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## ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, HER FA-THER, 1761.

## BY THE SAME.

CROWN'D with honor, bleft with length of days, Thou whom the wife revere, the worthy praife; Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd, And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd-Tho' still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow; For good and great no monarch can bestow: Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends possest, No fortune, Hardwicke, is fincerely bleft. All humankind are fons of forrow born: The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For fay, can Wisdom's felf, what late was thine, Can Fortitude, without a figh, refign? Ah no! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand, O'er the cold urn confenting Mourners stand, The firmest heart dissolves to softness here; And Piety applauds the falling tear. Those facred drops, by virtuous weakness shed, Adorn the living, while they grace the dead: From tender thought their fource unblam'd they draw, By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law. When

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When his lov'd Child the Roman could not fave, Immortal Tully, from an early grave q, No common forms his home-felt passion kept; No common forms his home-felt passion kept; The fage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.

And O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame, The same thy loss, thy forrows are the same.

She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore, Even she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more: In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom, Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O Season mark'd by mourning and despair!
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair?
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease:
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd sever, agony, and death!
What sunerals has thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have slow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her fober view:
O think, who fuffer, and who figh with you.
See, rudely fnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant, see that husband mourn;
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!

Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the usual graces of her fex, the more folid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters.

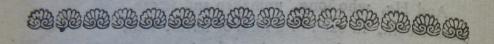
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call, In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall! See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend! And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend, 'Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye: Again in Her, he sees a Brother die.

And He, who long, unshaken and serene, Had Death, in each dire form of terror, seen, Thro' worlds unknown, o'er unknown oceans tost, By Love subdu'd, now weeps a Consort lost: Now, sunk to sondness, all the man appears, His front dejected, and his soul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the muse's voice distain, Who fondly tries to soothe a Father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What spring had promis'd, and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th'ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too: and Reason will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for Her, are to their period brought.
Yes, She, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and error are no more,
She now no change, nor you a sear can feel:
Death, to her same, has fix'd th' eternal seal!



## EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY THE SAME.

RAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair Beneath a mother's eye; Whose only wish on earth was now To see her blest, and die.

The foftest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.