

On S L E E P.

SLEEP thou best pow'r, what balm dost thou dispense,  
To raise our strength, and to revive our sense!  
Great nurse of nature, thy pacific sway  
Both prince and peasant readily obey :  
By thee refresh'd our pleasures we review,  
Our labour follow, or our toils pursue :  
A buxom face thou giv'st to blooming health ;  
Without thy blessings, nought is pow'r or wealth ;  
The princely couch and palace sleep disdains,  
To dwell with shepherds on *Arcadia's* plains.

The W A G E R.

TOM TROTTER last Christmas most bitterly swore,  
That he wou'd be married by May or before ;  
However a wager we laid on't, in fine,  
Of two turkey cocks and a bottle of wine.  
A fortnight ago I chanc'd to see Tom,  
I ask'd him if marry'd, he sigh'd with a hum :  
What Tom is it so ? I find then I've lost.  
Aye ! faintly says he, and I've won to my cost ;  
A terrible threw of a wife I've to handle,  
It was but last night in my face went the candle.  
She's scolding for ever, no tongue can express,  
She makes the room echo, like football, no peace ;  
Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head she will comb  
In a terrible manner ; thus suffers poor Tom.  
She all company keeps, goes out when she will,  
Unconstant and giddy as *Colliner's* mill.  
She'll be out of the way, come and see me to-morrow :  
I wish I had lost : but I've won to my sorrow,

The TOBACCO SOT.

SAYS Jack, a dry consumptive smoking sot,  
Whose mouth with weed is always glowing hot,  
Where shall I go, alas ! when Death shall come,  
And with his raw-bon'd clutches seal my doom ?  
Faith, replies Tom, a heav'n there cannot be,  
Without tobacco, for such sots as thee :  
Nor need you fear a hell when you expire,  
You deal so much on earth in smoak and fire: