A Riddle Book.
For the Use of Children.
Concord, N.H.
Rufus Merrill.
1843.
A RIDDLE BOOK.

Come you that love riddles,
And guess them so well;
Now answer me all these,
For I know you can tell.

CONCORD, N. H
PUBLISHED BY R. MERRILL.
1843.
A naughty boy once sent the following letter to his schoolmaster:

3 Mr. 2 h.
1 'r 1 ' b.
2 y. u. b.
2 c. r. 2 y. for me.

The schoolmaster made this reply:

2 y. u. 1 ' b.
1 c. r. 2 y. for me.

And very properly gave him a whipping into the bargain.
Riddle Book.

A Dog.

Places of trust I oft obtain,
Protect the house from vermin
I act as shepherd on the plain,
At fairs I'm shown for learning.
In northern climes a horse I'm seen;
A roasting jack I too have been;
Strange it is, but no less true,
I eat on four legs, beg on two.
A Drum.

May I, ye ladies, now prevail
Upon you to declare my name?
My head is round, and so's my tail,—
As for my body, 'tis the same.

I oft am bound and beaten too,
Yet none there are that pity take;
Those who my heavy drubbings view,
Are pleased at the noise I make.
A Kite.

No head, nor eyes, nor wings have I,
And yet I mount up far on high:
A tail I have, my flight to guide,
Which is my beauty, boast and pride.
A prisoner keep me, for if free,
I'm rarely seen again by thee;
And if I were, my tattered state
For me your value would abate.
A Horse.

To king and subject I assistance lend,
In war a firm ally, in peace a friend,
Bold and intrepid meet the daring foe,
Willing and able to repel their blow.
To rich and poor I render health and ease,
The lady, merchant, and the peasant please;
Such the great demand for my employment,
Without me, none can take life's enjoyment.
A Sheep.

Ladies, attend—a humble slave
Your kind attention dares to crave;
If plurally you read my name,
Or singular, 'tis all the same:
My offspring's pure, without offence
The sacred type of innocence:
Kings, emperors, nay, all mankind
My skin in solemn covenants bind
That leads our Yankee sons to war—
Then who I am, I pray, declare.
A Ship.

I fly to many foreign parts,
Assisted by my spreading wings;
My body holds a hundred hearts—
Nav. I will tell you stranger things.
When I am not in haste, I ride,
And then I mend my pace anon;
Fire oft issues from my side—
Ye Yankee youths, its siddle com
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