THE

PUZZLING-CAP:

A CHOICE

Collection of Riddles,

IN FAMILIAR VERSE,

With a curious Cut to each.

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THE PUZZLING-CAP: A *COLLECTION* OF RIDDLES.

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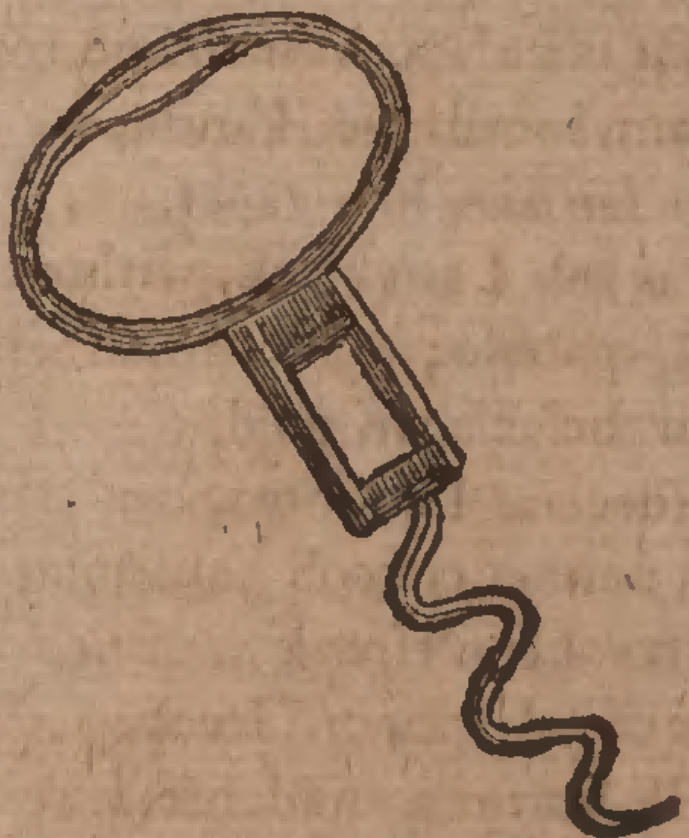
RIDDLE I.

YE Misses ſo fair,
And ye Maſters declare
What I am, where I live, whence
I came.
You'll own that I'm pretty,
And wonderous witty, [name.
When once you have hit on my
I am broad, yet I'm taper,
As fair as white paper,
Yet as ink I am black, without
quibble;
And tho' clad in gold,
To declare I am bold,
I am neither coxcob nor fribble.
Altho' I can't ſpeak
Engliſh, Latin, or Greek,
Yet in learning and ſenſe I a-
I am riddled all o'er, [bound;
But behind and before,
And you need not look far e'er
I'm found.

A CORK-SCREW.



RIDDLE II.

THO' I alaſs! a priſ'ner be,
My trade is Priſ'ners to
ſet free, [pole,
And when I have them by the
I drag them upwards from their
hole:
Yet ſome are of ſo ſtubborn
kind, [hind.
I'm forc'd to leave a limb be-
Like poliſh'd ſteel I oft appear;
The drooping ſoul I help to
cheer;
Tho' I can't drink, relief I grant
To thoſe who may good liquor
want.

A MOWER.

RIDDLE III.

MY weapon is exceeding keen, [boaſt!
Of which I think I well may
For I'll encounter Col. *Green*,
Together with his mighty hoſt. [pare,
With me they never can com-
I conquer them both great and ſmall;
Tho' thouſands ſtand before me there,
I fight, and get no harm at all.

A BARREL OF BEER.

RIDDLE IV.

MY habitation's in a wood,
And I'm at any one's command;
I often do more harm than good,
If once I get the upper hand.
I never fear a champion's frown,
Stout things I oftentimes have done,
Brave soldiers I have oft laid down,
I never fear their sword nor gun.

A PAIR OF STAYS.

RIDDLE V.

MY legs nice and dainty,
To ſpeak within bound,
Are twelve, if not twenty,
Yet ne'er touch the ground;
If you ſearch for my eyes,
More than thirty you'll find:
Troth, I'll tell you no lies,
They are always behind;
Tho' my eyes are behind,
They eat with all might
My food in the morn,
And diſcharge it at night.

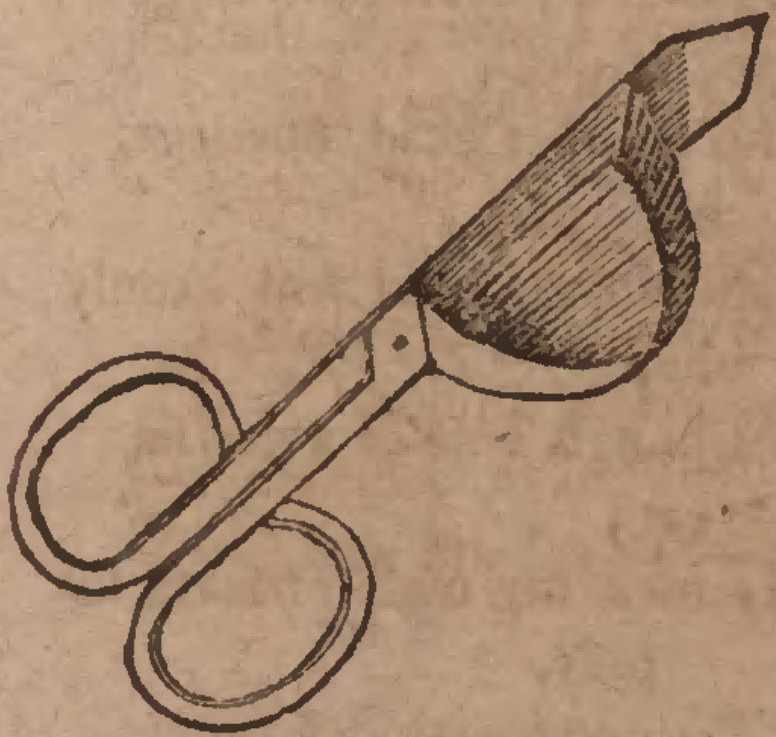
A PAIR OF SHEARS.

RIDDLE VI.

I Have two eyes, both large
and bright,
Tho' neither head, nor legs,
nor feet,
A mouth too that will keenly
bite,
Although I ne'er a morsel
eat;
My meat my master makes his
prey,
'Tis good against a rainy
day.

CHAIR

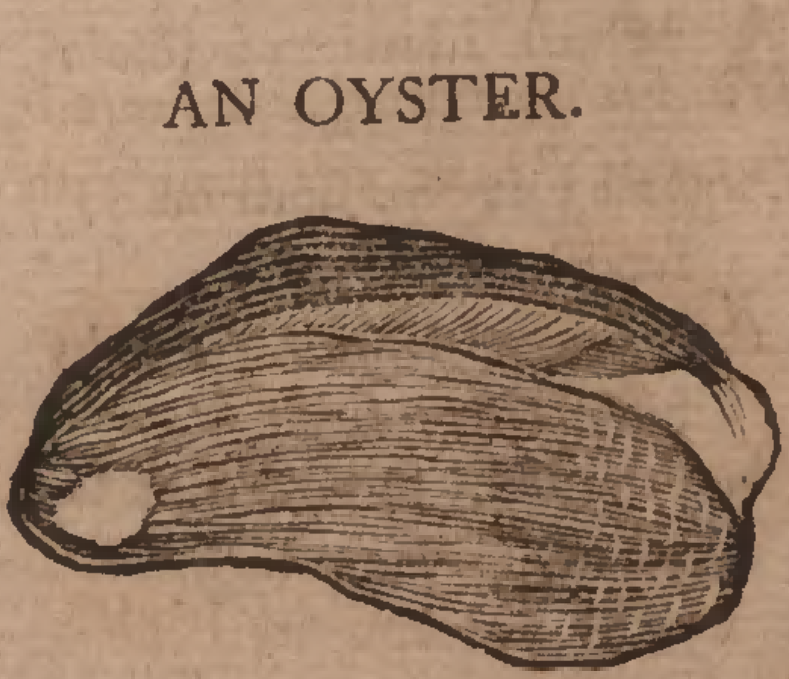
A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.



RIDDLE VII.

A Mouth I have got, that's
not whiter than ink,
And all I devour doth nau-
seously ſtink,
Yet ſo much I am valu'd, by
none I'm refus'd.
And the light ſhines the better
whene'er I am us'd.

AN OYSTER.



RIDDLE VIII.

I Live, although I have no
lands,
Nor for to-morrow care at all;
A houſe I have, not built with
hands,
Yet mind what often doth
befall:
Stout-hearted men, with keen-
eſt knives
Beſet me, and my hapleſs
crew;
And if I had a thouſand lives,
I muſt be ſlain and eaten too.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

RIDDLE IX.

WITHOUT a bridle or a
saddle,
Acroſs a ridge I ride and ſtrad-
dle;
And ev'ry one, by help of me,
Tho' almoſt blind, are made to
ſee.
Then tell me every pretty dame,
And witty maſter, what's my
name?

A FISH.

RIDDLE X.

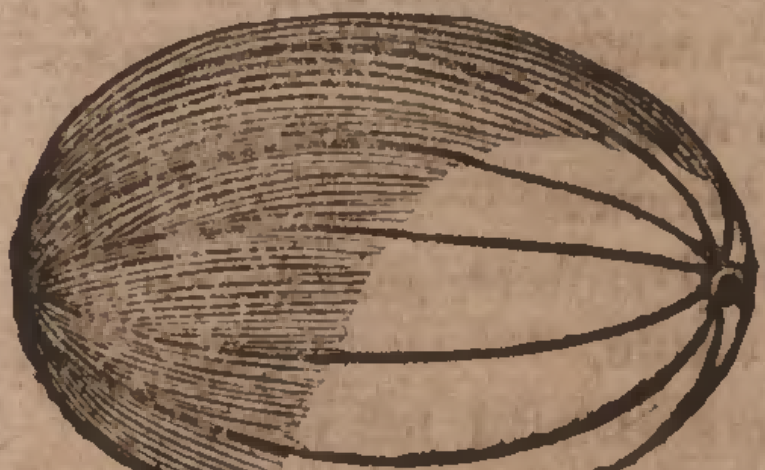
THO' it be cold I wear no cloths,
The froſt and ſnow I never fear;
I value neither ſhoes nor hoſe,
And yet I wander far and near:
My diet is forever free,
I drink no cyder, port or ſack;
What Providence doth ſend to me,
I neither buy, nor ſell, nor lack.

AN OAK.

RIDDLE XI.

AN hundred years I once
did live;
And often wholeſom food did
give;
Yet all that time I ne'er did
roam
So much as half a mile from
home.
My days were ſpent devoid of
ſtrife,
Until at laſt I loſt my life:
And ſince my death, 'tis ſtrange
to hear,
I oft have travell'd far and near.

A MELON.



RIDDLE XII.

I Lived in a houſe of glaſs,
Where I with glorious
beams was bleſt,
But ſuch my fate, it came to
paſs
At length that I was diſpoſ-
ſeſs'd:
Then being brought to open
view,
(In troth the naked truth I'll
tell)
I was both flayed, and quar-
ter'd too,
By thoſe who lov'd me paſ-
ſing well.

A COCK.

RIDDLE XIII.

WHEN first I in this world was seen,
No sign had I of any sense;
My mother was both poor and mean:
And not worth more than twenty pence.
I next another mother had,
By whom I first became alive;
Quite unprotected by my dad
I'm for a living forc'd to strive.

A COFFIN.

RIDDLE XIV.

THERE was a man beſpoke
a thing,
Which when the maker home
did bring,
This ſame maker did refuſe it;
He who beſpoke it did not
use it;
And he who had it did not
know,
Whether he had it, yea or no.