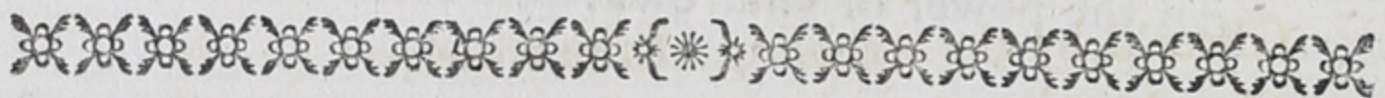


While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
 The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :
 One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
 One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
 His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,
 His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :
 His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
 And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
 August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
 Thou fairest daughter of the various year,
 On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,
 On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows,
 The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame,
 To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name ;
 Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
 Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.
 By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
 The sun and Cæsar but prepar'd this day.



The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

Written in the Year 1744.

AS, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
 An endless exile from his home ;

Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
 And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
 'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below;
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
 So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
 Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
 Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
 How blithsome were we wont to rove
 By verdant hill, or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
 And aged elms with awful bend
 In long cathedral walks extend!
 Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
 In sweet society with thee!
 Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded roll'd along:
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
 These scenes must charm me now no more,
 Lost to the field, and torn from you,——
 Farewel!—— a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,
 To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw;
 There selfish Faction rules the day,
 And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare;
 Loose Revelry and Riot bold
 In frightened streets their orgies hold;
 Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
 Fell Murder walks her lonely round:
 No room for peace, no room for you,
 Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu!

Shakespear no more thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coifs around me stand;
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
 And points with tott'ring hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

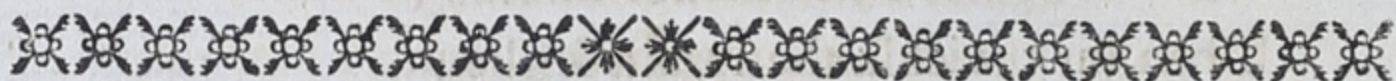
There, in a winding, close retreat,
 Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat,
 There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
 She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,

And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years)
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the fordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus tho' my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe;
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
 My honour, and my conscience clear;
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend!



By Miss COOPER (now Mrs. MADAN) in her
 Brother's Coke upon Littleton.

O Thou, who labour'ft in this rugged mine,
 May'ft thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine!
 May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!
 Doubt not to reap, if thou canst bear to plough.
 To tempt thy care, may each revolving night,
 Purfes and maces swim before thy fight!
 From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed!
 May'ft thou essay, to look and speak like Mead.
 When the black bag and rose no more shall shade
 With martial air the honours of thy head;

When