

A SECOND CENTURY OF CHARADES

BY
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"Insatiate Archer, would not one suffice?"



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EIGHTH IMPRESSION

*Suaviter in modo
fortiter in rebus*



PREFACE

IT has always seemed to me that charades, like rhymes, were addressed to the ear, and not to the eye, and that if the sounds were correct, the spelling was a matter of no importance. On the other hand, a charade in which the parts conform to the spelling, but depart from the sound, appears to me faulty. The fault may be condoned, but it ought not to be commended. In my first volume I claimed, though I scarcely used, the right to make charades of this character. In this second volume the reader will find them numerous.

In giving the key number to each charade, I find I gave more assistance than I intended. This may have been all the better for the majority of my readers, but they must admit that spelling out words by means of the key is not guessing charades. With the present arrangement a correct guess is confirmed as easily as before, but working backwards from the key to the

charade is made so much harder that I hope the process will be abandoned, and legitimate guessing substituted.

W. B.

DORCHESTER, *September*, 1896.

CI

IF doubts disturb and vex your troubled mind,
Say to my first, *thou must!* and all is clear;
My second only cockneys hard will find;
My whole reclaims the tribute of a tear.

CII

SINCE we must have our subway tracks,
The forester must swing his axe,
My first must fly, my whole must flee,
And down must come each stately tree ;
Our Common's beauties we must mar
That all may take a trolley car.

And yet, far rather I would be
The brutal feller of a tree
Than take my second's vows and dress,
To live a life of holiness,
Devoting all my useless days
To praise of Him who needs no praise.

CIH

ONCE Cupid's portrait I essayed,
Without my first his form concealing,
And, when the picture was displayed,
Some said, "How beautiful, how chaste!"
While some retorted with much feeling,
They mourned such utter lack of taste.

And so to angry words they passed,
They even called a spade a spade ;
Some claimed the drawing was my last,
And others held to life 't was true ;
Methinks if I my whole had made
I had not caused a greater stew.

CIV

THAT my first is my second all good people know;
My whole was a sailor who drew the long bow.

CV

MY first would seek to borrow were he dead;
My last is showered on the newly-wed;
My whole was loved by him who told the story
Of hell and paradise and purgatory.

CVI

BY brogue and blarney, name and face,
My first betrays his native place.
My second, so the gossips say,
Became a bride the other day.
My total is your secret foe ;
He dogs your steps where'er you go ;
He 'll take your life before you know.

CVII

MY first in well is found ;
My last the young man sought,
By words of Horace taught ;
'T was good advice and sound.
When God shall take my soul,
My friends will give, I trust,
My body to the dust,
Nor think to hold my whole.

CVIII

MY FIRST.

BECAUSE I am not that I seem to be,
He finds me not who surely findeth me.

MY LAST.

I hold the kingdom of the Pole in fee;
Each maiden fond is very fond of me.

MY WHOLE.

Men take me and they nail me to a tree;
Who seeketh only justice spurneth me.

CIX

MY FIRST.

I AM the spur to many a Yankee notion,
I cause remittent, not continuous motion.

MY LAST.

O child, that reason for all things wouldst know,
I show not cause, but purpose oft I show.

MY WHOLE.

To ease an aching head, I cross the sea;
Stern Winter's treasures are locked up in me.

CX

MY first man's aching brow has pressed,
My first have ruby lips caressed,
And oft in fruit of fairest mien
We know my second lurks unseen.
My whole some learned men assert
Hereafter will be cheap as dirt.

CXI

MY first for naught has been employed,
A verb the thrifty most avoid,
And you and I must make my last;
When Vulcan from my whole was cast,
He had my second ever after,
Provoking all the gods to laughter.

CXII

MY first we clean
With kerosene.

My last defines
French masculines.

My total goes
With silken clothes.

CXIII

MY FIRST.

THE vulgar question of a clown.

MY LAST.

An Indian of wide renown.

MY WHOLE.

The semblance of a heavenly crown.

CXIV

A LADY sits in the sunset glow,
Watching the clock that moves so slow.

Her lover comes, like lovers all
When women hold their hearts in thrall.

Fast bound in Cupid's chains is he,
And of my whole she keeps the key.

He marks her bosom's strange unrest,
She notes the tumult of his breast.

Does he think as he kneels at her dainty feet
She will offer my first with her lips so sweet?

Does she deem as he gloats on her hair of gold
That he knows my last has been bought and sold?

CXV

TOUGH Winter's back is broken; now the yachts
Forsake their idle ways; Spring flowers the
glade;

My first expands; Earth's lap is warm in spots;
The thirsty swallow; lovers seek the shade.

A nervous mother with small sense endowed,
Foul ravisher of an unguarded bed,
Cacophonous singer, of her lays too proud,
My second weeps not, yet her eyes are red.

My whole are poor benighted folk
For whom of course you nightly pray;
Their future status is no joke,
That is, if you believe that way.

CXVI

IF in my first my second we should see
Enjoy my third with knife and fork,
Think how my total in my fourth 't would be
To tell him it was fried in pork!

CXVII

MY first is where the printer takes his ease;
My last are petty tyrants of the seas;
My whole are dungeons where great monsters sleep;
God grant their slumbers may be long and deep.

CXVIII

THE votaries at Fashion's throne
Move in my second of their own,
Bound in my total's iron bands,
Obedient to her commands.
The fruit their opulence displays
May hide my first from public gaze.

CXIX

MY first and second Virgil sang ;
My third in old-time garden sprang ;
My fourth, if added to your hall,
Might rouse the echoes with its call ;
My whole, a curious delver found
Encased in armor 'neath the ground.

CXX

MY first is Scotland's blazoned shield,
Where ramps the lion bold;
When Andalusia's daughters wield
My last, can men be cold?
My whole might 'scape by lucky chance
If caught by Pirates of Penzance.

CXXI

MY first is a man and a brother;
My last is a wife and a mother;
My whole was Plato's fare, the learned tell us,
And nourished all the great and good of Hellas;
Meet food for meditation when we think
That now it designates a baker's drink.

CXXII

TWO parts have I which mean the same,
One French, and one the English name,
And I'm a pure and spotless maid
Who rode a lion, unafraid.

CXXIII

MY parts are two which mean the same,
The French, and then the English name,
And I'm a dark and sluggish wave,
Balm of hurt minds, and Memory's grave.

CXXIV

FAIR as my second on the rose,
The flour on her snow-white hands;
Her arms and apron rival snows,
Kneading her cake my darling stands.
I would I were that angel cake,
To be thus fondled, and to take
My first she lovingly bestows.

“Sweets to the sweet,” you may suggest,
If I were Irish, that were pat;
With her for houri to be blest,
I’d dare thy razor edge, Sirat.
A glimpse of paradise she seems
As in my whole, the isle of dreams,
He caught who lay on Jesus’ breast.

CXXV

DIDST thou my first, my second, on that night
Thou found'st Endymion naked on the steep,
Beauteous forever in Jove-given sleep?
Did shepherd's love thy goddess-love requite,
Or did he, slumbering on in Love's despite,
There teach thy breast to know why mortals weep
Or plunge like Sappho in the kindly deep
To quench that fire that quencheth all delight?

I see thee pale and wan, thy rounded limb,
That made the night enchantment, bowed with age;
Thou movest earth and ocean, but not him,
He sleeps forever. — So my whole in rage
Howls at the portals of great Ammon's shrine,
But wakes no more the oracle divine.

CXXVI

FIRST. For liquor.

LAST. A sticker.

WHOLE. A slicker.

CXXVII

MY first and second, though a bird,
To sing a song was never heard;
It took my whole to sing my third.

CXXVIII

ONCE Archimedes, taking his ablution,
Found for a problem a solution :
Perhaps my reader, in the bath immersed,
May shout aloud, " This is my first."

Young Strephon gazes in his loved one's eyes,
And long he hesitates and sighs ;
Then risks his fortune on a single cast,
And says to Phillis, " Be my last."

'T was in a dream, one summer's night,
I saw my whole, and mourned her plight.

CXXIX

TO MATHEMATICIANS! — You all will agree
That my first can a positive quantity be,
A non-integral number, the symbol's not rare;
But when it is doubled, you should be aware
The term equals zero, no number is there.

— I get this result plain as AB plus C ,
But if you get my second, and quarrel with me
(A state of affairs I would greatly lament,)
Your madness I hope you will live to repent.
My whole is a man that has folded his tent.

CXXX

MY first is "mother's pet" and "father's pride,"
Though "little devil" to the world outside.

My second gives him boisterous delight,
Too often ending in a furious fight.

"A little ere the mighty Cæsar fell"
He spake my third to one he loved full well.

Like Cawdor's bloody deed, my whole is one
Were best done quickly if 't were well 't were done.

CXXXI

FLEET as the fawn, and like the fawn afraid,
My first frequents the thicket and the glade.

Some vaunt the blessings of the single state,
While those who join my second find a mate.

In the lone watch and middle of the night
My third is heard by ears attuned aright.

My whole, being double like a Janus phiz,
Each way portrays sweet woman as she is.

CXXXII

HOW oft in others faults we find !
How often to our own we 're blind !
“ O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us ! ”
Such gift my first did sorely lack
When he reproved his neighbor black.

When archers drew their bolts to head,
My second many a shaft has sped :
The phœnix, every one remembers,
Soars up intact from out her embers ;
My second, though consumed by fire,
In ashes still exists entire.

The Devil's tools are strange and many,
There is one handle fitteth any,
For wicked deeds without exception
Infallibly entail deception :
My whole I venture to baptize
Beelzebub, the prince of lies.

CXXXIII

WHEN forth the wild Valkyren ride,
While Janus' gates stand open wide,
And trumpets call, and arms resound ;
When mothers kiss their sons with tears,
My first his horrid head uprears,
No more with myrtle bound.

When Peace her mild effulgence sheds,
And Trade her snowy pinions spreads,
While Plenty fills her horn again ;
When nations grasp each other's hand,
My second shall rejoice the land
With shower of golden rain.

Then, Saturn to his realm restored,
A lamb shall grace my festive board,
The garden yield my fragrant whole ;
A pipe of straw my lips shall know,
And while the liquid measures flow
My whole shall crown the bowl.

CXXXIV

 TO MEN ONLY

BY my first you 've been addressed
In London, Boston, or the West ;
But when you meet a canny Scot,
My second greets you, like as not ;
And, if you 've nodded in your pew,
My whole has been addressed to you.

CXXXV

COMPANION of the great, my first is found
All black beneath the seething water;
My second, vulgar word of horrid sound,
To pass sweet lips had never ought'er;
One product of my third may clothe a king,
Another paint the humblest dwelling;
My whole 's a terrible, uncanny thing,
Blood-curdling, ghostly, fear-compelling.

CXXXVI

GUARDIAN of honeyed store,
Oft my first my childhood sought :
Ah, the sweet delight it brought
In the merry days of yore !
Frailer my maturer joy,
Now its form affords delight,
But I tremble with affright
Lest my first my first destroy.
Patience might my first restore,
Gone my last for evermore !

Toiling for a common gain,
One in purpose and in speech,
Each, responsive unto each,
Striving heaven to attain ;
Such the mighty men of old.
Soared their projects ne'er so high,
Still, Excelsior their cry,
Waxing bold and over-bold,
Till, lest men as gods should be,
Rose my whole by God's decree.

CXXXVII

HERE 's a health to old Horace, his bays are yet
green,

Good-fellowship bridges the ages between,
We count him to-night as a personal friend,
No honester cup than the wine of his blend,
For he wrote as he thought, and I can but believe
The old Latin himself in my first we perceive.

And here 's to New England, the land of my sires,
Not a bosom but glows when her spirit inspires ;
They put down my second with hearty good-will,
And the wealth of the Indies they brought to her still ;
Yet I blush that my second is joined to her name,
That the proof of her spirit redounds to her shame.

“ Blood is thicker than water ” the proverb recites ;
Is this true when a duke with an heiress unites ?
The plebeian is proud of the title she 's winning,
His Grace is convinced his blue blood needed thinning,
But though the new blood may as water prove thin, it
Must never be said that my whole is not in it.

CXXXVIII

HE lived my whole beside my first,
A man in sorrow deep immersed;
Men passed him by without a word,
And when they learned he was my third,
My second none could find or trace
To tell his name, or friends, or race.

CXXXIX

MY first is a hog, so the scientists tell;
My next is a place for his hogship to dwell;
My third 's partly heard in the low-muttered thunder,
It is more than enough to make any one wonder.
My whole are the crosses men's shoulders must bear,
It is said the new woman these troubles will share.

CXL

TO add my second to my first
In galleries and halls of state,
Can this assuage Ambition's thirst?
Is this fit guerdon for the great?
My second seems but incomplete,
And stands with half its work undone;
It shows not Trilby's perfect feet,
Nor how my whole was Washington.

CXLI

MY first for elegy Queen Gertrude said,
And strewed with lovely flowers the lovely dead.

My second was the seven-hilled city's cry,
For Rome must revel, and her vanquished die.

Now milder butchers milder victims bleed,
Who yield my whole that epicures may feed.

CXLII

THE threefold meaning of a word
Occurred to me the other morning ;
In its two syllables are heard
A call, a precept, and a warning.

The call appeals to men ; I hope
All who respond are not deluded ;
It leaves out brutes, but in its scope
Four fifths of women are included.

The precept still is acted on
By those inclined to over-reaching,
Although Saint Paul (or is it John ?)
Repudiates it in his teaching.

The warning, casuists agree,
May bode us harm, or be propitious ;
Let others heed it, as for me
I leave it to the superstitious.

CXLIII

MY first! calls out the little boy;
His father hears with pride and joy,
And later sends that boy to college;
My second! there he learns to yell;
What it all means I cannot tell
Because I never had his knowledge.

In holy scripture we are told
King Solomon had stores of gold;
But I suppose you must have heard
In spite of all his countless riches
How short he was, the fact of which is
Explained when you have guessed my third.

Oh, who can beauty's gaze defy,
Or brave the fire of woman's eye?
Her pupils blue not heaven matches,
Her orbs of midnight pierce the soul,
And when she opens wide my whole
God help the man whose eye she catches.

CXLIV

DEVOURED by hogs, my first may bear
Aloft the banner of the free ;
My second was a prison where
The dead were buried in the sea.
My whole, I say it with regret,
I do not love as some do, yet
Its bay by moonlight I confess
Has moved me more than words express.

CXLV

MY first was Cambria's prince and England's king,
At feast of Crispin still in memory green.

My second and my third
Long has the minstrel sung, much counseling
No haste undue should trouble his heart's queen.

My fourth and fifth a word
Dear to each patriot breast. Through gate of horn
Ne'er comes my whole at night or early morn.

CXLVI

WITH faded banner torn,
Two letters for device,
That make the merriest mourn,
That chill the soul to ice,
Five hundred ranged before,
The last King Arthur's knight,
I march for evermore
'Gainst all that live to fight.
For Beauty's form I lust,
And arm in arm with Death
I trample all to dust,
For so the Master saith.

CXLVII

ONE morning warm in early May
I laid my winter cloak away,
Because, you know, I greatly fear
My whole this season of the year,
And took my first, ('t was somewhat thin,
You know what straits my husband 's in.)
To Jordan's and to White's I went,
My frugal mind on pleasure bent.
When I had shopped till I was tired,
I bought my second I desired,
And this, with just a cup of broth,
Was all I purchased for my third and fourth.

CXLVIII

MY first, the end of riches,
My last, the Irish sea,
And one of the trials of authors
I find my whole to be.

CXLIX

IF you were my first, and my second were nigh,
You'd acknowledge my third, though it might
 seem awry ;

And the state of my whole need not cause you alarms,
Though beaten he was by his comrade in arms.

CL

A TRUCE to quip and jest,
Hushed be my first, 't is best
That mute we toast Lang Syne.

The friends that once we had,
The hopes that made us glad,
No more are yours and mine.

So let my second toll,
And proffer not my whole
At pouring of the wine.

CLI

THERE was a time, long years ago,
My first, 't was not a woman's though,
Was worth a crown.

A crown to-day at London price
Is worth my second twice and thrice,
In money down.

A million crowns my whole is worth ;
Indeed he thinks he owns the earth
When he 's a lown.

CLII

MY first is a woman, and salt;
My first and my second a writer;
My second and third are at fault;
My third has no husband to smite her;
My whole is a battle renowned
Where many poor fellows were drowned.

CLIII

MY first inspires Love's young dream ;
My second proves a weightier theme,
Once long, but short alas to-day,
Vanished in smoke, consumed away ;
Soon as our last vain prayers are said,
My whole shall trample on the dead.

CLIV

MY first is an uprooter ;
My second was a shooter ;
And though dyspeptics may complain,
My total serves to entertain.

CLV

MY first is *so* easy that every one guesses ;
My last is the lace women sew on their dresses ;
My whole is a solace for all our distresses.

CLVI

MY first is a river best known by its ford
To those who take rum for their potion;
My second is neuter, I give you my word;
For my fourth I can give you no notion;
My third is an article writers are using;
My whole may be sad, but is always amusing.

CLVII

TRUE to the last, my first on foot may ride ;
In heavenly minds my second could abide ;
My whole, — what horror have I conjured here,
To blanch my cheek and fill my bones with fear,
To drain my heart's-blood with its charnel kiss ! —
Aroint thee, fiend, take any shape but this.

CLVIII

GENTLE reader, did you ever
Note the pained, the strained endeavor
Of unaccustomed country wight
Making an attempt to write?
He runs his fingers through his hair,
His tongue protrudes the work to share,
He pens my first with anxious care.

I laugh, and yet no doubt if I
To pen my second or my third should try,
On t' other leg the boot would be,
And he would have the laugh on me.

Let such examples teach us clear
We all should keep our proper sphere.
To make charades I may be fit,
To guess them you've the quicker wit;
And some at neither may excel
Who yet can pen my total well.

CLIX

A ROMAN augur sought my first,
So now do certain college students;
But circumstances are reversed,
And morals change, for what in them
We blame and steadfastly condemn
In him was thought but common prudence.

The gallant tar before the mast
Obeys commands without a murmur.
How cheerily he shouts my last !
Else he who treads the quarter-deck
Would let him have it in the neck ;
Not Decius Brutus could be firmer.

My whole is famous for the laws it gave,
Which taught the children to behave ;
You 'll recognize it by this token, —
They were no sooner made than broken.

CLX

IS there a doctor can explain
Why, when my whole give children pain
So that my first they scream and cry,
My second and my third reply?

CLXI

IF you can only get my first, you 'll have the whole
complete ;

My second is unspeakable, it is n't found in Skeat ;

My third 's a common article no syndicates control ;

And unless you want to quarrel, you must my fourth
my whole.

CLXII

WHAT Atchison will never reach,
The gist of your opponent's speech,
These joined compose a noisy bird
You'll recognize as soon as heard;
But if you have not guessed it yet,
I'll tell you it's a parapet.

CLXIII

PLANNED by my first a stately temple rose,
And underneath his bones in peace repose.
My second is the theme of many a lay ;
And for my third to Christ do many pray,
But not my whole, for he denied his Lord
To live a Moslem, dreaded and abhorred.

CLXIV

THRICE blest with earthly bliss are those
Frequenters of Delmonico's
Who lunch and breakfast there, and dine.
How exquisite the costly wine !
How carefully is every dish
Prepared to meet the gourmet's wish !
My first (such orders may be rare)
Is doubtless served and eaten there ;
My second, hardly self-contained,
Is offered by a waiter trained
To callow dudelet and his dear.
Lambs, bulls, and bears assemble here,
And here my whole pokes up his saucy head,
An upstart, spawned in filth, in cellars bred.

CLXV

A COBBLER to a turner came,
He took a drink to quench his thirst,
He vowed his throat was all aflame,
Said he, "My last must be my first."

The turner looked at him and laughed,
He laughed till he was like to burst,
Said he, "I know my handicraft,
My last will surely turn my first."

My whole looked out with anxious eye,
He saw two boys had brought a pole,
Said he, "I fear that I must die,
That in my hole they 'll find my whole."

CLXVI

I LOVE to dream of tropic lands,
Of cocoa palms, and coral sands,
And happy islands fringed with shade,
That never knew the laws of trade ;
Or where in lands beyond the sea
My first my second to a tree,
My whole his simple wants supply :
So I would live, there would I die.

CLXVII

MY first, pursued, sought sanctuary ;
My second grew too big for Mary.
Clad in my whole a doughty knight
Saw seven or more, the numbers vary.
Maintaining most unequal fight,
He put the cowards all to flight,
And might have clothed himself in glory
Had any one believed his story.

CLXVIII

I WONDER, when my last of time
Shall overwhelm the passions of the day
That Bryan's words were thought sublime,
When debts shall all be wiped away,
When on some bright millennium morn
(It haunts me like a nightmare dream)
The plaudits of my whole unborn
Shall hail some looking-backward scheme;
If bleared-eyed Fame will wreath my brow,
And men exclaim, "My first, 't was thou!"

CLXIX

MY first in English speech is meaningless;
I turn to Latin tongue in my distress,
Thing we all disapprove, but fault confessed
Makes half a remedy: they know it best
Who find my second at this being's end.
My third has greater weight in British land
Than here in Boston, so I understand.
A writer ponderous, whose works are scanned
Each morning by a maid with nimble hand,
My whole to solve life's problem proves her friend.

CLXX

I

O LADY kind ! my whole you wear,
Give of your store a little share,
Your bread upon the waters cast,
I am my first, and beg my last.

II

That lady proud, my whole she wore,
Refused a pittance from her store,
To affluence bred, in luxury nursed,
She would not give my last my first.

III

How sad that she who wore my whole
Had banished pity from her soul,
And to my last my first confined
Her love which should embrace mankind.

IV

My last hope when my whole she wears
She 'll listen to the old man's prayers,
And give him, when he asks to sup,
Sufficient to my first him up.

CLXXI

CHEERED by the promise of a hunter's spoil,
I dream of Warren and my father's toil.

Sweet is my first, to children passing fair,
Though every year an added cross it bear;
And she who waits her lover catches well
My last, the first faint tinkle of the bell.

I am a mother that no offspring rears,
Upon the diamond fields I 'm hailed with jeers,
In me the warrior chief is laid to rest,
The summer maiden folds me to her breast,
Where gentle zephyrs waft me from the pole
Perchance of some lost race I marked the goal,
The sailor strikes me often and again,
My foster-brothers I have starved and slain,
To make a holiday men hang me high,
Albeit in Eastern Ind I go to die.

CLXXII

MY whole, they were two, as they sat side by side
My third their afflictions conversed,
And thus to the one did the other confide,
For his spirits were far from my first : —

“ My fifth has been laid to the root of the tree,
I care not how soon I expire,
My fourth are the springs of existence for me,” —
And my second he gave to the fire.

CLXXIII

SAD is my heart, my soul is weary,
My third relentless, first how dreary,
My second given up to brawling,
My whole to mariner appalling.

“Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;”
Throughout my first the stars are shining,
My second tenders warmest greeting,
My third your good ship home is speeding,
And hark, my whole, the rose adoring,
His love in melody is pouring.

CLXXIV

BESIDE my second, near my third,
I spied my first that women wear,
So, when a sudden scream I heard,
I said, "Belinda's bathing there."

To linger would have been my whole,
Acteon's fate I would not share,
Softly away I quickly stole;
None but the brave disturb the fair.

CLXXV

THEY talked to me of Cupid's power,
I heard with unbelieving smile,
I mocked him in a thoughtless hour,
Called him my first, nor knew his guile.

To make me slave that urchin dared
Employ thy charms, my second's art;
Ah, tell me if my love is shared,
And, if thou canst, my whole impart.

CLXXVI

MY first is in the papers;
My second, made in June,
Endureth for a morning,
And perisheth at noon.
My third 's a little creature,
Industrious is she.
My whole, however easy,
Is as hard as hard can be.

CLXXVII

WHEN Venus from the sea uprose,
A fashion for her sex she set:
My first was all she had for clothes,
And ladies, for they wear it yet
In beauty's bloom to breast the tide,
In bloomers on their wheels to roll,
Have it my last, which Marmion cried
When past the succor of my whole.

CLXXVIII

MY whole is suing for divorce,
But very few approve her course;
With all the evidence rehearsed
She has not made her case my first;
For all she says her man was bad,
My last seems all the cause she had.

CLXXIX

HAMLET declared my first to him unknown ;
My whole, with fingers to the very bone
Worn down, no time to sleep, no time to eat,
No time to make her draggled garments neat,
No time to bind my second when it fell,
Alas! *she knew* my first, and all too well.

CLXXX

I CALLED on Mrs. Prim to-day,
And what I saw I grieve to say.
They showed me in the parlor, where
I saw my first upon a chair,
But what a shudder thrilled me through!
For there I saw my second too.
My first was in its place, no doubt,
My second from its place was out,
If place it has, for some maintain
Nothing was ever made in vain.
Well, there was nothing I could say,
I made my call, and came away,
Another of my idols broke,
One more ideal gone in smoke.
I used to worship at her feet,
I thought her neatest of the neat,
Inscribed with Bayard on the roll
Of them who live beyond my whole.

CLXXXI

MY FIRST.

A MYSTIC number that defies
The computations of the wise ;
The farmer's wife well knows its magic art,
The surest passport to her husband's heart.

MY LAST.

A righteous man when such were few,
Contenting none, save one or two,
His heedless consort whom he left behind
Still typifies the best of humankind.

MY WHOLE.

When nearing land while fogs prevail,
No observation, signs of gale,
What else can clear the captain's clouded brow,
Who bid him take his watch below, but thou ?

CLXXXII

THIS tale is true beyond dispute :
Two fishes joined, and made a fruit,
A fruit that in a garden grew,
And wrought great harm to me and you.
The evil serpent coiled without,
The worm of death lay hid within,
Eve brought this dreadful thing about ;
When Adam ate with her, no doubt
But you and I committed sin.

CLXXXIII

WHAT is my first? A long and narrow cell
Where rest the good, where sleep the bad as
well.

What is my last? A glitter and a care,
Black load that woman's shoulders ache to bear.

Who was my whole? He lived his little span,
And Fame forgot him, — he was but a man;
Few books, no monuments his deeds recall,
His name remains, — a sound, and that is all.

CLXXXIV

MY initial is distant, remote ;
My second, the badge of the slavey;
My third is a musical note ;
And my whole is the pride of our navy.

CLXXXV

M^Y whole possessed a wanton daughter,
She skipt while safe in bed he thought her;
Such girls as she my last won't hold,
They 're not my first, but rather bold.

CLXXXVI

MY first is a man
Whom we meet ev'ry day;
When my second we plan
There's an if in the way.
In the West and the East
My third may be found,
It possesses at least
A superlative sound.
First thing when he lands,
The master must show
My whole in his hands,
As collectors well know.

I've no fear this will be guessed,
Not the slightest apprehension,
Though it may seem manifest
To the dullest comprehension.

CLXXXVII

OF cypress twined, and rue,
A funeral wreath I bring,
Him that Hymettus knew,
A singer sweet I sing,
Gentle and void of bane,
The lover of a queen,
By female weapons slain.
What sting could be more keen,
What death give greater pain?

Sisters of Jael and the drunken crew
That world-enchancing Orpheus slew,
The fates are not unkind like you ;
Your victim, though my first my last no more,
Sups not with Pluto on the Stygian shore ;
Transformed in sex, in heaven above
She ministers to Jove and Love,
Smiles as she bids the immortal nectar flow,
Nor mourns the sweets begrudged him here below.

CLXXXVIII

A CERTAIN bull, of which I never heard,
Upon a butcher's son my first conferred.
It was my last, and butchers tell you true
Bulls have my total of that self-same hue.

CLXXXIX

JUST for a season my first they cry,
Just a little my last will buy.

Just for a symbol my whole is vain,
Horrid it waxed, and how cruel its wane!

CXC

MY first in France will carry me across ;
How to get back I else were at a loss.

My next is a contracted state,
Ill-made, ill-spoken, and ill-iterate.

To boast is vain, yet loudly I declare
My last had perished had not I been there.

The simple folk of other days
Believed in gnomes and sprites and fays.
Fair Science, once a hoyden miss,
At such ideas would scoff and hiss ;
But, now she's older grown and wiser,
Of rustic lore no more despiser,
To every myth she showeth ruth,
And finds in each a grain of truth.
Not altogether do I joke,
My whole are modern fairy-folk.

CXCI

THE summer girl at watering place
Responds to Phœbus' flame;
She wears my first upon her face,
And on her feet the same.

The gentleman with courtly grace
One seldom meets to-day;
My last can never fill his place,
His manners, where are they?

When Jesse's son
Went forth to fight,
He took no gun,
No dynamite,
But sling and staff
In either hand;
His foes might laugh
To mark such sand;
Stanch was his soul,
His aim was true,
And at my whole
His pebble flew.

CXCII

DIVINE the author of the book,
That from my first I chose and took,
The writer of a famous letter,
And very few could do it better.
His style indeed is unsurpassed,
He wrote my total in my last.

CXCIII

OH, mother ! " little Robbie cried,
" My whole my last you ever spied ;
I mean to get the eggs inside."

" My first, my first," his mother said,
While little Bobby hung his head,
" What would the pretty birdie say
If you should take her eggs away ? "

CXCIV

SHORT is the season of our youth,
My third when joy is rife,
The world seems made for love, forsooth,
The young man seeks a wife.
He takes her for my whole in truth,
For such indeed is life.

Enjoy thy help-meet in thy youth,
E'en as the preacher saith,
Ere, smitten by the hand sans ruth,
She draws her latest breath.
Bitter will be my first in sooth,
My second, such is death.

CXCV

NO Irish lad my first can hate,
My second in my first was great,
The same conveyeth real estate.

Go, ask the rose why when her bosom bleeds
She still repels her lover with her thorn;
Question the lily why she never heeds
To toil or spin, her beauty to adorn;
Consult the violet, an emperor's bride,
Why in the lowly moss she loves to hide:
Nor count such questioning as wholly vain
If stooping low no answer you obtain,
While lily, violet, rose, my whole remain.

CXCVI

AH, would that I my first could be !
That, Jenny, I might fly with thee
Far from this life of want and care,
Far from my second's woven snare,
From grief that kills, and wrongs that burn,
The rich man's greed, the proud man's spurn,
As turns my whole, how we would turn !

CXCVII

HOMELY my first, and vulgar is its name,
Still best when battered, warmed with ardent
flame;

Perchance the motive of a poet's dream,
Yet no fit subject for the Muse's theme.
Not even my second, odd as it may seem.
My whole has helped to track the wilderness,
And borne the milkmaid and the pythoness.

CXCVIII

A COUNTRY parson, so I have been told,
I beg your pardon if the story's old,
A man who'd sooner die than give offense,
Once had the king among his audience.
His discourse running on the well-worn theme
That life is short, and pleasure but a dream,
He said, "My hearers, all of us must die."
Just then the king looked up and caught his eye.
Doubtless he saw upon the monarch's face
Trace of displeasure, or a slight grimace
Which made him think, however good for peasant,
That kings must not be vexed by truths unpleasant,
For he went on his words to rectify, —
"With one exception, all of us must die."

There are two things which men have found almost
As certain sure as giving up the ghost;
Deliverance from one we ask in prayer,
To dodge the other would be hardly fair.
They make a well-known doctor, but the bard
Claims privilege his rules to disregard.

CXCIX

MY first refuses to believe,
My last is fashioned to deceive.

I had a queer dream as I lay in my bed,
It is strange how such notions get into one's head,
The devil was holding me under his thumb,
And firing a pistol right through my ear drum.
"Excuse me," said he, "if I'm giving you pain,"
While a dynamite cartridge he tamped in my brain.
In spite of my struggles he lighted the match,
And before the machine from my head I could snatch
The cartridge exploded. Of course I awoke.
My chamber was filled with a sulphurous smoke,
The children were screaming, the baby joined in,
Drums, trumpets, torpedoes augmented the din,
A blast from a horn served to shake ev'ry wall,
(I wonder no longer at Jericho's fall).
The bells rang for fire, three engines rushed by,
I can't tell how I suffered, it's useless to try,
Tho' I wrote all the morning, and covered a scroll,
I could never depicture one fourth of my whole.

CC

YOU've visited my first, — perhaps,
My last is always catching naps.
These riddles must have tired you quite,
I wish you with my whole, Good-night !

KEY

This key is not intended to divulge an answer, but to verify the correctness of a guess. Substitute for each letter of a supposed answer the figure standing over it in the table. Unless the number thus formed is found in the following list, the guess is incorrect.

It is of course possible that the right answer to one charade may have the same key number as the wrong answer to another. But if two charades are found to have the same key number for their answers, one of those answers must be wrong, and it will be an easy matter to decide between the true and the false.

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y

KEY

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No. 131 has two answers. No. 170 has four.

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