

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare!
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of fable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will Mirth, the sprightly mountain maid,
 Your days and nights attend;
 She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
 Nor Cupid will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.


O D E T O S O L I T U D E.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
 Listening to the crowing cock,
 And the distant sounding clock;
 Or sitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,

Or

Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;
 Thou, that on the meadow green,
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,
 But wandering by the dusky nooks,
 And the pensive-falling brooks,
 Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock!
 Musing maid, to thee I come,
 Hating the tradeful city's hum;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noisy mirth and business free,
 With meditation seek the skies,
 This folly-fetter'd world despise!



H O L K H A M. A P O E M.

BY MR. POTTER.

THE lofty beeches, and their sacred shade
 O'er Penshurst's flower embroider'd vale display'd,
 Have yet their glory: not that Sidney's hand
 "Marshall'd in even ranks th' obsequious band;"

^c A seat belonging to the earl of Leicester in the county of Norfolk.