"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.

Memoriae
Blandientis Volucris
Hunc Lapidem
pofuit

D ——— G ———

et hoc
Nobilissimæ Luciae
Officii sui
Testimonium
quale quale est
dicavit,

On
On the Right Side.

The 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 Lucy's fav'rite ne'er had dy'd.

*Countess of R—d.*

On the Left Side.

Thou here my body lies inter'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 groser 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.