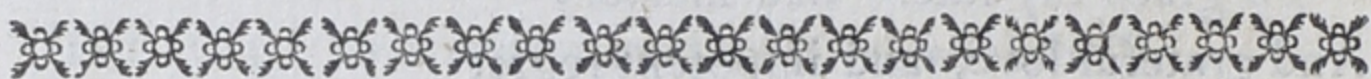


Delighted, where the first of men
 Once dwelt, familiar : Scipio, virtuous chief,
 Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
 Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.

Well did the generous search employ
 Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, tho' death
 Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
 A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
 No pitying eye cheer'd thy last pangs.
 O worthy longest days ! for thee shall flow
 The pious solitary tear,
 And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.



Captain T — of BATTEREAU'S Regiment in
 the Isle of SKIE to Captain P — at Fort
 AUGUSTUS.

— COME, Thomas, give us t'other sonnet —
 Dear captain, pray reflect upon it.
 Was ever so absurd a thing ?
 What, at the pole to bid me sing !
 Alas ! search all the mountains round,
 There's no Thalia to be found ;
 And Fancy, child of southern skies,
 Averse the fullen region flies.
 I scribble verses ! why you know
 I left the Muses long ago,

Deserted

Deserted all the tuneful band
 To right the files, and study Bland.
 Indeed in youth's fantastic prime
 Mistled I wander'd into rhyme,
 And various sonnets penn'd in plenty
 On ev'ry nymph from twelve to twenty ;
 Compar'd to roses, pinks and lillies,
 The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis ;
 With all the cant you find in many
 A stillborn modern miscellany.
 My lines — how proud was I to see 'em
 Steal into Doddsley's new Musæum,
 Or in a letter fair and clean
 Committed to the Magazine.
 Our follies change — that whim is o'er —
 The bagatelles amuse no more.
 Know by these presents, that in fine
 I quit all commerce with the Nine.
 Love strains, and all poetic matters,
 Lampons, epistles, odes, and satires,
 These toys and trifles I discard,
 And leave the bays to poet Ward.
 Know, now to politics consign'd
 I give up all the busy mind ;
 Curious each pamphlet I peruse,
 And sip my coffee o'er the news.
 But a propos — for last Courant,
 Pray thank the lady governante.
 From Aix—pho ! what is't—la Chapelle,
 Of treaties now the gazettes tell ;

A peace unites the jarring powers,
 And ev'ry trade will thrive, but our's.
 Farewel, as wrong'd Othello said,
 The plumed troops, and neighing steed !
 The troops ! alas ! more havock there
 A peace will make, than all the war.
 What crowds of heroes in a day
 Reduc'd to starve on half their pay !
 From Lowendhal 'twou'd pity meet,
 And Saxe himself might weep to see't.
 Already Fancy's active pow'r
 Foreruns the near approaching hour.
 Methinks, curs'd chance ! the fatal stroke
 I feel, and seem already broke.
 The park I saunter up and down,
 Or sit upon a bench alone
 Pensive and sad—*le juste portrait*
D'un pauvre capitaine reforme.
 My wig, which shun'd each ruder wind
 Toupee'd before, and bag'd behind,
 Which John was us'd with nicest art
 To comb, and teach the curls to part,
 Lost the belle air and jaunty pride,
 Nor lank depends on either side :
 My hat grown white and rusted o'er
 Once *bien troussé* with *galon d'or* ;
 My coat distain'd with dust and rain,
 And all my figure quite campaign.
 Tavern and coffee-house unwilling
 To give me credit for a shilling :

Forbid by ev'ry scornful belle
 The precincts of the gay ruelle.
 My vows tho' breath'd in ev'ry ear,
 Not e'en a chambermaid will hear :
 No silver in my purse to pay
 For opera-tickets, or the play :
 No message sent to bid me come
 A fortnight after to a drum :
 No visits or receiv'd or pay'd,
 No ball, ridotto, masquerade :
 All pensive, heartless, and chagrine
 I sit, devoted prey to spleen ;
 Shabbily fine with tarnish'd lace,
 And hunger pictur'd in my face.

To you, dear P —, indulgent heav'n
 A gentler, happier lot has giv'n ;
 To you has dealt with bounteous hands
 Palladian seats, and fruitful lands :
 Then in my sorrows have the grace
 To take some pity on my case ;
 And as you know the times are hard,
 Send a spruce valet with a card —
 Your compliments, and beg I'd dine,
 And taste your mutton and your wine ;
 You'll find most punctual and observant,
 Your most obliged humble servant,

C. T.