

Then in the harmless smile, the feeble cry,
 I hear thy voice, I see thy languid eye :
 Oh ! still my child, if in thy perfect state,
 Thou hast a knowledge of *my* suffering fate,
 In gentle dreams thy beauteous form display,
 And bring me tidings from the realms of day ;
 Tell thy sad mother *when* the hour draws near,
 That we shall meet, nor other parting fear ;
 And Heaven, still gracious to the mourning kind,
 Oh ! deign to send me peace, a will resign'd ;
 Save me from murmurs at thy high decree,
 And teach my heart, that's *best* that pleases thee.

ON THE RIGHT HONORABLE GENERAL C——Y
 LOSING HIS ELECTION FOR BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

AN humble muse presumes thy worth to boast,
 Says D——'s conquer'd, and that C——y lost ;
 Still thou dost triumph in the noblest part,
 Still doth preserve the generous patriot's heart ;
 Thy principles, great Chief, exalt thy fame,
 And ever shall immortalize thy name ;
 For ever lov'd, distinguish'd must thou be,
 For brightest virtues ever shone in thee ;

Thy noble acts are well in Britain known;
 And generous friendship marks thee for her own;
 Then glory, C——y in this seeming fall,
 Thou risest still superior over all:
 The day will dawn when Britain's sons shall see
 Their noblest privileges prized by thee;
 Thou like the sun in yonder western skies,
 Only declin'st, more gloriously to rise.

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE TAME CHICKEN.

BENEATH this stone a chicken's laid,
 Her mistress named her Bess,
 Six months she tenderly was nursed,
 Yet still she grew the less.

In fairy hill poor Bess was hatched,
 If there she had but staid,
 She might have had a verdant grave,
 And not in dust been laid.

But hapless chick, like this world's fools,
 Must wander far from home,
 And by a lady's scissars fell,
 And here must fix her tomb.

Farewell!