

Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And *softer flame* ;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name !

Reader attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit,  
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*.  
Is Wisdom's root.

F I N I S.