
The following are selected from a centenary of SONNETS, written as occasion presented the Idea, through a Course of more than twenty Years. The Author intends to publish them collectively at some future period.

SONNET.

INGRATITUDE,—how deadly is thy smart,
Proceeding from the Form we fondly love !
How light, compar'd, all other sorrows prove !
Thou shed'st a night of woe, from whence depart
The gentle beams of patience, that the heart
'Mid lesser ills illumine.—Thy Victims rove
Unquiet as the Ghost that haunts the grove
Where MURDER spilt the life-blood.—O! thy dart
Kills more than life, e'en all that makes it dear ;
Till we the "sensible of pain" wou'd change
For Phrenzy, that defies the bitter tear,
Or wish, in kindred callousness, to range
Where moon-ey'd IDIOCY, with fallen lip,
Drags the loose knee, and intermitting step.