

Book I. Ep. 11.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts,
 Nor lovely she, nor made for sports ;
 'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
 That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book I. Ep. 14.

When Arria from her wounded side
 To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
 I feel not what I've done, she cried ;
 What Pætus is to do ——— I feel.

Book III. Ep. 43.

Before a swan, behind a crow,
 Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
 Ah ! cease your arts ——— death knows you're grey,
 And spite of all, will keep his day.

Book IV. Ep. 78.

With lace bedizen'd comes the man,
 And I must dine with lady Anne.
 A silver service loads the board,
 Of eatables a slender hoard.
 " Your pride, and not your victuals spare ;
 " I came to dine, and not to stare.

Book VII. Ep. 75.

When dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine ;