ever ready the prize to restore.
And should you, fair creature, this riddle
divine,

The answer I'll give you—it straight shall
be thine:

But beware! should you fail—I will, Sphinx-
like to sup,

With a thousand such marvels, devour you
up!

NO. II.

My first, if my second's first letter you'll add,
You'll do, if you fail to solve me;

An affectionate title applied to a pet,

You'll find my second to be;

My third, were you drinking a cup of hot tea,

I think you'd be likely to do;

My fourth denotes trouble in vulgar parlance,
(The word is employed but by few;)

My whole's a large river—now go get your
map,

Sit down and patiently seek,—

Should I tell you where it was, then you'd
know where to look,

So I 'guess' I'll 'keep mum' till next month.

The answer to Enigma in our last num-
ber is—SAINT PETERSBURGH.

The answer sent in by Z. S., Point a Cav-
agnol, T. D. Reed, and O. S. H., Montreal,
is correct.

CONUNDRUM.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf
people? Because you can't make them
here.

Printed by H. & G. M. ROSE, and published by
them on the first of every month, at their Office,
34 Great St. James street, Montreal. All orders
and communications to be addressed to the Pub-
lishers.