

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.