

The insertion of the following will gratify a subscriber to your entertaining Magazine.

To Eliza.

And shall *Eliza* still retain her heart,
Who oft on mine has caused the bitter smart;
Shall she still cruelly, me captive chain,
Nor give *one* smile to ease my racking pain.

Why lovely fair one, cruel in thy might,
Why art thou still so beautiful in my sight,
Why not to me, a smile enchanting give,
And bid your captive still in hope to live.

Alas! *she* feels not my consuming fears,
Nor does *she* suffer my corroding cares,
Oh! that *she* *did*, sure her distracted mind
Would teach her to be AFFABLE and KIND.

G.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENQUIRER.

SIR,

If you deem the following Ode worthy a place in your useful and entertaining Miscellany, by inserting it in your next number will oblige
S. T.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Though many in thy presence sigh,
And fain to seek from thee to fly,
I woo thee Solitude;
I'll seek thee in the tangl'd glen,
Far from the busy noise of men,
Where cares do ne'er intrude.

In company with thee I'll stray,
In the retired and lonely way
Of some untrodden wood,
Where thou wilt teach me soon to know
The vanity of all below,
And show me what is good.

The gay, the wealthy and the proud,
And all the bustle of the crowd,
Thou showest are but vain;
The pleasures which the great enjoy
Are mix'd with troubles which annoy,
And turn their bliss to pain.