

ANSWERS

To J. MOORE's *Rebus, Charade &c.*,
in last year's *Almanac*.

The round letter O, if I rightly
divine,

The terms of your Rebus will
suit, sir,

Then *Mecca* and *Ducat*, in pro or in
fine,

Of the others are surely the root,
sir.

Simonds.

W. W.

CHARADE.

Three nouns in one by me com-
bin'd—

The first does five contain,
To ease creation's lord design'd,
And toil for him amain.

But three are in the second found,
But still of such a nature

They long to view what tills the
ground,

A terror to each creature.
Without the third exotic lands

Would be a mere conjecture,
We ne'er would hear the Queen's
commands,

Nor she be our protector.
When these you have discovered
true,

And rightly them connected,
They'll shew an act and actors too
'Twas just as I expected.

Quaco. J. MOORE.

REBUS—BY THE SAME.

I'm three and five letters, a curious
word,

My fifth is precisely the same as
my third. [mal's name.

Three next to my third are an ani-
My three first are a being exactly
the same. [may see.

In India and Spain my last you
My whole when 'tis found a life
taker will be.

ENIGMA.—BY THE SAME

Ere Adam out of dust was made,
Or Eden's garden was array'd

With different trees of good and
evil,

Or serpent's form assum'd by Devil

To desecrate our parents fair
And holy innocence impair—
I had my birth: from Heaven I
came— [name.

The mighty God pronounc'd my
He then commissioned me to go
Through all the universe to show
His wondrous power, and to unfold
Creation's beauty—Man behold!
And since that hour untired I rove
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and
grove—

Where Amazonia's rolling tides
A rich Brazilian soil divides—
Or where the genial flowing Nile
Waters a rich alluvial soil—

'Tis there I reign in beauty drest
And beams ethereal deck my vest.
But yet I roam through every clime
Unchanged by the hand of time.

To-day I wait upon a bride,
Or at her nuptial feast preside;
Attend to-morrow at the grave,
Where earth life's votaries receive.
But ah! how changed, no tongue
can tell,

To those within a gloomy cell—
The wretches doomed, whose dun-
geon drear, [tear—

Marks the lone hour with many a
Then an unwelcome guest I come,
The signal of their final doom.

But to the mariner on the sea,
With foaming breakers on his lee,
The howling winds mock at his
call—

To him I then am "all in all."
For hope almost deserts his breast,

If I forsake him in distress;
A noble friend I yet remain, [same.

Though ever changing, still the
Yet when black darkness veils the
sky, [fly,

From pole to pole the lightnings
And pealing thunder seems to make
The city wall's foundation shake,
With cruel foes beleagu'rd round,

Whose deadly guns augment the
sound—

Where foe to foe do tightly match,
And sentries each portcullis watch,
My aid such times I do deny—

Then literati tell me why?