

The scene of love is vanish'd quite :
 They pout, grow peevish, scold, and fight.
 Two tables feed each parted guest ;
 Two beds receive the pair to rest :
 And law alone can end the strife,
 With separate-maintenance for life.



AN INSCRIPTION.

Quercus loquitur.

O YE!

WHO by retirement to these sacred groves
 Impregnate fancy, and on thought divine
 Build harmony—If sudden glow your breast
 With inspiration, and the rapt'rous song
 Bursts from a mind unconscious whence it sprang :
 —Know that the sisters of these hallow'd haunts,
 Dryad or Hamadryad, tho' no more
 From Jove to man prophetick truths they sing ;
 Are still attendant on the lonely bard,
 Who step by step these silent woods among
 Wanders contemplative, lifting the soul
 From lower cares, by every whisp'ring breeze
 Tun'd the poetick mood ; and fill the mind
 With truths oracular, themselves of old
 Deign'd utter from the Dodonean shrine.

ODE