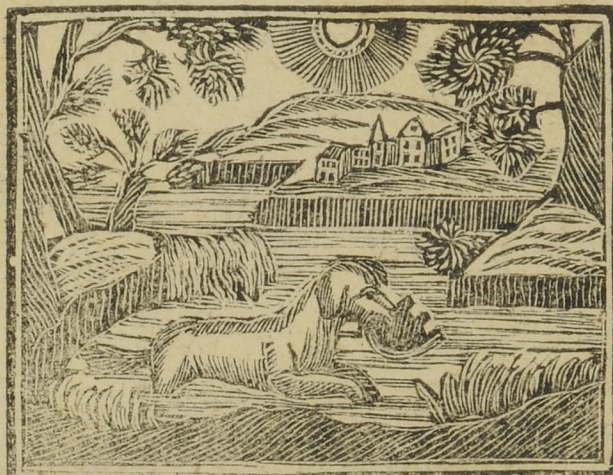


New RIDDLES.



Osborne I 223-4

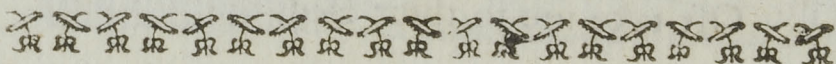
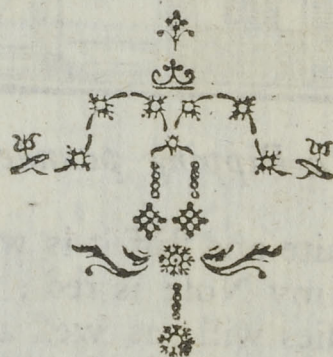
A N E W  
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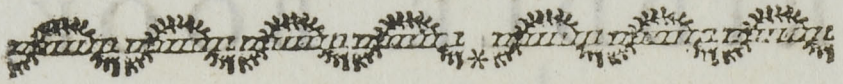
F O R  
D U L L W I T S.



*Of Merry Books this is the Chief,  
'Tis as a Purging PILL;  
To carry off all heavy Grief,  
And make you laugh your Fill.*



Printed at D E R B Y, for the Benefit of the  
Travelling Stationers.



A

# New Riddle-Book.

## QUESTION I.

**I**NTO this World I came hanging,  
 And when from the same I was ganging,  
 I was bitterly batter'd and squeez'd,  
 And then with my Blood they are pleas'd.



*Answer. Tis a Pipping pounded into Cyder.*

**Q.** I am white and stiff it is well known,  
 Likewise my Nose is red ;  
 Young Ladies will, as well as Joan,  
 Oft take me to their Bed.

*A. It is a Candle.*

**Q.** A wide

Q. A wide Mouth, no Ears or Eyes,  
No scorching Flames I feel ;  
I swallow more than may suffice  
Full forty at a Meal.



A. *It is an Oven.*

Q. Tho' of a great Age,  
I am kept in a Cage,  
Having a long tail and one Ear ;  
My Mouth it is round,  
And when Joys do abound,  
O then I sing wonderful clear.



A. *It is a Bell in a Steeple; the Rope be-  
tokens a Tail, and the wheel an Ear.*

Q. The

Q. The greatest travellers that e'er was known  
 By Sea and land were mighty Archers twain ;  
 No Armour proof, or fenced Walls of Stone,  
 Could turn their Arrows, bulwarks was in vain,  
 Thro' Princes Courts, & kingdoms far & near,  
 As well in foreign Parts as Christendom,  
 These travellers their weary Steps then steer,  
 But to the Deserts do but seldom come.



A. 'Tis Death and Cupid, whose Arrows  
 pierce thro' the Walls of Brass, or strong  
 Armour, in all Courts and Kingdoms in the  
 habitable world.

Q. A dainty fine thing,  
 Which under her Wing  
 My Lady does commonly wear,  
 With a bottomless Hole,  
 As black as a Coal,  
 And cover'd all over with Hair.

A. It is a Muff.

Q. A Maid with a Basket of Eggs  
 She saw a thing stand without Legs ;

'Twas found and strong,  
 And three Feet long,  
 Having a brisk Beard :  
 She was not afraid,  
 And likewise she said,  
 She'd do it no wrong.

A. 'Tis an Ear of Rye Corn growing on  
 the Land, which a Maid saw as she was  
 going to Market.

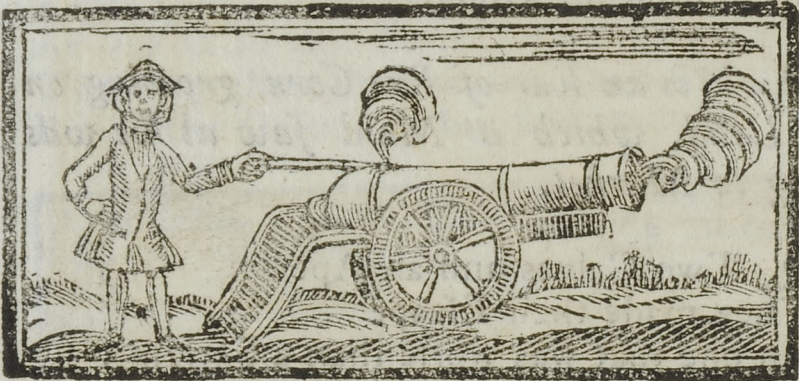
Q. Two Calves and an Ape  
 They made their Escape  
 From one that was worse than a Spright ;  
 They travelled together  
 In all sorts of Weather,  
 But often were put in a Plight.



A. 'Tis a Man flying from his scolding wife ;  
 the two Calves and an Ape, signify the Calves  
 of the Legs and the Nape of his Neck, which  
 by travelling were expos'd to the weather.

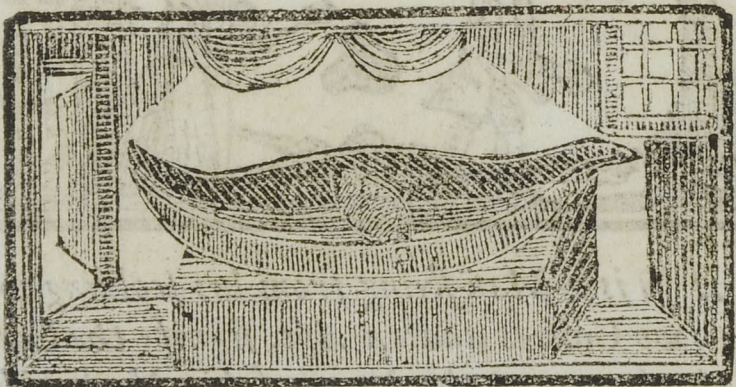
Q. A Thing

Q. A Thing with a thundering Breech,  
It weighing a thousand welly ;  
I have heard it roar,  
Louder than Guy's Wild Boar,  
They say it hath Death in its Belly.



A. It is a Cannon.

Q. It flies without Wings  
Between silken Strings,  
And leaves as you'll find,  
The Guts still behind.

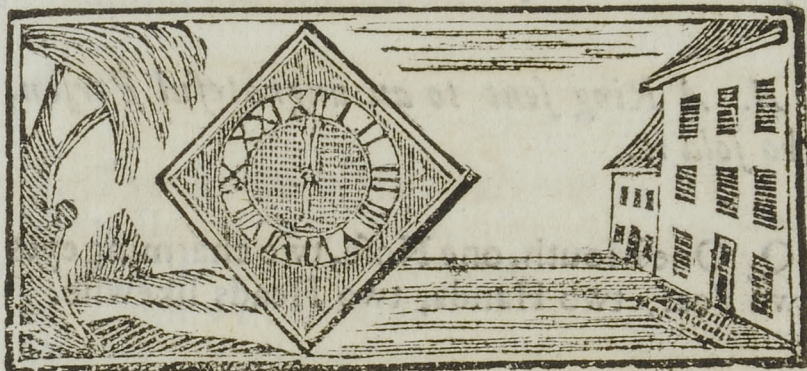


A. It is a Weaver's Shuttle.

Q. Close



Q. Close in a Cage a Bird I'll keep,  
That sings both Day and Night,  
When other Birds are fast asleep,  
In notes yield sweet Delight.



*A. It is a Clock.*

Q. To the Green Wood  
Full oft hath it gang'd,  
Yet yields us no good,  
Till decently hang'd.



*A. It is a Hog fatten'd with acorns, which  
makes good Bacon, when hang'd a drying.*

Q. I sent

Q. I sent a Token to my Friend,  
It was a Pledge that had no End ;  
But when the same my Friend did get,  
My Friend soon put an End to it.

A. A Ring sent to an ungrateful Person,  
who sold it.

Q. One Mouth, one Nose, two charming eyes  
Two Feet, two Hands, two Heads likewise.



A. A young Virgin, whose Natural Head  
and Maidenhead make two.

Q. No Teeth I have, and yet I bite,  
And when the Bite is seen,

According

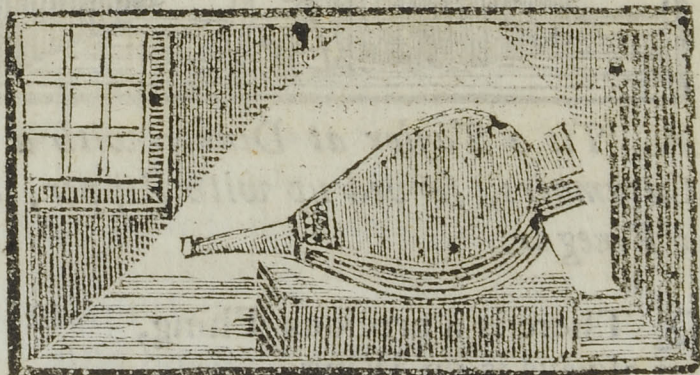
According to my slender Might,  
There are the marks of Spleen;  
My Beard is red and green.

*A. It is a Nettle.*

Q. Two Brothers we are,  
Great Burthens we bear,  
By which we are bitterly prest,  
In Truth we may say,  
We are full all the Day,  
But empty when we go to rest.

*A. A Pair of Shoes.*

Q. My Backside is Wood,  
My Belly is as good,  
My Ribs they are lined with Leather;  
My Nose it is Brass,  
With two Holes in my Arse,  
And commonly us'd in cold Weather.



*A. A Pair of Bellows.*

Q. I am made of Wood,  
Clear Brass and sound Wood,  
To keep Men that they must not couzen ?  
I am twenty-four,  
And can be no more,  
Sometimes I am reduc'd to a Dozen.

A. *A two foot Rule, being 24 Inches,  
but when shut, is no more than 12.*

Q. A Man, and no Man,  
Like Fury laid on  
Sir Green that was drowned in four :  
With Sir White and Black,  
He stood to the Tack,  
Till all of them he did devour.



A. *'Tis a Taylor at Dinner with a Dish  
of Cucumbers, served up with Pepper, Salt,  
and Vinegar.*

Q. There is a precious Thing,  
That always is on Wing ;  
When on my Face it lies,  
You'll find how swift it flies.

A. *It is a Sun-Dial, which shewes the  
swiftness of Time.*

Q. Rich, yellow, and bright,  
Long, slender, and white,  
Both one in another there are ;  
Now tell unto me,  
What this Riddle may be,  
Then will I your Wisdom declare.



A. *A Diamond Ring on a Lady's Finger.*

Q. It has many Eyes,  
But never a Nose,  
When down from the Skies  
Wind bitterly blows,  
And likewise does fall  
Abundance of Rain,  
It faces them all,  
And scorns to complain.

A. *A Lattice Window.*

Q. To ease Men of their Care,  
I do both rend and tear  
Their Mother's Bowels still :  
Yet tho' I do,  
There are but few  
That seem to take it ill.



A. 'Tis a Plough, which breaks up the  
bowels of the Earth for the sowing of Corn.

Q. I liv'd and dy'd; then after death,  
Bereav'd some Hundreds of their Breath,  
Assisted by a Man of Grief,  
To whom it yielded some Relief.



A. 'Tis Sampson's jaw Bone of an Ass,  
with which he slew a thousand Men, and  
was relieved himself by Water springing from  
the same, when he was thirsty.

Q. There's many Teeth, but never a Mouth.  
A thousand at the least;  
They are both East, West, North, and South,  
But seldom at a Feast.

A. *A Pair of Woollen Cards.*

Q. A Visage fair,  
And Voice is rare,  
Affording pleasant Charms,  
Which is with us  
Most ominous  
Prefaging future Harms.



A. *A Mermaid, which betokens Destruction to Mariners.*

Q. A little Informer  
Cloath'd in bright Armour,  
Beloved by Men of Degree;

It goes fine and neat,  
Without Leg or Feet :  
Now tell me what this Riddle must be ?

*A. A Watch in a Silver Case ; the Hand  
shews Men the Hour, while the Silver betokens  
bright Armour.*

Q. By Sparks of fine Lawn  
I am lustily drawn,  
But not in a Chariot or Coach :  
I fly in a Word,  
More fierce than a Bird,  
That does the green Forest approach.



*A. An Arrow drawn in a Bow, by a  
Gentleman Archer.*

Q. My Stomach they fit  
Sometimes with a Bit,  
They give, and I'm the Receiver ;  
And what I do take,  
Does commonly make  
My fair Face as hot as a Fever.



*A. A Box-Iron; the Heater betokens  
the Bit.*

*Q. By the help of a Guide,  
I often divide  
What once in a green Forest stood:  
Behold me, tho' I  
Have got but one Eye,  
When that is stopt I do the most good.*

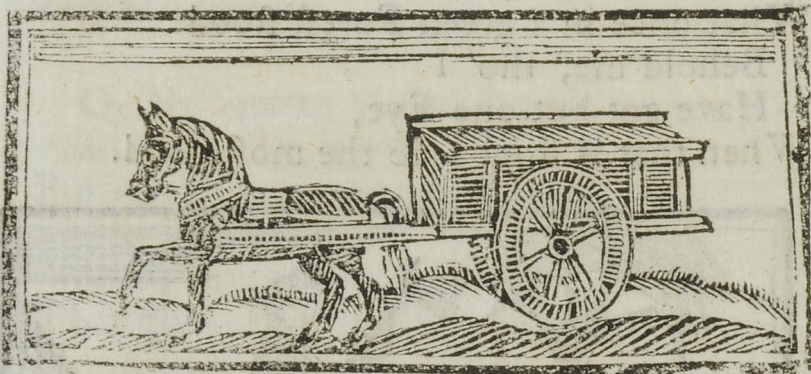


*A. A Hatchet, with which they cleave  
Wood; 'till the E e is stopped with the  
Haft, it cannot perform Business.*

*Q. I am punchen and thick,  
My Belly they prick  
With sharp pointed Spears,  
Tho' many a Head appears,  
There's no Eyes nor Ears.*

*A. A Pin-Cushion full of Pins, whose  
Heads have no Eyes nor Ears.*

Q. My Ears they run round about,  
And reach to the Ground,  
To the Admiration of Man;  
The one part is dead,  
The other well fed;  
This Riddle expound if you can.



A. *It is a Horse and Cart, the Wheels betoken Ears that reach the Ground; - the Horse is fed; the Cart is dead.*

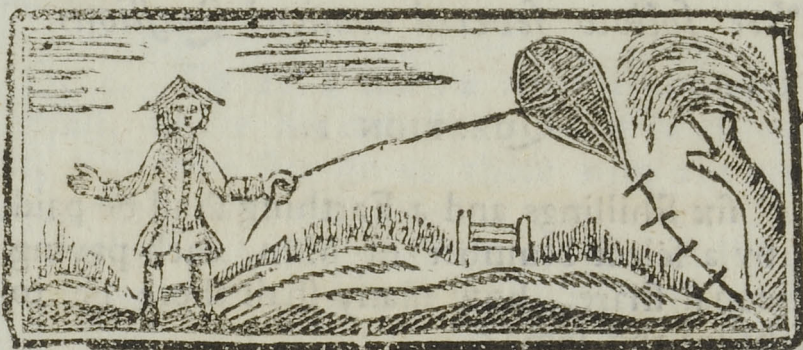
Q. I am carry'd thro' the City,  
Seeming mighty pretty,  
No Quarrel or Wrangle I breed:  
My Body is taper,  
I fear not a Rapier,  
Tho' stabb'd not a Drop do I bleed.

A. *'Tis the Scabbard of a Sword.*

Q. My Skin is black, my Blood is sweet,  
My Heart resembles Wood,  
In which there's something may be eat,  
Tho' not exceeding good.

A. *A Black Chery.*

Q. My Back is broad, my Belly's thin,  
And I am sent to pleasure Youth  
Where mortal Man has never been,  
Tho' strange, it is a naked truth.



A. *A Paper Kite, which mounts the  
lofly Air.*

Q. 'Tis neither Flesh nor Bone  
Yet it passes on  
By which is fairly shewn  
The length and breadth of Man.

A. *A Man's Shadow, whilst he is  
walking in the Sun.*

Q. From five Feet high,  
Up to the Sky,  
It reaches, tho' 'tis round:  
Now try your Wits,  
If Fancy hits,  
This Riddle you'll expound.

A. *The Sight of a Man's Eye.*

*Here*



*Here follow several comical Questions.*

QUESTION I.

**I**F six Shillings and a Farthing shall be paid by a select Number of Men, each paying an equal share, how many shall there be to discharge the same?

ANSWER. Seventeen, each paying four-pence Farthing.

Q. 2. How may a Straw be laid upon the Ground, that it may not be jumped over?— They to whom you propose this Question, will think it easy to be done: If it shall come to a Wager, lay your Straw close to the Wall on the Ground, and they will soon see it impossible to be done. So yielding the Wager lost, it may occasion some laughter.

Q. 3. If a Butcher sends his Servant to Market, and orders him, with twenty Shillings, to buy twenty Head of small Cattle of several Prices; that is to say, Weathers at four Shillings a Piece, Ewes at Twelve-Pence. and Lambs at a Groat; and to lay out all the Twenty Shillings, and to have twenty Head, neither more or less, how many of a Sort must

there be to compleat the Number of the afore-  
said Money ?

A. Two Weathers, nine Ewes, and nine  
Lambs.

Q. 4. To lay a Man's right Hand upon  
himself, where he cannot touch it with his  
left, will seem strange to those who are un-  
acquainted with the Trick; and when they  
have tried and find they can reach all Parts  
about them, some will be ready to bet; then  
take their right Hand, and lay it upon the  
backside of their Elbow, and they will soon be  
obliged to yield the Wager lost.

Q. 5. How to make two Calves and an  
Ape dance in the middle of a Room before  
Company.—When you propose to do this,  
some will say you have the Art of Conjur-  
ation and that your going to act the second Part of  
Dr. Faustus: Others will be curious to see  
what may be done in it; and the better to  
bring it about, will be apt to lay some small  
Wager, that you cannot perform what was  
promised. Now the Wager being laid, rise  
from your Seat, and whereas you promised to  
make two Calves and an Ape dance, dance  
round the Room yourself; and the Calves of  
your Legs and the Nape of your Neck will  
dance with you, which are what were men-  
tioned.

*Here*



*Here follows merry Tales and comical Jests.*

**I**N the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, the County of Lancaster was much pestered with Witches, and whereupon the Queen sent her Judges down to try them: This being resolved to try the old Men and Women, whether or no they were Witches. Now one, among many, was a poor Man, who having a Sort of Wart on his Side, doubting that he was a Witch, desired his Wife to let him go to the Place, which was about thirty Miles, there to be resolved of his Doubt. His Wife being a very civil Woman, gave him Leave. Now after long travel, coming to the Court, which was then sitting, he rushed in amongst them, and the Cryer of the Court observing it, demanded Silence, and bid him give an Account to the Court of what he had to say: Marry, quoth he, they say these Gentlemen can tell whether a Body be a Witch or not; having a Wart on my Side, I am afraid I am, so I pray you'd resolve me. The Cryer perceiving his Ignorance, said, Alas! Man, thou art no Witch; thou lookest more like a Cuckold than a Witch. Then making a Leg to the Court, he gave them Thanks, and so returned home chearfully. His Wife meeting him at the Town's End, said, Husband, art thou

thou a Witch or no? Noa, Wife, they tell me I look like a Cuckold. Husband, say they so, we will have them taken up for Witches, for unless they were Witches they could not tell that you was a Cuckold.

A young Woman being alone, a Gentleman came into her Company, who after a friendly Salutation, asked how her Husband did? she said, he is as cross and unkind to me as ever Man was to a Wife; so that I have but little Comfort in his Conversation. Alas, quoth he why do you not make him a Cuckold? she smiling said, Sir, I cannot, but you may.

A Welchman meeting with a bonny Scot began to brag of hur wonderful Adventures and long Travels. The Scot replied, What have you learned in far Countries? The Welchman said, hur has learnt to stop three Holes with one Peg. The Scotchman replied this is a pretty Trick, how is it to be done? Why quoth the Welchman, put hur Nose in hur A——, and then there will be three Holes stopt with one Peg.

An old Woman in a Country Village had been such a wonderful cracker of Nuts all her Life-time, that at her death she willed, that a Bag of Nuts might be put into her Coffin to lay her Head upon, which was accordingly done; and the old Woman was often seen,  
after

after death, sitting in the Church Porch, cracking of Nuts. Now it happened that a couple of Butchers had made a Bargain to steal Sheep out of a Pasture Ground adjoining to the Church Yard: It was agreed upon between them, that one should sit in the Church Porch and watch, while the other fetched a Sheep on his Back to him. It is to be noted, that the Sexton was a lame Man, and used to be carried on a Man's Back every Winter's Morning to ring the Five o'Clock Bell. Coming as usual, the Butcher waiting for his Companion, thought he had been coming with a Sheep upon his Back, and said, is it fat? is it fat? The Fellow thinking it had been the old Woman cracking of Nuts, was horribly frightened, and thereupon he threw the lame Sexton down, crying, fat or lean, take him as he is, Mr. Devil; and then run out of the Church Yard like a Fellow distracted leaving the poor afflicted Sexton to crawl Home upon All-fours.

A Countryman having one Son, named Jack, an unhappy Boy, his Father one Day was about to chastise him for his Wickedness; but Jack getting from him by the Help of a light pair of Heels, turned about and cried out, you old Sheep-stealer, I can hang you if I will. His Father continued to call him; but he said, I will not come, you will beat me.



A Neighbour coming by, said, Jack go to your Father and he will not beat you. Trust him and hang him, quoth Jack. The Neighbour calling to his Father said. you will not beat him if he comes quickly? No, quoth he I will not, Jack cried out aloud, Gaffer swear him, for he will swear like any Dog, at which the Neighbour went away laughing, and left Jack and his Father to fight it out fairly.

A Schoolmaster asked one of his Scholars in the Winter-time, what was Latin for cold? O fir, answered the Lad, I have that at my Fingers Ends.

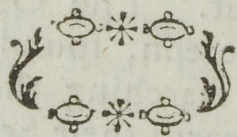
A young Gentleman (late of the Temple) having more Wit than Money, and minding not his Chamber, Study, or Commons, was indebted to the House, and it was thereupon ordered that his Chamber should be seized: He hearing thereof cried, I'll remedy that I am resolved; and so presently went and took the Chamber Door off the Hinges, and locked it up in his Closet. The Officers coming to fix a Padlock thereon, found themselves disappointed; and searching the Room, found not any Thing worth their Seizure.

A poor ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country because he could read and write, would not

be satisfied till he saw the Rarities at London.  
 Walking the Streets he read on a Sign-Post,  
 "Here are Horses to Let, 1647." Jesu! says  
 he, if there are so many Horses in one Inn.  
 how many are there in all this City.

*Thus I conclude this little Book  
 Of Riddles, Joeks, and Tales;  
 Which may create a chearful Look,  
 When other Methods fail.*

F I N I S.



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