

But heaven, more just, more gracious, deem'd it hard,  
 That worth like thine should wait a late reward,  
 So gently mov'd thee to that peaceful shore,  
 Where pleasure reigns, and anguish is no more.  
 Sweet be thy rest, dear venerated clay !  
 Whose guardian care once watch'd my erring way ;  
 Ere thy pure spirit gain'd its native skies,  
 Thou taught'st each fair idea how to rise ;  
 Supremely blest thy mourning daughter, I,  
 By thee taught how to live, and how to die ;  
 And by thine own example, shew'd the way,  
 That leads to peace, and never-ending day.  
 Still deign to guide me, ever-honor'd shade !  
 In that clear path thy shining virtues made ;  
 O thou ! so tried in sad affliction's school,  
 That made the Christian Leader's life thy rule,  
 Oh, while I live may I distinguish'd be,  
 By still revering, imitating thee !  
 Serene with kindred fairs in purest air,  
 Now smile in triumph at thy late despair.

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*The* CHOICE; *or,* DULL HOUR PAST.

HEIGHO! I'm wond'rous dull; in truth I'm wond'rous  
 sad—

Little amusement, and the weather bad ;

What shall I do? I'll write—Come, ready friend—  
 I mean my pen—Good folks, I pray attend:  
 Still at a loss, I do not wish to tease;—  
 My muse, assist me—teach me how to please—  
 My thoughts are free—then, fancy, take thy range—  
 I'll write my wish—no choice—pshaw, how I change!  
 Critics, be dumb—I will the thought impart,  
 That some kind youth may bid for Anna's heart:  
 He who aspires this little heart to gain,  
 Some decent share of merit must attain;  
 Serene religion must his actions guide,  
 Bright truth, nice honor, o'er his mind preside;  
 Prudence to guide him thro' life's busy scene,  
 Never extravagant, nor ever mean;  
 Let him have sense designing men to see,  
 Enough to rule himself, and *govern me*;  
 To feel for human kind—a generous soul,  
 To me devoted, but polite to all;  
 His temper kind—of that I must be sure—  
 A husband's frown I never could endure;  
 To female weakness mild reproof impart,  
 But with indifference never chill the heart;  
 No *foolish* fondness should he ever shew,  
 But love refin'd, within his bosom glow;  
 His manner easy, gen'rous, void of art,  
 Let ev'ry word flow candid from the heart;  
 His person pleasing, in his taste refin'd,  
 A face the index of an honest mind;

To jealousy he never must give way,  
 Trust to my honour, and I'll not betray ;  
 No flatt'ring fribble shall my hand obtain,  
 Where much is said, there little can remain ;  
 A man for riches I can never prize,—  
 Let kindness grant what adverse fate denies ;  
 I wish not wealth, nor titles do I claim,  
 Only let goodness mark his honest name ;  
 To little errors I will kindly bend ;  
 His wish, my law, I never will contend ;  
 And, should he stray (as none can faultless be)  
 Prudence shall veil it ; for *I will not see* :  
 A youth like this to share the cares of life,  
 Shall find in me a kind and faithful wife.  
 Ambitious females in their wealth may glee,—  
 Love, worth, and honor, form the heart for me.  
 Methinks ye frown—I hear ye loud exclaim,  
 “ To hope so much a female is to blame ;  
 “ In modern days, do you expect to find  
 “ Grace, worth, and goodness, with firm honor join'd ?  
 “ But if so high are your pretensions, tell  
 “ What do you boast ? in what do you excel ?”  
 In great sincerity I now step forth,  
 Confess my merit humble as my worth ;  
 I boast no beauty—I no graces claim,  
 And all my portion is, a spotless name ;  
 Sincere and artless—MAN exert your skill,  
 With prudent fondness make me what you will.

Blushing

Blushing, methinks, I hear it said, "No more!  
 "No other claim!—truly your merit's *poor*."  
 Yet, in life's varying maze, I hope to meet  
 Some kindred heart, unpractis'd in deceit.  
 To prove the tender friend—companion—wife,  
 Will be the sweetest care of Anna's life;  
 With temper mild, and innocently gay,  
 Submissive gentleness she'll ever pay.—  
 My friends, adieu!—my hour is past away.

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MIRANDA *and the* RED-BREAST:

A FABLE FOR THE LADIES.

THE vain Miranda long had shone,  
 In fashion's brilliant scene;  
 Each heart confess'd her passing fair,  
 And hail'd her beauty's queen.

Unrival'd long Miranda liv'd,  
 Of British maids the toast,  
 And with tyrannic sway she reign'd,  
 A celebrated toast;

Till