EPITAPH ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

TO THE REV. GEORGE GLEIG, A. M.

MORTAL, whene'er by Contemplation led,
Thou feek'ft these aweful mansions of the dead;
Here pause awhile, and view this humble grave,
Where no pale statues weep, no banners wave;
Here rests, secure from ev'ry human woe,
One whose sad fate commands the tear to slow;
Who, in the dawn of life, when all was gay,
Attentive heard seducing Pleasure's lay;
By the salse Syren lur'd, she plow'd the wave,
Where ruthless rocks afford a certain grave;
By the rude storm despoil'd of peace and same,
Your pity now is all she means to claim;
But, whilst celestial Pity, pausing here,
Shall kindly shed one tributary tear;

Let none, who virtue more than mercy prize,
Diffurb the duft that near this willow lies:
For, though beneath this humble, harmless stone,
Sleeps one to human frailty often prone,
Yet Pity's self shall draw a friendly veil
O'er all the guilt that clouds her hapless tale.
As vernal air then breathing pure and sweet,
One anxious pray'r to Heav'n's high Mercy-seat,
Thither shall cherub'd Peace the record bear,
Whilst radiant Hope shall six her anchor there.

"Writen with one flocking on, the other off. Mr. B.'s very uncommonly tender attachment to his Mother, from his early infancy to the laft boast he drew, occasioned his confloatly asking his farrant on entiring his clamber, "How the did?" The man replied, "Pretty well, Sir. Six is gone out. Mr. Duncombe is dead—died at five this morning." Mr. B had been at a private hall the night before, where Mr. D. was with his databate. In the fine the fines were written, as, Mr. B. told his Mother when he gave them to her at breakfast, faying, "As it is a trickly just chambler, it may for a minute foothe the mint of your deap faing Mr. B.

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