THE

PUZZLING-CAP:

A CHOICE

Collection of Riddles,

IN FAMILIAR VERSE,

With a curious Cui to each.

PHILADELPHIA: PRINTED BY
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THE
PUZZLING-CAP:
A
COLLECTION
OF
RIDDLES.
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 coxcomb 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.
The Puzzling-Cap.

A CORK-SCREW.
RIDDLE II.

THO' I alas! 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.
The Puzzling-Cap.

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 come— 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:
Truth, 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.

B. 2
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.

 Crab
A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.
RIDDLE VII.

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

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 straddle;
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?
The Puzzling-Cap.

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.

A
n hundred years I once did live;
And often wholesome 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 dispossessed:
Then being brought to open view,
(In troth the naked truth I'll tell)
I was both flayed, and quarter'd too,
By those who lov'd me passing well.
The Puzzling-Cap.

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.