

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!

Farewell! my little favourite Bess,
 Thy fate why should I mourn?
 Since kings and queens the same must share,
 And unto dust return.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN HONEST MAN, MR. B. D.
 ADDRESSED TO HIS WIDOW,

WHEN wealthy, proud, or titled fools expire,
 (Those splendid trifles which the vain admire,)
 The flatterer's pen, the sculptor's curious art,
 May strike the eye—but seldom reach the heart;
 Tho' gaudy trappings did not grace his birth,
 And undistinguished, save, by honest worth,
 Tho' polished marble do'nt record his praise,
 Nor humble fortune, monument can raise;
 Tho' his low grave can boast no featured bust,
 Celestial guardians watch his sleeping dust;
 And Heaven hath spared his memory one friend,
 Who knew his goodness—viewed his peaceful end;
 Then thou pure spirit deign one glance to see,
 How sweet the task to utter truth of thee;
 And thou sad mourner, take it from my hands,
 This boon thy friendship from my pen demands;