

Or take thee to their country-feat,
To make their dogs, and bless their meat;
——, dream not on preferment soon,
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book VIII. Ep. 35.

Alike in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, fottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he,——
The devil's in't, they don't agree.

Book XII. Ep. 23.

Your teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney,
Was not an eye too to be had for money?

Book XII. Ep. 30.

Ned is a sober fellow, they pretend——
Such wou'd I have my coachman, not my friend.

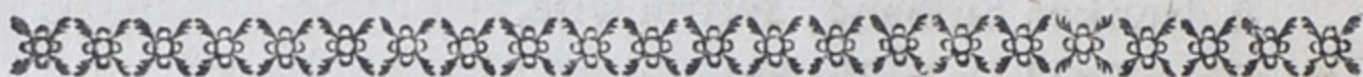
Book XII. Ep. 103.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths;
The price once pay'd, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book I. Ep. 40.

Is there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?

Is there, enrich'd with Virtue's honest store,
 Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
 Is there, who right maintains and truth pursues,
 Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse?
 Is there, who can on his great self depend?
 Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.



A very gallant Copy of VERSES, (but somewhat
 silly) upon the Ladies, and their fine Cloaths
 at a Ball.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

HAPPY the worms, that spun their lives away,
 T' enrich the splendour of this glorious day!
 Well pleas'd these gen'rous foreigners expire,
 A sacrifice to Beauty's general fire.
 Oh! had they seen, with what superior grace
 Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
 Their am'rous flames had their own work betray'd,
 And burn'd the web their curious art had made!

Another