

Saturday Night 30<sup>th</sup> Novem.

— 44<sup>th</sup> —

PR 3324

.1369

1744

Metal

Box.

Dozens of letters such as this is!

Why one deserves a dozen kisses.

But is your Muse so kind a friend  
That she will come whenever you send?  
And dip your pen in sense and measure  
Whenever to write it is your pleasure?

If so, Dear Dick your bird Quit,  
Nor search for aids from other's Wit.

How shall I blush whenever I tell,  
That you write Verse, ere I can spell!  
But while I blush at this Relation,  
My heart will glow with Emulation;  
And my Ambition to deserve,  
Shall higher rise than yours to serve  
Till you, nor I, shall condescend  
When either calls the other Friend

Anne Boothby.

To  
Mr. Richard Poreyfore

