

## THE OWL.

But care and pain a place there found ;  
A crushing load thy service was  
No thrilling ecstacies could sooth,  
Around Eliza's car thou heldst  
Admiring Nations. Happiness  
Thou couldst not give ; and thy lone child  
From dear ones far, o'er Ocean's foam,  
On Afric's burning shore sought rest.  
This boon deniedst thou, cruel Fame !  
Eliza wept, and pined and died.

