

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.

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

Till brighter Emeline appear'd,
 Fair as the opening morn,
 Then Myra only swell'd the groupe
 Sweet Emma did adorn.

The haughty maid, that ne'er could brook
 Ev'n one neglecting eye,
 With bursting pride beheld her charms
 Unnotic'd now past by.

Conflicting passions tear her breast ;
 To distant scenes she flies,
 To seek in solitude that calm
 Reflection ne'er denies ;

But ah ! in vain, the venom'd dart
 Within her bosom lay,
 And pride repress can ne'er bestow,
 Of peace the faintest ray.

One silent eve she reach'd a grove,
 There to lament her fate,
 Where modest Robin pensive sung,
 And cheer'd his little mate :

With scorn she heard the plaintive lay,
 And, with disdainful look,

“ Prefuming feeble wretch,” she cried ;
The little redbreast shook :

“ Chirp not, thou vain, thou sorry thing,
“ Hark Philomela’s strain ;
Unworthy thou to share her haunts,
“ The meanest of her train :

“ Be ever dumb, assuming bird,
“ Dar’st thou e’er hope to please,
“ When larks salute the early morn,
“ And thrushes sing from trees ?

“ Ambitious thing, I say give o’er ;
“ The blackbird’s warbling song
“ In just contempt will sink thy notes ;
“ For ever stop thy tongue.”

Meek Robin, in the sweetest strain,
With softest accents spoke,
Shelt’ring his partner with his wings,
Thus, trembling, silence broke :

“ Pardon, bright fair ! I know not pride,
“ Foe to ambition I ;
“ Humbly poor Robin owns he ne’er
“ With thrush or lark can vie :

- “ Indeed I try to imitate
 “ Sweet Philomela’s lay,
 “ And to the warbling blackbird’s song
 “ Sincereft homage pay ;

 “ And when that wintry ftorms defcend,
 “ Each vernal beauty feize,
 “ When they retire till milder hours,
 “ Poor Robin tries to please ;

 “ ’Tis then with timid hope I ftrove
 “ To foothe the liftening ear,
 “ My bright reward, a little food,
 “ Thefe hours of want to chear :

 “ Then hear, ye sweeteft birds of air,
 “ The humbleft of your throng ;
 “ ’Tis when ye will not deign to chear,
 “ Poor Robin gives his fong :

 “ Hence learn, Miranda, bright and fair,
 “ Let meeknefs pride difarm ;
 “ Vouchsafe to learn from little me,
 “ Heaven gives to each a charm.”

To hear a moral from a bird,
 Abafh’d Miranda ftood,
 Return’d to town, fought Emeline,
 Was happy, kind, and good.