

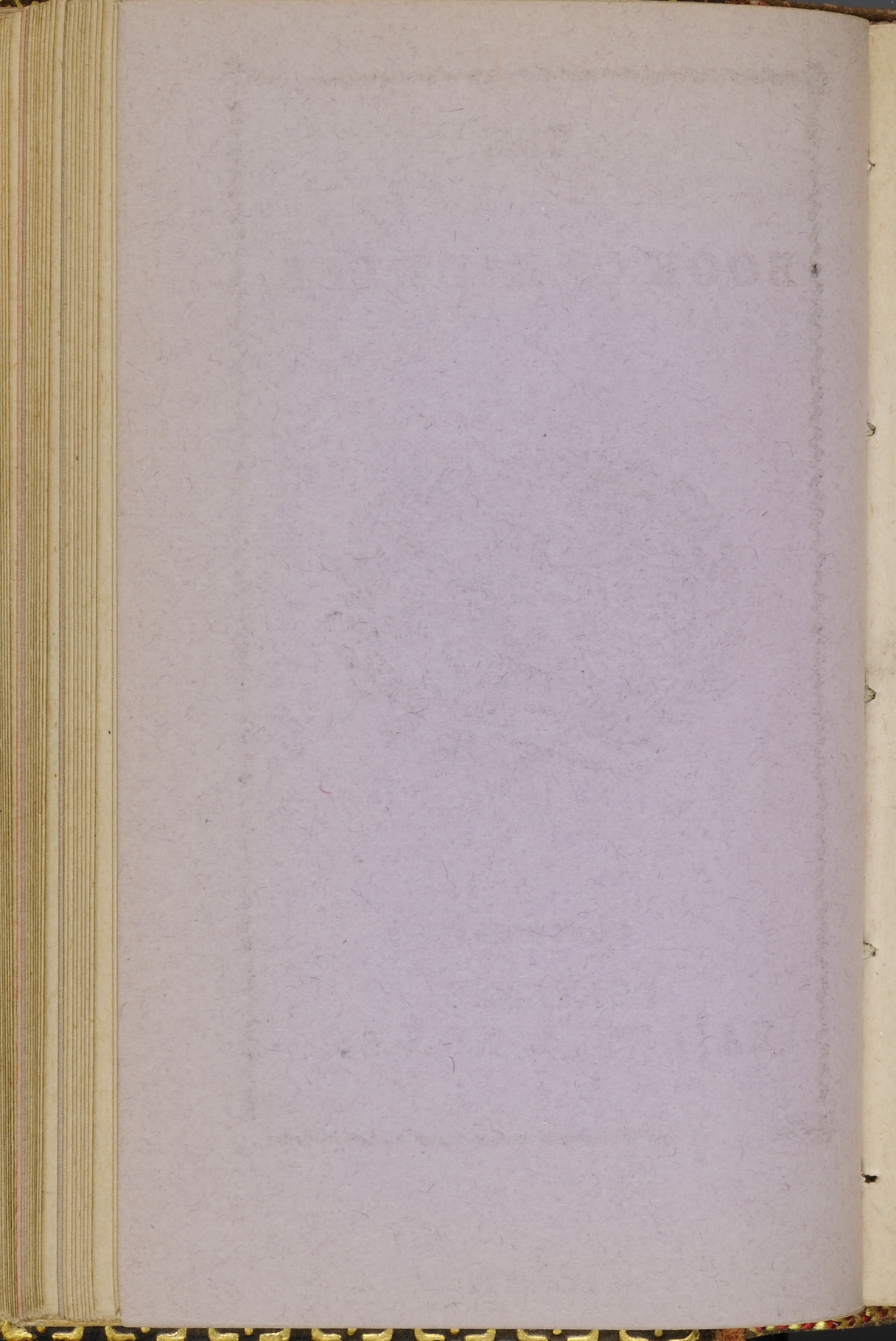
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T H E

BOOK OF RIDDLES.



PORTLAND:  
BAILEY & NOYES.



THE  
BOOK OF RIDDLES.



CONCORD :  
PORTLAND :  
BAILEY & NOYES.

A B C D E F

G H I J K L

M N O P Q R

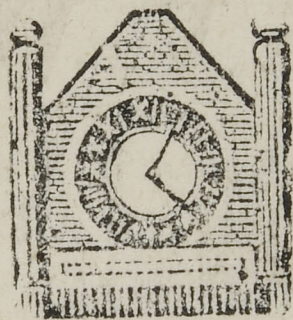
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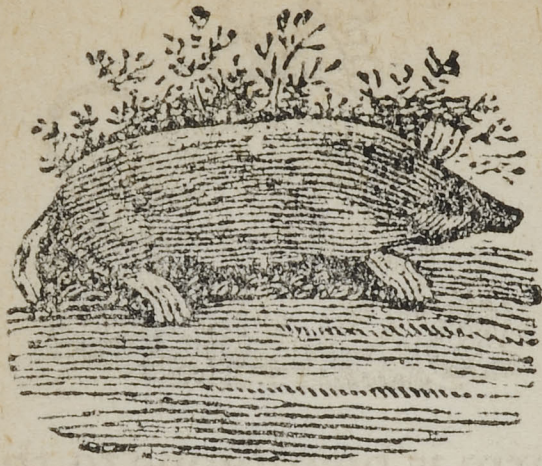
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THE  
BOOK OF RIDDLES.



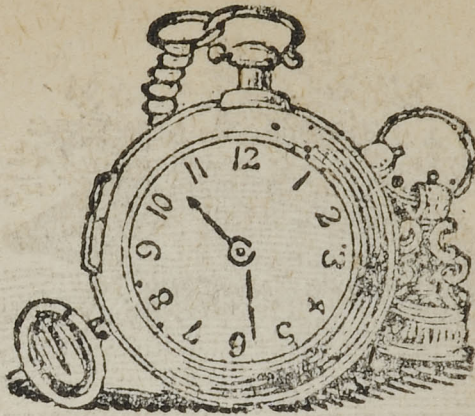
'Tis true I have both face and  
hands,  
And move before your eyes,  
Yet when I go, my body stands,  
And when I stand, I lie.

*A Clock.*



My clothing's fine as velvet rare,  
 Though under earth my dwell-  
 ings are ;  
 And when above it I appear,  
 My enemies put me oft in fear.  
 The gard'ner does at me repine,  
 I spoil his works as he does  
 mine.

*The Mole.*



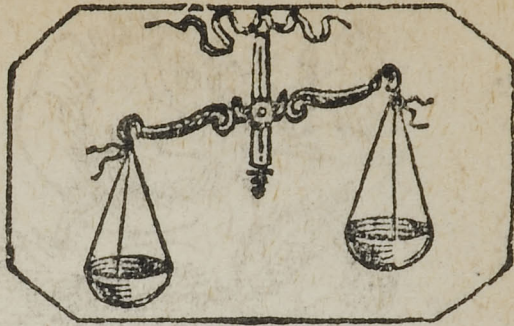
My form is beauteous to the rav-  
 ish'd sight,  
 My habit gay, my color gold &  
 white ;  
 When ladies take the air, I  
 without pride,  
 A faithful partner am close by  
 their side.  
 I near their persons constantly  
 remain,  
 A favorite slave, bound with a  
 golden chain ;  
 And though I can both speak  
 and go alone,  
 Yet are my motions to myself  
 unknown.

*A Watch. \**



Emblem of youth and innocence  
 With walls enclosed for my defence,  
 And with no care opprest,  
 I boldly spread my charms  
 around,  
 'Till some rude lover breaks the  
 mound,  
 And takes me to his breast.  
 Here soon I sicken and decay.  
 My beauty lost, I'm turned  
 away,  
 And thrown into the street ;  
 Where I despised, neglected lie,  
 See no Samaritans pass by,  
 But numerous insults meet.





Two twins we are, and, let it  
not surprise,  
Alike in every feature, shape,  
and size:

We're square, or round, of  
brass or iron made,  
Sometimes of wood, yet useful  
found in trade ;

But, to conclude, for all our  
daily pains,

We by the neck are often hung  
in chains.

*A Pair of Scales.*



I was before the world began,  
 And shall forever last ;  
 Ere father Adam was a man,  
 Or out of Eden cast.  
 Your youthful moments I attend,  
 And mitigate your grief ;  
 The industrious peasant I be-  
 friend,  
 To pris'ners give relief.  
 Make much of me if you are  
 wise,  
 And use me while you may ,  
 For you will lose me in a trice.  
 As I for no man stay.

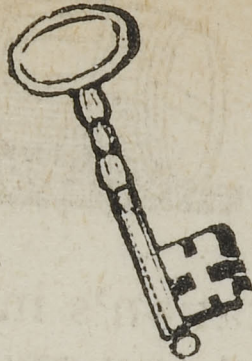
*Time.*

The ancients represented time by the figure of a man, with broad wings, spread out, as denoting its flight, or that time is ever on the wing. In one hand he held an hour-glass, to show that as the sand, so our time is constantly running; and in the other, a scythe, to let us know that time, like the scythe, levels all. He is represented with only one lock of hair before, the remainder of his head being bald, to show that we must take him by the forelock, when it presents, lest when it be past, we find our disappointment, and as the back part of the head is bare, so our time is no more.

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It foams without anger,  
 It flies without wings,  
 It cuts without edge,  
 And without tongue it sings.

*A Bottle of Ale*



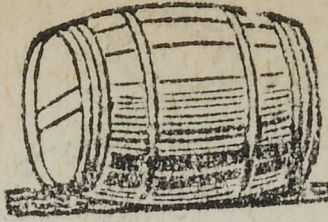
What force and strength cannot  
 get through  
 I with a gentle touch can do ;  
 And many in the streets would  
 stand,  
 Were I not, as friend, at hand.

*A Key*

---

What is that which has been  
 to-morrow, and will be yester-  
 day?

*To-day.*



My habitation's in a wood,  
 And I'm at any one's command ;  
 I often do more hurt than good  
 If I once get the upper hand  
 I never fear the champion's  
 frown.

Stout things I oftentimes have  
 done ;

Brave soldiers I have oft laid  
 down,

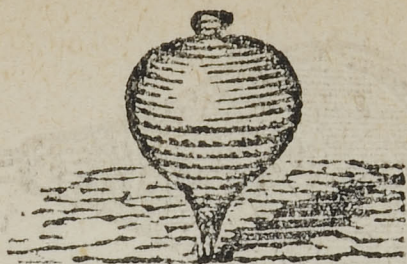
I never fear their sword and  
 gun.

*A Barrel of Beer.*



My nose is long, my back is  
 broad and round,  
 And in cold weather of great  
 use I'm found ;  
 No load I carry, yet I puff and  
 blow,  
 As much as heavy loaded por-  
 ters do.

*A Pair of Bellows.*



I never offend thee,  
Yet thou dost me whip,  
Which doth not amend me,  
Though I dance and skip ;  
When I'm upright thou dost like  
me best,  
And severely dost whip me  
when I want to rest.

*A Top.*

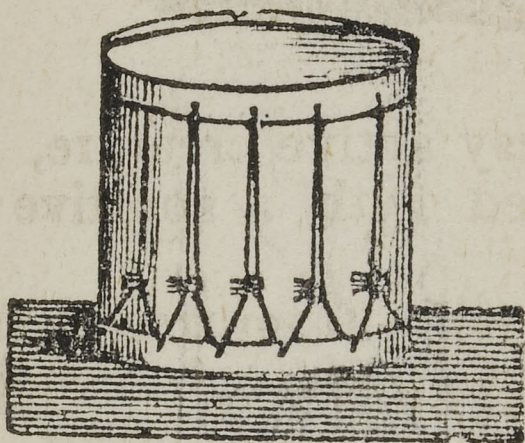


I'm a busy active creature,  
 Fashioned with a sportive na-  
 ture,  
 I nimbly skip from tree to tree,  
 Under a well-wrought canopy;  
 And for cleanliness and air,  
 Am a pattern to the fair;  
 I, to arms and blood a stranger,  
 Apprehensive of no danger,  
 Like the ant, for winter store,  
 Searching, treasures to explore,  
 All on a sudden hear the foe,  
 'The cause and object of my woe  
 By whom I'm soon a prisoner  
 made



Chain'd, and in a dungeon laid.  
 Bid Chloe then, and Myra tell,  
 What's my name and where I  
 dwell.

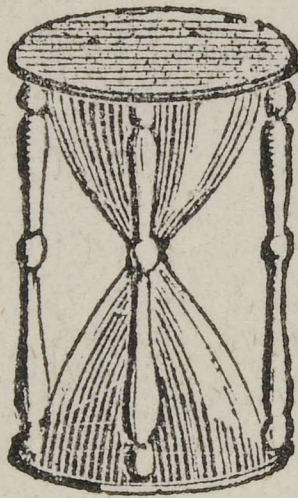
*The Squirrel*



My body is light, my head is  
 white,  
 With a cord I am laced around,  
 I am beaten with sticks, yet not  
 for bad tricks,  
 But to animate my sound.  
 The unthinking youth, who  
 heed not the truth

Which would save them from  
 every alarm,  
 To fight, kill, and die, and  
 cause much misery  
 To those who have done them  
 no harm.

*A Drum.*



Two bodies have I,  
 Though both joined in one  
 The stiller I stand,  
 The faster I run.

*Hour-glass.*

most small eyes than from  
the rest of the world  
and to find out what they  
are and how they  
are made and how they  
are used.

