



The Doctors say that you're my booty:
Come Sir, for I must do my duty.

The Father of the Family.

AT BRISTOL, as the Story's told,
Or in some other place as old,
The Healing Doctors, when they strive
In vain to keep sick folks alive,
Are, by the common Custom led
To pay their duties to the Dead :
The Patients whom they cannot save,
They always usher to the grave,
Nor quit at once, the friends who fee'd 'em,
But to their long last home precede 'em ;
Bearing, if still the traffic thrives,
Silk scarfs, and hatbands, to their wives,
To whom these presents come so pat
To make a bonnet, or a hat ;
While half a dozen put together,
May form a gown for wintry weather ;

Or serve an œconomic turn,
If they should have a cause to mourn :
Nay if the Dead Man's rich, d'ye see,
They get a ring that's worth a fee.
Thus, though they neither sigh nor grieve,
It is genteely taking leave :
Besides, 'tis right to set before us,
Whate'er is decent and decorous.

I cannot say I like the *Galen*,
Who, when he finds his Physic failing,
Nor can restore, with all his art,
The vital pulses of the Heart,
Walks off, and feels no other sorrow,
But for the Fee, he'll miss to-morrow.
—I lately read a curious tale,
Where Truth and Fancy both prevail,
But few will their assent refuse
To this effusion of the Muse.

Eugenio was the best of men,
I wish there were one such in ten ;

Nay, 'twould improve the human brood,
If a tenth part were half as good.
So many virtues, and so rare,
Did his benignant bosom share,
That, if Man could perfection know,
It shone in my Eugenio.

He was his parent's darling joy,
A lovely, tender, duteous Boy :
From day to day, from year to year,
Along the gradual career,
From Youth's gay season to the prime
Of Manhood, through that doubtful time,
He ne'er disturb'd a Mother's rest,
Nor pain'd a watchful Father's breast.
—His wedded Love a blessing prov'd,
To her whom he most fondly lov'd ;
And after twenty years were past,
The well-known Flicht was claim'd at last.
—Nor did his virtues less proclaim
The Honour of a Parent's name :
He watch'd, with never-ceasing eye,
O'er his lov'd, num'rous progeny,

Who form'd a regulated stage,
From infant years to youthful age ;
And promis'd all that's good and fair,
Beneath his never-ceasing care.
His Friendships were to few confin'd,
And they were of the noblest kind :
But in warm Charity's embrace,
His Nature clasp'd the human race.
Whene'er Old England ask'd his aid,
Each claim of Loyalty was paid :
The manly flame, the patriot zeal,
His bosom never ceas'd to feel ;
Nor e'er did Misery complain,
Or ask his helping hand in vain.
—Learning he lov'd, but never sought
Delusive Science, that is taught
By false and by fantastic rule
In Fancy's bower or Sceptic School ;
He, from the purest fountains, drew
The knowledge which the wise pursue ;
Profound and useful and refin'd,
To gild and to instruct the mind.

While fair Religion's sacred Lore,
Sanctified the varied store.
—Such was Eugenio:—If to these
Are join'd the wish and power to please,
Reflection's eye the whole may scan,
Of this incomparable man.
Wealth did his days with plenty crown,
And wide Domains were all his own.
—But he was not exempt from fate:
The evils of our mortal state
He felt like other men: Disease
Did on his yielding vitals seize.
The Fever rag'd, the Doctor came,
But could not cool the fatal flame;
He fear'd the worst, and ask'd the aid
Of some learn'd brother of his trade:
But the two Doctors both agreed,
No mortal Med'cine could succeed;
But still it would be well to try
What further Counsels may supply:—
A Third appears, and says no more
Than what his Brethren said before.

They saw Death in his pale array,
 So took their Fees and walk'd away.
 —Amid the tears, the sobs, the sighs,
 That round expiring virtue rise,
 The Tyrant stretch'd his arms well pleas'd,
 And soon th' expiring victim seiz'd.
 The Wife around her Husband clung,
 The Children on their Mother hung;
 And all that view'd the scene exprest
 The moanings of an aching breast.
 "Cease," said Eugenio, "cease to grieve,
 "And these my parting words receive:
 "With patience bear the stroke that's given;
 "Be good,—and leave the rest to Heaven.
 "O let not Sorrow heave a sigh,
 "When thus you see **A CHRISTIAN DIE.**"

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