

No riding; no weather for Ladies going out;  
no better time for presenting a New Book! —  
When Miss Hamilton has read the one I  
now send her, she will be convinced, tho' I  
may be an Author, that I have no pretensions  
to be call'd a Poet. — I am ashamed of  
the Rhimes myself, & that is enough. —  
The Sentiments, however, will do no disho-  
nour to my heart; & I am therefore the less  
apprehensive at their being read. —

Let me recommend you to peruse, first,  
the Pieces at Pages 54, — 80, — & 143, — which  
may bespeak your Attention to the Rest