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LOS ANGELES
ENIGMAS,

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

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The excellent writer of the following Enigmas, who is now no more, had frequently witnessed the good effects which these efforts produced on the minds of young persons, by exciting in them an eager desire to extend their knowledge in the important sciences of History and Geography.

She had, therefore, a short time before her death, prepared them for the press. They are now offered to the public as left by herself, with the hope that they may promote the interesting object for which they were designed.

Charles Square, March 18, 1834.
ENIGMAS,

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL.

Come now, my dear children, a moment attend,
Instruction with pleasure, fain, fain would I blend;
And as I well know that the latter is near,
When the cheerful Enigma is made to appear,
The former, I think, we may justly expect,
If, a riddle to solve, you are led to reflect.
Then listen attentively, while I propose,
Each should her historical knowledge disclose.

ENIGMA I.

First, the name of that Sov'reign recall to your mind,
Who barbarous Russia reform'd and refin'd.
Next, think of the chief at Thermopylae's straits,
Who death for the sake of his country awaits.
Then turn your attention to Macedon's realm;
The successor of Philip must sit at the helm;
Nor end your researches till you can declare
Who it was that assum'd the pontifical chair
In one thousand two hundred and seventy sev'n—
Nor must you desist when his name you have giv'n,
But go on to declare what brave British prince
True greatness tow'rd's John, king of France, did evince;
What poet renown'd of the Seasons has sung,
And who was struck dead with a lie on her tongue.
Then let their initials be carefully join'd,
And some of the heavenly bodies you'll find.

ENIGMA II.

What bishop of Rochester rather would die,
Than with Henry's supremacy basely comply?
What martyr of Antioch yields up his breath,
By Trajan's command, to a violent death?
What pleasing historian, "Attica's Bee,"
As a gen’ral conducted the Greeks to the sea,
When lur’d by young Cyrus, to Persia they went,
And their chiefs were betray’d in a base Satrap’s tent?
What learn’d Dutchman’s figure in Rotterdam stands,
With the Bible, the best of all books, in his hands?
And tell me what tyrant of Sicily made
His fair daughters follow a barber’s mean trade?

What ancient philosopher humbly confest
The nature of God he could never attest?
What proud king of Rome was exil’d from his throne,
For his own flagrant vices, and those of his son?
Who taught great Eliza the use of her quill,
And her classical studies directed with skill?
In the reign of James First, whose life was cut short,
To meet the demands of a base Spanish court?
And what brave German duke in battle was slain,
When fighting, that William of Orange might reign?
These persons discovered, their names you must write,
And place their initials directly in sight;
And then, I am certain, one glance of your eye
Will tell you my riddle refers to the sky.
ENIGMA III.

Brave Nelson's successor in naval command,
The first in the rank of those heroes must stand,
Who are now to pass under review—then bring forth
That once highly reverenc'd god of the north,
Who flourish'd in Denmark some centuries since,
As a warrior, a poet, a priest, and a prince.
Then turn your attention to Marathon's field,
And think on that chieftain whose sword and whose shield
Prov'd the bulwark of Greece, which the proud Persian foe,
Led on by oppression, had sought to lay low.
Mantinea and Leuctra shall also maintain
The rights of their champions, tho' rank'd with the slain.
While Athena holds forth an illustrious son,
Who at Salamis fought, and the victory won.
To these you must add an Assyrian queen.
Their initials point out, and 'twill quickly be seen,
That the blue vault of heaven still claims your regard:
Now ponder—success will your labours reward.
ENIGMA IV.

Where the great Turkish prophet lies,
Entomb'd beneath Arabian skies,
Where Darnley fell a sacrifice
  To his fair consort's ire;
Where fam'd Erasmus first drew breath,
Where Jones* reposes now in death,
Where Keppel gain'd the victor's wreath,
  I fain would now inquire.

Where Charles the seventh at length was crown'd
Though adverse fortune long had frown'd;
Where Constantine (a name renown'd),
  Unconscious, first saw light,
I also ask—for in our sphere
A little planet does appear,
Which these initials will make clear
  To your discerning sight.

* Sir William Jones.
ENIGMA V.

Who to Tiberius was espoused,
    Ere he the sceptre sway'd?
What Theban chief, by glory rous'd,
    War against Sparta made?
To Romulus, that prince renown'd,
    Who was Rome's king proclaim'd,
What Trojan chief for counsel sound,
    And good intent, was fam'd?

Who rais'd a tomb to Mausolus,
    At Artemisia's word,
To testify her deep distress
    For loss of her lov'd lord?
For this Ephesian architect,
    Will help to bring to light,
(If him with th' others you connect)
    A planet mild and bright.
ENIGMA VI.

First mention that land where the Nile, overflowing,
Spreads beauty, and health, and fertility round,
Then think of that region, where torrid winds blowing,
Sand heav’d from the plains falls like waves to the ground.
Next turn to that isle where the far-fam’d Colossus
(T’ Apollo held sacred) for many years stood,
And then, for a moment, let that town engross us,
Where Severn and Avon become but one flood.

But deem not that here our researches are ended;
Once more we must travel from England away,
And, by our companion, fair Fancy, attended,
Must seek for an island where Britons bear sway.
The southern Atlantic the vast rock encloses,
And by suffering nations ’twill ne’er be forgot,
For he who once troubled all Europe reposes
In this insignificant, unlovely spot.

Now take the initials of each place selected,
And scarce need you pause, ere you hasten to tell
That the name of the orb, which will thus be detected,
Is the planet on which, for a season, we dwell.
Where day and where night, in alternate succession,
The hours of repose and activity bring,
And regular seasons, in annual progression,
The hand of Omnipotence constantly sing.

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ENIGMA VII.

Who, born at Arpinum, of origin mean,
Left the plough for the camp, and the crook for the sword?
And, before his decease, as Rome's consul was seen
Sev'n times, though for cruelty greatly abhor'd.

What noble Athenian, a gen'ral renown'd,
(Both for virtues and vices in history fam'd),
Of the crime of impiety guilty was found,
For having the statues of Hermes defam'd.

Who was killed by brave Clitus on Granicus' shore,
When hast'ning to stab Alexander the Great?
And what Syrian prince (the foe at the door)
Burnt himself and his wives in a palace of state?

These characters now in rotation display,
To far distant ages you backward must tread,
The initials connected, at once will pourtray
A planet, whose aspect is fiery and red.
ENIGMA VIII.

Touch at the island of Ceylon,
And northward seek a spot of ground,
Where roving fragrant woods among,
Large docile elephants are found.

In Denmark view a castle fair,
Built long ago for Science’s sake,
That Tycho Brahe, the sage, might there
Celestial observations make.

Next, turn where eastward morning breaks,
And that proud Syrian city name,
Which, great in ruins, loudly speaks
Its pristine splendour, pow’r, and fame.

Then, quitting this vast sandy plain,
Which, lies beneath Destruction’s frown,
Land on that isle, which Henry’s* reign
Annex’d to the fair British crown.

* Henry II.
But rest not here, your sails unfurl'd
Must seek the Asiatic shore:
And mourn that spot which Greece besieg'd
For ten long years—now known no more.

Then back to southern Europe steer,
Cast anchor on the Spanish coast,
And if you regal pomp revere,
Visit this nation's pride and boast.

Your voyage ended, homeward hie,
But, ere you rest from all your toil,
Pause, where the Tree of Liberty
Was planted on the British soil.

Then, seated round the festive board,
Your track, while memory recites,
Show, by the places you've explor'd,
An orb with four bright satellites.

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ENIGMA IX.

Bring a poet, whose writings our book-shelves adorn,
At Stratford on Avon, in Warwickshire, born,
Let the name of a regicide also be heard,
Who shot, at a masked ball, Gustavus the Third,
But, lest he attention too long should engage,
I hasten to introduce on the stage
A Roman historian, of Pliny the friend,
Whose writings and character all men commend.
Then think of a Persian, a sage, and a prince,
Who reigning in Samarcand centuries since,
Was, in health and prosperity, hurl'd from his throne
By the murderous hands of the young prince, his son;
The date which historians this base act assign
Is one thousand, four hundred, and forty, and nine.
A cardinal statesman of France too expose,
Whose hatred against the poor Protestants rose
So high, that in person he sought to expel
The sufferers from their strong hold of Rochelle.
And lastly, an English philosopher seek,
Who, tho' learned and wise, was both humble and meek;
He of light and of colours the theory fix'd,
Showing how in the rainbow the sweet tints are mix'd.
If the names of these persons in order you mention,
I think that, at once, you'll perceive my intention,
And find that the orb which can boast a bright ring,
Is the planet of which I have ventur'd to sing.
ENIGMA X.

A volcano in Iceland I seek,
And another on Sicily’s plain,
With a trading town standing to Hereford near,
Where the memory of Kyrle is justly held dear;
And the place near which Hotspur was slain.

The cathedral where Becket was kill’d;
The town where John Knox first drew breath;
Of Turkey in Asia the principal flood,
On which the once powerful Babylon stood,
And where Wickliffe reposes in death.

These places sought out will disclose
Another orb, cheered by that light
Which for ages on earth has continued to shine;
But its distance defies e’en the sage to divine
Whether day is succeeded by night.
ENIGMA XI.

Of virtuous Agrippina's* son, 
Who on proud Rome's imperial throne, 
    Succeeds Tiberius dead; 
The Muse with unfeign'd sorrow sings, 
And all-reluctant tunes her strings, 
To tell what infamy he brings 
    Upon his wretched head.

But lo! to brighter scenes she turns; 
With gen'rous joy her bosom burns, 
    While a fair British queen 
(A lovely and illustrious name, 
Who reign'd when Spanish Philip came 
To light th' inquisitorial flame), 
    In retrospect is seen.

A courtier of that Sov'reign too, 
The smiling Muse presents to view, 
    As laying on the ground

* The wife of Germanicus.
His fine plush cloak her foot to save,
(All costly, though in colour grave)
In future boons his mistress gave,
    A recompence he found.

And now she seeks to celebrate
The youthful son of Henry Eight,
    And mourns his early doom:
She tells what grace and piety,
Wisdom, and tried humility,
And tenderness of conscience, lie
    Embosom'd in the tomb.

Again she strikes the sounding chord,
And tells of a proud Persian lord,
    Who conquer'd Rome in arms:
Its captive king* to Persia sent,
And all his honours from him rent,
Nor did the conqu'ror once relent,
    Unmov'd by Mercy's charms.

This done, she ceas'd: her sister train
Invite her to resume the strain;
    But, turning to the Nine,

* The Emperor Valerian.
"Let now your wishes be represt,"
She said, "I'll lay my harp to rest;
Were I to grant your fond request,
'Twould mar my whole design."

"Explain my meaning if you can;
Concise and simple is the plan,
As shortly will appear."

"I've guessed it," fair Urania* cries,
(Urania o'er the stars presides,)
"Clio† has mounted to the skies,
She's ventur'd on my sphere."

"The various characters she's sung
(The initials altogether strung),
Will bring before our sight
An orb, in liquid ether shining,
Science its station now assigning,
As with the rest its course inclining,
Around the source of light."

* Urania, the Muse presiding over Astronomy.
† Clio, the Muse presiding over History.
ENIGMA XII.

The capital of Russia,
And that of Holland too,
A town where the Santa Casa
(As monks say) stands to view;
A place upon the river Lud,
In Lincolnshire, that's found,
And that where ancient Pharos stood,
Upon Egyptian ground;

Also an ancient British pile,
On Salisbury's fine plain,
Let now your industry search out,
And memory retain:
Then do, as oft before you've done,
And instantly appears
A planet which about the sun
Revolves once in three years.

The Santa Casa, or House of Nazareth, in which Jesus was brought up. Tradition says that it was carried by angels into Dalmatia, and thence to the place where it now stands.
The daughter of Augustus name,
Who, though belov'd and fair,
Was sent to mourn her spotted fame,
Far from her native air.

Say who was by Severus made,
His minister of state,
And shortly was in death low laid,
By an untimely fate.

Of that commander of our day,
Let British seamen tell,
Whom victory in Trafalgar's Bay,
Had crown'd before he fell.

Then add to these the bard who tam'd
The monsters of the flood;
And with his oaten reed reclaim'd
The natives of the wood.

For by th' initials will be shown
A planet all serene,
Which to astronomers is known
By the name of heaven's queen.
ENIGMA XIV.

To that magnificent chateau resort,
Where Louis Fourteenth held his splendid court,
And let both curiosity and taste
Be gratified, ere from the spot you haste.

Then by the assistance of excursive thought,
A country seek, where into bondage brought,
Long time the seed of Abram knew no rest,
By unrelenting cruelty opprest.

Again upon the wings of Fancy fly,
And drop your plumes beneath an eastern sky:
The seat of Lydia's ancient kings explore,
And contemplate their evanescent power.

Returning on the coast of Barbary pause,
Amid a race who own Mahomet's laws:
By far more civilized, as travellers tell,
Than other nations near to which they dwell.

Thus having touch'd on Europe's, Afric's shores,
And rov'd awhile 'mid Asiatic bowers,
On the great western continent now light,
And let its beauties fix your wond'ring sight.
Cease then: nor longer o'er creation roam,
But call indulged imagination home;
And pondering the track you've journey'd o'er,
Another planet name—I ask no more.

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ENIGMA XV.

When Cyrus, call'd the younger, fought
Against his king and brother,
What eunuch who 'd cut off the head
And right hand of that warrior dead,
Was flayed alive by orders brought
From that young prince's mother?

What general who could assuage
The poisonous serpent's bite,
Assisted Turnus 'gainst his foe
Eneas? but alas! laid low,
Not long did he the battle wage,
Or triumph in the fight.
When the last* king of Persia fell,
   By an assassin's sword,
Kindly the Grecian warrior† treated,
The mother of the prince defeated:
Her royal name I pray you tell,
   And how she mourn'd her lord.

Who, banish'd from imperial Rome,
   In spite of service rendered,
Retired among the Volscian race,
Burn'd to revenge the unjust disgrace,
And spite of all proposals tendered,
   Threatened his native home?

When Rome's troops Syracusa fill'd,
   Each palace, and each cot,
Who skilled in scientific lore,
Left not the precincts of his door,
Till interrupted he was kill'd
   By one who knew him not?

* Darius Codomanus.  † Alexander the Great.
The characters I've chosen here,
   With ages past connected,
In order placed, at once will show,
The very thing I wish to know;
A constellation on the sphere,
   From the northern part selected.

ENIGMA XVI.

Where did Canute command the tide,
When hast'ning onward, to retreat,
Nor (should he on the shore abide),
Dare to approach his royal seat?

What town is as the birth-place named
Of Edward, the "Confessor" call'd?
In Normandy, what city fam'd
Saw Joan of Arc die unappall'd?
What island near the frigid zone
Is noted for its boiling springs?
What mount in Leinster once was known
The theatre of dreadful things?*

Lastly, I beg you to relate,
What beauteous island is divided
From Naples, by Messina's strait
(There Dionysius once presided).

These will produce, disposed aright,
The name of a refulgent star,
Which 'mid the beaming hosts of night,
Transcendant glitters from afar.

* On the mountain alluded to, fires were kindled by the Druids, in honor of Beal, or the Sun. Here the states of Leinster assembled, and held judgment on criminals; when such as were accounted worthy of death were burnt between two fires of Beal. Children also, and cattle, were made to pass between them by way of purification.
ENIGMA XVII.

Think of the rod with snakes entwin'd,
Which is to Mercury assign'd;
Think of the flood which Cæsar past,
When he exclaim'd, "The die is cast."
Think of the fam'd Ithacian king,
Whose wisdom Grecian poets sing.
And then bring forth a Persian prince,
Whose madness Athos did evince,
When he his sov'reign mandate sent,
Threat'ning that mount with punishment,
Should it confound his workmen's skill,
Or thwart his own imperious will.
The initials join'd will bring to light,
A southern constellation bright.
ENIGMA XVIII.

Now o'er the vast waves of the northern Pacific,
Prepare for a speedy and prosperous sail;
And land on the coast of those islands prolific,
Where trees call'd the "bread-fruit" are known to prevail.
Enjoy for a season their produce and clime—
Make friends with the natives—their customs discern:
And when you have sojourn'd among them a time,
Let your dear native England invite your return.

But tho' lovely the spot for the justly priz'd freedom,
Our ancestors bought, and their children retain,
Tho' num'rous the blessings conferr'd on our kingdom,
Yet not even here would I have you remain.
At least I invite you to Scotland to wander,
And there seek the shores of a fine spreading lake,
And while tracing in peace its fair borders, to ponder
On Charles Stuart's refuge, when life was at stake.

That royal advent'rer when wholly defeated
On Culloden's plains, look'd disconsolate round;
And pursued by some horsemen with speed he retreated
To the caves and the rocks, which near this spot abound.
Here sheltered from imminent danger, he yielded
(Though weary and sad) to the soothing of sleep,
Till at length he became more effectually shielded,
When by Louis invited he again crossed the deep.

But resisting (as needful) the mournful emotion,
Excited by contemplations like these,
Once more you must traverse the boisterous ocean,
Now once more encounter the treacherous seas:
Then your course to the islands call'd "Sandwich" directing
With regret, (alas, vain!) will your fond bosom swell,
While the largest among the rich cluster selecting,
You point to mankind where the gallant Cook fell.

And now do you ask, why thus wand'ring I've led you,
A track wide and devious, though specious and fair?
You'll see, if a moment from earth I conduct you,
And turn your attention to regions of air.
For there, 'mid a host of admir'd constellations,
All beaming from far with rich glory crown'd,
There's one, by th' initials of the above stations
(In the path of the zodiac), at once will be found.
ENIGMA XIX.

In revolutionary France
  (During that bloody scene),
Whose head cut off, and heart torn out,
With brutal rage were shown about,
First to the multitude throughout,
  Then thrust before the queen?

What christian parent once disclos'd,
  A tale both sad and true:
Declaring how on Gallia's shore,
When Death from him his offspring tore,
To burial her corse he bore,
  All drench'd in midnight dew?

(For Bigotry stalk'd o'er the land,
  And cruel priests refus'd
Interment to the dear remains,
Of one who ne'er had own'd their chains,
And was, in Superstition's fanes,
  Of heresy accus'd.)
What royal duke of early times
    (A Norman chieftain's son)
Was, at his brother's word, immur'd
In Cardiff castle, and endured
Perpetual bondage: which ensur'd
    To Henry, England's throne?

What learned prelate join'd, tis said,
    Against the Brunswick race:
And, during George the Second's reign,
Urging the young pretender's train,
Once more in arms to cross the main,
    Was banish'd in disgrace?

The names of these four characters,
    Thus brought upon the stage,
Must raise your contemplations high,
And 'mid the stars that stud the sky,
You'll see (if you my rule apply)
    Which should your thoughts engage.
ENIGMA XX.

There's a star in Orion,
That's well known to fame:
Perhaps you will tell me,
You've ne'er heard its name.
Then listen a moment,
I'll help you to find
The one I'm revolving
Just now in my mind.

Seek a village in Surry,
Which was once call'd Sheen,
The chief town in Suffolk
(Where perhaps you have been).
An African river,
Whose source is unknown,
Where Napoleon was sent,
When first hurl'd from his throne.

With a Portuguese city,
A place of renown,
Though a ravaging earthquake
Once laid waste the town.
These nam'd, on your patience
No more I'll intrude;
The star you'll discover,
To which I allude.

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ENIGMA XXI.

Tell of him who the Danes in their strong holds surpris'd,
After going to their camp as a minstrel disguis'd;
Let the name of the German reformer be known;
And say who succeeded queen Anne on the throne.
Next tell of a wretch who feign'd many a plot,
For lucre's sake, swearing to things that were not.
And lastly bring forward a Scotch heroine,
Who fain would have murder'd Eliza our queen:
For collecting these persons in hist'ry renown'd,
You've a star which in Caput Medusæ is found.
ENIGMA XXII.

A chain of hills in Asia seek,
Where snow o'erspreads the summit's bleak,
    Throughout the live long year;
While all the lower parts are found
With corn, wine, fruits, and rice t'abound,
    The heart of man to cheer.

That beauteous island of North Wales
(Fann'd by the cooling western gales),
    By ancients "Mona" called,
I next propose: here Druid sires
Oft kindled superstition's fires;
    By her strong hand enthrall'd.

Now turn your eyes to Egypt's plains,
Ne'er water'd by refreshing rains,
    And tell what copious stream,
Its fertilizing produce yields,
Making the gardens and the fields,
    With richest plenty teem.
But contemplation hence recall,
Visit now Russia's capital,
    And speak th' illustrious name
Of Howard—here, lov'd and admir'd,
That great philanthropist expir'd—
    How justly earn'd his fame!

Next, to the English Channel sail;
See, where opposing tides prevail,
    And dash against the rocks,
(Those formidable, which are found
A few miles off from Plymouth sound)
    With oft repeated shocks.

Here too, before you steer to land,
Mark, as you westward take your stand,
    A promontory rise
(To sailors as a sea mark known);
Behold it proudly tower alone,
    And aim to reach the skies!

And now, you know, throughout the year,
The sun in his celestial sphere
    Passes through twelve bright signs:
Your wand'ring, therefore, quick retrace,
And by them you will find the place
    Where for one month he shines.

ENIGMA XXIII.

To the dictates of vengeance true,
    And fill'd with savage joy,
Say, who brave Hector's body drew
    Thrice round the walls of Troy?
Ponder the deed—then blush that Fame
Should lend her trump to sound his name.

What Cretan prince so justly reign'd,
    And govern'd men so well,
That he has been by poets feign'd,
    As ruling ev'n in hell?
(Ere he the debt of nature paid,
The isles call'd "Cyclades" he sway'd.)

Soon as Cambyses had expir'd,
    And Smerdis' king was known,
Seven Persian noblemen conspir'd
    Th' usurper to dethrone.
Say which of these, in after times,
Forfeits his life for treas’rous crimes?

When Sparta’s valiant prince awaits
Persia’s o’erwhelming power,
Thermopylae! at thy fam’d straits,
With troops, of Greece the flower,
Oh, tell what wretch betrays (alas!)
The mount that overhangs the pass.

What Roman minister of state,
When proud Tiberius reign’d,
With Fortune’s smiles became elate,
And by no fear restrain’d,
Seeking to wear his sov’reign’s wreath,
Was led to prison and to death?

These sev’ral queries I’ve propos’d,
Because I wish to hear
The sign in which the sun’s suppos’d
To enter every year,
At spring-time—when the gloom of night,
Is equall’d by the hours of light.
ENIGMA XXIV.

Come now—to the gates of that palace advance,
Built by Louis Eleventh, "the Nero of France;"
And tell how he suffer'd the pangs of remorse,
Ere death put an end to his profligate course.

Then to Puy-de-Dome turn: near an ancient town there,
(As travellers of merit and learning declare),
If jewels you value, your eyes you may feast
On amethysts, beauteous as those in the east.

Nor the land of the Gaul quit, when these you've admir'd,
But haste, in the garments of mourning attir'd,
To pour forth your tribute of grief, though unheard,
Where the parents of Louis Sixteenth lie interr'd.

Next cross o'er to England, and rest in that town,
Near which stands a castle of ancient renown;
Where Edward* (unknowing) rush'd on to his fate,
When asking for water he stopp'd at the gate.

* Surnamed the Martyr.
Then, northward proceeding, search out for the ground,
Which adjoining to Kinetown in Warwickshire's found,
Where Charles First* met his people in hostile array,
And where neither could claim the rewards of the day.

In the county of Derby, 'tis somewhere related,
That Pope pass'd two summers, and Homer translated;
Then visit the spot since held sacred to lore,
And give for the present your wanderings o'er.

For you've travell'd enough to complete my design,
I now ask you to name the celestial sign,
In which Phoebus shines glorious that time of the year,
When the snow-drop just peeping, cries, "Sweet spring is near."

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ENIGMA XXV.

The name of that Italian bard I seek,
Whose varied works his well-earn'd praises speak,

* A. D. 1642.
But chief one noble poem known to fame,  
"Jerusalem Deliver'd" is its name.
Also I ask, who scorn'd Rome's rising walls,  
And to his brother's ire a victim falls?
What Palmyrean king 'gainst Sapor fought,  
And by Meonius to the grave was brought?
What Cardinal in fifteen fifty-four,  
Once more claim'd England for the papal pow'r?
What Theban gen'ral sent to Persia's king,  
Resolv'd against prostration, dropp'd his ring,  
And bending for it, seem'd, to standers by,  
With that degrading custom to comply?
What youthful bard, whom genius fail'd to raise,  
Did by a pois'nous draught cut short his days?
And what Assyrian prince besieg'd in vain  
Jerusalem, in Hezekiah's reign?
The initial letters carefully dispos'd,  
Forth to your view at once will stand disclos'd,  
Two lesser circles on the globe well known  
To mark the bound'ries of the torrid zone.
ENIGMA XXVI.

Southward of Borneo's isle there lies
   A little cluster fair,
Fam'd for the produce of sweet spice,
   And England traded there.

Holland sent merchants thither too,
   And peaceful treaties bind,
To conduct upright, fair, and true,
   All thus in commerce join'd.

But interest, alas! prevail'd
   O'er justice and her claim;
The Dutch our ancestors assail'd,
   And, unrestrain'd by shame,

Remorse, or fear, their oaths they broke,
   And, as historians tell,
The English 'neath their bloody stroke,
   Unarm'd, by thousands fell.*

* A. D. 1622.
I ask the name then of that isle,  
    Among the cluster plac'd,  
Which was by cruelty, awhile,  
    And treachery disgrac'd.

Dwelling on Asiatic ground,  
    North east of Rhodes, we're told,  
The ancient Lycians were found,  
    A people brave and bold.

But in their fair metropolis,  
    Besieg'd by mighty Rome,  
Spoil'd were their scenes of social bliss,  
    And lost their peaceful home.

Determin'd they would neither yield,  
    Nor liberty survive,  
When the foe triumph'd in the field,  
    They burnt themselves alive.

For, having set the town on fire,  
    They perish'd in the flame,  
And thus to future praise aspire—  
    Now tell the city's name.
Near a town, now Ajazzo call'd,
   On vast Cilicia's plain,
Ambition once stood unappall'd,
   Amongst her thousands slain.

For there the "Grecian madman" met
   Darius, Persia's king:
That prince sustain'd a foul defeat:
   The Greeks of vict'ry sing.

His wife, his mother, and his son,
   Grac'd the young conqu'ror's train,
While he prepar'd (ere quite undone),
   T' renew the strife again.

But recollect, we're nowhere told
   That Alexander fought
Ajazzo's battle: then unfold
   What ancient history taught.

Science another name bestows
   On that ill-fated spot:
'Tis this I wish you to disclose—
   The former matters not.
When holy Nehemiah's heart
   Led him (with sorrow fill'd)
To seek permission to depart,
   Jerusalem to build;

He waited on the high behest
   Of Persia's sovereign:* 
To him he proffer'd his request,
   And did his boon obtain.

The place which was as capital
   Of their vast kingdom known,
Was where the monarchs of the soil
   In winter fix'd their throne.

In this renown'd imperial seat
   The prince then held his court:
The name I ask you to repeat
   Of the belov'd resort.

* Artaxerxes.
This, with the rest, if you divine,
From them you'll quickly learn
What is the geographic line
On which the earth does turn.

ENIGMA XXVII.

What virtuous philosophic Greek,
Of whom mankind with rev'rence speak,
By poison doom'd to die,
Rejects the favourable hour,
To thwart capricious faction's pow'r,
And nobly scorns to fly?

Tell me, I pray you, what surname
To Pallas fair, of martial fame,
In Egypt first was was giv'n:
And say what Roman prince,† through fear
Of suff'ring by a death severe,
To suicide was driv'n.

† The imperial tyrant alluded to was condemned by the senate to be dragged naked through the streets of Rome, and then whipped to death. To prevent the execution of the sentence, he killed himself.
Thus you'll discern the source of light,
Which, in his Maker's glory bright,
   Throughout the seasons shines;
And know the pow'r that bids him rise,
And run his journey through the skies,
   To us our sphere assigns.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

The pilot's at the helm,
Yon vessel's course to mark;
Yet shall destruction soon o'erwhelm
The unsuspecting bark.

Triumphant now she rides
Upon the treach'rous waves,
Nor knows she thus securely glides
Towards the place of graves.

With joy the weary crew
Hail the Norwegian coast;
Its forests rich, its mountains blue,
Their native pride and boast.
But hark! what piercing cry
E'en now to heav'n ascends?
They lift their hopeless hands on high,
While fear their bosoms rends.

See, see the whirlpool yawn,
Prepar'd t' engulf them all!
Within its fatal influence drawn,
In vain for help they call.

The waters o'er them close,
They sink to rise no more:
In ocean's caverns they repose,
And friends their loss deplore.

Then drop the pitying tear,
And let the name be known
Of this insidious vortex, where
Destruction holds his throne.

See yonder hallow'd fane,
In far-fam'd Egypt rise,
From whence the num'rous votive train
With incense cloud the skics.
There senseless mortals pray,
And worship at the shrine
Of him who's styl'd "the god of day,"
By heathens deem'd divine.

Renown'd in days of old,
Its wealth and pow'r increas'd,
And Potipherah, we are told,
Was once its chosen priest.

And though no longer there
They shed the victim's blood,
Yet still I ask you to declare
The city where it stood.

Whence that melodious strain
That dies upon the ear,
And at short intervals again
Returns, the heart to cheer.

The varying sounds unite
The concord to complete;
Breaking the silence of the night,
In chorus soft and sweet.
But why *this* chosen hour,
The hour of wonted rest,
To make the soul feel music's pow'r?
A pow'r by all confest.

The *passing time* to note,
Th' harmonious chord they swell:
The cause, though trac'd to years remote,
Tradition does not tell.

Then since we can't explore
What ages have conceal'd,
Name but the place,—I ask no more,—
'Tis all I wish reveal'd.

Hark! heard you that deep groan,
Which dying pangs arrest?
The stiff'd sigh, the hollow moan,
Wrung from the patriot's breast?

Long did the suff'ring brave
Resist the o'erwhelming foe,
At last they found one common grave,
By cruel want laid low.
But first, by hunger keen
Impell'd, the murd'rous steel
They plunge into their fellow men;
Then share the loathsome meal.

Ambition views the deed,
Nor sickens at the sight;
'Tis rather deem'd a grateful meed,
In which she takes delight.

And when her blood-stain'd spear
At last admission gains
Into the city—not one there,
She finds, alive remains.

To mourn its ruin'd state
Your tearful tribute bring,
And name the town whose hapless fate
I've ventur'd thus to sing:

In Spain—in Old Castile,
Near Soria, it stood;
B. C. one hundred thirty-three
Beheld this scene of blood.
Then write the names of all,
Combin'\text{d}, they'\text{ll bring to light}
That beauteous orb which poets call
The splendid lamp of night.

\section*{ENIGMA XXIX.}

Tell me what prince, detested of mankind,
By force of terror Magna Charta signed ?
Tell me what poet struck his sounding lyre,
And sung imagination's pleasing fire ?
Then turn your thoughts towards Trafalgar's Bay,
And say what conqu'ring hero gain'd the day,
When Britain sent her squadrons to oppose
The machinations of her Gallic foes ?
Then on the wings of fancy take your flight,
And bid her place before your wond'ring sight
The barren shores of Ithaca : then name
A sov'reign of that isle, well known to fame.
Next let the queen whose battles Marlborough fought
Attract the wand'ring's of excursive thought.
Descending from a throne, now join to praise
A great philanthropist of modern days,
In Bristol born: then memory's aid implore,
To add a prelate's title from her store.
Th' initials rightly placed, you'll find appear
The month that ushers in a new-born year.

---

ENIGMA XXX.

Let a Parisian prelate lead the van
Of worthies now advancing on the stage;
Surely 'twas his own mind the pious man
Pourtray'd, when Mentor's wisdom grac'd his page.

Next let the Salaminian poet stand,
And how his genius serv'd, let him rehearse,
To save from punishment a gallant band,
Who had enrich'd their mem'ry with his verse.

Let sculpture also bring a favour'd son,
And hold him up to admiration due,
The wreath of excellence he nobly won,
When Howard's statue struck th' astonish'd view.
While painting (sister art) makes known the fame
Of one in Britain born, in Britain bred,
Who, great when living, now a place may claim
Among the number of illustrious dead.

But see! Hibernia brings a mitred chief,
One whose whole life true piety refin’d:
In sixteen fifty-six, his course (not brief)*
He finish’d, and life’s troubles left behind.

A Scottish bishop too must be reveal’d,
Dwelling in France in fifteen seventy-two,
For sev’n long months in a small inn conceal’d,
He ’scap’d the sword which superstition drew.†

A bard of merit also notice claims,
Who wrote in numbers “musical and terse,”
Translating (to immortalize his name),
Lucan’s “Pharsalia” into English verse.

* He died aged seventy-five years.
† The massacre of St. Bartholomew’s day took place in this year.
Another poet likewise introduce,
Well known as bishop Atterbury's friend;
Whom men of treas'rous practices accuse,
And into rigorous confinement send.

These, side by side arrang'd, will clearly mark
A month which we consider cold and dreary:
When the nights still continue long and dark,
And we begin to grow of winter weary.

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ENIGMA XXXI.

Name the heathen god of war,
Name Minerva's pride;
Then from Grecia steer afar,
And rest on Tiber's side.—
Think of him whom Brutus slew,
Blest freedom to restore,
And name a warlike chieftain too,
On Carthaginia's shore.
Then do as I advis'd before,
Ransack the stores of thought;
And ev'ry effort, more and more,
You'll find with pleasure fraught.
For all I ask, is that you place
Th' initials full in view,
And surely you'll my meaning trace
Ere I can say, "adieu."

ENIGMA XXXII.

First to your recollection bring
A celebrated Spartan king,
Who labour'd vainly to restore
Lycurgus' laws, when own'd no more.
Then name one of the Theban pair,
Who fell into a tyrant's snare.
Next tell of him whom painters call
Their prince—whose body in the hall
Of Rome's great palace, honour'd lay
From his decease, till the third day.
Amongst these worthies must be seen
The messenger of heaven's queen:
And then, dismissing fiction quite,
Lastly, I beg you bring to light
A Spartan chief, with valour fir'd,
Who at Thermopylä expir'd.
Now, acting on my former plan,
My riddle instantly you'll scan.

---

ENIGMA XXXIII.

Who brought at Marathon
The Persian power low?
Who at Alexandria
Subdu'd the Gallic foe?
Who in George the Second's reign
Wrote "Thoughts compos'd at Night?"
The names of these if you explain,
A month you'll bring to light.
ENIGMA XXXIV.

The author of some political letters,
  Who took a feigned name,
And under this mask traduces his betters,
  Without remorse or shame.

The abbot who fill'd the pontifical chair
  In thirteen seventy-eight;
His adversaries he did not spare,
  When fix'd on his throne of state.

Also a learned mathematician,
  Fair Albion's boast and pride:
With the fruit of laborious disquisition
  Posterity he supplied.

Then think of a queen who boldly address'd
  (Uncall'd) a king on his throne,
And let her initial be join'd with the rest,
  Th' enigma to make known.
ENIGMA XXXV.

Say who was into Egypt sold,
And there a dire event foretold,
    About t' afflic the land?
Declare that prince of Judah's line,
Who proud profan'd God's sacred shrine,
And instantly became a sign
    Of his judicial hand?

Tell who resign'd his mortal breath,
And subject to the pow'r of death,
    Remain'd for four long days?
But see! he breaks his deep repose,
The portals of the grave unclose!
'Twas at the Saviour's word he rose,
    That all might see and praise.

Think what we call that space of time,
In which the sun to ev'ry clime,
    Does the four seasons bring.
Then carefully recall to mind
The previous characters assign'd;
This done, you certainly will find
The month of which I sing.

---

ENIGMA XXXVI.

Name that rebellious son
Of kingly David's race,
Who bold usurp'd his father's throne,
And regal dwelling-place.

Then say who touch'd the ark
With impious intent,
And instantly expir'd—a mark
Of righteous punishment.

When Midian, encamp'd,
'Gainst Israel took their post,
Who, with a pitcher and a lamp,
Discomfited their host?
When Rabbah was enclos'd
   By Joab's valiant train,
Who, by the king's command expos'd,
   Was in the battle slain?

Who, by divine command,
   Bade Jesse's sons appear;
And in his sacred character,
   As delegated seer,

Chose David from the fold,
   As Israel's future king,
But had not first his errand told,
   Lest Saul should know the thing?

And now bring up the rear,
   With Abram's aged sire,
And readily you'll cause t' appear
   The month that I desire.
ENIGMA XXXVII.

When Jacob's sons to Egypt went,
To purchase food their sole intent,
Which of the ten did Joseph bind,
And from the rest retain behind?

Of whom did Moses testify
He did not like his brethren die,
But taken from the things of time,
Translated, saw a heav'nly clime?

What officer of Pharaoh's guard
His faithful servant kept in ward?
He being of a crime accus'd,
To commit which he had refus'd.

The son of Puah next I need,
Who did Abimelech succeed,
And, as from Scripture it appears,
Judg'd Israel three and twenty years
Who bent his steps from Teman's gate
To comfort Job's afflicted state;
And, at his griefs severely pain'd,
Silent sev'n days and nights remain'd?

When Moses, on the banks of Nile,
Lay in the ark expos'd awhile;
While thus endanger'd, desolate,
Who stood to watch the infant's fate?

With jealousy of Israel fir'd,
What Moabitish king desir'd
Woe on their camp should be denounc'd?
But lo! a blessing was pronounced.

Who cur'd a leprous Syrian lord,
And a dead child to life restor'd?
'Twas he (his name you'll quickly tell)
On whom Elijah's mantle fell.

When Joshua bid the spies to go,
And reconnoitre Jericho,
Who hid the men, and then releas'd,
When danger from pursuit had ceas'd?
Do you now ask at what I aim?
From these I seek to know the name
Of that twelfth portion of the year,
When Sol in Libra does appear.

---

ENIGMA XXXVIII.

Say whom did Paul the apostle greet,
As not asham'd to own his chain,
But tend'ring oft refreshment sweet,
To ease his toil, and soothe his pain?
Say too what Gentile convert sends
For Peter, by an angel warn'd?
Taught by a vision, he attends,
Though Gentiles then by Jews were scorn'd.

Which of the twelve apostles died
A martyr on th' East Indian shore,
For preaching Jesus crucified,
Not in word only, but in pow'r?
And what poor slave once from the bonds
Of his Colossian master fled,
But, taught by Paul, at length return'd,
And tears of deep compunction shed?

What noted robber of his time
Was at the Jews' demand releas'd,
(Though he had added crime to crime),
At the last sacred paschal feast?
What sorcerer, in Cyprus' isle,
When Sergius Paulus there bore sway,
Sought that proconsul to beguile,
When Paul was teaching "Christ the way."

When Peter, by an angel led,
Was rescu'd from impending fate,
And join'd his friends—what youthful maid
For gladness opened not the gate?
And now I'll puzzle you no more,
But hasten instant to a close;
I only ask that, as before,
Th' initials rightly you dispose.
ENIGMA XXXIX.

What teacher of Israel shuns the broad light,
The first feeble dawning of faith to conceal,
And, fearful of men, seeks the Saviour by night,
To hear the blest truths which he had to reveal?
Who hid the Lord’s prophets in caves of the earth,
When Jezebel sought them with murd’rous intent;
And daily sustain’d them in spite of the dearth,
Which (distressing the country) in judgment was sent?

What fair Persian queen by her lord was divorc’d,
Refusing the royal command to obey,
Which he by his messengers would have enforc’d,
That she before others her charms should display?
When Paul was confin’d as a prisoner at Rome,
Who join’d him from Phrygia, to comfort and cheer?
A preacher of Christ—Colosse his home,
Where he forfeited life by a sentence severe.

Who, chosen by lot with fasting and pray’r,
To Judas Iscariot in office succeeds?
What beggar, on hearing that Jesus was near,
For sight and assistance importunate pleads?
What female of piety Timothy taught,
His mem'ry to store with the Scriptures of Truth?
And who from the country of Haran was brought,
For Isaac selected—the wife of his youth?

Think over these characters: bear them in mind,
And again I am sure their initials alone
(If but the right station to each be assign'd)
Will all that you want without trouble make known.
'Tis a month during which we seek wholly in vain
For the rich golden tint and the fine glowing sky,
To gild with their beauties the mountain and plain,
For gloomy and turbulent winter is nigh.

ENIGMA XL.

Who shrines for Diana
At Ephesus made?
Who money to Paul
From Philippi convey'd?
The name of the son
Of Jephunneh next tell;
And say, when Paul preach'd,
Who was sleeping and fell?

Who was it that sat
At the feet of our Lord,
And listen'd with joy
To hear his blest word?
And tell who at Lystra,
Was Jupiter styl'd?
(His noble deportment
The heathen beguil'd.)

Who was it accosted
Young David with ire,
When forth to Saul's camp
He was sent from his sire?
Then tell me the female
To Jacob most dear,
And this effort closes
The months of the year.
ENIGMA XLI.

Say for what city of the plain
"God once heard Abram plead in vain,"
Yet did in sov'reign mercy spare
Just Lot, who long had sojourn'd there.
Tell where the two disciples went,
Conversing o'er the dire event
Which late had fill'd their heart with fears,
When lo! to them their Lord appears.
Say where the furious Saul was hasting,
The church with persecution wasting,
When suddenly a light shone round,
And struck the zealot to the ground.
Where were Christ's followers of old,
First by their master's name enroll'd*?
And tell me where was Jonah sent,
To call the people to repent.
These places now with care select,
Nor fail th' initials to connect,
And you will find the spot of earth
Which gave the noble Turenne birth.

ENIGMA XLII.

Where was held that marriage feast,
   Where water was made wine?
Towards what sea, when from toil releas’d,
   Did Israel’s course incline?
Where did Philistia pitch her tent,
   Led by a giant chief,
When David from the sheep-fold went
   To Israel’s relief?

Where was the seer Elijah born,
   That favour’d man of God,
Who straight to glory was upborne,
   While in this earthly clod?
And say where Eve and Adam plac’d,
   For a short time remain’d,
Till sin (which all the world defac’d)
   An easy entrance gain’d.

Then turn to southern Europe’s shore,
   And fix your thoughts awhile,
Where Ocean’s waves are studded o’er
   With many a beauteous isle:
Let contemplation rest on one
Which moderns "Candia" name,
And let my queries, solv'd, make known
What th' ancients call'd the same.

---

ENIGMA XLIII.

The native place of sordid Balaam tell;
Where Abraham in early life did dwell;
What mount for beauteous cedars once was fam'd;
What church for harb'ring Jezebel was blam'd;
Whence iv'ry, ebony, and spice were brought,
When David's royal son new riches sought;
A christian sect in the twelfth cent'ry known,
Sore persecuted by the papal throne;
And that proud nation o'er which Agag reign'd,
Whom Saul rebelliously alive retain'd.
These names will mark where Swedish Charles did yield
To Russian Peter, on the bloody field.

---
ENIGMA XLIV.

That place of which Nathanael ask'd,
"Can aught that's good proceed?"
(He thought on its transgressions past,
But there dwelt truth indeed;
For in that town of Galilee,
Sojourn'd our blessed Lord),
And Philip answer'd, "Come and see:"
He follow'd at the word.

Where dwelt the Nethinims* of old,
Near to Jehovah's shrine,
The temple worship to uphold,
By off'ring songs divine?
Upon the tuneful harp and lute
They chant the solemn lay;
The tribes in adoration mute
Their sacred homage pay.

* Ophel, a wall and tower of Jerusalem, which seems to have been near the temple, and is rendered a strong-hold, Micah iv. 8. After the captivity, the Nethinims, that they might be near their temple service, dwelt at Ophel.—Brown's Scripture Dictionary.
Where Peter heal'd one who'd been sick
   And palsied eight long years;
In Jesus' name the word he speaks,
   The suff'rer straight appears;
Free from infirmity and pain,
   He rises—takes his bed—
While, struck with awe, th' admiring train
   Immanuel's praises spread.

Where liv'd that pious counsellor
   Of honourable name,
Who did petition to inter
   His Saviour's mortal frame?
In his new tomb he laid the corse,
   Enwrapp'd in linen pure,
Then roll'd a stone of mighty force,
   The entrance to secure.

These sev'ral names, if you declare,
   And range them side by side,
With certainty will tell you where
   Cæsar Augustus died.
From thence (historians relate)
The prince was journeying home,
'Twas in Campania situate,
Not far from mighty Rome.

---

ENIGMA XLV.

When Judas betray'd
His Master and Lord,
And the sum that was paid
Through compunction restor'd,
The priests met in council,
Sought mutual advice—
They dar'd not retain it,
Of blood 'twas the price.

At length 'twas agreed
That a field should be bought,
To deposit the dead
Of those who had sought
A sojourn among them,
Though not of their race,
And for them 'twas appointed
A burying-place.

This spot, even now
To travellers shown,
Is still to this day
By its ancient name known.
Then tell me what is it?
I seek for no more.
(Those who Palestine visit
Its precincts explore.)

When Paul the apostle
And Barnabas went
Within Antioch's walls*
(To preach Jesus intent),
And were driv'n from thence
By the turbulent Jews,
Who, blind to their int'rest,
The message refuse.

* In Pisidia.
Say next in what city
The gospel they preach,
And what despis'd people
They willingly teach?
For these queries answer'd
Will tell of a place,
Where Israel once fled*
From the enemy's face.

---

ENIGMA XLVI.

'Twixt Lincolnshire and Yorkshire rolls
A river in its bed,
Which in the German Ocean falls,
'Twixt Saltfleet and Spurnhead.

A stream of note in Russia† too,
Meanders wild and free;
And wat'ring Uralsk near Gurief,
Enteres the Caspian sea.

* Joshua vii. 4.  
† Russia in Asia.
From the department of Côte d’Or,
   A flood is known to pass,
By Paris, Nogent, Troyes, and Bar,
   Rouen, and Havre-de-Grace.

Till at the latter port ’tis lost—
   The channel which divides
The Gallic from the English coast,
   Swell’d by its current glides.

In North America is found
   A lake of wondrous size,
(’Tis fifteen hundred miles all round !)
   Where often storms arise.

Upwards of thirty rivers vast
   Into its bosom flow;
Till its tumultuous waves, at last,
   To join lake Huron go.

Now names to these four streams assign,
   And then connect the same;
And instant on the page will shine
   A holy martyr’s name;
Who, summon'd by the church of Rome
To justify his creed,
For Constance left his native home,
Encourag'd to proceed,

By virtue of the royal word
Of the presiding prince,
That none their hatred at that time
Should harmfully evince.

"Safely shall you depart from hence,
Obedient if you come:
We will but hear your just defence,
Then send you, honour'd, home."

Thus spake the Pow'r:* the holy man,
Himself devoid of guile,
No longer dreads the papal ban,
Nor fears th' insidious wile.

* The Emperor.
But, shame to popish cruelty,
    And popish want of faith!
This victim to fierce bigotry
    Here met a painful death!

O'er him his bloody foes exult,
    *While at the stake he dies:
It only proves (oh, blest result!)
    His passage to the skies.

* Huss was strenuously advised not to put himself in the power of his enemies by going to the council of Constance, but receiving a safe conduct from the emperor Sigismund, he went—alas! to return no more. The members of that assembly, in violation of the pledge he had received, unanimously decreed that no faith is to be kept with heretics, and he was burnt alive, A. D., 1415.
ENIGMA XLVII.

What river's that, and where's it found,
Which Pope says does with eels abound?
What Scottish lake, by high hills bounded,
Is too with birch and oak surrounded?
What stream in Devon's said to run
Into the sea near Otterton?
And tell what bay, on Cuba's coast,
Is justly deem'd its pride and boast?
These sev'ral names will bring to view,
A Scotch reformer bold and true,
Who died in fifteen seventy two.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

Oft did a wat'ry grave await
The sailor in Messina's strait;
Oft did the pilot seek in vain
His post of peril to retain.
A threat'ning whirlpool* yawn'd around,
The madd'ning surges fierce rebound:
Plung'd in its waves the bark was lost,
Its wreck thrown on the distant coast.

Those who from Europe have unfurl'd
Their sails, and sought the western world,
Tell of a navigable stream,
Which, sporting in the solar beam
Twelve hundred miles, uncurb'd and free,
Till it approaches Kentucky,
Near New Madrid (no longer single)
Does with the Mississippi mingle.

King John (as our historians say),
In a large shallow estuary
'Twixt Lincolnshire and Norfolk found,
(When passing o'er) was nearly drown'd.
And though himself and courtly train,
At length contrive the shore to gain;
His baggage and his jewels gone,
Betray the risk themselves had run.

* It was entirely removed by an earthquake, A. D. 1783.
In the south part of Som'setshire,  
Is found a river deep and clear,  
Which in its progress (as well known),  
Receives the Ordred and the Thone.  
But ere long, at Bridgewater Bay,  
It does itself its tribute pay,  
With an accelerated motion,  
To the monopolizing ocean.

In Westmoreland a stream we trace,  
Which, wand'ring on with native grace,  
Passes by Appleby to cheer  
A lovely county bord'ring near:  
And round its capital (Carlisle)  
Sheds many a fertilizing smile,  
Till sev'n miles from that city's walls,  
Into the Solway Frith it falls.

Behold a beauteous lake appear,  
To the north-west of Wigtonshire;  
Into it, through a narrow pass,  
The sea imports a living mass
Of fish call'd herrings, which are found
Within its precincts to abound;
Although of late it is asserted,
It has been partially deserted.

Now designate each varied spring,
The muse has ventur'd here to sing;
A poet's honour'd name they'll give,
Which will to distant ages live;
The music of his well-tun'd lyre,
(Which truth and piety inspire),
Pleases and soothes the virtuous mind,
And but exalts the most refin'd.

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ENIGMA XLIX.

Come now, your footsteps turn awhile
Where brighter, milder seasons smile,
   In soft Italian vales;
Where streamlets sparkle in the sun,
And gently ripple as they run,
   Fann'd by the passing gales.
There see a noted river rise,
Swell'd by continual supplies
From far inferior streams:
In Piedmont it has its source,*
The Adriatic ends its course,
And with fresh beauty beams.

Then, hast'ning homeward, let me pray
You'll linger in Southampton Bay,
And thence a current trace,
Which first at Winchester† is made
To serve the purposes of trade,
To many a neighbouring place.

Then, onward journeying, let us meet
Where commerce holds her chosen seat;
For there a river deep,
Broad, and majestic, passes by,
Which barks innumerable ply,
Harvests of gain to reap.

* In mount Viso.    † It becomes navigable here.
(There have been various surmises
As to the source whence it arises,
   But now 'tis boldly said
'Tis seen to spring up very near
Cirencester in Gloucestershire—
   And there they fix its head.)

And, lastly, I would fain propose,
That, ere we quietly repose,
   Together north we ride,
To view the stream which separates
The English from the Scottish states,
   And wander on its side.

Then bring th' initials of the four
Fair rivers we have linger'd o'er,
   And you will find pourtray'd
A British statesman far renown'd,
One whose illustrious brows are bound
   With wreaths that ne'er will fade.
ENIGMA L.

On hist, and say
Did you ever stray
To the western shores of the Isle of Wight?
And view the wave
Fantastic lave
The rocks that are there to a wondrous height?
But chiefly one
Of an arched form,
Through which they rush in a gathering storm:
Then tell me what
Men call the spot,
Once known, I am sure 'twill ne'er be forgot.

Oh, tell me true,
Did you ever view
The mountain of the Cevennes in France?
And see below,
The waters flow,
Which you trace to their source if you upward glance?
But chief declare
One river there,
Which thence proceeds to Beziers;

E
And but eight miles
Below its walls
Into the gulf of Lyons falls.

Now ponder awhile,
And, void of guile,
Tell if you ever have wander'd in Spain,
And seen a flood,
In its stately mood,
Wat'ring a most magnificent plain.
The spot where rises
This river renown'd,
Is near to Medina Celi found:
And with graceful flow,
Its duty done,
Into the Ebro it hastes to run.

These rivers and bay
Will help you to say
What was the name of a statesman belov'd,
Whose genius renown'd
Shed a lustre around
Th' illustrious circle in which he once mov'd;
His talents adorn'd
His eminent state,
And Britannia mourn'd his hapless fate;
While over his bier
She dropt a tear,
And lamented his loss with anguish sincere.
SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMA I.
Peter I.
Leonidas
Alexander
Nicholas III.
Edward
Tompson
Apphira.

ENIGMA II.
Fisher
Ignatius
 Xenophon
Ewald
Dionysius
Simonides
Tarquin
Aescham
Raleigb
Schomber.

ENIGMA III.
Collingwood
O din
Hitiades
T hemistocles
Emiramis.

ENIGMA IV.
Medina
Edinburgh
Rotterdam
Calcutta
Shalt
Rheims
York.

ENIGMA V.
ipsania
E paminondas
N uma
Calegon
Copas.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ENIGMA VI.</th>
<th>ENIGMA X.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E gypt</td>
<td>H ecla</td>
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<tr>
<td>A rabia Deserta</td>
<td>E tua</td>
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<td>R hodes</td>
<td>R oss</td>
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<td>T ewkesbury</td>
<td>S brewsbury</td>
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<td>H Helena, St.</td>
<td>C anterbury</td>
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<td>H addington</td>
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<td>L utterworth</td>
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<th>ENIGMA VII.</th>
<th>ENIGMA XI.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M arius</td>
<td>C aligula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A licibiades</td>
<td>E lizabeth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R hosaces</td>
<td>R aleigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>S ardanapalus</td>
<td>E dward VI</td>
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<th>ENIGMA VIII.</th>
<th>ENIGMA XII.</th>
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<tr>
<td>J affnapatam</td>
<td>P etersburgh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U ranienburgh</td>
<td>A msterdam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P almyra</td>
<td>L oretto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I reland</td>
<td>L outh</td>
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<tr>
<td>T roy</td>
<td>A lexandria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E scurial</td>
<td>S tonehenge</td>
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<td>R unnymede</td>
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<th>ENIGMA IX.</th>
<th>ENIGMA XIII.</th>
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<tr>
<td>S hakspeare</td>
<td>J ulia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A nkarstrom</td>
<td>U lpian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T acitus</td>
<td>N elson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U lug Beigh</td>
<td>O rpheus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ichelieu</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N ewton, Isaac</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ENIGMA XIV.

V ersailles
E gypt
S ardis
T unis
A merica

ENIGMA XV.

M esabates
U mbro
S isygambis
C oriolanus
A rchimedes

ENIGMA XVI.

S outhampton
I slip
R ouen
Iceland
U sneach
S icily.

ENIGMA XVII.

C aduceus
R ubicon
U lysses
X erxes.

ENIGMA XVIII.

L adrone Isles
E richt Loch
O whyhee.

ENIGMA XIX.

L amballe
Y oung
R obert
A tterbury.

ENIGMA XX.

R ichmond
I pswich
G ambia
E lba
L isbou

ENIGMA XXI.

A lfred
L uther
G eorge I.
O ates
L ambrun
ENIGMA XXII.
C aucasus
A nglessea
N ile
C herson
E ddystone Rocks
R am Head.

ENIGMA XXIII.
A chilles
R hadamanthus
I ntaphernes
E pialtes
S ejanus

ENIGMA XXIV.
P lessis-les-Tours
I ssoire
S ens
C orfe Castle
E dgehill
S tanton

ENIGMA XXV.
T asso
R emus
O denathus
P ole
I smenias
C hatterton
S ennach-rib

ENIGMA XXVI.
A mboyna
X anthus
I ssus
S hushan.

ENIGMA XXVII.
Socrates
U nca
N ero.

ENIGMA XXVIII.
M aelstrom
O n
O saica
N umantia.

ENIGMA XXIX.
J ohn
A kenside
N elson
U lysses
A nne
R eynolds
Y ork.

ENIGMA XXX.
F enelon
E uripides
B acon
R eynolds, Sir Joshua
U sher
A damson
R owe
Y alden.
ENIGMA XXXI.
M ars
A thens
R ome, (on the Tiber)
C æsar
H annibal.

ENIGMA XXXII.
A gis
P elopidas
R aphael
I ris
L eonidas.

ENIGMA XXXIII.
M iltiades
A bercrombie
Y oung.

ENIGMA XXXIV.
J unius
U rban VI.
N ewton, Sir Isaac
E sther.

ENIGMA XXXV.
J oseph
U zziah
L azarus
Y ear.

ENIGMA XXXVI.
A bsalom
U zzah
G ideon
U riah
S amuel
T erah.

ENIGMA XXXVII.
S imeon
E noch
P otiphar
T ola
E liphaz
M iriam
B alak
E lisha
R ahab.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.
O nesiphorus
C ornelius
T homas
O nesimus
B arabbas
E lymas
R hoda.
ENIGMA XXXIX.
N icodemus
O badiah
V ashti
E paphras
M atthias
B artimeus
E unice
R rebecca.

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ENIGMA XL.
D emetrius
E paphroditus
C aleb
E utychus
M ary
Barnabas
E liab
Rachael.

---

ENIGMA XLI.
S odom
E Emmaus
D amascus
A ntioch
N ineveh.

---

ENIGMA XLII.
C ana
R ed Sea
E phos-dammiim
T isbeth
E den.

---

ENIGMA XLIII.
P ethor
U r
L ebanon
T hyatira
O phir
W Waldenses
A malek.

---

ENIGMA XLIV.
N azareth
O phel
L ydda
A rimathea.

---

ENIGMA XLV.
A celdama
I conium.

---

ENIGMA XLVI.
H umber
U ral
S eine
S superior.

---

ENIGMA XLVII.
K ennet
N ess
O tter
N agua.
ENIGMA XLVIII.

C harybdis
O hio
W ash
P arret
E den
R yan, (Loch.)

ENIGMA XLIX.

P o
I tchen
T hames
T weed.

ENIGMA L.

F reshwater Bay
O rboe
X alon.

FINIS.