"There is a manner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow, she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful blessings when life is over,
She asks not wealth nor pleasure, beggar more;
Nor heavens delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Scepter, would you pour
Your blasting wreath on her head, and blight
Thy hand must rest, that beams and showers her long night.
She lives in her affection for the grave
This closed upon her husband's children still.
This hopes are with the same she trusts will save
Her precious jewel, though her tears are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And with in her delusion, yet the spring
Of her mark, with a tender feeling cannot fall
Her unperturbed solace, but will bring
To joy without regret, a sleep, that has no sting.
Dear F. 

Good advice to give you a little advice before our separation but it is with the utmost difficulty I take this paper to comply with this request. I know I hand you more experience in the world than yourself in some branches and for these reasons I shall endeavor to give you some hints first of all my friend if you and attend school again be very careful in selecting your most intimate companion for a great deal depends on this one thing for the is known unto all character depends on the company he frequents in the choice of his friend first let him to of a good disposition let her face be marked by the smile of content and humor be mild gentle and obliging and last of all if you value your own character let your choice be confined to one who can keep her a smooth face when misfortune and not laugh at just nothing at all and now my dear Caroline think of you
But this advice when you first addressed to B. it would be even useful in helping you to a mind. Let the picture that I have made now of your taste in selecting a friend is quite sufficient perhaps I could give you in shorter terms by saying the very reverse from the one your were to me the carbon better to make your grate pretty

Permit me to subscribe myself
Your friend
Mrs. 

Maria 

Dee