

THE WREATH.

MYRA, my fair and lovely Friend,
 To thee, this beauteous Wreath I send;
 Various the flow'rets you will see,
 Blooming and fair sweet maid like thee.
 Whilst o'er each flower, thy fingers stray,
 Bethink thee Myra. what they say.
 Can Flowers talk you'll quick reply?
 Yes, my sweet girl, like you or I;
 To those who lend a list'ning ear,
 And all their lessons mildly hear:
 Thus then to thee, my Myra gay,
 That Wreath so beauteous seems to say:—

“To thee, how kind has nature been,
 “Than thee a lovelier scarce was seen;
 “And sure you'll say we're lovely too,
 “Yes fair and beauteous e'en as you;
 “Yet pause awhile O fairest Maid,
 “Thy charms like ours ere long will fade:
 “Think, think of that and whilst you've power,
 “Improve in virtue every hour;
 “For she who has no other boast,
 “Than her fair face; when that is lost,
 “Like us neglected, thrown aside,
 “She then in solitude may hide,
 “Her once fair form; too late she'll find,
 “That far 'bove Beauty is the mind.”

But cease, O moralist, no need
 With such harsh sounds to tune thy reed;
 The lovely Myra knows full well,
 The moral truths that thou would'st tell:
 To her sweet maid is kindly given,
 The best and richest gifts of Heaven;
 Yes, to the beauties of her face,
 Her heart and mind add tenfold Grace.



TO MISS PORTER.

On reading her Novel of Thaddens of Warsaw.

To paint a youth, as virtuous as he's brave,
 Glowing with zeal his native realms to save;
 In War, the terror of th' invading foe,
 And still unconquer'd in severest woe: