



DEATH and the DOCTOR.

Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the
AUTHOR.

By the Same.

AS Doctor * * musing fate,
Death saw, and came without delay:
Enters the room, begins the chat
With, "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice and mend your trade,
"We both are losers if you fail.

"Go write, your wit in satire show,
"No matter, whether smart, or true;
"Call * * names, the greatest foe
"To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

“ 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