



ON MR. NASH'S PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC
NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE E— OF C—,

THE old Ægyptians hid their wit
In hierolyphic drefs,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guefs.

Moderns, to hit the self-fame path,
And exercife their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wifdom does exprefs;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happinefs.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The funfhine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash

Nash represents man in the mass,

Made up of Wrong and Right;

Sometimes a K——, sometimes an A——;

Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the bust between,

Adds to the thought much strength,

Wisdom, and Wit, are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.



ON THE D——SS OF R——D.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT do scholars, and bards, and astronomers wise,
Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and lies;

By telling us Venus must always appear

In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star;

Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,

Attended in form by the graces and loves:

That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,

And her passport to hearts on a belt round her waist?

Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame,

To supper last night to P——y's she came

In a good warm sedan; no fine open car;

Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star;