

The Medley.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

Brief while the rose doth bloom, gather it
straight,
No rose, but thorns, remain for them that wait.

II.

She said me nay :—I deemed her wrong—
She bade me go :—I tarried long ;
And on a mellow summer day
I bore a precious prize away.

III.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows ;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

IV.

Cæsus, living in his wealth and pride,
Found no lack of servants at his side :—
That from their eyes unfeigned tears might fall,
Cæsus dying, left the poor his all.

DAVID DORAN.

LOGOGRAM.

Soft pillows spread beneath my head ;
My first, I woo ;
From pastry cook my next I took,
A wafer too,
Thy fragrant—my fourth were I—
I'd tell fair land,
Whose name's my third. My next they heard,
(A harp skill'd hand).
In David's days ; His songs of praise
To all were known.
When'er you muse, my next you use,
Or into fall,

My last, with dust mingled, we must
Come to it all,
A foaming stream, where mist and steam
In eddies roll,
Affords a name of world wide fame,
To show my whole
Its product tell ; you like them well—
Fruit of renown !—
The cheek that's fair, we oft compare
To their soft down.

CHARADES.

I.

His wearied soldiers do my first,
My second, cries their chief,
My whole will surely slack their thirst,
And bring them straight relief.
He waves my first in air aloft,
My second that they may,
My whole—if freely drained too oft,
These soldiers will delay.

II.

Whenever greatly you admire,
My first will speak your thought,

My next a title of respect,
To King or father brought.
My whole is surely rightly reckoned,
To be my second of my second.

III.

The listless pace of languid life
My first may well pourtray ;
With blooms and sunshine rife.
My second smiles in genial May ;
My whole with aimless motion rides
On restless seas untiring tides.

C.