For whom She my Equal, or Superior. Either in Fortune or Merit: Right then Confidently accost her--as one who had Savans to dispense. But, to my kind provision has been lavish, with her choicest gifts:

I cannot for a moment Contemplate, the Virtues and moral Worth, but it Rises in my breast the Strongest, and most agreeable Sensation.

Virtue so Virtue alone shall claim my esteem.

But why should I linger Long in visions, Anxiously to know the fate of my affections, however pure and Generous, they cannot now be rewarded with kind Notings, by the object of my choice.

The Wild Swan's Nest, that Sweet Wreath of Snowing Flowers, was designed by Nature, God, to deck the brow of some gay Prince--And not for my pale cheeks bleushed with the Cares, labors of 36 long years.

Are these the Visions, of the Right--or the real depictions of a Vivid Fancy.

And now the love as strangers had only travelled, as it were, but a pace towards the Cannibal mount, I take my leave of you, As with a friend, who has my warmest wishes, and affectionate prayers for your Safety, and hapiness through this wilderness of Lament of Life.

And if I am designed to Roam in Solitude alone. May you live, and be happy with the person of your choice--my tears must now cease to flow.

I am like the Lances, have, bereaved of its mate--or like the Pelican, in the Wilderness, forlorn by its Grunts.

And cannot but indulge myself, but twice in Melancholy and give vent to Sighs, and laments for momentary relief.

And am seldom a suitable Companion, for the Gay and cheerful Friend. But why should I refuse to be Comforted? And why, shall for Solitude of Retirements

And give way to Grief and Despondency.