

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.

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*.
