

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
CAPTAIN T. H. ABBOTT. *

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE OFFICERS OF
THE ARTILLERY.

FROM dreary scenes low prostrate on the ground,
Where anguish rages with a gloom profound ;
Where poverty in ev'ry form appears,
To chill a wretched prisoner with fears,
A spirit fled ; the brave, undaunted mind
Smil'd at despair, and left its load behind ;
Oh ! Henry, must thou undistinguish'd lie,
Sunk, unremember'd all thy virtues die ;
And will no friend whom all those virtues made,
Pay a just tribute to thy parting shade ?
Yes, I'm that friend ; accept the pitying tear,
The kindest offering of an heart sincere ;
Oh ! take it then from her you once approv'd,
The friend you honour'd, and the maid you lov'd ;
Benignant shade ! Oh ! yet one glance bestow,
I'll guard thy memory, and indulge my woe ;
How hard thy fate ! from peace, from pleasure torn,
Doom'd to imprisonment, in want to mourn ;

* This officer was imprisoned for money laid out on account of Government, when he commanded in Florida. About an hour before his death an express arrived with the news of his having succeeded to 800l. per annum.

On the damp earth expos'd, thy gallant breast
 With sickness, anguish, pining care oppress'd ;
 Too proud for pity, conscious of the past,
 Forgot, unheeded even to the last,
 Thou found'st no friend to close thy dying eye,
 To anxious watch the unrepeated sigh ;
 No gentle hand thy latest wants reliev'd,
 Nor cordial drop thy closing lips receiv'd ;
 But lost, neglected, unrewarded died,
 A man in whom the virtues did reside :
 Ye brave companions of his happier days,
 Oh ! aid my feeble voice to speak his praise ;
 He once was leader of a chosen band,
 And carried conquest thro' a foreign land ;
 Lov'd by his equals, to his soldiers dear,
 To each forgiving, to himself severe ;
 His mild compassion cheer'd the wretch's fate,
 But unregarded was his suffering fate,
 Till death, more kind than country, friends, or king,
 Shelter'd his sorrows with his sable wing :
 Pardon, ye brave ! long, long did ye protect
 That injur'd worth his country did neglect ;
 Then join with me the kind embalming tear,
 For Henry's fate deserves a pang sincere ;
 And may thy rest be sweet, thou good and brave !
 Bright honor rear her standard o'er thy grave ;
 And though no marble may adorn the spot,
 A name so honor'd cannot be forgot ;

Dear

Dear to the foldier, by the good approv'd,
 Sacred to friends, and by relations lov'd.
 And Oh ! blest ſpirit ! gracious and benign,
 O'er all my ways Oh ! let thy influence ſhine :
 Pure, unimpaſſion'd now thy care extend,
 And be my guardian, comforter, and friend :
 Direct the good, the ſhafts of ill repel,
 Till I ſhall bid each earthly bliſs farewel ;
 Then may thy ſpirit welcome mine above
 To the bright regions of ſeraphic love.

TO AN UNBORN INFANT.

BE ſtill, ſweet babe, no harm ſhall reach thee,
 Nor hurt thy yet unfinish'd form ;
 Thy mother's frame ſhall ſafely guard thee
 From this bleak, this beating ſtorm.

Promis'd hope ! expected treasure !
 Oh ! how welcome to theſe arms !
 Feeble, yet they'll fondly clasp thee,
 Shield thee from the leaſt alarms.

Lov'd already, little bleſſing,
 Kindly cheriſh'd, tho' unknown,