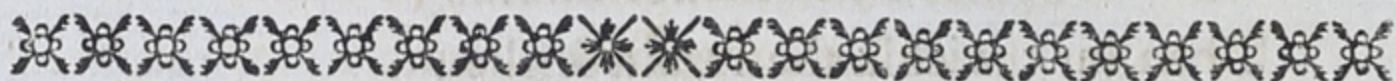


Thus tho' my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe;
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
 No orphan's cry to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

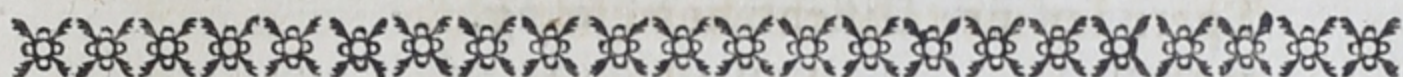


By Miss COOPER (now Mrs. MADAN) in her
 Brother's Coke upon Littleton.

O Thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,
 May'st 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 sight!
 From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed!
 May'st 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

When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,
 And only leave to view thy learned nose :
 Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers ;
 While tenants, in fee simple, stuff thy coffers.



S O L I T U D E.

An O D E.

By Dr. GRAINGER.

I.

O Solitude, romantic Maid,
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clefted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
 Or in yon roofless cloyster stray ;
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

II.

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
 Bloated empirick, puff'd Pretence,