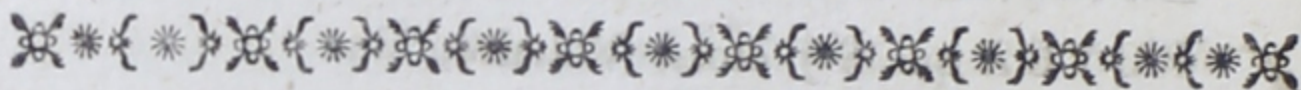


To *thee*, when mould'ring in the dust,
 To *thee* shall swell the breathing bust:
 Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
 "Stand next in place to *Newton*, as in fame."



True RESIGNATION.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem.*

HORAT.

By Mr. H * * * *

WHEN Colin's good dame, who long held him a tug,
 And defeated his hopes by the help of the jug,
 Had taken too *freely* the cheeruping cup,
 And *repeated* the dose till it laid her quite up;
 Colin sent for the doctor: with sorrowful face
 He gave him his fee, and he told him her case.
 Quoth Galen, I'll do what I can for your wife;
 But indeed she's so bad, that I fear for her life,
 In counsel there's safety — e'en send for another;
 For if she shou'd die, folks will make a strange pother,
 And say that I lost her for want of good skill —
 Or of better advice — or, in short, what they will.
 Says Colin, your judgment there's none can dispute;
 And if *physic can* cure her — I know *yours* will do't.
 But if, after all, she *shou'd* happen to die,
 And they say that *you kill'd* her — I'll swear 'tis a lye:
 'Tis the *husband's* chief business, whatever ensue;
 And *whoever* finds fault — I'll be shot — if *I* do.