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On the Death of a Lady's Owl.

By the Same.

**T**HE Owl expires! death gave the dreadful word,  
 And lovely Anna weeps her fav'rite bird.  
 Ye feather'd choir in willing throngs repair,  
 And sooth the sorrows of the melting fair;  
 In sounds of woe the dear-departed greet,  
 With cypress strew, ye doves, the green retreat;  
 The fateful raven tolls the passing bell,  
 The solemn dirge be sung by Philomel;  
 Sir Chanticlear, a chief of hardy race,  
 Shall guard from kites and daws the sacred place.  
 With your just tears a bard shall mix his own,  
 And thus, in artless verse, inscribe the stone.

E P I T A P H.

**I**N TERR'D within this little space  
 The bird of wisdom lies;  
 Learn hence, how vain is ev'ry grace,  
 How fruitless to be wise.

Can mortal stop the arm of Death  
 Who ne'er compassion knew?  
 He \* Venus' lover robb'd of breath,  
 He, Anna's darling flew.

\* *Adonis.*

Ah happy bird, to raise those sighs  
 Which man could ne'er obtain!  
 Ah happy bird, to cloud those eyes  
 That fir'd each kneeling swain!

Thrice blest'd thy life, her joy, her bliss,  
 'Thrice blest'd thy happy doom;  
 She gave thee many a melting kiss,  
 She wept upon thy tomb.



## The VANITY of HUMAN WISHES.

T H E

Tenth Satire of JUVENAL,

IMITATED

By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

**L**ET <sup>a</sup> observation with extensive view,  
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru;  
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,  
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide;

<sup>a</sup> *Ver.* 1 ————— 12.