

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 faints in purest air,
 Now smile in triumph at thy late despair.

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.

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