

THE PUZZLE-CAP;
OR
BOOK OF RIDDLES.

DESIGNED FOR THE
AMUSEMENT OF LITTLE FOLKS.



Here are puzzles for the youthful mind;
But a dunce will never the answers find.

NEW HAVEN—S. BABCOCK.

Sidney's Press.

1833.

Long & Strong
Bush



HARVEST.

Present

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We here present our little readers with a Book of Riddles, in answering which they can exercise their ingenuity, and amuse themselves and their companions in the long winter evenings.

“Guessing Riddles” is an innocent and pleasing amusement, and has a tendency to teach the young mind to compare and judge. It is also well calculated to make little folks endeavor to understand the meaning of what they read. Our little friends will find, not only Riddle Books of different kinds, but a great many others, of all descriptions and prices, if they will call at our store in Church Street.

New Haven, 1833.

THE BOOK OF RIDDLES.



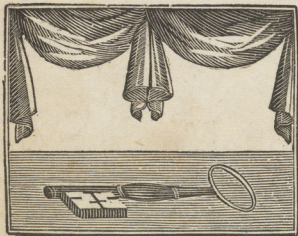
In spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array;
In summer more clothing I wear;
The colder it grows
I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.



In glossy black or white I'm dressed,
In spotted or in mottled vest ;
Graceful in form, in limb, and feature,
I am a very pretty creature ;
But, tho' I look demure and sweet,
I am at heart an arrant cheat :
Disposed to cruelty and ill,
I torture first, and then I kill ;
I sorrow bring and dread affright,
To many an unlucky wight.
My secret now but half concealed,
By you will quickly be revealed.



I'm the pride of the spring and the
emblem of love ;
My home is the mountain, the vale,
or the grove ;
Though torn from my parent your
breast to adorn,
Sweet odours I scatter till my
strength is all gone.
My beauty soon fades, and I sicken
and die ;
And then I'm despised and rudely
thrown by.



There's not a creature lives beneath
 the sky,
 Can secrets keep so faithfully as I ;
 All things for safety are to me con-
 signed,
 Although I often leave them far be-
 hind ;
 I never act but by another's will,
 And what he should command I must
 fulfil.



When first my maker formed me to
 his mind,
 He gave me eyes, yet left me dark and
 blind;
 He formed a nose, yet left me with-
 out smell;
 A mouth, but neither voice nor
 tongue to tell
 The world my use; yet oft the fair
 thro' me,
 Although I hide the face, do plainly
 see.



My friend and I from home did part,
 Of whom I had some way the start ;
 So on we ran, ten miles or more,
 The distance still same as before ;
 The race was long, yet neither won,
 For both remained as we begun ;
 It was indeed a curious chace,
 Where neither party won the race.
 I did not gain a single yard,
 Although I labored very hard :
 Now tell me how that this could be,
 As I ran twice as fast as he.



You say I am dirty, I own that is true,
 But when pickled and dried, and set
 before you,

Let it be night or morn, for dinner
 or tea,

It seldom occurs that you say *No* to
 me.

You forget all my habits and like me
 quite well.

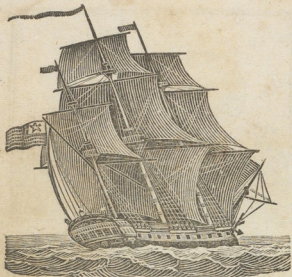
Now my name I am sure you can easi-
 ly tell.



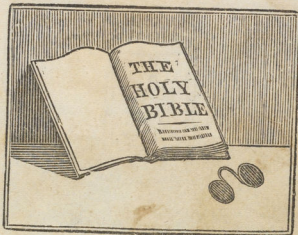
From foreign climes my birth I trace,
 Though found in many a distant place;
 When furious mortals battle wage,
 I in the combat oft engage;
 And woe to the unlucky wight
 Encountering my tremendous might;
 Yet beauty to my care consigned,
 Still finds me gentle, courteous, kind:
 My spoils adorn a female hand,
 With splendid tokens of command;
 And oft the fair to me have owed,
 Attractions nature ne'er bestowed.



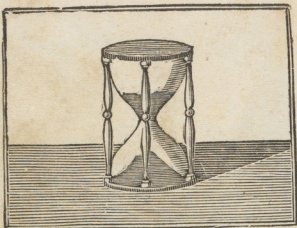
When walking in a field of wheat,
 I picked up something good to eat.
 It could not run, nor walk, nor fly;
 It had not wing, nor foot, nor eye;
 Nor could it taste, or smell, or hear;
 Nor had it mouth, or nose, or ear;
 'Twas neither fish, nor flesh, nor
 bone;
 I kept it till it ran alone,
 And then it hopped, and walked, and
 flew,
 And eat, and drank, as well as you.



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 waved his sceptre, and the fiat passed;
 I took possession without more delay,
 And hold the liquid empire to this day.



In ancient days my early reign began,
 To civilize the brutal race of man ;
 For ages, uncontrolled, I reigned alone,
 But now a younger brother shares the throne ;
 Yet still in love and interest we agree,
 And entertain a perfect harmony.
 To me, mankind their greatest blessing owe,
 Did they their happiness but truly know.
 In some I joy create, in others fear,
 And wipe from the distressed the falling tear.
 Disputes I often innocently cause,
 Though peace I favor, and support the laws ;
 Hence, fraught with malice and envenomed
 rage,
 Contending foes in my behalf engage.



My body and head are both of a size,
 And by me you see how swiftly time
 flies.
 When standing quite still, I run very
 fast,
 And in one short hour my whole life
 is passed ;
 But turned upside-down I am living
 once more,
 And run out my life the same as before.
 I'm large at both ends, but slim in the
 middle ;
 Now tell if you can, this curious riddle.



My features and form it were vain to disclose,
 Such variety ever my character shows ;
 Though simple and artless, unconscious of
 power,
 I oft have such victory achieved in an hour,
 That the lover, the poet, the learned poli-
 tician,
 Were ready to deem me almost a magician.
 'Tis true, I am sometimes so rough and se-
 vere,
 As the bright eye of beauty to dim with a
 tear ;
 And, regardless of feelings most sensitive,
 dare
 To tarnish the fame of the honest and fair.
 Yet be not severe on the crimes of the past,
 At this very moment I'm breathing my last.



Sometimes I have sense, sometimes I
have none ;
Sometimes I offend, then you bid me
begone ;
Sometimes I am merry, sometimes I
am sad ;
Sometimes I am good, sometimes very
bad ;
However, to make me, I cost many
brains,
Much labor, much thought, and a
great deal of pains.

A BEE HIVE.





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All embellished with beautiful Pictures.

S. BABCOCK,

CHURCH STREET, NEW HAVEN,

Has just published, and is constantly issuing from his press, a great variety of beautiful TOY BOOKS, of every size and description, and of various prices. His assortment, already published, comprises nearly one hundred different kinds, and are all selected with a studious regard for their moral, useful, and instructive character.