'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair:
For long as You this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over LINCOLN,
That ne'er ſhall happen which You think on.

HANS took the Ring with Joy extream;
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, He cry'd: I've gain'd my Point.——
What Point, ſaid She, You ugly Beaſt?
You neither give Me Joy nor Reſt:
'Tis done.——What's done, You drunken Bear?
You've thruſt your Finger G——d knows where.

A Dutch *Proverb.*

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor VANDER BRÜIN.
By Flames a Houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt Year: and I muſt pay the Coſt.
This Spring the Rains o'erflow'd my Ground:
And my beſt Flanders Mare was drown'd.
A Slave I am to CLARA's Eyes:
The Gipſey knows her Pow'r, and flies.
Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin:
And great Thy Wiſdom, VANDER BRÜIN.

PAULO