

R I D D L E.

I took five daughters with me to the play,  
The first in *scarlet* clad, the next in *grey*,  
In *silk* the third, the fourth in *gold* array'd,  
In humble *stuff* the last, and youngest maid.



D I T T O.

I HAVE five sons, I tell it you in grief,  
And each of them a *cut-throat* or a *thief*.

