
ON THE
BIRTH OF J——. H——. Esq's SON.

NOVEMBER 15, 1790.

DEAR lovely babe, with hearts elate,
We hail thy natal hour:
Here does the Muse impatient wait,
Libations kind to pour.

Upon a theme so new, so sweet,
She now attempts to sing:
No foreign aid she needs invite,
To touch the vocal string.

But while with anxious thoughts on thee,
And ardent look, I gaze,
Can I the valiant hero see,
To animate my lays?

The plodding philosophic eye,
Shall I attempt to scan?
Or in thy infant smiles descry
The politicians plan?

Too hard the task, my humble muse
Can boast of no such art;
Though hope, on flutt'ring pinions does
All this and more impart.

While fondl'd by a mother kind,
Thou checks the falling tears,
When thy lov'd father to her mind
In ev'ry charm appears.

The features sweet, attractive, mild,
Each soft, each winning grace,
She does in thee, her darling child,
With fond remembrance trace.

And that the virtues he possess'd
May in thy bosom glow,
She does indulgent heav'n request,
Who mitigates her wo.

May he, on whom her hope relies,
Protect thy lovely form,
While sudden blasts impetuous rise
In life's tempestuous storm.

For thee, be calm the rolling flood,
 Be still the blust'ring wave:
 May'st thou be blest'd with every good
 A mother's heart can crave.

O N A

GENTLEMAN'S

PROPOSING TO TRAVEL 300 MILES

TO SEE J——. H——. Esq's CHILD.

IS it true! does Alonzo from London pro-
 pose

A visit to Scotia's bleak plain,
 Ere the beams of bright Sol have dispersed
 our snows,

Or the warblers enliven'd their strain?