

P A P E R X.

**L** EAD me, where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me,  
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life;  
Forget myself; and that day's guilt! —  
Cruel remembrance!—how shall I appease thee?

—Oh! you have done an act  
That blots the face and blush of modesty;  
Takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And makes a blister there! —

Then down I laid my head,  
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead;  
And my freed Soul to a strange somewhere fled!  
Ah! sottish soul! said I,  
When back to its cage again I saw it fly,  
Fool! to resume her broken chain,  
And row the galley here again!  
Fool! to that body to return,  
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to mourn.

O my Miss Howe! if thou hast friendship, help me,  
And speak the words of peace to my divided soul,  
That wars within me,  
And raise ev'ry sense to my confession,  
I'm tot'ring on the brink  
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left!  
Assist me in the pangs of my affliction!

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die:  
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

Then farewell, youth,  
And all the joys that dwell  
With youth and life!  
And life itself, farewell!

For life can never be sincerely bliss.  
Heaven punishes the Bad, and proves the Best.

*By swift misfortunes  
How am I purged!  
Which on each other are  
Like waves, renew'd!*

*Death only can be dreadful to the bad:  
To innocence 'tis like a bugbear dress'd!  
To frighten children. Pull out off the mask  
And he'll appear a friend.*

*I could not take myself  
Would narrow up thy soul!—*

**A** F T E R all, Belford, I have just skimn'd over these  
inscriptions of Dorcas; and I see there is method  
and