

CHARADES.

I.
Poverty, poverty, causes my *first*,
Grey hairs the sign of my *second*.
Near the "White Horse" Vale, of Alfred of erst,
Both joined are the birth-place reckoned.

II.
My *first* from bruise or gall protects,
Makes plump the form and hides defects.
My *next* a means supplies
(Cut off from fondly cherished head)
The absent to recal, or dead.
My *whole* the thing defies.

III.
My *first* a dog of no great breed.
My *second* will declare with speed,

My *first* of *second*, now my *whole*.
You'll find him look uncommon droll!

IV.
My *first* gleamed in Pactolus' bed,
My *second* holds the happy dead,
My *whole* hath a perilous spell
To lure men's hearts to love it well.

V.
My *first* you'll smell, if sweet:
If not you'll boil and eat.
My *next* at early dawn,
Proclaims the coming morn;
My *whole* a bird of plumage bright,
No rare, but still a gallant sight.

C. F. J.

APOTHEGMS.

I.
True friendship. The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter; and those sentiments of friendship, which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

II.
The want of energy disqualifies men for every duty of life. All duties are connected with difficulties from within and from without. Without energy, no man, in any profession or business of life, can do his duty.

III.
He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he, who nibbles in a low voice, and never ceases nibbling.

IV.
The, chief art is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated. The most lofty fabrics are formed by the accumulations of simple propositions.

EPIGRAMS.

I.
Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye,
To wonder o'er thy beauties here.

I am composed of 16 letters:—
My 2, 6, 12, 4, 4, 5, 11, 7, is useful work.
My 16, 2, 9, 4, 12, 6, 7, affords amusement.
My 13, 5, 15, 15, 3, is a country seat.
My 8, 14, 10, 3, 13, 9, 6, 1, are seen in deserts.
My 4, 9, 16, 2, an allotted work.

II.
Take idleness away, and put to flight
Are Cupid's arts; his torches give no light.

III.
I love you, I hate you: askest me why?
I know no reason;—I but feel and—die.

CHARADE.

My 10, 5, 11, 2, is where my whole are held.
My 8, 14, 4 is a domestic animal.
My whole have become a fashionable amusement.

IRENE & GYPSIE

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ARITHMOREMS,

1. Charades:—(1) Mayflower;
(2) Snow-ball;
(3) Bedford;
(4) Cobweb.
2. Arithmorems:—(1) Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
(2) William Wordsworth.
(3) Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay.
(4) Alfred Tennyson.
(5) Charles Dickens.
(6) William Makepeace Thackeray.
(7) Charlotte Brontë.
(8) Wilkie Collins.
(9) Dianah Muloch.

&c., IN NO. 2 OF "STUDENTS' MONTHLY,"

3. Enigma:—Student.
4. Biographical Enigma:—Plato.
5. Square words:—(1) H A R P (2) D R O P
A R E A R O P E
R E I N O P E N
P A N E P E N S
6. Riddles:—(1) There are men of *Cork* in Ireland,
men of *Ayr* in Scotland, but
lighter men on the Thames.
(2) The letter *v*.
(3) The *milky-way*.
(4) Eusebius.