

From the Greek.

GREAT BACCHUS, born in Thunder and in Fire,
 By Native Heat asserts His dreadful Sire.
 Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
 He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames.
 To all the Breth'ren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
 The Moral says; Mix Water with your Wine.

WHITTONA

EP I G R A M. YHT
FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats:
 He Eats more than Six; and Drinks more than he Eats.
 Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes.
 Yet fighting, he says, We must certainly break;
 And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak:
 For of late I invite Him — but Four Times a Week.

ANOTHER.

TO JOHN Iow'd great Obligation;
 But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the Nation:
 Sure JOHN and I are more than Quit.

E e e

A N O.