

To burning, stripping, cheating, plundering :
 Delays, Mistakes and endless blundering :
 Nor Charles's German horse that's dead :
 But faith, it is the *Want of Bread*,
 Which threatens hard, (look e'er so funny)
 Since the decease of Paper Money.²⁸

Seiz'd by a Fit of Opposition
 Which baffled ev'ry State Physician ;
 Each lenient Measure tried in vain
 To bring her back to Health again ;
 Her nerves so firm and weak by spells ;²⁹
 It posed the Doctors Smith and Wells :
 And when they order'd stronger Med'cines
 She languish'd — puked — in fine, is dead since.

Ah ! what avails her former Pride,
 When busy Commerce roll'd his tide
 Obedient to her nod ? Her smile
 Richly repaid the Lab'ers toil.
 The regal Crown, with Splendor bright,
 From her has ask'd, and borrow'd Light.
 Ah ! what avails the Peasant's cry :
 The tatter'd Vest : the asking Eye :
 The famish'd Look ! the aking Heart :
 The Infant's scream : the Parent's smart :
 The fainting Wife : the Friend expiring,
 For want of Food and Cloaths and Firing !

In this sad Case, *Humanity* must fail,
 Nor *Charity* can save the Wretch from Jail !
 Both want the means to ease the victim's Woe,
 Since *Gold* is Wealth, and *Paper* only Shew.
 With heartfelt Sorrow then inscribe her Urn,
 And bid Posterity the Story mourn.

INSCRIPTION.