

CHARADES.

I.

I OFTEN murmur, though never weep;
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my
head,
And much disgorges, tho' it ne'er is fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

Y. Z.

II.

My first a dog is sometimes called,
My next is two or three,
And if these two you study well,
My whole you soon will see.

Y. Z.

III.

A COMPANY of ten are we, link'd all in all
together;
Complete we roam, from home to home,
o'er bush and brake and heather;
But list for one half minute and I'll tell
Where, individually, we each do dwell.
With the prince at court or throne—the
peasant in the cot,
Our first alike aids pride or peace, pro-
sperity or plot;
The portrait painter it attends, but the
artist scorns to gain
Help from so much affliction, for it always
is in pain.
Our second and fourth together dive into
the silvery deep;
They're also in the chimney found, in
waiting on the sweep;
In life and death they too abide eternity
and time,
And true to their appointed place in every
home and clime.
Our third in debt is always found; it aids
the wretched dun;
'Tis beginning, end—'tis first and last, of
every deed that's done:
'Tis in the sordid miser's hand; it helps the
proud to dress;
'Tis with the spendthrift; so, of course, it's
always in distress.
Our fifth is foremost in the sky, in the sun
and glittering star;
The foreign sailor it adorns, but it scorns
the British tar.

In sickness dire it there is found, and once
in balmy sleep;

Praise without it would be nought, and
tho' in tears it does not weep.

Our sixth alone attends the social board; 'tis
always first upon the breakfast tray;

It gives the tempter double aid, twice helps
the wicked traitor to betray;

But then in holy virtue it is found, as if to
neutralize its share in theft;

It dwells in hate, affection, fiction, truth
but friendship is of it bereft.

Rich is our seventh in all worldly store,
In rank, authority and earthly power;

'Tis in the church, yet on the pulpit frowns,
It graces priest and prelate, grave and
tower.

Our eighth an egotist is ever found, yet it
adorns the brilliant and the fair:

'Tis not in earth nor heaven, sky nor land,
yet 'tis suspended in the midst of air.

First of all letters does our ninth rank, 'tis
in all places and in every hand;

Music it loves not, yet in harp, piano, nay,
'tis always found in the full band.

Our last is now the only one untold;
It reigns in heaven and in the eternal throne;

The end of sin, in penitence 'tis found;
'Tis in the centre of each earthly one.

In England, dear old England, with its
valiant sons it dwells;

With the mariner, when ocean's roar grim
thunder oft foretells;

And of my whole the only word I think I
now need say,

Full many a mile I am known to go, o'er
rough and thorny way,

Without the aid of horse or mule, or steam's
impetuous force,

I travel on, and slowly wend my steady,
onward course.

A. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What kind of fever have those who
are anxious to appear in print?

2. What letters used to be distributed at
tournaments?

A. D.

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