

For the First Leaf of Hannah's Album.

Little Book, surnamed of white;
Clean, as yet, and fair to sight;
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportion'd scrawl;
Ugly blot, that's worse than all;
Upon thy maiden clearness fall.

In each Letter, here design'd,
Let the Reader emblem'd find
Neatness of the Owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin:
Let thy leaves attraction win
By the Golden Rules within:

Sayings, fetch'd from Sages old;
Saws, which Holy writ unfold,
Worthy to be writ in Gold:

Lighter Fancies not excluding;
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in,
Sometimes mildly interluding


Amid strains of graver measure:—
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense;
Darker meanings of offence;
What but shades, be banished hence.

whitest Thoughts, in whitest dress —
Candid Meanings — best express
Mind of quiet Quakersess. —

Charles Lamb. —

Dear B. B.

I am ill at these numbers, but
if the above be not too mean to have a place in thy
daughter's Sanctum, take them with pleasure. I
assume that her name is Hannah, because it is a
pretty Scriptural agnomen. I began on another
sheet of paper, and just as I had penned the second
line of stanza 2 an ugly Blot
 as big as this
~~cell, to illustrate my course!~~ I am sadly given to
blot, and modern blotting paper gives no receipts
it only smears & makes it worse, as for ex a