

Look here—I present you this wonderful hose,
 Into which, ev'ry night when you bed with your spouse,
 Thrust both legs ; nor pull off the magical fetters,
 Till you rise in the morn about family matters.
 Observe but this rule, which I give you in charge,
 And your stock may diminish, but never enlarge.

Many thanks for your kindness, dear Sir, quoth the *dame*,
 (Here she drop'd him a curt'sie)—if it were not for shame,
 And for fear you shou'd think me too bold, I'd fain beg
 T' other shocking—and so have a hose to each leg:
 For if such rare virtue's contained in one,
 How safe shou'd I be, had I both of them on!



G R A C E and N A T U R E.

By the Same.

QUOTH John to his teacher, Good Sir, if you please,
 I wou'd beg your advice in a difficult case ;
 'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life—
 'Tis, in short, the old story of taking a wife.
 There's a pair of young damsels I'm proffer'd to marry,
 And whether to choose puts me in a quandary:
 They're alike in age, family, fortune, and feature,
 Only one has more *grace*, and the other *good-nature*.

As for that, says the teacher, good-nature and love,
 And sweetness of temper are gifts from above,

And

And as coming from thence we shou'd give 'em their due;
Grace is a superior blessing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent farment,
 Wherein all along you gave *grace* the preferment.
 I shall never forget it, as how you were telling,
 That heaven resided where *grace* had its dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: but, alas,
 What heaven can do is quite out of the case;
 For by day and by night, with the woman you wed
 'Tis you that must board, and 'tis you that must bed;
 And a *good-natur'd* girl may quickly grow *gracious*,
 But a four-headed faint will be ever vexatious.



H U L L A L E.

By the Same.

LONG time did a silly old proverb prevail,
 That meat, drink, and cloth were all found in good ale;
 'Till a lover of truth went on purpose to Hull,
 And to try the experiment drank his skin full.
 He began to see visions, his head it turn'd round,
 'Till off from his keffal he fell on the ground:
 There in trances profound our philosopher mellow
 Lay all night in the snow consulting his pillow.