

Must deem each fruitless toil, by heav'n design'd  
 To teach him where to look for real bliss ;  
 Else why should heav'n excite the hope to find  
 What balk'd pursuit must here for ever miss ?



### The GROTT O: An ODE to SILENCE.

By the Same.

COME, musing Silence, nor refuse to shed  
 Thy sober influence o'er this darkling cell :  
 Thy desart waste and lonely plain,  
 Could ne'er confine thy peaceful reign ;  
 Nor dost thou only love to dwell  
 'Mid the dark mansions of the vaulted dead :  
 For still at eve's serenest hour,  
 All Nature owns thy sooth'ning pow'r :  
 Oft hast thou deign'd with me to rove,  
 Beneath the calm sequester'd grove ;  
 Oft deign'd my secret steps to lead  
 Along the dewy pathless mead ;  
 Or up the dusky lawn, to spy  
 The last faint gleamings of the twilight sky.  
 Then wilt thou still thy pensive vot'ry meet,  
 Oft as he calls thee to this gloomy seat :

For here, with many a solemn mystic rite,  
 Wert thou invok'd to consecrate the ground,  
 Ere these rude walls were rear'd remote from sight,  
 Or ere with moss this shaggy roof was crown'd

Hail! blessed parent of each purer thought,  
 That doth at once the heart exalt and mend !

Here wilt thou never fail to find  
 My vacant solitude inclin'd  
 Thy serious lessons to attend.

For they I ween shall be with goodness fraught,  
 Whether thou bid me meditate  
 On man, in untaught nature's state ;  
 How far this life he ought to prize ;  
 How far its transient scenes despise :  
 What heights his reason may attain,  
 And where its proud attempts are vain :  
 What toils his virtue ought to brave,  
 For Hope's rewarding joys beyond the grave :  
 Or if in man redeem'd you bid me trace  
 Each wond'rous proof of heav'n's transcendent grace ;  
 Then breathe some sparks of that celestial fire,  
 Which in the raptur'd seraph glows above,  
 Where fainted myriads crowd the joyful choir,  
 And harp their praises round the throne of love.

The trifling sons of Levity and Pride  
 Hence shall thy aweful seriousness exclude ;  
 Nor shall loud Riot's thoughtless train  
 With frantic mirth this grott profane.  
 No foe to peace shall here intrude.

For thou wilt kindly bid each sound subside,  
 Save such as soothes the lift'ning sensē,  
 And serves to aid thy influence :  
 Save where, soft-breathing o'er the plain,  
 Mild Zephyr waves the rustling grain :  
 Or where some stream, from rocky source,  
 Slow trickles down its ceaseless course :  
 Or where the sea's imperfect roar  
 Comes gently murmur'ring from the distant shore.  
 But most in Philomel, sweet bird of night,  
 In plaintive Philomel, is thy delight :  
 For she, or studious to prolong her grief,  
 Or oft to vary her exhaustless lay,  
 With frequent pause, from thee shall seek relief,  
 Nor close her strain, till dawns the noisy day.

Without thy aid, to happier tasteful art,  
 No deep instructive science could prevail :  
 For only where thou dost preside,  
 Can wit's inventive pow'rs be tried :  
 And reason's better task would fail,  
 Did not thy haunts the serious theme impart.

The critic, that with plodding head  
 Toils o'er the learning of the dead ;  
 The cloister'd hermit that explores,  
 By midnight lamp, religion's stores ;  
 Each sage that marks, with thoughtful gaze,  
 The lunar orb, or planet's maze ;  
 And ev'ry bard, that strays along  
 The sylvan shade, intent on sacred song ;  
 Shall all to thee those various praises give,  
 Which, through thy friendly aid, themselves receive :  
 For tho' thou mayst from glory's seats retire,  
 Where loud applause proclaims the honour'd name ;  
 Yet doth thy modest wisdom still inspire  
 Each nobler work that swells the voice of Fame.



## The PICTURE of HUMAN LIFE.

Translated from the GREEK of CEBES the THEBAN.

By Mr. T. SCOTT.

*Et vitae monstrata via est.*

HOR.

WHILE Saturn's <sup>a</sup> fane with solemn step we trod,  
 And view'd the <sup>b</sup> votive honours of the God,

<sup>a</sup> This temple was probably in the city of Thebes, for Cebes was a Theban.

<sup>b</sup> Devout offerings, for the most part in discharge of vows.

A pictur'd