

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.

TO 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

The sage *Pythagoras*, you know,
 Asserted many Years ago,
 That when or Man or Woman dies, †
 The Soul to some new Mansion flies?
 If so, *Belinda*, now so fair
 May range the Woods a sullen Bear:
 Likewise the courtly *Bellamour*,
 The Lady's Darling to be sure:
 Tho' he in sparkling Laces glow,
 The Pattern of a perfect Beau;
 When he puts off the human Shape,
 May strut a Monkey or an Ape.

For me who now to you indite,
 Whose Talent chiefly is to write;
 What Form it was, I do not know,
 I wore two thousand Years ago:
 The Being that I first remember,
 Was on a Morning of *December*;
 But not *December* last (I ween)
 No — many Years have past between;

I found myself a wealthy Squire,
 And seated by a Parlour-Fire,
 A fine Estate of mellow Ground,
 In Cash full Thirty thousand Pound,
 Two hundred Oxen in a Stall,
 And ten lean Servants at my Call,
 An ancient House well built but low,
 Behind of Oaks an ample Row,
 A Court before — without much State,
 And three Gaunt Mastiffs at the Gate;
 All these had I ---- a happy Knave
 As you may think — but with your Leave
 A wretched Usurer was I,
 With hagard Jaws and eager Eye,
 That starv'd amidst unwieldy Store,
 And lost my Life in search of more,

This *Pluto* saw, and bid me go
 Into the Carcase of a Beau,
 To taste of Pleasure and of Pains,
 With slender Purse and shallow Brains,

My Wig behind was smartly ty'd,
 My silver Box with Snuff supply'd :
 On Books I feldom lov'd to pore,
 But sung and danc'd, and aptly swore;
 Where-e'er I came the Ladies smil'd;
 This call'd me Pug — and t'other Child:
 To please and to address the Fair,
 Was all my Business and my Care;
 But now my Gold began to fly,
 And sure Destruction hover'd nigh :
 At last to *Limbo* was I led,
 From whence the struggling Spirit fled.

Almeria's Lap-dog next I grew,
 And wore a Coat of glossy Hue,
 Carefs'd and courted ev'ry Day,
 At Ev'ning by her Side I lay :
 Her Smiles were always bent on me
 (The happiest Days that e'er I see)
 But, Oh, as by a River-side,
 I walk'd along with short-liv'd Pride,

A cruel Foot-boy threw me in,
 And laugh'd as tho' it was no Sin.

Once more to gain a human Face,
 I step'd into a Lawyer's Case:
 This Station pleas'd me wond'rous well,
 And in a trice I learn'd to spell,
 Cou'd read old *Coke* with prying Eyes,
 Explain, distinguish, and advise,
 Talk *Latin* to a good degree;
 As *Admittendo Custode,*
Eject, Extendi: and my Fee:
 'Tis true I scorn'd to rob or kill,
 But not to cheat or forge a Will:
 In Jointures I cou'd split a Hair,
 And make it turn against the Heir:
 I spar'd no Widow for her Tears,
 No Orphan for his tender Years:
 My Maxim was — 'Get Money, Man,
 Get Money, where and how you can:
 Thus through the Stage of Life I run,
 (For, Ah! my Race was quickly done)

And still preserv'd my Ears and Nose,
In spite of venial Sins like those.

My next Disguise too well you know,
Degraded to a simple Crow ;
Both Cold and Hunger doom'd to bear,
And hover in the limpid Air,
Till on a day a spiteful Hind,
With dreadful Arms and bloody Mind,
Vow'd quick Destruction to my Head :
And in a Moment shot me dead :
Then set my ghastly Corse on high
To fright my Fellows from his Rye.

I now grew out of *Pluto's* Favour,
Who grumbl'd at my late Behaviour ;
And vow'd (when thus his Sentence ran)
I shou'd no more appear as Man ;
But that he wou'd confine me still
Within the compass of a Quill.

My Fate is hard, as you may guess,
Yet I cou'd bear it ne'er-the-less,
Wou'd you or Fortune be so kind
To comfort an afflicted Mind,
And take me from the hated Cell,
Where Yesterday you bid me dwell:
For Oh, I guess — nay more I know it,
That my new Mistress is a Poet;
Then how shall I who still inherit,
A Tincture of the Lawyer's Spirit;
How shall I bear from time to time
To scrawl unprofitable Rhyme?
To live for Years and ne'er behold
The Presence of enchanting Gold,
Yet scribble on — Besides, alack,
I fear she'll quickly break my Back.

Then since my Pedigree you know:
(Dear Madam,) Ah some Pity show,
And recommend me to a Place;
For sure there's Mercy in your Face,

To some Attorney let me go,
 For there my Talents suit (you know)
 Heroicks I shall write but ill;
 But I'm a Doctor at a Bill,
 At Flights of Fancy very dull;
 But I can form Receipts at full.

The Favour that I ask of you,
 (Have pity when the Wretched sue)
 Is your good Word or what is better,
 A Recommandatory Letter?
 And if I'm happy in your Grace,
 I think I need not doubt a Place.



The PENITENT.

*Occasion'd by the Author's being asked if she would
 take Ten Pounds for her Poems.*

WHEN *Parthenissa* talk'd to-day
 Of Profits and of *Mira's* Lay,
 And list'ning *Mira* heard the Sound
 Of number Ten with added Pound,

The