

What Nymph, that's eloquent and gay,  
 But owes it chiefly to her Tea?  
 With Satire that supplies our Tongues,  
 And greatly helps the failing Lungs.  
 By that assisted we can spy  
 A Fault with microscopick Eye;  
 Dissect a Prude with wond'rous Art,  
 And read the Care of *Delia's* Heart.

Now to the Company we fall,  
 'Tis Me and *Mira* that is all:  
 More wou'd you have — Dear Madam, then  
 Count me and *Mira* o'er agen.



### *The* A P P A R I T I O N.

**F** R O M that inevitable Shore,  
 Wheer *Styx's* tremendous Waters roar,  
 Thus wing'd with Vengeance lo I fly,  
 And skim beneath the gloomy Sky,  
 To you O false, O faithless Fair,  
 (Yet tremble do — and wildly stare)

To



To you this angry Visit's paid,  
To you once lov'd, but faithless Maid,  
Perhaps (too thin for mortal Eyes)  
You know me not in this Disguise ;  
I ne'er was number'd with your Foes,  
But what I'm now, shall not disclose  
My Name (esteem'd by one or two)  
Was *Mira* —— while I liv'd like you,  
Till your Unkindness cut the Twine  
Of Life, before its stated Time.

And shou'd you ask to know the End  
Of her that once you call'd a Friend ?  
Whether of Pleurifies she dy'd,  
Or in a parching Fever dry'd ?  
Or pale Consumption sure and slow ?  
Or Apoplexy's sudden Blow ?  
'Twas none of these — no common Dart,  
That struck my unresisting Heart :  
The dire Distemper you shall hear,  
Then listen with attentive Ear.

Did



Did you not, Ah ! did you not say,  
That you wou'd come the next fair Day  
To *Mira's* Dome ? — rejoic'd to see  
At once the Butterflies and me ?  
But now, Alas ! (too late, I find)  
The promis'd Joys of human Kind,  
Inconstant as the flitting Wind :  
You came not — That I need not tell.  
But then, O then your *Mira* fell,  
That fatal Day expecting you ;  
I swept my House, and din'd by Two,  
Took off the Night-Cap from my Brow,  
(O Pride ! ) but I repent it now :  
(Ambitious her I lov'd to please)  
And, Ah ! too straitly lac'd my Stays ;  
Then silent fate 'twixt Hopes and Fears,  
With beating Heart and list'ning Ears,  
Till the shrill Clock had sounded four ;  
Then wretched *Mira* was no more :  
Her Cheeks put on a death-like Hue,  
Her Eye-balls bid this World Adieu :

And



And tho' untouch'd by *Cupid's* Dart,  
She perish'd with a broken Heart.

But I have done—Farewel, for I  
From this corporeal World must fly :  
So the relentless Fates decree,  
Once more Farewel — Remember Me.



*The* INSPIR'D QUILL.

*Occasion'd by a Present of CROW-PENS.*

**T**O you, Dear Madam, I complain,  
Where Wretches never sigh in vain ;  
But always find, if not Relief,  
At least Compassion for their Grief.

But I shou'd make my Woes appear,  
Before I claim a gentle Tear ;  
My Tale is something odd, 'tis true ;  
Yet sure 'twill Credit find with you.

The