



SONNET VI.

R **, who well hast judg'd the task too hard,
 Of this short life throughout the total day
 To follow glory's false bewitching ray,
 Through certain toils, uncertain of reward ;

A prince's service how should we regard ;
 As service still—though deck'd in livery gay,
 Disguis'd with titles, gilded o'er with pay,
 Specious, yet ill to liberty preferr'd.

Bounding thy wishes by the golden mean,
 Nor weakly bartering happiness for show,
 Wisely thou'st left the busy bustling scene,
 Where merit seldom has successful been,
 In C**'s shades to taste the joys, that flow
 From calm retirement, and a mind serene.