LEAD 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 bluster 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! sweet 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 condemned and desitned is to morn.

O my Mifs Howe! if thou hast friendship, help me,
And speak the words of peace to my divided soul,
That was within me,
And raise every sense to my confusion.
I'm torn on the bine
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 free retreat from infamy.

By Swift misfortune!

For life can never be sincerely blest.
Heaven punishes the Bad, and prove the Best.

AFTER all, Belford, I have just skim'd over these
inscriptions of Dorcas; and I see there is method and