

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.

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O N A

G E N T L E M A N ' S

P R O P O S I N G T O T R A V E L 300 M I L E S

T O S E E J — — . H — — . E s q ' s C H I L D .

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**I**S 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?



Does the city prove irksome, insipid the ball,  
Nor the theatre claim a delay?

Is it friendship or int'rest that ushers the call,  
Which he seems in such haste to obey?

I ask'd, and in whispers, by Fame I was told,  
That his heart was by int'rest unmov'd,  
That the ties of pure friendship were stronger  
than gold,

And it's exquisite charms he had prov'd.

But ah! he is gone, whose reception so kind,  
Would have fully compensate his toil!

Can the sight of a babe give solace to his mind,  
Or reward the fatigue by a smile?

Let the trifling vain clamours of stoics be mute,  
While friendship directeth the scales:

Let them wonder, but never attempt to dispute,

While self o'er their feelings prevails.

In vain let them guess what Alonzo must  
know,

Since friendship each action inspires;  
His presence will tend to alleviate wo,  
That done, it is all he desires.