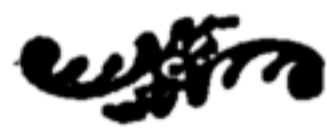


C H A R A D E.

My first has exalted the heroes of old,  
My second's the test of a shrew,  
My whole is so mean, to it's shame be it told,  
It will crouch to the sole of your shoe.



D I T T O.

My first for temper and for tongue  
Is to a proverb curst ;  
My second is for ever hung  
By nature to my first.

When drawling periods without end  
Exhaust the hearer's soul,  
To Parson Spintext, as a friend,  
I recommend my whole.

