

April 1764.

Wrote some Months after the Accounts of my Brother's
Death, who was killed in Action, July 1st 1763, near
to Patna in Bengal.

When unobserv'd—and all around seem gay,
In mournful thought o'er Patna's field I stray;
His dear Remains, which unentomb'd lie there,
Collect each atom with a sister's care.
No spot unhallow'd—by my silent grief,
And this alone can give my mind relief;
When rais'd to him—where blest in God above,
Does only truth and virtue still approve;
But back to Earth distracted do I flie,
Pale, lifeless, mangl'd, there I see him lie!
His streaming Blood!—O Heaven avert the stroke,
Nor to a Parent * let the sight be brought,
Enough to discord

May an impartial hand
Trace every virtue that I might commend.

* His death was concealed from his Father for six months.