

One sense of his, less keen than all the rest,  
Somewhat becalm'd the flutter of my breast ;  
It gave some courage to our troubled thoughts,  
That *seeing only* mark'd but half our faults.

“ 'Tis an ill wind, they say, that blows no good,”  
And well the proverb now is understood ;  
For what has long been mourn'd by all the nation,  
Is at this time *our* only consolation.

O N L A U R A ' s G R A V E .

**B**ENEATH yon flowery turf, the fairest head,  
E'er slept on Earth's cold bosom, lies asleep.  
O Earth ! enwrap her soft ; and o'er her dust  
Let every Grace and every Virtue weep.

The Morn, as o'er the misty plain she treads,  
Shall sprinkle on the sod her pearly tears,  
And o'er her grave shall Eve delight to muse,  
While airy dirges sooth her listening ears.

Oft the blue nightly taper's studious flame  
Shall weeping Fancy leave, and thro' the gloom  
Steal a sad visitant to pour her plaints,  
And bend her pensive head o'er LAURA's tomb.

Here

Here shall she see, the same due rites to pay,  
 With silent pace, in sable weeds array'd,  
 Eye-streaming Sorrow, and deep-sighing Love,  
 With trailing torch, advance along the shade.

The Muses come, and scatter wreaths around,  
 Weav'd by the fingers of the infant Year;  
 Remembrance comes, and hence departing loth,  
 Oft turns the wishful look, and drops a tear.



## S O N N E T.

TO A LADY OF INDISCREET VIRTUE.

I N I M I T A T I O N O F S P E N S E R.

B Y T ——— P ———.

W H I L E you, fair ANNA, innocently gay,  
 And free and open, all reserve disdain;  
 Where-ever Fancy leads securely stray,  
 And conscious of no ill can fear no stain;

Let calm Discretion guide with steady rein,  
 Let early Caution twitch your gentle ear;  
 She'll tell you Censure lays her wily train,  
 To blast those beauties which too bright appear.