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Title: Food for the Mind: Or, A New Riddle-book

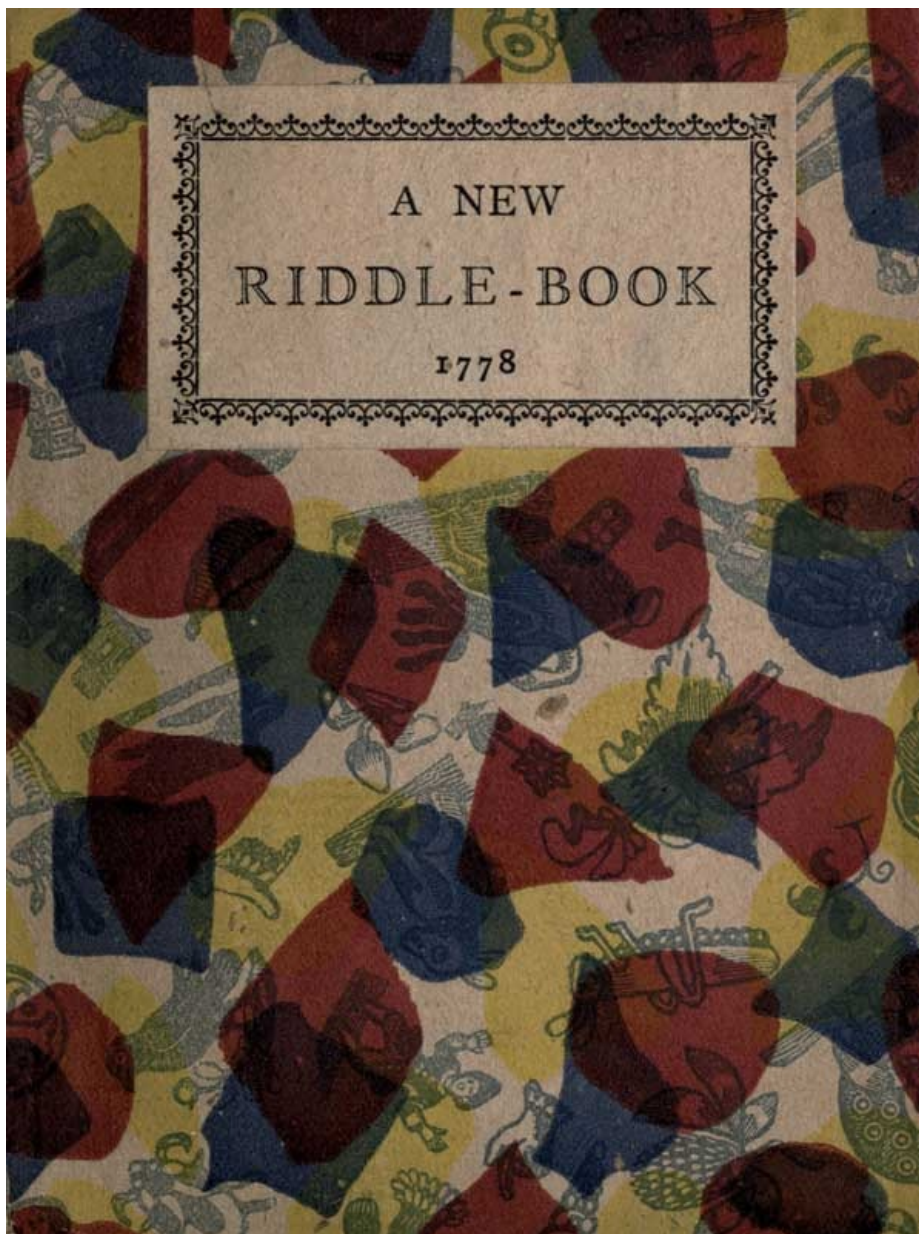
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FOOD FOR THE MIND: OR, A NEW RIDDLE-BOOK ***



FOOD for the MIND: OR, A NEW RIDDLE-BOOK.

COMPILED for the Use of
The GREAT and the LITTLE
GOOD BOYS and GIRLS
In England, Scotland, and Ireland.

By JOHN-THE-GIANT-KILLER, Esq;

Who Riddles tells, and merry Tale,
O'er nut-brown Cakes and Mugs of Ale.

HOMER.

Come riddle me riddle me riddle me Ree,
None are so blind as they that wont see.

PUFFENDORF.


L O N D O N :

Printed for the Booksellers of Europe, Asia,
Africa, and America; and sold by T. CARNAN
and F. NEWBERY, Jun. at Number 65, St.
Paul's Church Yard. 1778.

The Public are desired to observe, that F. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard and Ludgate Street, has not the least Concern in any of the late Mr. JOHN NEWBERY'S Entertaining Books for Children; and, to prevent having paltry Compilation obtruded on them instead of Mr. John Newbery's useful Publications, they are desired to be particularly careful to apply for them to T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERY, Jun. (Successors to the late Mr. John Newbery) at Number 65, near the Bar in St. Paul's Church-Yard.



PREFACE.

he art of making riddles is so antique, that it bears date almost with our earliest accounts of time, and is a diversion with which Sampson, the strongest of all mankind, amused himself. Nor has it been confined to common people, as a certain author supposes; for Kings, and even some of the wisest of them, are said to have been adepts in the science; for such was the ever-to-be-remembered King Solomon, and such was his friend Hiram the King of Tyre.

Riddling, if I am not mistaken, is the art of both dissembling and undissembling, and, if what a great Politician has asserted to be true, that he who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign, this art must be eminently useful to Princes, and their Ministers, and not to them only, but to all those who are any ways connected with courts, or concerned in political transactions; for as people in high life do not always speak as they mean, nor promise what they intend to perform; or, in other words, as dissembling is held in such high estimation among the Great, and practised with applause every day, the art of undissembling, should, I think, be called in to the aid of those whose heads may render them subject to imposition.—A squeeze by the hand is a dumb riddle, which may induce any one unskilled in this art to dance attendance for years; while an adept takes the unmeaning sign to pieces, and, like a Free-mason, returns the compliment by another squeeze, to let the Ænigmatist know that he is in the secret. All Cyphers used by Politicians are Riddles; and were Ambassadors, and those to whom Cyphers are sent, but skilled in this science, few blunders would be made from that mystical manner of conveyance; for the meaning, without a key, would be as obvious to them, as to the most profound decypherer of them all.

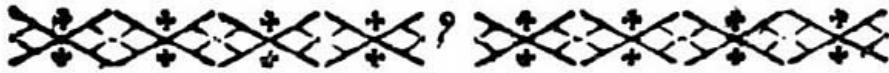
Not that I would have this science confined to political affairs;—No, its utility is unbounded, and may be extended with propriety and benefit to every part of life, and every branch of

learning. It is a kind of natural Logic, which I should be glad to see adopted by our Universities in the room of that jargon they at present make us of; for as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it may prove of wonderful advantage to the Scholar in the pursuit of his studies, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. And in common life how necessary is it for a man to carry this sort of knowledge about him?—Every knave is an *Ænigma* that you must unriddle before you can safely deal with him, and every fool may be fathomed. What is making love but making riddles? And what else are some of our treaties, and indeed some of our laws? Even our gravestones can't tell the naked truth: tombs you see are sort of riddles! a Politician is a walking Riddle; and so is a Physician and his prescription a professed *Ænigma*, intended only to be solved by the Apothecary.——This being the truth, then will any man tell me, that the art of riddling is not of the utmost consequence to society?

vii

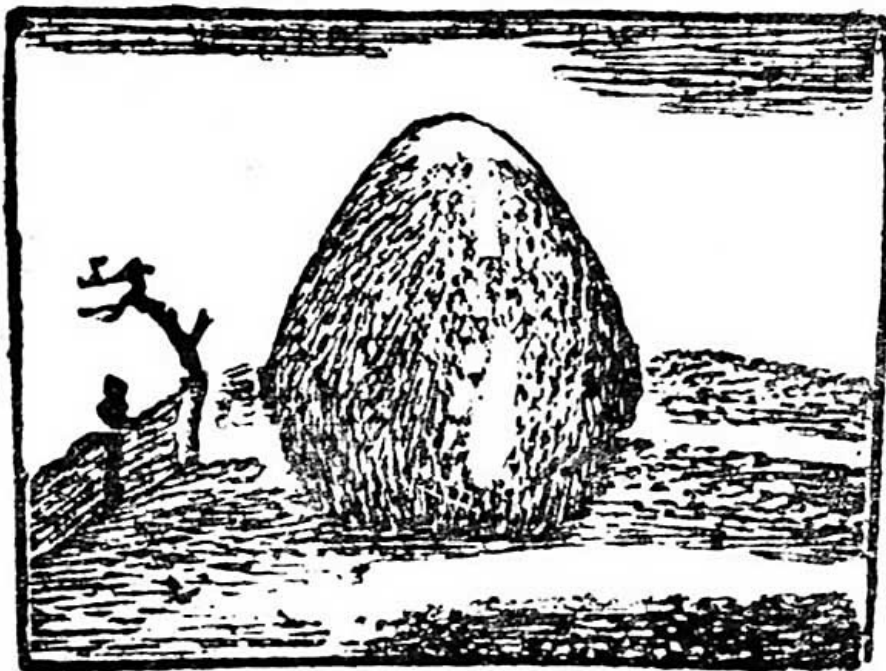
I shall conclude this preface in the words of a great author: As this science contains the sum of all human policy, and as there is no passage thro' the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not chuse to be master of the *ænigmatical* art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise?

viii



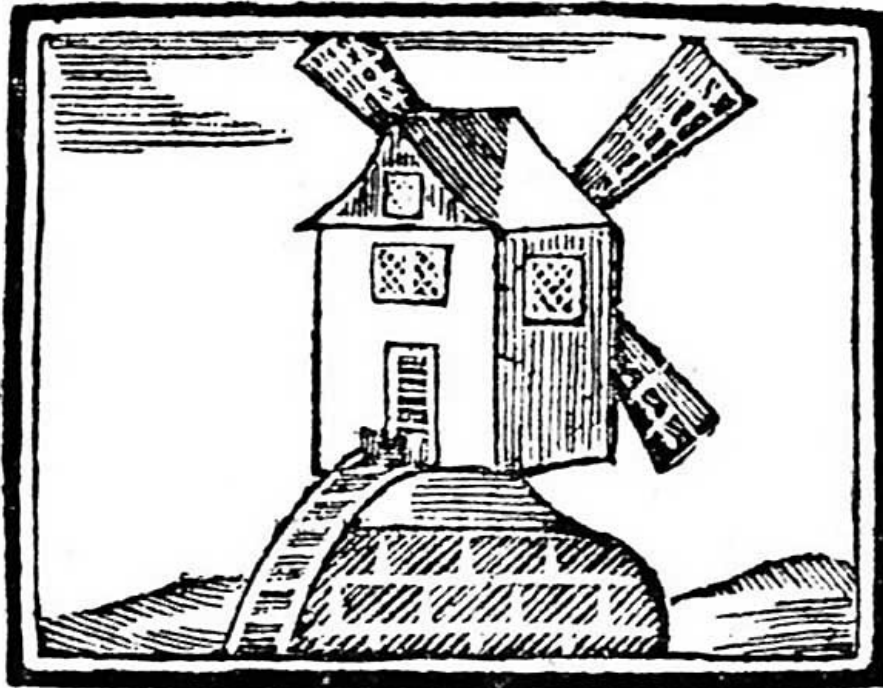
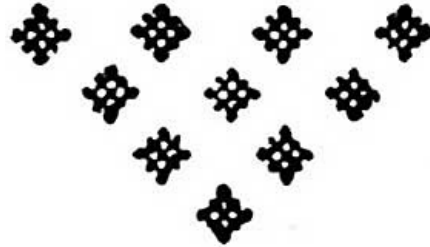
1

A NEW RIDDLE BOOK.



While young I'm as gay as the maidens in *May*,
And when dress'd in my holiday cloaths,
Am the joy of the swains, and the pride of the plains,
And may vie with the belles and the beaux.
But my time's of short date, and so hard is my fate,
That when to full stature I'm grown,
I'm cut down by the lout, toss'd and tumbled about,
Till no signs of life can be shown.

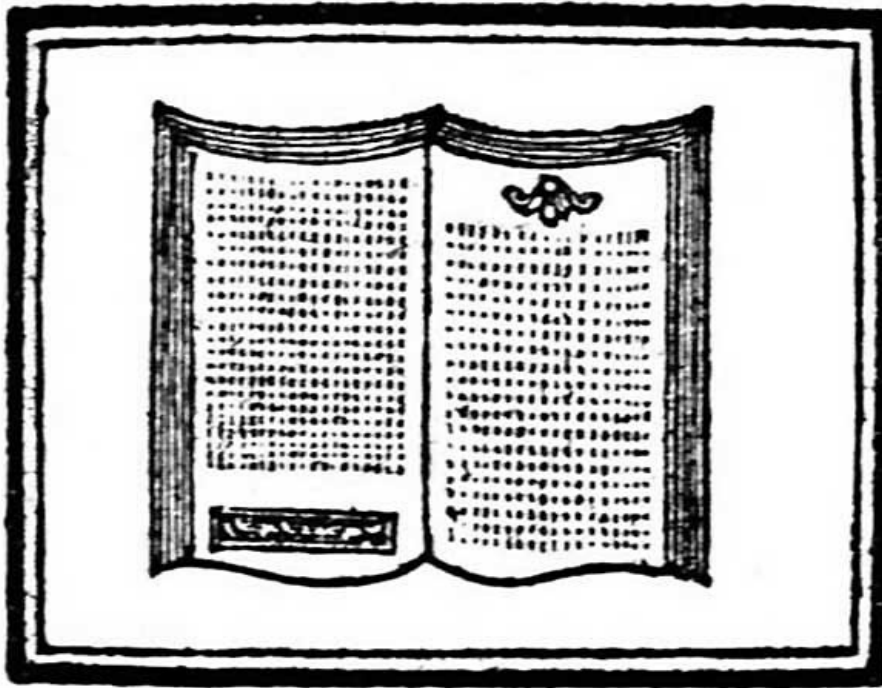
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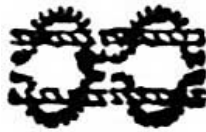
3

Four wings I have,
Which swiftly mount on high
On sturdy pinions,
Yet I never fly;
And tho' my body often moves around,
Upon the self-same spot
I'm always found;
And, like a nurse who chews the infants meat,
I chew for man before that he can eat.

4



With words unnumber'd I a-bound,
In me mankind take much delight,
In me great store of learning's found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.



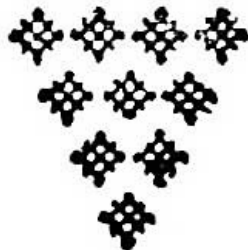
The world I view in little space
I'm restless, ever changing place
Nothing I eat, but by my pow'r,
Procure what all mankind devour.



6

My body is both plump and round,
With comely neck and breast,
No brighter creature would be found
Were I but oftner dress'd:
But daily I am wearied so
And my employment such,
Black as any negro go,
Nor scarce am fit to touch:
Upon my mistress morn and eve,
I constantly attend;
Yet many a blow and nick-name have,
Tho' I did ne'er offend.

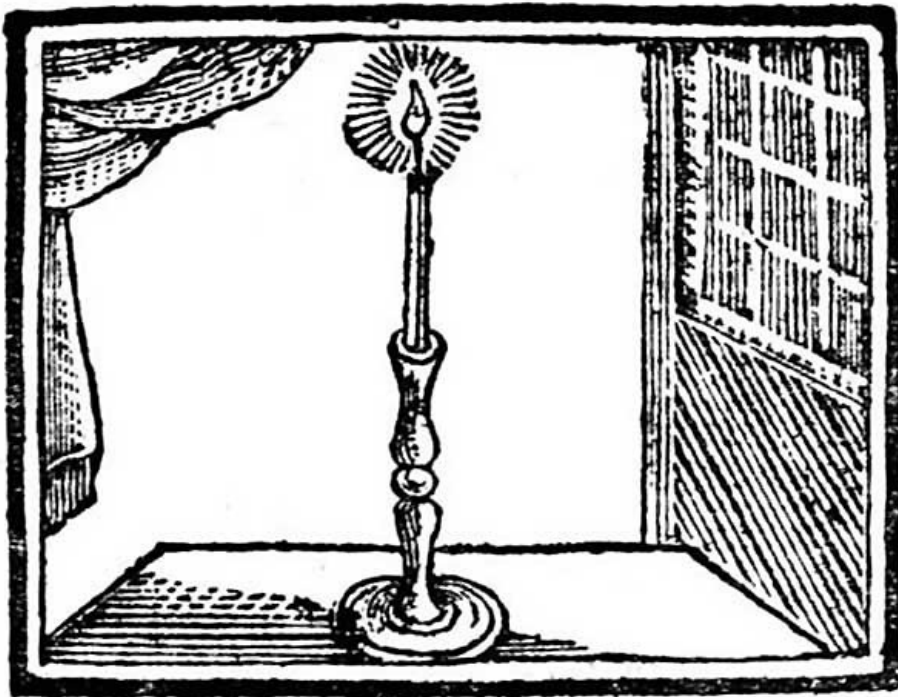
7



8



When mortals are involv'd in ills,
I sing with mournful voice;
If mirth their hearts in gladness fills,
I celebrate their joys.
And as the lark with warbling throat,
Ascends upon the wing;
So I lift up my chearful note,
And as I mount I sing.



A tall and slender shape I bear,
Nor lady's skin's more white or fair:
My life is short, and doth decay
So soon it seldom lasts a day.
If in the evening brought to light,
I make my exit in the night;
Yet to mankind I'm useful ever,
And many hidden things discover;
Which makes all those who round me tend,
Oft with a sigh lament my end.

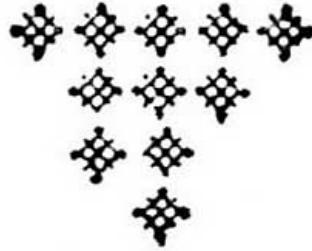
10



11

I'm of the same materials made as you,
Have native ignorance and beauty too;
But when I fly for safety to your arms,
You to a foreigner resign my charms;
He, to defile me thinks it no offence;
And rudely robs me of my innocence;
With inward rage I burn—but hug the foe,
And breathe out vengeance wherefo'er I go.
Nay, while thus lovingly we seem to agree,
I serve him just as *Jove* did *Semele*,
For e'er from me the thoughtless *sot* retires,
By my embrace consum'd he soon expires.

12

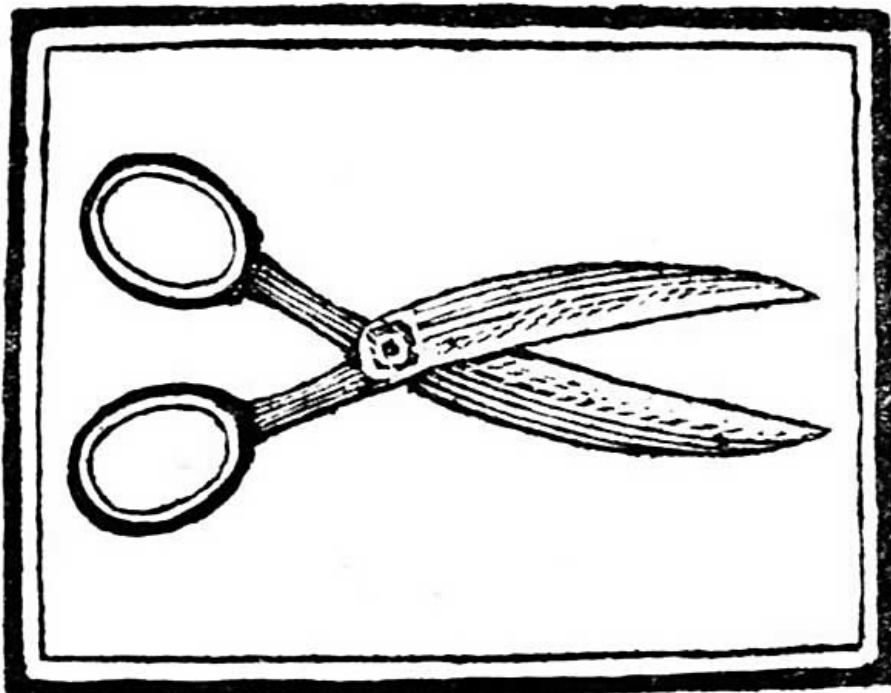
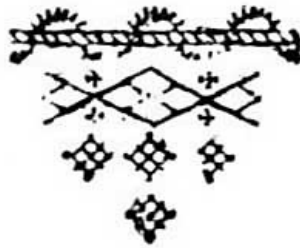


13

The HIGHWAY.

When *Cæsar* did this Isle invade,
I first experienc'd royal aid:
Nay, now to Majesty belong,
Tho' subject to the vulgar throng;
Who with uncivil usage treat,
And trample me beneath their feet;
With heavy burdens me oppress,
And money gain by my distress;
Yet all their insults I endure,
While they my given bruises cure:
I am in every country found,
And traverse all the kingdom round:
Say what's my name, that's so well known,
I am a common proverb grown.

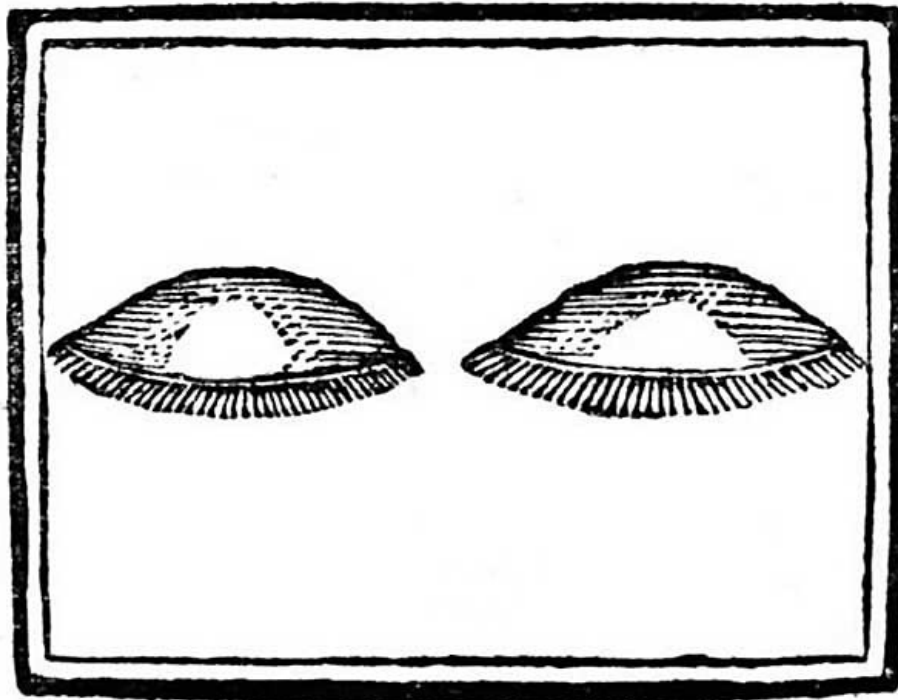
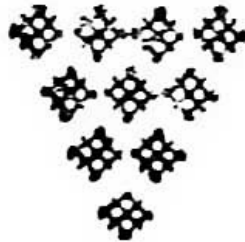
14



15

I can money procure,
For the rich and the poor,
If I open my mouth pretty wide;
So that there's not a house,
Worth the skip of a louse,
But will for me a lodging provide;
Tho' with Tom, Will, or Bob,
I am licens'd to rob,
And plunder my country all over;
Yet, however unjust,
I keep true to my trust,
And ne'er will my patron discover:
When engag'd for the great,
Or the minions of state,
You'd be shock'd at the havock I make;
For I hack, cut, and slay,
Whate'er falls in my way,
And send it to *hell* for their sake.

16

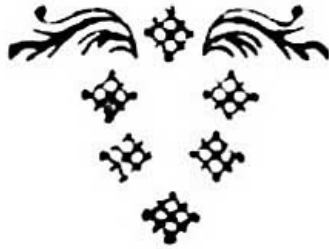


17

The EYE - L I D S.

In courts or cottages we may be found;
Our skirts with fringe of various dyes are bound;
And as we were by providence design'd,
A guard from harm t' a fav'rite applejoin'd.
We ne'er rove long, nor far asunder stray,
But meet and part a thousand times a day:
When dark, like loving couples, we unite,
And cuddle close together every night.

18

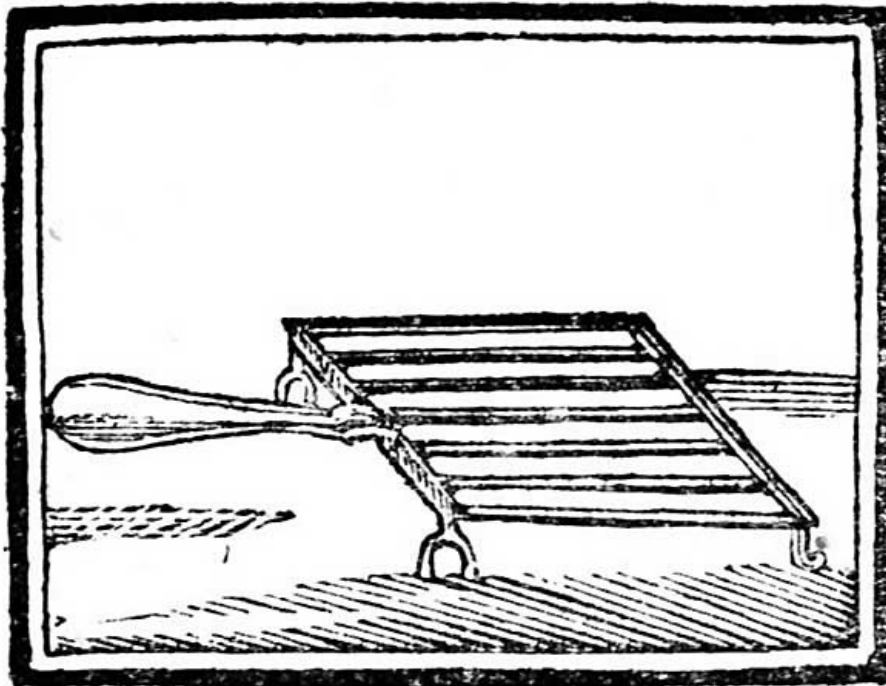
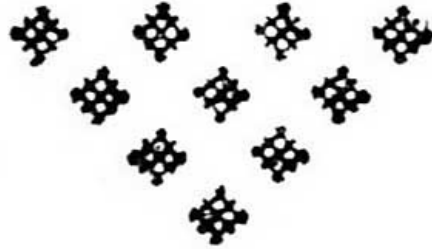


19

T I M E.

I was before the world began,
And shall for ever last;
Ere father *Adam* was a man,
Or out of *Eden* cast.
Your mirthful moments I attend,
And mitigate your grief;
Th' industrious peasant I befriend;
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.

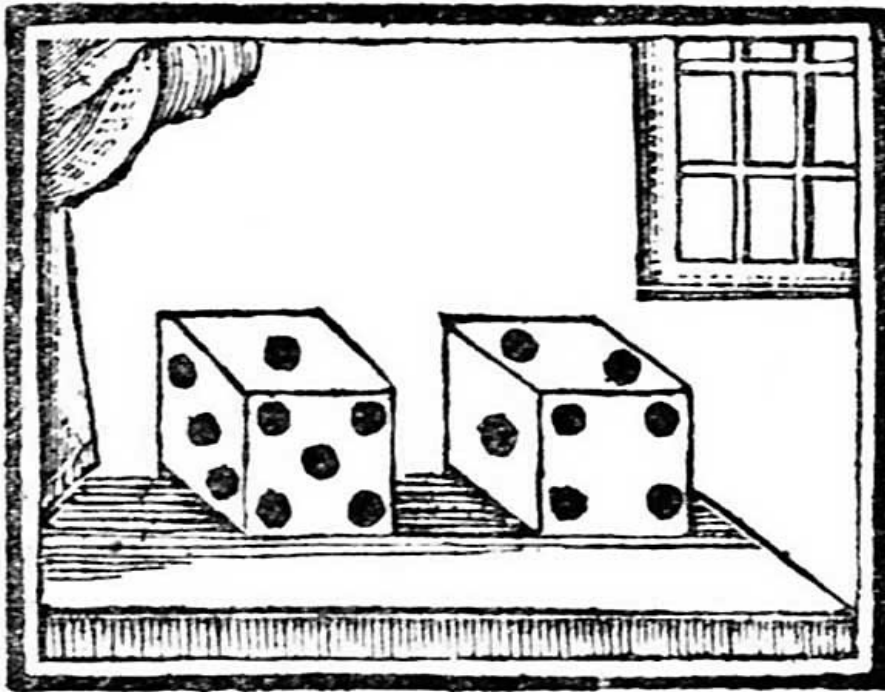
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21

Tho' a cook, I'm so lean,
That my ribs may be seen,
Yet I care not a farthing for that;
For when victuals I dress,
All about me confess,
They are cover'd all over with fat.

22



No twins could e'er with us compare,
So like in shape and size;
Our bodies are like ermin fair
As black as jet our eyes:
But tho' so like in ev'ry feature,
We rival brothers be;
Yet so obdurate is our nature,
We often disagree.
Sometimes we play the friendly part,
And sometimes act the foe;
Now transient happiness impart,
Then cause a future woe:
Thousands by us have curs'd their fate,
Plung'd in the gulph of sin;
Happy the youth who shuns the bait,
And dreads the fatal gin.

23

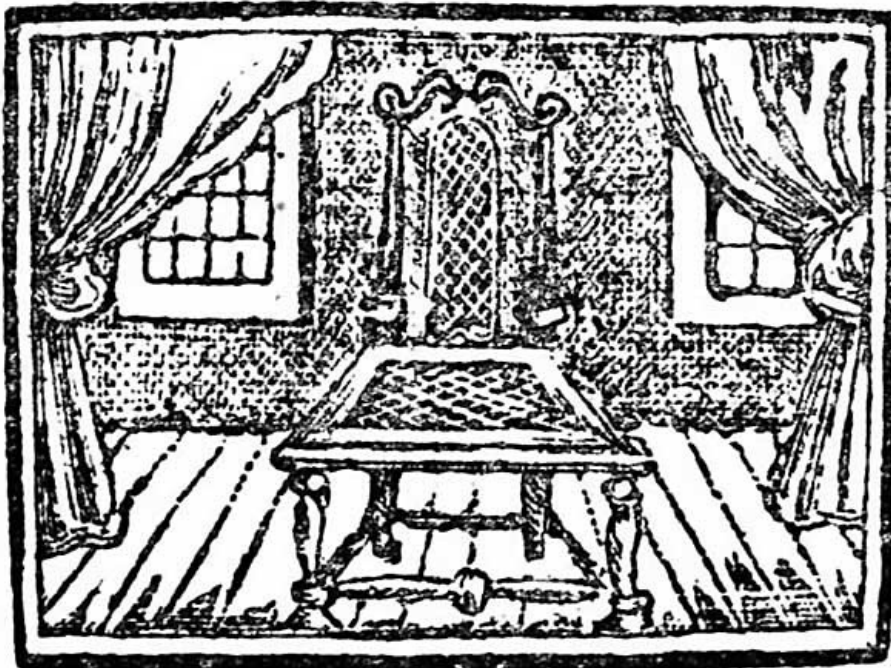


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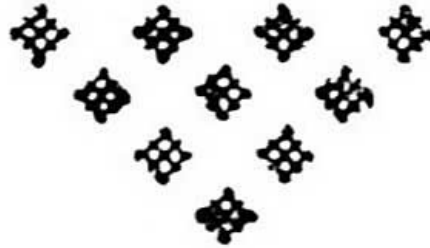
A D O L L.

Like Lady Patch, in different dress,
I either sex can ape;
And like her, all mankind confess,
Have comeliness and shape:
Had she the innocence of me,
And I her air and parts,
She would a perfect goddess be,
And I should gain more hearts.



What though I have a hundred eyes,
Which my beholders may surprise,
Yet I could never see:
What if I fine and gay appear,
And sometimes gold and silver wear,
I'm slav'd by industry.
Both male and female me admire,
Or for my service or attire;
And I while young am priz'd.
But when I into years am grown,
And with hard labour quite worn down,
I am by both despis'd.

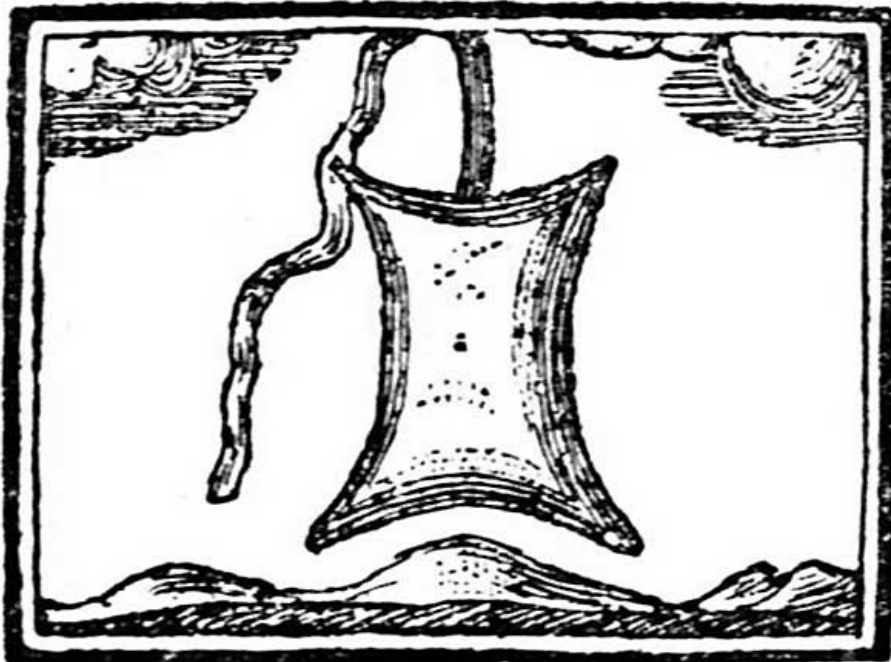
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27

There was a thing a full month old,
When *Adam* was no more;
But 'ere that thing was five weeks old,
Adam was years five score.

28



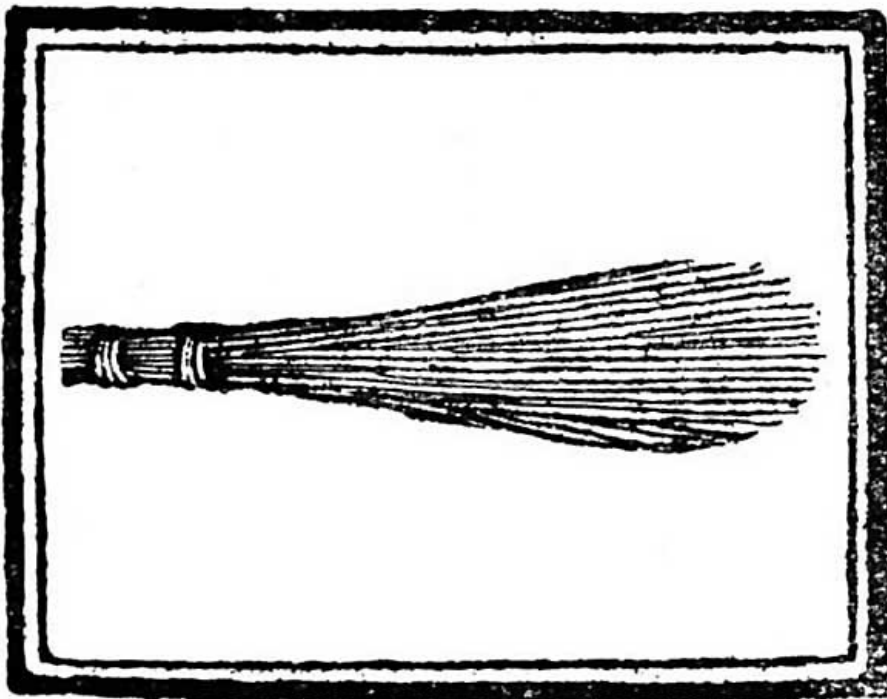
Tho' you seem of me fond—for my safety provide,
And when you walk out take me close by your side;
Yet you oft use me ill, which I take in good part,
Nor e'er murmur or sigh though I'm stabb'd to the heart.



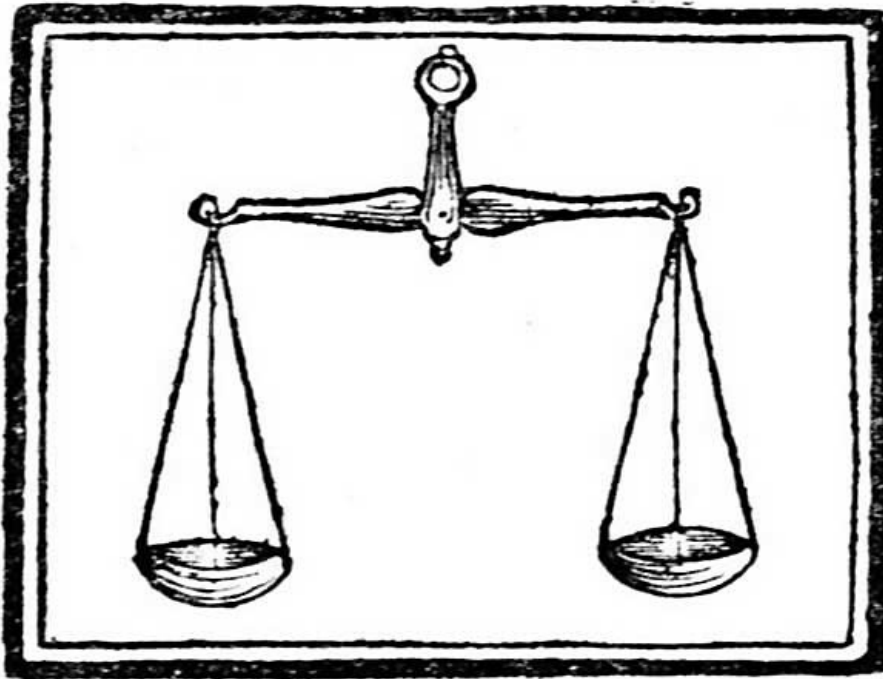
What being's most despis'd by man,
And does him all the good he can;
Who bore the greatest Prince on earth,
That gave to righteousness new birth;
Who does sometimes o'er death prevail,
And health restore when doctors fail.



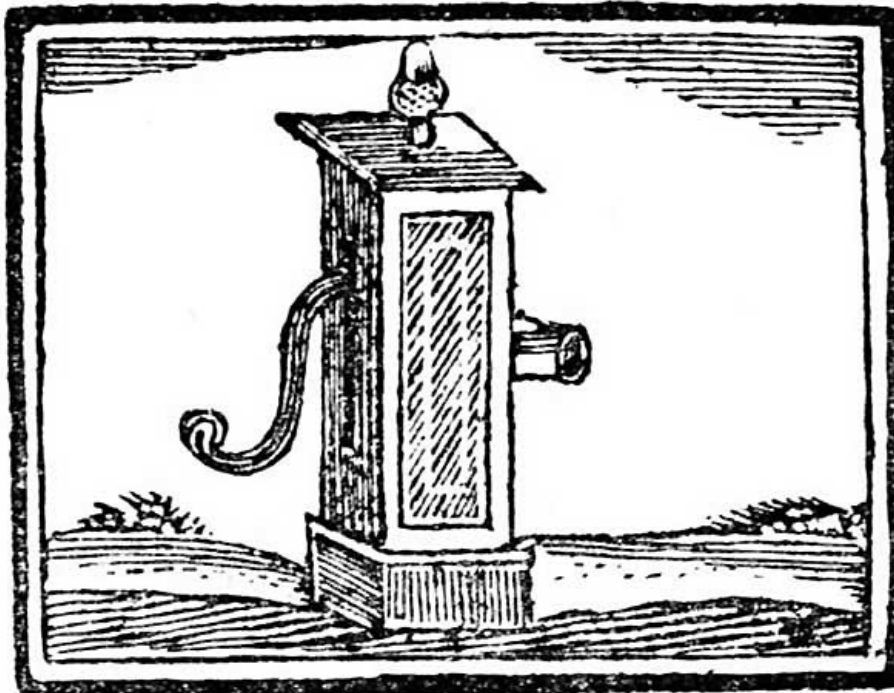
We dwell in cottages of straw,
 And labour much for little gains;
 Sweet meat from us our masters draw,
 And then with death reward our pains.



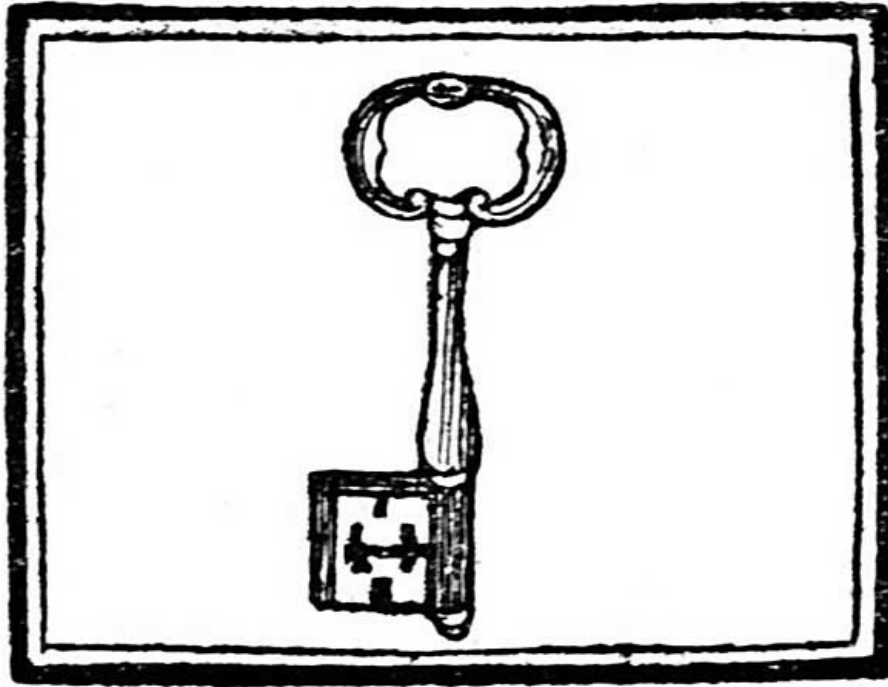
Great virtues have I,
 There's none can deny,
 And to this I shall mention an odd one;
 When apply'd to the tail,
 'Tis seldom I fail
 To make a good boy of a bad one.



Two twins we are, and let it not surprise,
Alike in ev'ry 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.



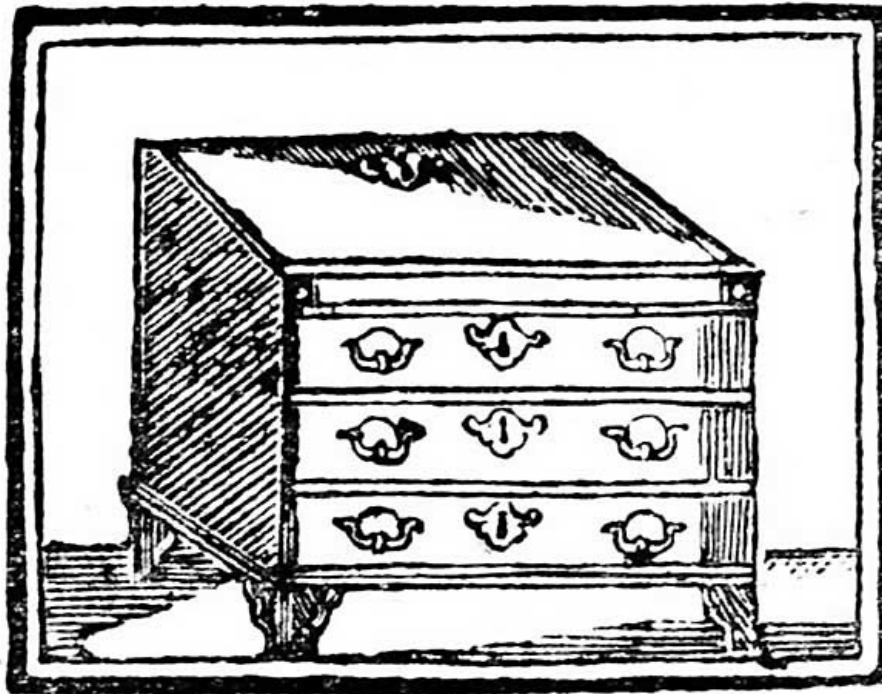
A head and body large I have,
Stomach and bowels too;
One winding gut of mighty length,
Where all my food goes through;
But what's more strange, my food I take
In at the lower end;
And all, just like a drunken rake,
Out at my mouth I send.



34

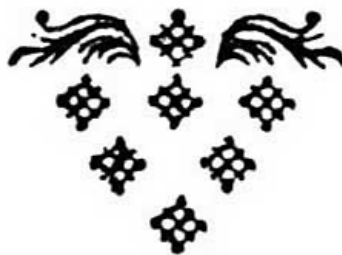
What force and strength could not get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the streets would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

35

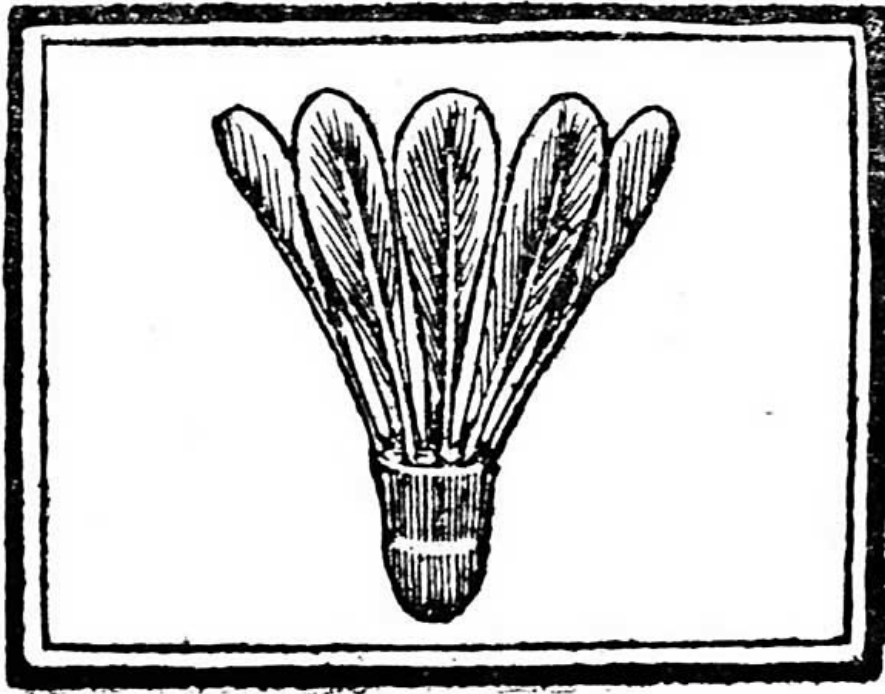


Homer of old, as stories tell,
His *Iliad* put in a nut-shell;
But did you know what I conceal,—
Suppose a kingdom, common weal,
At stake,—Here all the springs are found,
Which set the wheel a whirling round.
In me a thousand mischiefs lie,
A thousand pleasures I supply;
In me are bid affairs of state.
In me the secrets of the great;
In me the merchant lays his dust,
In me the tradesman puts his trust;
But hold—my being to explore,
Know I'm inanimate—no more.

36



37

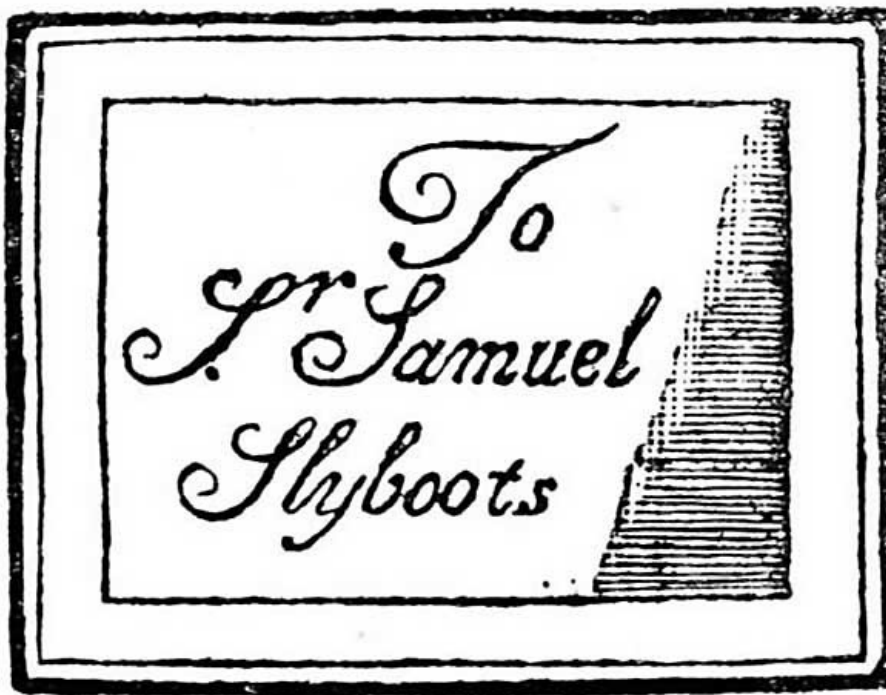


Tho' light my body is and small,
Tho' I have wings to fly withal,
 And thro' the air may rove;
Yet was I not by nature press'd
In ease and indolence I'd rest;
 And never choose to move.
'Tis beating makes me diligent;
When beat and on an errand sent,
 I hurry to and fro;
And like an idle boy in school,
Whom nothing but the rod can rule,
 Improve at every blow.

38



39



With a badge on my back,
Of red, orange, and black,
I travel the nation all over,
And however abus'd,
Without violence us'd,
Will never my bus'ness discover;
I'm of service to state,
To the poor and the great,
To the tradesman, mechanic and beau;
Some of whom I attend
Ev'ry day as a friend,
But to others bring sorrow and woe:
All kindly receive me,
And you may believe me,
Scarce ever refuse me my pay;
For whoever does this,
Take it well or amiss,
With him not a moment I stay.

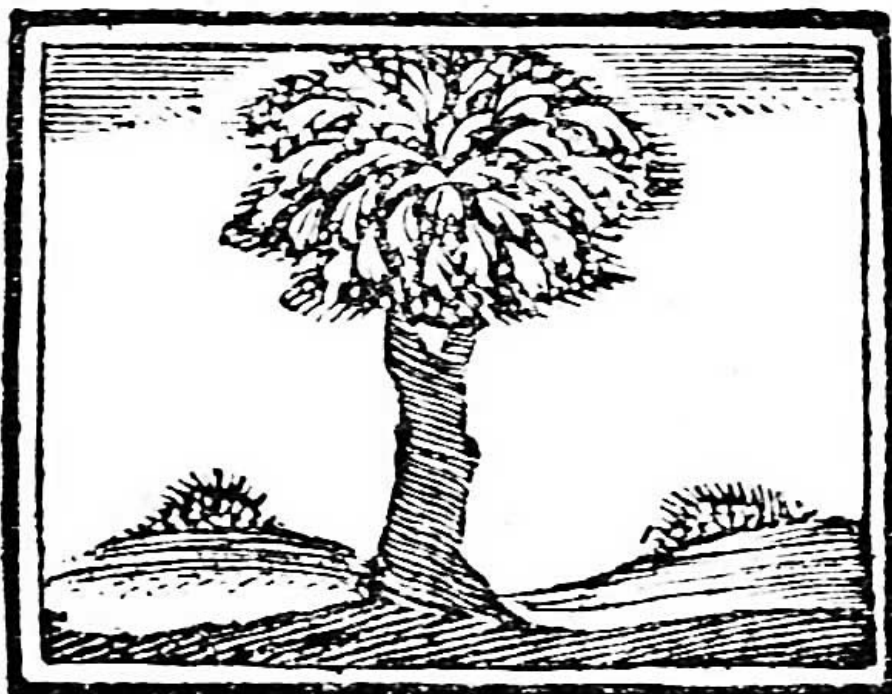
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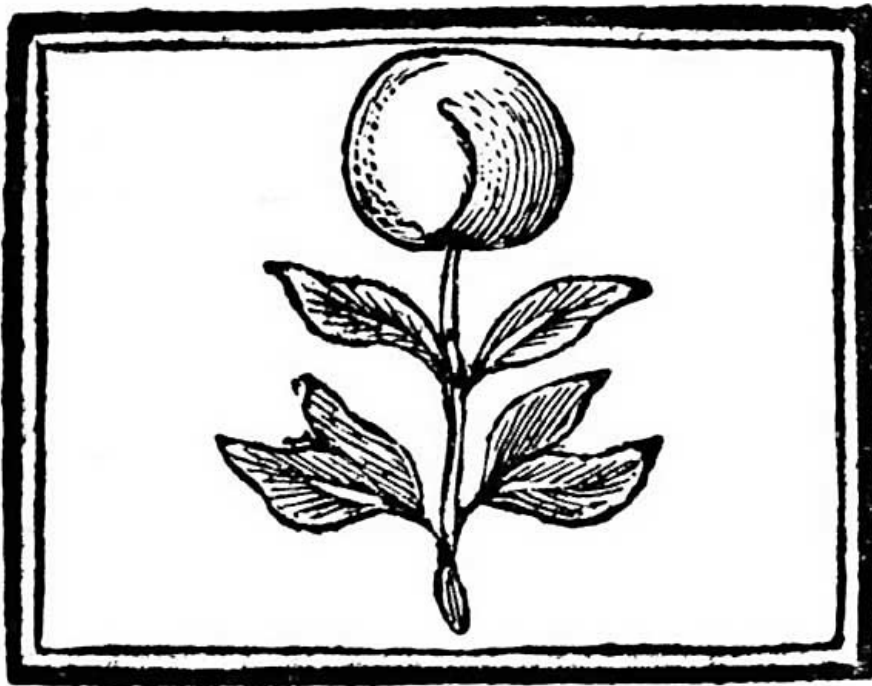
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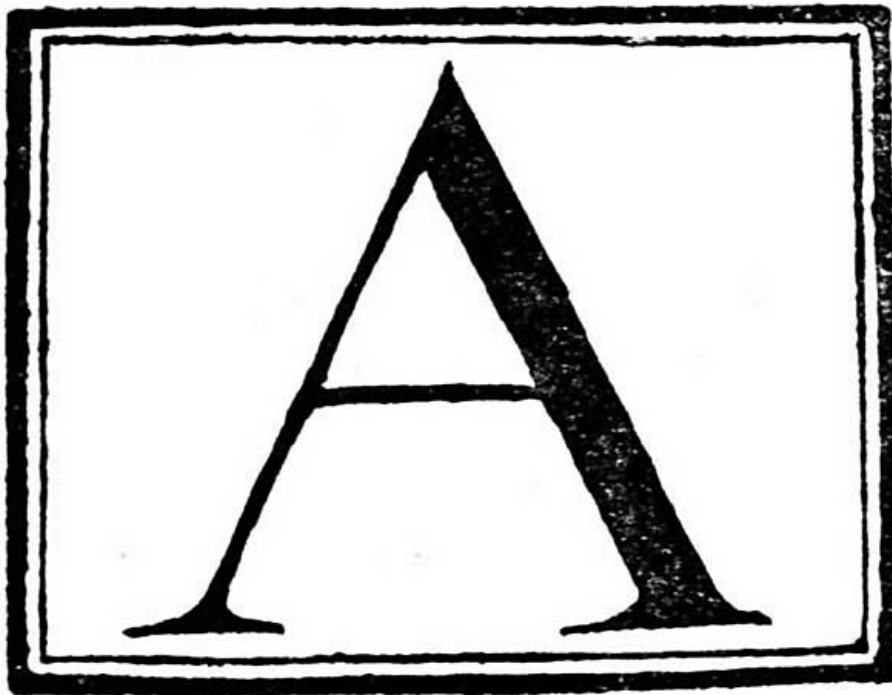
It foams without anger,
It flies without wings,
It cuts without edge,
And without tongue it sings.



In spring I look gay,
Deck'd in comely array,
In summer more cloathing I wear:
When colder it grows,
I fling off my cloaths,
And in winter quite naked appear.



Midst numbers round I spy'd a beauty fair,
 More charming than her circling sisters were:
 With blushing cheek she tempting of me stood,
 At last I cropt her bloom and suck'd her blood;
 Sweet meat she was, but neither flesh nor bone,
 Yet in her tender heart she had a stone.



1.

I'm captain of a party small,
 Whose number is but *five*;
 But yet do great exploits, for *all*,
 And ev'ry man alive.

2.

With *Adam* I was seen to live,
Ere he knew what was evil;
But no connexion have with *Eve*,
The serpent or the devil.

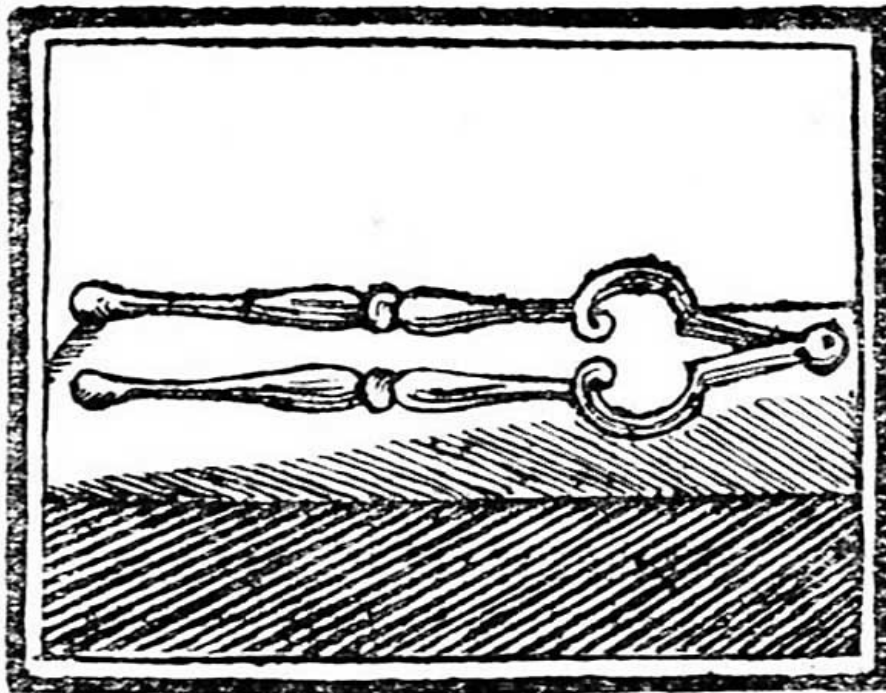
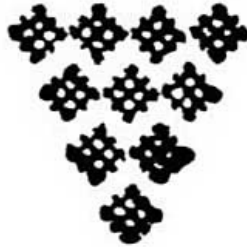
3.

45

I on our *Saviour's* Laws attend,
And fly deceit and vice;
Patriot and Protestant befriend,
But Infidels despise.

4.

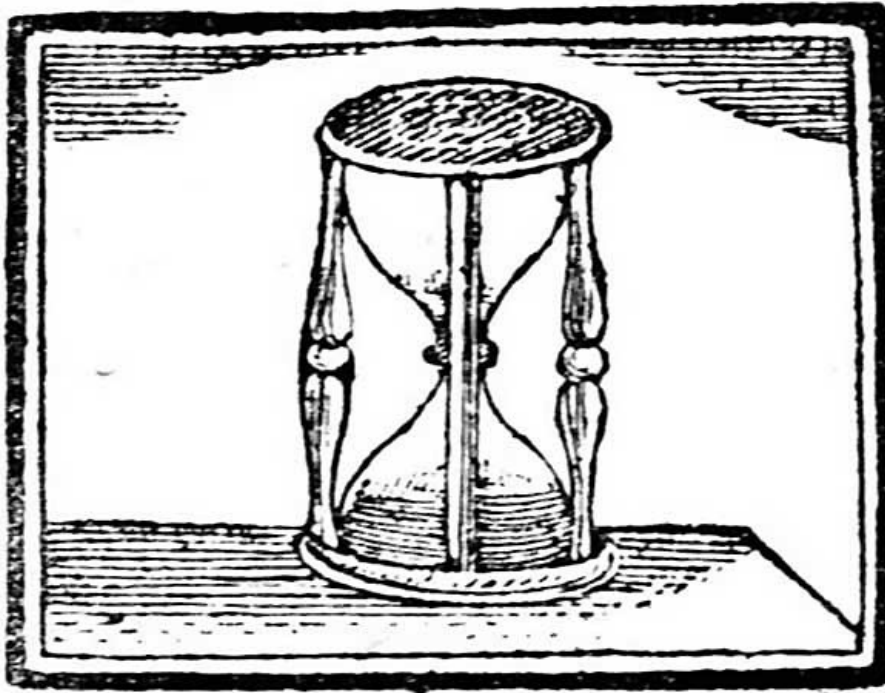
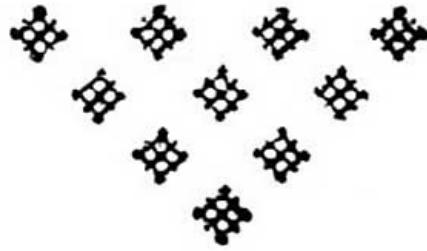
Matthew and *Mark* both me have got;
But to prevent vexation,
St. *Luke* and *John* possess me not,
Tho' found in ev'ry nation.



46

My form is aukward, let me tell ye,
Long my legs and large my belly,
Webb'd my feet and short my waist,
My head with orb of glory grac'd;
My neck indented makes the show
Of breast protuberant below;
And what your wonder more commands
I use my feet instead of hands;
Tho' such my shape, my station's warm,
And many I preserve from harm;
So that the belles oft me caress,
And beaux sometimes my aid confess:
Hence learn that all things have their use,
That art or nature does produce.

47



48

Two bodies have I,
Tho' both join'd in one:
The stiller I stand,
The faster I run.

49

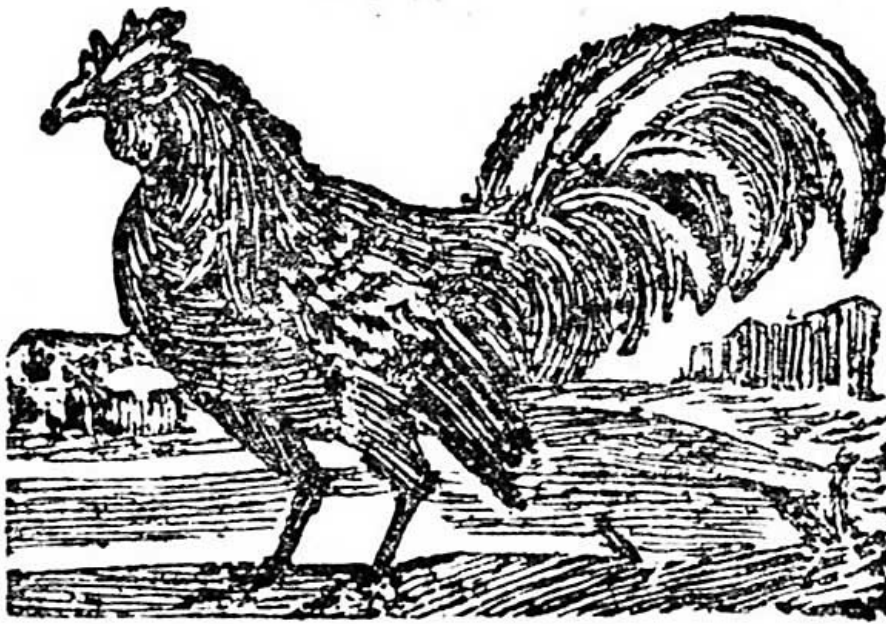


Why should I my features sham,
Why ugly to a proverb am,
Fierce, obdurate, cruel, strong,
Frightful to the old and young;
Yet, by early education,
Hit the taste of ev'ry nation,
Dance and exercise my staff;
But to make spectators laugh;
Often ride before the great,
Oft with ministers of state;
And tho' aukward is my mein,
I often on the stage am seen:
But to raise your wonder higher,
I to greater heights aspire;
At table I my Lord attend,
Please him and gratify his friend.

50



51



For vigilance and courage true
I've no superior, equals few;
Which makes me by th' industrious priz'd,
But by the indolent despis'd;
Bold and alert I meet the foe,
In all engagements valour show;
And if he proves too proud to yield,
One falls before we quit the field:
But tho' with these perfections great
I am endu'd—such is my fate;
They seize and to a stake me tie,
And bastinade me till I die.

52

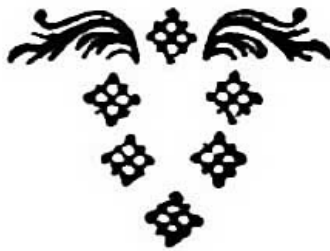


53

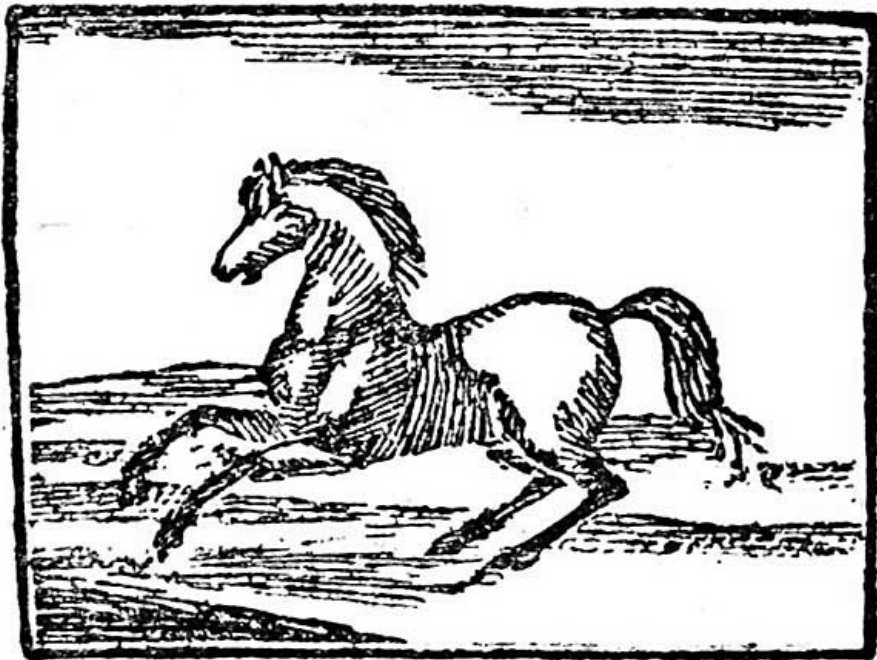


I know my owner, serve my feeder,
But have no notion of my breeder;
Who sought the means to change my nature,
And from a fierce unruly creature,
Made me as useful to the nation,
As some who move in higher station;
For I, with gratitude abundant,
My owner's praise set forth redundant;
And fraught with virtues deem'd inherent,
May well be call'd the King's vicegerent;
As I his subjects render stronger,
And die that they may live the longer.

54

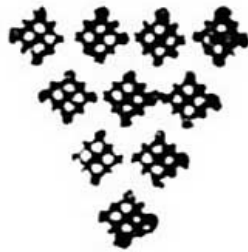


55



To king and subject I assistance lend;
In war a firm ally, in peace a friend;
To their diversions am a perfect slave,
At home submissive, but in battle brave;
When the shrill trumpet sounds I take the field,
Laugh at the pointed spear and glitt'ring shield;
Bold and intrepid meet the daring foe;
Willing and able to repeat the blow;
To peer or prelate I give health and ease;
The lady, merchant, and the peasant please:
Nay,—of such gen'ral use is my employment,
Without me life would scarce be worth enjoyment.

56



57



I from abroad a pris'ner brought,
Was soon the English language taught,
And pleas'd my lord so well,
He introduc'd me to his spouse,
Where I in comfort dwell;
For when the sky's serene and clear,
I walk abroad to take the air,
And to observe what passes;
Where learning half the tricks in town,
I make remarks on ev'ry clown,
And laugh at lads and lasses:
When tired with that I call a coach,
(Bold and regardless of reproach)
Then whistle, sing, and cough;
And having teaz'd the man awhile,
With the imposture pleas'd I smile,
And bid the knave walk off.

58

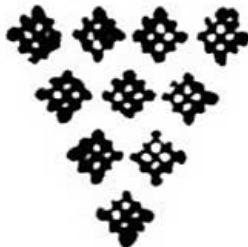


59

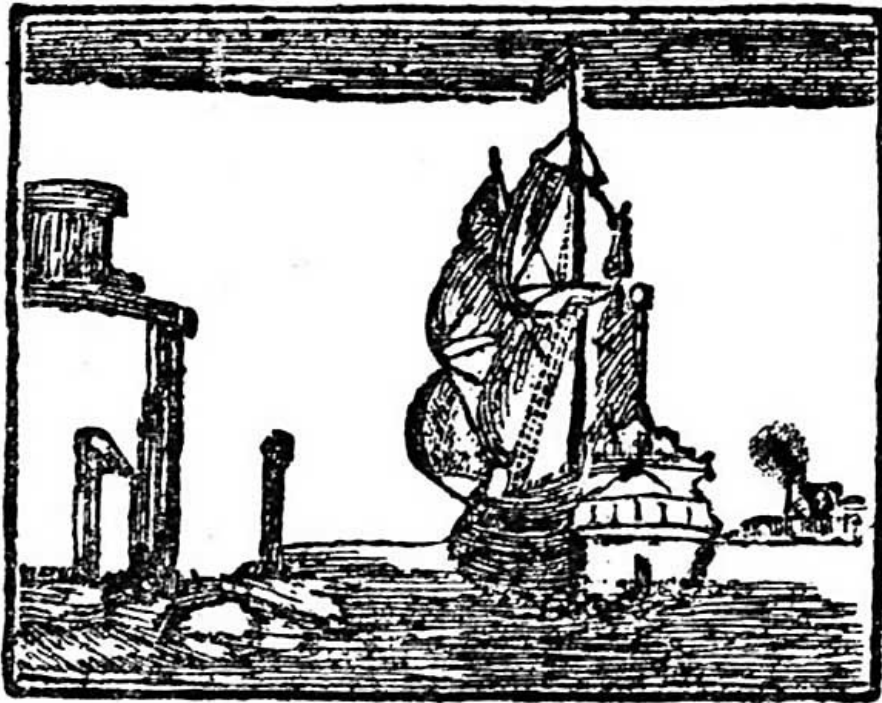


My patron is wisdom—If wisdom you prize,
In me put your confidence, borrow my eyes;
Who into a millstone can see full as far,
As the best of you all, by the light of a star;
Cou'd the *Royal Society* purchase my skill,
Or the wise men of *Gresham* like me have their will;
They ne'er had admitted pretenders to science,
And for learned members bid *Europe* defiance.
In short—had some wise ones but my penetration,
It had long ago much better far'd with the nation.

60

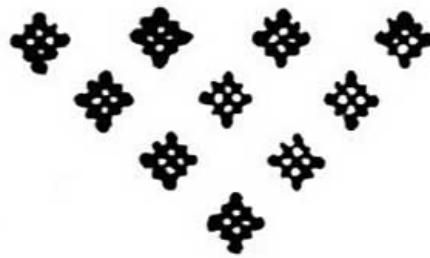


61



In me behold the height of human art,
Hear what the elements to me impart;
My origin I owe to mother *Earth*,
Fire was the midwife forwarded my birth;
Air gave me wings, and added to my voice,
And *Neptune* made me his peculiar choice,
To me committed his dominions vast:
Jove wav'd his sceptre, and the fiat pass'd;
I took possession without more delay,
And hold the liquid empire to this day.

62



63

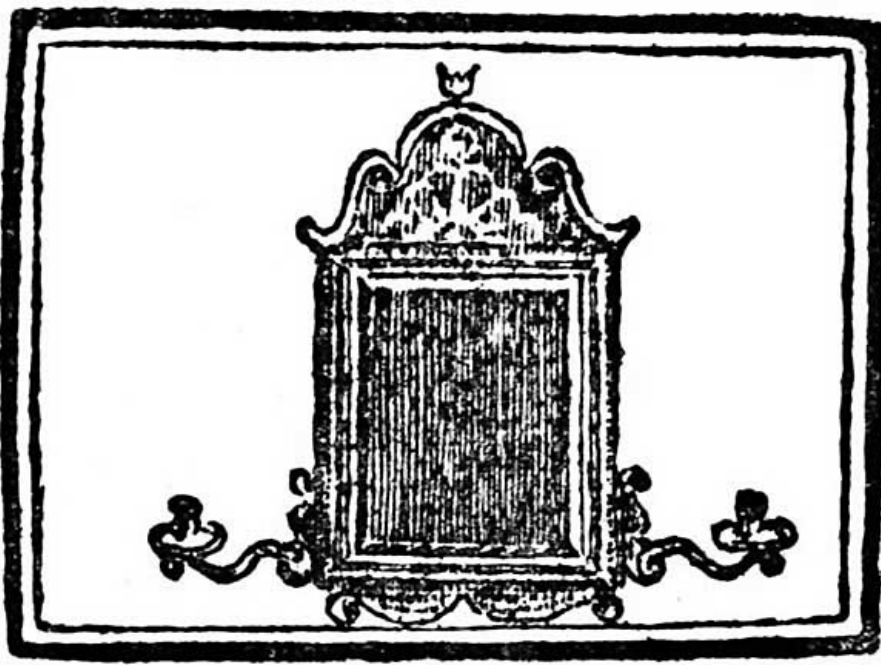


I am short, let me tell ye,
But have a big belly,
Which a boddice lac'd round me restrains;
I have also a head,
But may truly be said,
To carry no guts in my brains:
My skull is so soft,
That when taken aloft,
You would swear I should soon shake asunder;
For which I am beat,
Till set down on my feet,
And roar all the time loud as thunder,
But the great ones of late,
Who all pity'd my fate,
Resolving to alter my station,
Made me known to the fair,
Who can now with an air,
Call upon me for their recreation.

64

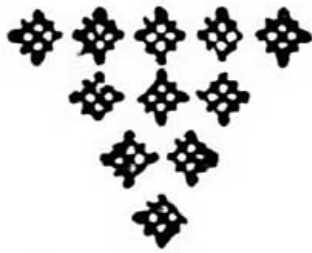


65

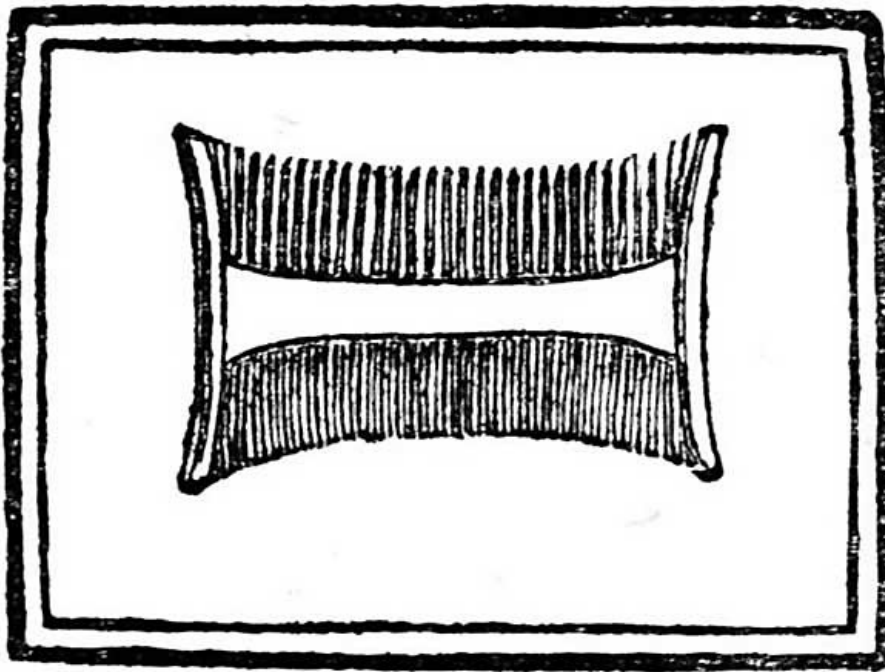


I in gold and silver dress'd,
Am by belles and beaux caress'd;
Who on each day attend,
As their counsellor and friend,
Here they practice harmless guiles,
Artful glances, killing smiles:
Here they all their beauty show,
Here they string the bended bow:
Here the quiver's fraught with darts,
Which they aim at lovers hearts;
And never make a visit twice,
Without asking my advice.

66



67



I am white at the neck as *Susannah* the fair,
Tho' my body sometimes is all cover'd with hair;
As a flounder am flat, as a beetle am blind,
Yet good services do to the race of mankind:
The copses and coverts I traverse each day,
To drive from their holds and destroy beasts of prey;
Having two rows of teeth for engagement design'd,
They all fly before me like chaff before wind;
Now tell but my name, ye mammas or misses,
And those who stand by shall reward you with kisses.

68

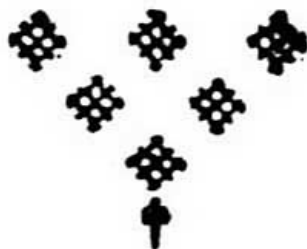


69

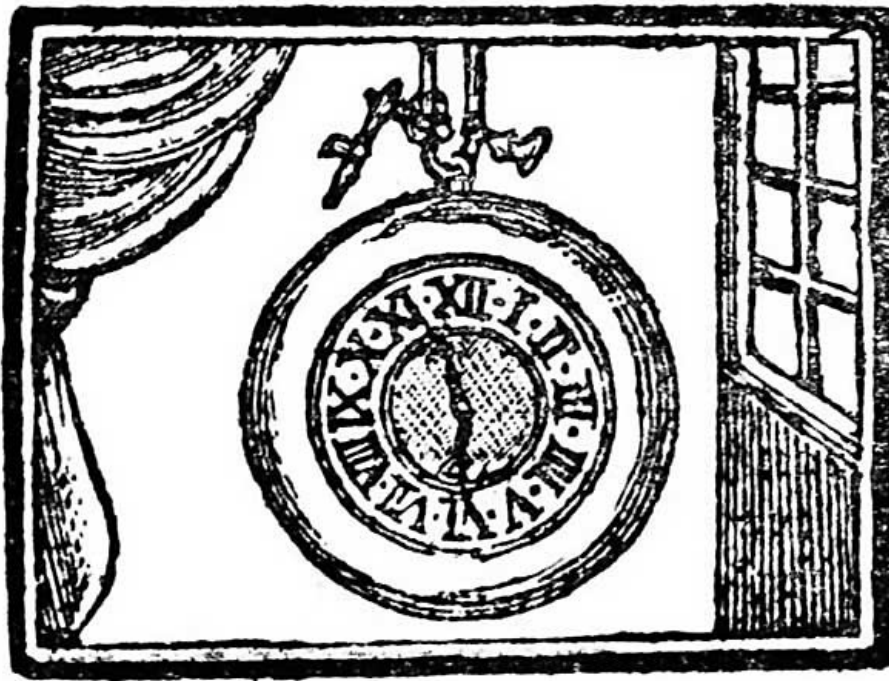


One winter's evening very dark,
As I cross'd o'er *St. James's* Park,
I got an odd but civil friend
To light me to my journey's end;
His cap to me did plain appear
Like that of the fierce grenadier;
Black was the cloak which wrapp'd him round,
And his feet never touch'd the ground;
He seem'd of the infernal race,
With flaming fire about his face;
While from his nostrils issu'd smoke,
Yet all the way he never spoke:
Thus guarded I was carry'd home;
But soon as to the door I come,
An opake body interpos'd,
And the surprizing scene was clos'd.

70



71

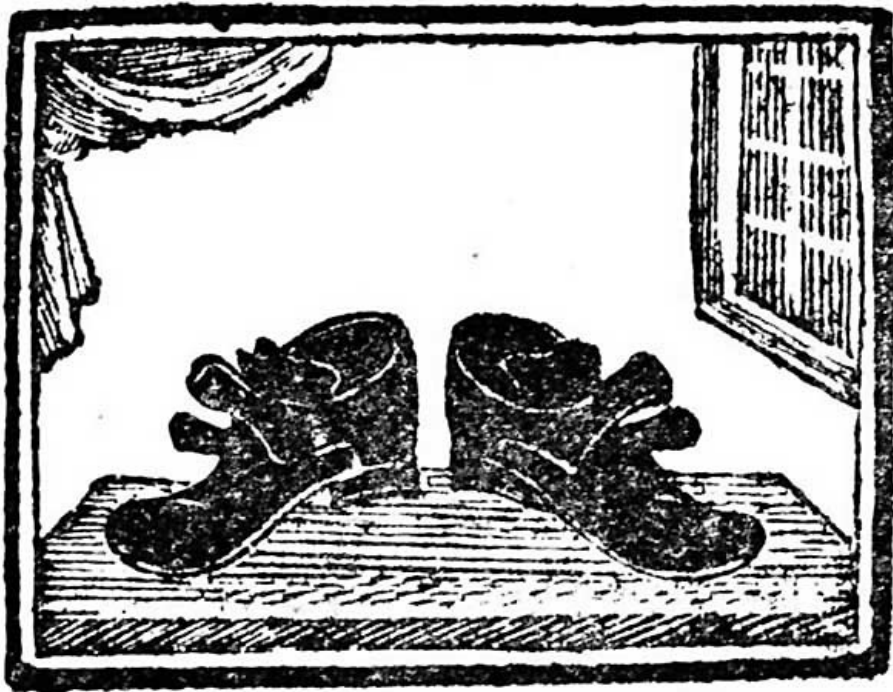


When our master or mistress my service befriends,
I keep moving all day to make them amends;
I inform them when breakfast and dinner is ready,
And am in my duty surprisingly steady;
I speak when I'm bid, and if not hold my tongue,
Thus accomplish'd, I'm welcome to old and to young;
Ev'n for their devotion instructions I give,
And can teach the extravagant heir how to live;
But with them to the playhouse when I take a trip,
If not narrowly watch'd I oft give them the slip;
But tho' when well us'd I'm to all very civil,
When slighted I'm sullen and false as the devil.

72

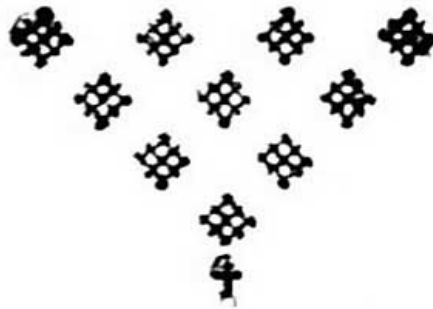


73

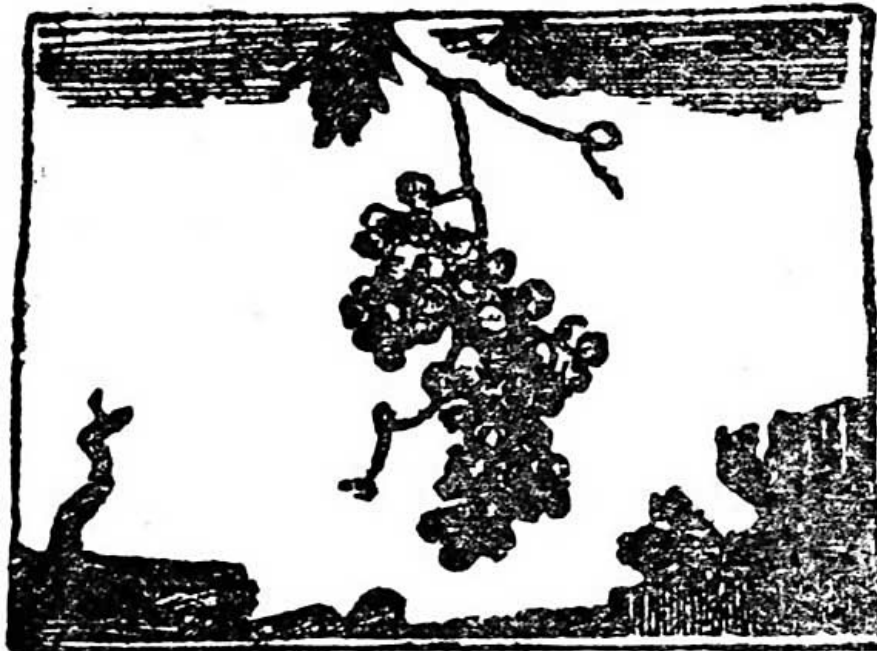


Tho' good fellows we are,
We can't hope to be sav'd;
From our very first day,
To our last we're enslav'd,
Our office is hardest,
And food sure the worst,
Being cramm'd with raw flesh,
Till we're ready to burst;
Tho' low in our state,
Ev'n Kings we support;
And at balls have
The principal share of the sport.

74



75



My Lords and Gentlemen advance,
Come with a chearful countenance,
And tell abroad my praise,
Whether you in the senate sit,
Or at the bar display your wit,
'Tis I your spirits raise;
I from the hero banish fear,
I whisper in the poet's ear,
And teach him how to sing;
At my approach care steals away,
And all the troubles of the day,
Immediately take wing:
'Tis I th' afflicted souls relieve,
To the desponding comfort give,
And make the statesman bold;
The balm I yield, if well apply'd,
Extends its friendly influence wide,
And aids both young and old.

76

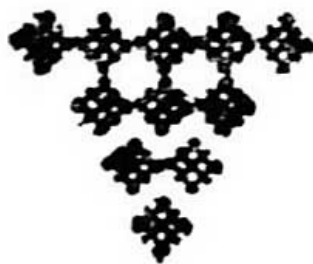


77



While tears fall down, behold how gay,
How beautiful my dress;
Not *Flora* in the month of *May*
Does greater joy express,
And as on her the short-liv'd pride,
Sol's friendly beams bestow,
So I my charms, extended wide,
To the same patron owe;
The elements are all combin'd
To form my transient beauty,
And I as God himself design'd,
Do my appointed duty:
Thus plac'd aloft to catch the eye,
Like Beacon on a hill,
I tell not who comes to destroy,
Yet obviate future ill.

78

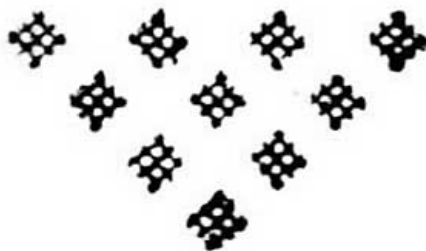


79



Tho' big my belly, long my nose,
And with one arm I strut;
I make the fair their foes expose,
And keep my own mouth shut:
Before me they their secrets tell,
The news of all the day;
And for my silence I'm fed well,
But empty sent away:
Yet tho they love my company,
And seem to me so civil;
Sometimes you'd swear they thought that I
Had dealings with the devil.

80



81

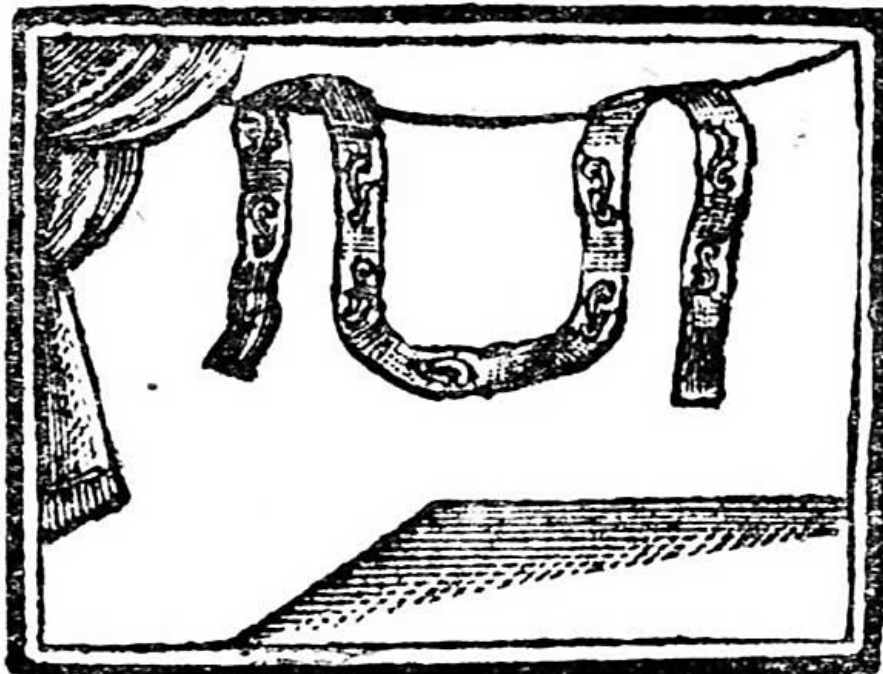


Emblem of youth and innocence,
With walls enclos'd for my defence,
And with no care oppress'd,
I boldly spread my charms around,
Till some rude lover breaks the mound,
And takes me to his breast;
Here soon I sicken and decay,
My beauty lost, I'm turn'd away,
And thrown upon the street;
Where I despis'd and rolling lie,
See no Samaritan pass by,
But num'rous insults meet:—
Ladies, contemplate well my fate,
Reflect upon my wretched state;
Implore th' Almighty's aid,
Lest you (which Heav'n avert) like me
Shou'd come to want and misery,
Be ruin'd and betray'd.

82



83



Look at the rainbow in the sky,
See summer morning clouds pass by;
Go search the gardens and the fields,
Observe what bounteous nature yields;
You'll scarcely find a flower or plant,
Whose beauty I or colour want:
Thus furnish'd, I oblige the fair,
And change my colour ev'ry year;
Attend the Gen'ral—grace the Lord,
And to both sexes joy afford:
But hold, methinks too far I go,
Being oft the messenger of woe:
Consult the glass with decent air,
My nature, use, and name declare.

84



85



Who was he, that by a kiss
Lost a more substantial bliss;
Sold his crown for paltry pelf,
Sneak'd away and hang'd himself?
 Beware, ye mercenaries all,
Lest the same fate should you befall.



If old stories say true,
I could once talk like you;
But for fear of becoming a slave,
I was instantly mute,
And grew cunning to boot,
Determin'd my freedom to save;
Now to the fop and the fool,
And the rude boy at school,
All endeavour to practice my art;
But their efforts are vain,
They pretenders remain,
And must—till the world they depart;
To observe how I grin,
With snub nose, lips, and chin,
Would the laughter excite of a lord;
And for mimicry too,
I my betters out-do,
And more innocent pleasure afford.

87



88

I, a busy active creature,
Fashion'd for the sport of nature,
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 treasure to explore,
On a sudden hear the foe,
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 *Mira* tell
What's my name, and where I dwell.

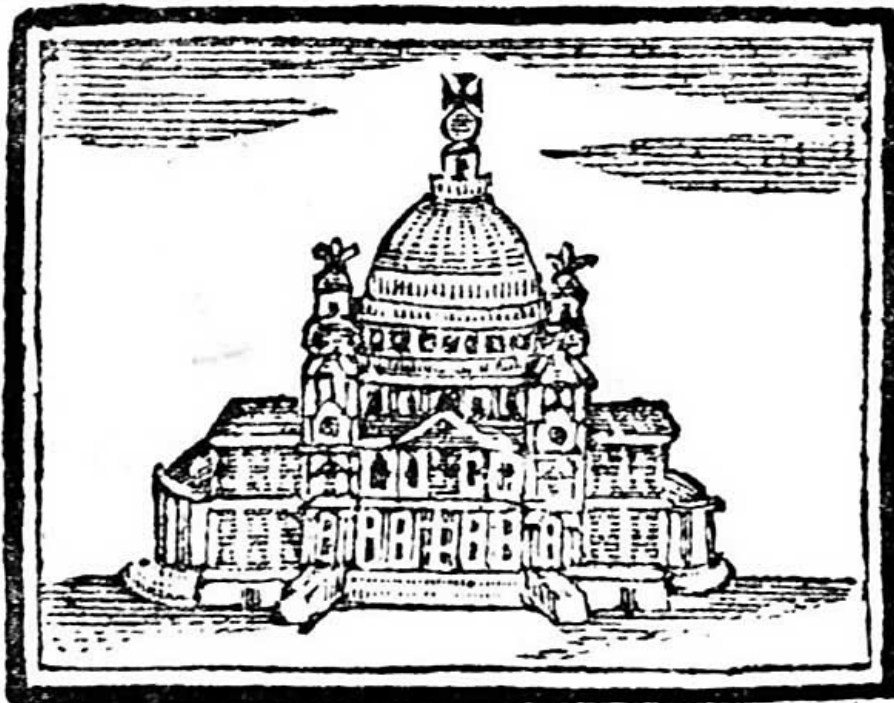
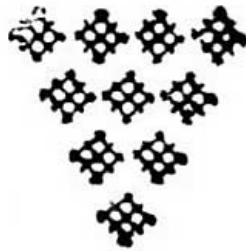
89



90

Of all the arts in which we shine,
Or sciences acquir'd,
There's none so difficult as mine,
Less practis'd, more admir'd;
Behold my whimsical attire,
How aukward my address;
The trade which I take up for hire,
Millions unknown profess.
I fiddle, sing, prate, laugh and cry,
To draw the thoughtless in;
And num'rous other antics try,
To bait the subtle grin:
But when surrounded with a crowd,
To shew myself more funny,
I tell my master's fame aloud,
And ease them of their money.

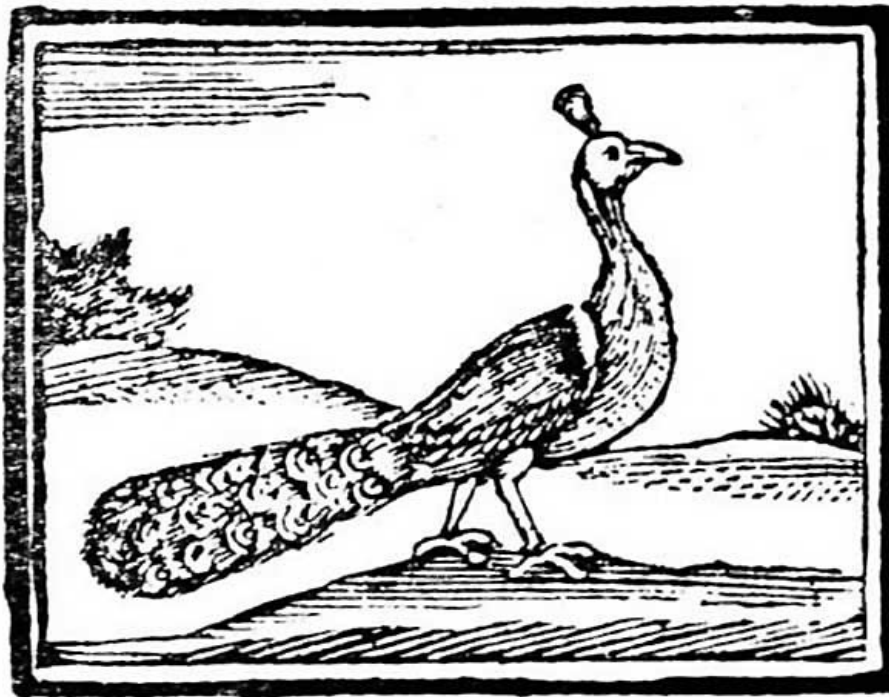
91



92

I am chief of a clan, which by God was appointed
To establish his throne, and preserve his anointed;
The grandeur observe of my house and attire,
And tell me what mortal can raise his head higher;
My servants are num'rous, their wages well paid,
Who for constant attendance insure future aid;
To all ranks and degrees of mankind I am civil,
And do all that I can to deter them from evil.
Nay,—Those suppliant all who my levee attend,
In me find a servant, a father, a friend:
And some, who my service and sov'reign deny'd,
Have liv'd to repent of that crime ere they dy'd.

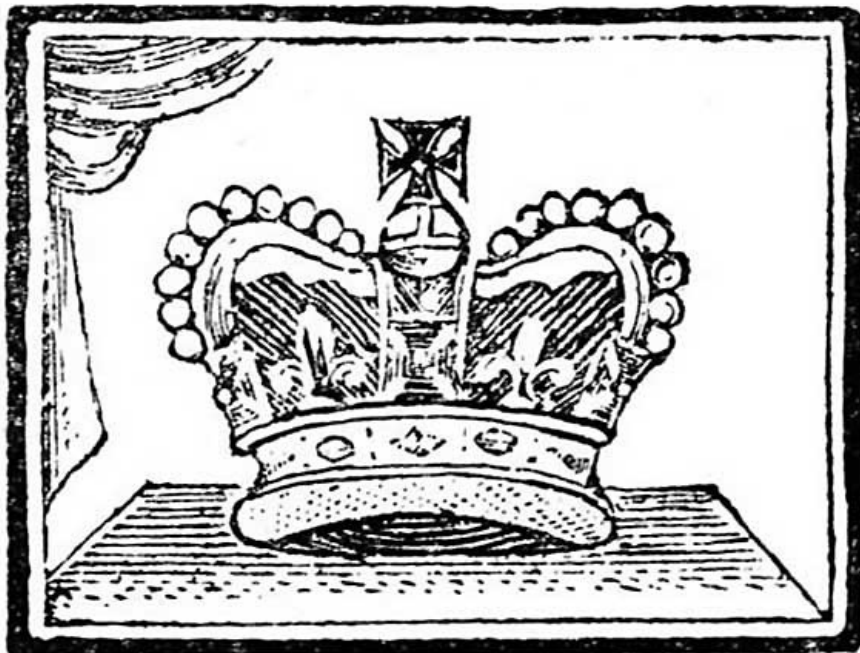
93



94

When you the *fortune hunter* meet,
Upon a gaudy day,
Compleatly rigg'd from head to feet,
In *Monmouth Street* array;
Then turn your wand'ring eye to me,
My vanity admire;
Observe, here the like fallacy
Lurks under my attire;
For all the fin'ry round me thrown,
I'm forc'd to beg or borrow;
And shou'd my neighbours claim their own,
Must naked go to-morrow.

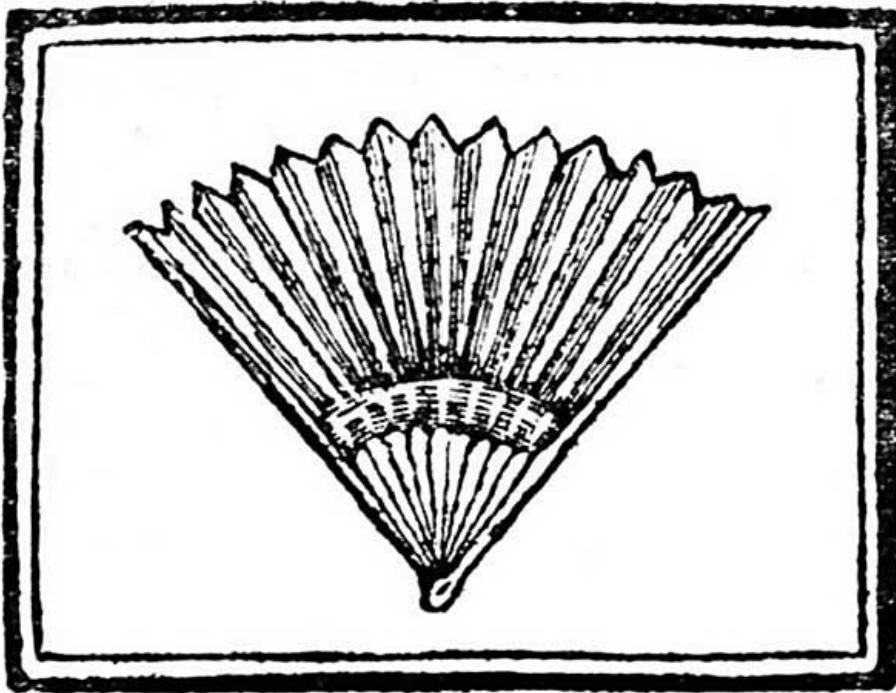
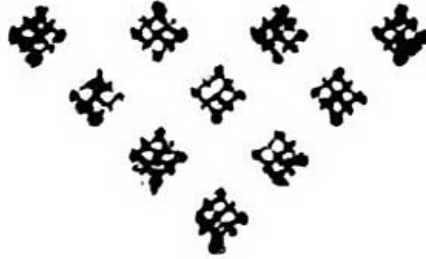
95



96

How many millions for my sake have dy'd,
What frauds and villanies have not been try'd!
And all the grandeur which my race adorns
Is like the rose beset around with thorns;
Nay, when possess'd, such your enjoyments are,
I to my owners trouble bring and care.
Ev'n they, by whom I am so highly priz'd,
If good are hated, and if bad despis'd.
Thus 'twixt the plague of getting me and losing,
By some I'm thought not worth a wise man's chusing.

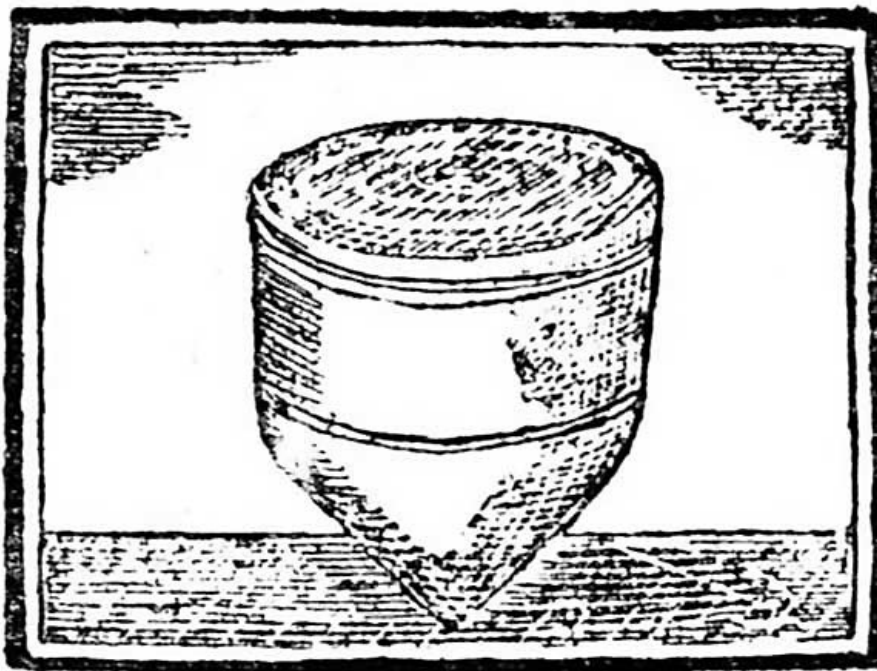
97



98

Come hear and see a taudry thing,
Fluttering with expanded wing;
Like the lark that upward tends,
And like her too, when she descends
Toss'd by the owner to and fro,
Her beauty and its own to show;
Suff'ring much at ball and play
And working ev'ry holiday;
But what is still more strange to tell,
When by *Belinda* manag'd well,
Its pow'r th' admiring youth perplexes,
For her it cools, but burns *Alexes*.

99



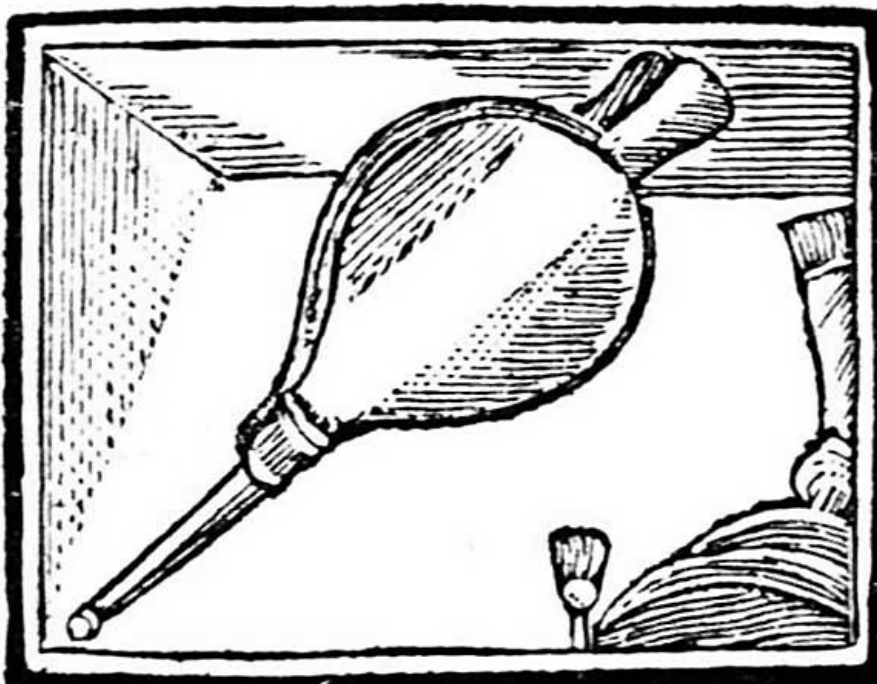
100

I ne'er offend thee,
Yet thou dost me whip,
Which don't amend me,
Tho' I dance and skip:
When I'm upright, me you always like best,
And barb'rously whip me when I want rest

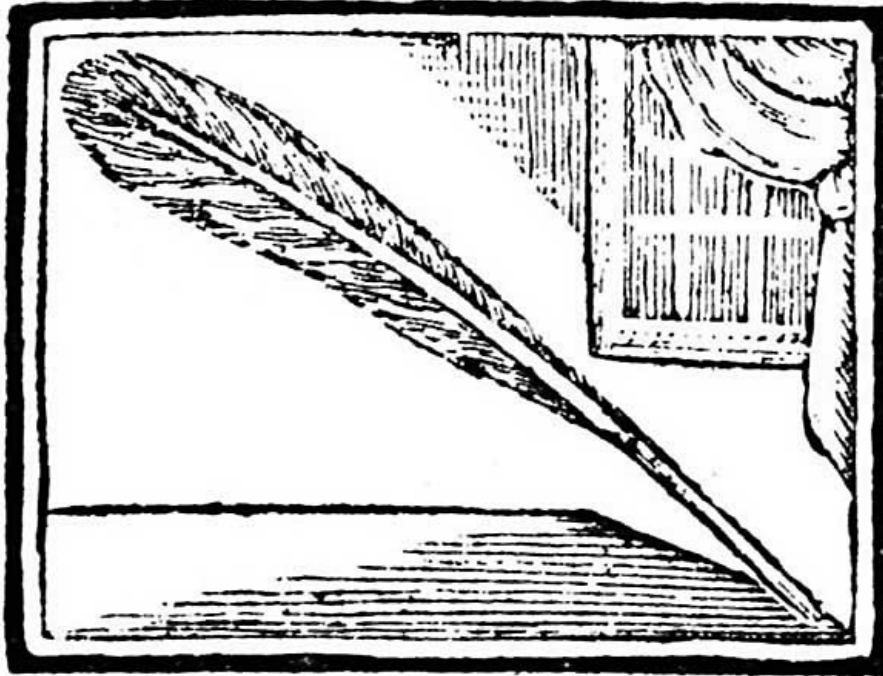
101



My proper title I forsake,
And often that of others take;
Sometimes a king in stately pride,
With lofty majesty I stride;
Sometimes with sprightly nymphs and swains,
I trip it o'er the flow'ry plains;
Sometimes I fleet aloft in air,
And oftentimes quite disappear:
In various shapes I'm known to be,
And children often start at me.



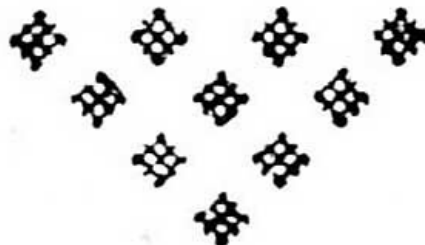
My nose is long, my back is broad and round,
And in my belly oft two holes are found;
No load I carry, yet I puff and blow,
As much as heavy loaded porters do.



103

When in my youth, I was my mother's pride;
We always went together, side by side;
No harm I wrought, by either word or deed;
For to be plain, I could not write or read;
But soon as man seiz'd on my tender frame,
Depriv'd of life, his pupil I became,
And tho' of late so innocent and mild,
With blackest deeds my virtues now defil'd;
My tongue he slits, and I begin to prate
Of friends and foes, of politics and state.

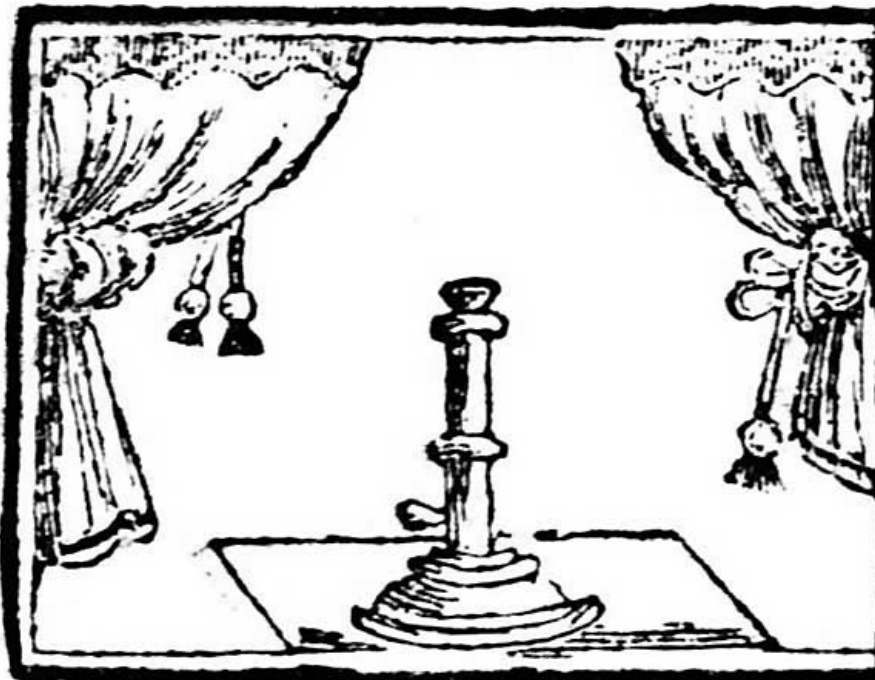
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105

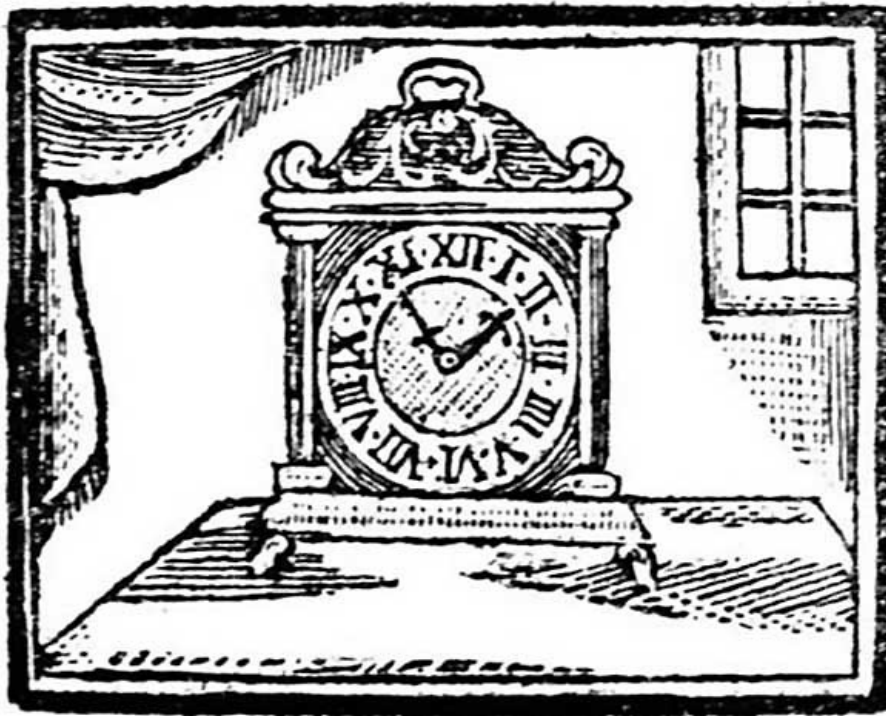


Legs I have got, yet seldom do I walk;
I backbite many, yet I never talk:
In secret places most I seek to hide me,
For he who feeds me never can abide me



While young and gay, and deck'd with utmost pride,
I long'd and thought it heav'n to be a bride:
At length a wealthy merchant view'd my charms,
Tall and genteel, I took him to my arms;
But he, in spite of all the med'cines try'd,
That very night light headed grew and dy'd:
Instructed by this merchant's fortune go,
Nor dream of lasting happiness below.

107



108

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

109

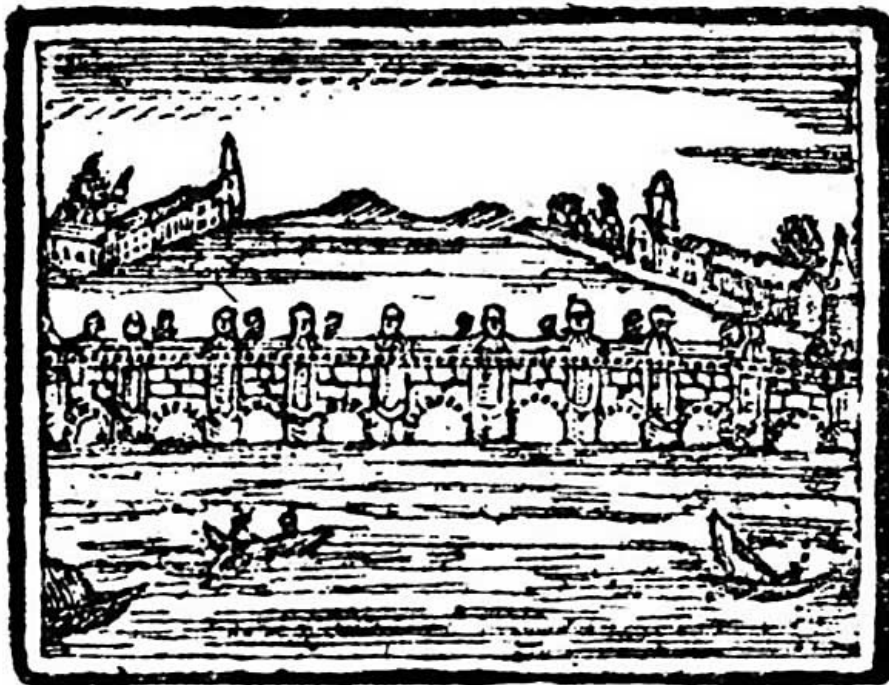


Of all dame nature's progeny,
There's scarce one being more than me
 Alive despis'd and hated;
But tho' I am a filthy creature,
Without one amiable feature,
 It strongly is debated,
Whether I don't excel the man,
 Who thro' the paths of vice has ran,
 And does no good while living;
But left a torn estate behind,
To put his family in mind,
 He'd nothing worth the giving;
While I, whene'er impartial death
Pierces my heart or stops my breath,
 My income ne'er destroy;
But for all favours done,
Return the living three for one,
 And give the houshold joy.

110



111



Behold yon powder'd beau, how fine and fair:
Great Britain's glory, but his father's care;
Observe his equipage, how grand, how neat,
In ev'ry article alike compleat;
See him look down with scorn upon his fire,
While gaping passengers his pride admire.
Would you his residence or haunts explore,
Accept his key and open wide the door.
When bus'ness in the senate calls you there,
You'll soon behold this noble upstart near;
Or if for pleasure you to *Vauxhall* stray,
'Tis ten to one you pass him on the way;
But thro' the city should you chance to range,
You'll never find the booby upon change.
Like those fine gentlemen whom courts inclose,
He trade despises, though from trade he rose.

112

The E N D.

**ILLUSTRATED SHILLING SERIES
OF
FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.**

113

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The little books printed about a hundred years ago "for the amusement of little masters and misses" must now be looked for in the cabinets of the curious. The type is quaint, the illustrations quainter and the grayish tinted paper abounds in obtrusive specks of embedded dirt. For the covers, gaudy Dutch gilt paper was used, or paper with patchy blobs of startlingly contrasted colours laid on with a brush by young people. The text, always amusing, is of course redolent of

1899-1900.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY

The Leadenhall Press, Ltd: 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd:

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue.

114

1. **THE DAISY; OR, CAUTIONARY STORIES IN VERSE**, adapted to Ideas of Children from Four to Eight Years Old. 1807.

Re-prints of this laughter-laden little book, written by Mrs. ELIZABETH TURNER, followed each other right up to about 1850: in the illustrated edition before the reader, nothing is omitted and nothing is added.

With a view to greater profit, the publisher discarded the pretty copperplates which adorned the first edition (now a thing of price) substituting roughly cut wooden blocks.

2. **THE COWSLIP; OR, MORE CAUTIONARY STORIES IN VERSE**. By the author of that much-admired little work, entitled **THE DAISY**. 1811.

Under this title in 1811 Mrs. Turner wrote some more Cautionary Stories which became almost as popular as *The Daisy*. She also wrote other books of poetry for children, including *The Crocus*, *The Pink*, and *Short Poems*; but none had the charm or vogue of *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip*.

115

3. **NEW RIDDLE-BOOK**. By JOHN-THE-GIANT-KILLER, Esquire. 1778.

This covetable little book, published by F(rancis) Newbery, Jun. and T(homas) Carnan, the son and step-son of John Newbery, had been issued by their father at least twenty years earlier than the date on the title-page. The opening note concerning Francis, the nephew of John Newbery, relates to family differences which need not here be referred to. There would seem to be no copyright in riddles, at any rate one finds the same hoary-heads in other collections.

The destructive fingers of little riddle-readers have been the means of causing thousands of copies of this amusing book to disappear, and to obtain an original copy is now almost impossible. The quaintness of the wood-cut pictorial answers should appeal to the modern reader.

It is intended to continue this Illustrated Shilling Series of
FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
OTHER VOLUMES ARE IN PREPARATION.

SMILES AND LAUGHTER IN EVERY PAGE.

116

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One hundred large paper copies at a Guinea, net.

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STORIES FROM OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOKS brought together and introduced to the Reader by ANDREW W. TUER, F.S.A. Adorned with 250 amusing cuts. Nearly 500 pages: handsomely and attractively bound. LONDON: The Leadenhall Press, Ltd: 50, Leadenhall-street, E.C. [Six Shillings.



THESE ARE QUITE INDEPENDENT VOLUMES.



Transcriber's Note:

Obvious punctuation errors were corrected.

Capitalization of opening verses were made consistent; e.g. "I Am" changed to "I am".

- Page 6: "oftn er" changed to oftner
- Page 58: "teaz d" changed to teaz'd
- Page 59: RoyalSociety changed to "Royal Society"
- Page 65: "caress d" changed to carres'd
- Page 76: Tis changed to 'Tis
- Page 86: "Determin d" changed to Determin'd
- Page 96: "dy d" changed to dy'd

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