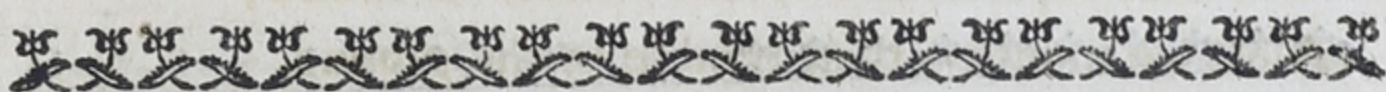


From all the futile cares of business free ;
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be* :
 Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;
 And seriously prepare, to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies ;
 And all the malice of the storm defies :
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind ;
 Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown.



S O N G.

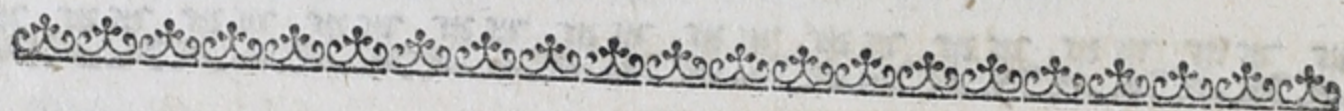
By the Same.

AS o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
 The blissful seat of peace and love,
 Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
 And mingle pleasure with surprize.

By nature blest in every part,
 Adorn'd with every grace of art,
 This paradise of blooming joys
 Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.

But when I view the radiant queen,
 Who form'd this fair enchanting scene;
 Pardon ye grotts! ye crystal floods!
 Ye breathing flow'rs! ye shady woods!

Your coolness now no more invites;
 No more your murmuring stream delights;
 Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown;
 My soul's intent on her alone.



ODE to a FRIEND wounded in a Duel.

HOW long shall tyrant Custom bind
 In slavish chains the human mind?
 How long shall false fantastic Honour draw
 The vengeful sword, with fury fell,
 And ranc'rous Malice dark as hell,
 In spite of Reason's rule, and Nature's eldest law?

Too many gallant youths have bled;
 Too much of British blood been shed
 By Britons' swords, and that foul monster's laws:
 Youths that might else have nobly dar'd;
 More glorious wounds and dangers shar'd
 For Britain's just defence, and virtue's injur'd cause.