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More of the Puzzles

The Weekly Messenger
February 26, 1840

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

How few, favoured by every element,
With swelling sails make good the promised port.
With all their wishes freighted! yet ev'n these
Freighted with all their wishes soon complain,
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is men secure?
As fatal time as storm. The rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow.
What pain to quit the world just made their own!
Their nests so dearly downed, and built so high!
Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

We have just received a cypher from J. Lucas, of Mount Holly, N. Jersey, which has been concocted with much ingenuity. We read it however, with perfect ease. It runs thus:

"That which directs the monuments of man; one of the strongest passions; and one eighth of the birth place of Archimedes, compose the name of a worthy subscriber to the Messenger."

We must confess that our friend's enigma is not the very best in the world—for he evidently means its answer to be Lucas. Luck as directing the monuments, &c.—a as the initial of anger—and S as the eighth of Syracuse, the birth place of Archimedes.

D. D's cypher, of Irvinton, Ala., has this minute come to hand. He says we will "do to travel" if we read it—but it is a mere trifle—the letters being formed upon a square with diagonal crosses.

Life, like lovers, soon decays;

Our ardor soon is o'er;

Very soon, alas, 't betrays

E'en hearts that blood not poore.

We give the verses verbatim and are not responsible for their merit.

"Munger's" cypher is precisely like D. D's; but, being in pencil, is too much defaced to be read.

Having thus gone through with the whole list of our enigmatical friends, it will be seen that we have done far more than merely redeem the pledge made at starting. We stated certain conditions, and these have seldom been observed.—In last week's paper we decyphered a puzzle where the writer had actually used *seven distinct alphabets* in place of the *one* for which we stipulated. Just above, too, C. B. has run all his characters together without interval; but we made it a condition that the arbitrary letters should be used as the ordinary alphabet. We have been foiled in no instance.

It would have been better, perhaps, if our correspondents had always made use of their real names in sending their favor, and not of initials. Should we receive any thing upon this subject, hereafter, we cannot reply to it unless we have the writer's true name. It will be observed that when a cypher is sent us with the writers initials only, no one can be sure, except the person himself and his immediate friends, that the puzzle is not a fiction of our own.

Upon second thought, we must decline giving our *mode of solution* for the present.