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Too soon, alas! the tidings spread,
That Henry fill'd a foreign tomb;—
Oppress'd with grief, her reason fled,
And left her wrapt in mental gloom.

And now no more companions gay,
To her sad mind a joy impart;
No more life's cheering scenes convey
A pleasure to her wounded heart.

And now no more the fawning train
Her love-inspiring charms adore;
No more she breathes the vocal strain,
And leads the festive dance no more.

Yet oft yon laurel's shade beneath,
Forgetful that her lover's dead,
She mut'ring roves, and twines a wreath
To grace the fall'n hero's head.

But, ah! one lucid moment wakes
To bleeding mem'ry all her woe;—
Her hand th' unfinished wreath forsakes,
And tears of heart-felt anguish flow.

Ah, see! e'en now the verdant leaves
She drops; and silent sorrow's stream;
Ah, see! that heav'nly bosom heaves,
A sigh of agony extreme.

Oh chase, sweet Heaven! her mental gloom!
Eliza! cease in grief to pine;
Ah, cease to mourn thy lover's doom,
For Pity sheds a tear for thine.

H.H.H.

SYMPATHY.

AH! why was the tear form'd to flow,
O'er the anguish it cannot retrieve?
Or the sigh for the victim of woe,
When the means are too scant to relieve?

Must the bosom of sympathy mourn?
Must friendship and virtue repine?
Must the heart that is tender be torn,
When its passion is pure and divine?

Yes, Pity must often befriend,
And the heart that has feelings must grieve,
When the hand is forbid to extend,
And the wish is the all we can give.

But the heart that has wishes to bless,
Reflects the same pleasure that's given;
And the tear that can drop at distress
Is an alms that's accepted in Heaven!

H.H.H.

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

CAREY'S WISH.

Mr. CAREY was a true son of the Muses, and the most successful writer of his day, although his works do not appear, as they ought to do, in any of our great collections. In early life, he successfully burlesqued the affected versification of Ambrose Phillips, to which he gave the fortunate appellation of *namby pamby*, and so exquisitely was this executed, that it was at first considered by Swift as the satirical effusion of Pope, and by Pope, as the humorous ridicule of Swift. His Ballad of "Sally in our Alley," was more than once commended for its nature, by Addison, and is sung to this day. He was the author of those admirable burlesques, "The Dragon of Wantley," and "Chrononhotontologos;" "God Save the King," (of which he gave the music as well as the words,) and the poem "Carey's Wish," which we now insert, as peculiarly appropriate to the tone and temper requisite in this arduous juncture, when INFLUENCE is making such encroachments, and PUBLIC SPIRIT is, rallying to oppose it.

Carey was a poet, and, what is much better, a patriot. He loved his King, and his Country also, and gave the following eloquent and impressive testimony, that, in his opinion, *Public Freedom would be destroyed, whenever the Court presumed to invade the free Election of Parliament.*

CURS'D be the wretch that's bought and sold,
And barter Liberty for Gold;
For when Election is not free,
In vain we boast of Liberty,
And he who sells his single right,
Would sell his Country if he might.
When Liberty is put to sale,
For wine, for money, or for ale,
The sellers must be abject slaves,
The buyers, vile designing knaves.
A proverb it has been of old,
The Devil's bought but to be sold.
This maxim, in the Statesman's school,
Is always taught, *Divide and Rule*,
All parties are to him a joke,
While zealots foam, *He fits the yoke*;
Let men their reason once resume,
'Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.