

“ Then copies spread, there lies the trick,  
 “ Among your friends before you send 'em:  
 “ For all who read will soon grow sick,  
 “ And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

“ Thus trade increasing by degrees,  
 “ Doctor, we both shall have our ends:  
 “ For you are sure to have your fees,  
 “ And I am sure to have your friends.



INSCRIPTIONS on a Monument to the  
 Memory of a Lady's favourite Bullfinch.

By the Same.

On the Front of the Stone.

Memoriæ  
 Blandientis Volucris  
 Hunc Lapidem  
 posuit  
 D ————— G —————  
 et hoc  
*Nobilissimæ Luciae*  
 Officii sui  
 Testimonium  
 quale quale est  
 dicavit.

On

On the Right Side.

**T**HE goddesses of wit and love  
Have patroniz'd the owl and dove;  
From whose protection both lay claim  
To immortality and fame :

Could wit alone, or beauty, give  
To birds the same prerogative ;  
My double claim had fate defy'd,  
And <sup>a</sup> Lucy's fav'rite ne'er had dy'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Countess of R——d.*

On the Left Side.

**T**HO' here my body lies interr'd,  
I still can be a tell-tale bird ;  
If DAVID should pollute these shades,  
And wanton with my lady's maids ;  
Or DICK sneak out to field or park,  
To play with MOPSY in the dark ;  
Or WILL, that noble, generous youth,  
Should err from wisdom, taste, and truth ;  
And bless'd with all that's fair and good,  
Should quit a feast for grosser food :  
I'll rise again a restless sprite,  
Will haunt my lonely cage by night ;  
There swell my throat and plume my wing,  
And every tale to LUCY sing.