

From man's deceptive flatt'ring snare ;
Prudence, direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth ;
And modesty in outward mein,
Should speak the harmless soul within ;
Honour protect her virgin heart
From ev'ry low, insidious art,
And soft good nature ever roll
Its tender impulse in her soul ;
And when these excellencies join'd,
Display a Clara's lovely mind,
The composition soon would prove
A nest of harmony and love.

1

A B A L L A D.

TO please me the more, and to change
the dull scene,
My swain took me oft to the sports on the
green ;
And to every fine sight would he tempt
me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow
weary at home.

To yield to my shepherd so fond and so
kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleasures be-
hind ;
And oft as I went saw t'was folly to
roam,
For false all the joy was that grew not at
home.

To flirt and be proud, was to me no de-
light ;
I sigh'd for no swain, with my own in
my sight ;
Then how could I wish all abroad thus
to roam,
When love and contentment were always
at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been
kept there too long,
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad
song ;
I ask not again in the woodlands to
roam,
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my
home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds so frolick
and free,
Who in roving now flutter the moment
away.

Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live my life through and be happy
at home.

S O N N E T.

Written by MARY, Queen of Scots, in her
Passage from France to Scotland.

*'Ob ma patrie tres cherit !
'Ou je passai ma jeunesse, &c.*

OH thou lov'd country, where my
youth was spent,
Dear golden times, all pass'd in sweet
content !
Where the fair morning of my clouded
day
Shone mildly bright, and temperately
gay ;
Dear France, adieu ! a long and sad
Farewell !
No thought can imagine, and no tongue
can tell,
The pangs I feel at that drear word
farewell !
The ship that wafts me from thy friendly
shore
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My soul is thine, that spark of heavenly
flame ;
That better portion of my mangled
frame
Is wholly thine ; that part I give to
thee,
That in the temple of thy memory
The other ever may enshrined be.

The M I S E R and M O U S E.

(An Epigram from the Greek.)

TO a Mouse says a Miser, ' my dear
little mouse,
Pray what may you please for to want in
my house ?'
Says the Mouse, ' Mr. Miser, pray keep
yourself quiet,
Your are safe in your person, your purse
and your diet :
A lodging I want, which ev'n you may
afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow
or board.'