

Nor would I rob him of his wife,—  
 The curse and canker of his life ;  
 The man-servant, the maid, and he,  
 May go to Jericho for me ;  
 A modest line my wishes bounds,  
 I want but—£20,000.

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## EPIGRAM.

*A la Joe Miller.*

Quo' Tom to Ned, or I'm a Jew,  
 That look o' Sal's has pierc'd me thro'.  
 It *sarves* you right, was the reply,  
 You saw she had a *gimlet eye*.

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