

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair,
 His resolution flag ;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a *bag*.

Nor Coke nor Salkield he regards,
 But gets into the house ;
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye *bobs* ! ye *bags* give place !
Full-bottoms come instead !
 Good Lord ! to see the various ways
 Of dressing——a *Calve's head* !

The Progress of ADVICE. A common Case.

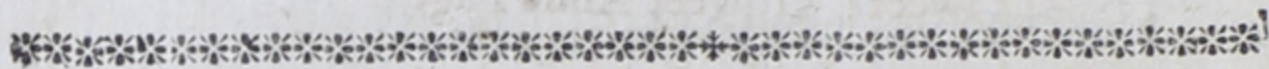
—— *Suade, nam certum est.*

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
 I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :
 Now because Mrs. Martha to thee is well known,
 I will do't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't, 'tis no jest to me ;
 For faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.
 I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her ;
 But I'd have thy advice, ere I *tye* myself to her.

Said Thomas to Richard—to speak my opinion,
 'There is not such a bitch in king George's dominion !
 And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
 Thou would'st chuse out a whipping-post, first, to be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
 And a lyar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold—
 Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
 And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.



S L E N D E R ' s G H O S T .

— *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve, methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cry'd,
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!

Who talk of amorous rage,
 Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
 Come learn of me to weep your woes:

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
 Your formal Muse engage?

I never dreamt of flame or dart,
 That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
 But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
 No medicine can assuage!

Accuse the leech's art no more,
 But learn of Slender to deplore;

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And