



INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE
BELONGING TO GILBERT WEST, ESQ. AT WICKHAM,
IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

NOT wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasure's cloy;
Swift as my changing wish I shift the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.



THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest;
The internal power, creative Fancy oft
Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.

Thus