

ADDRESS TO CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled fair,  
 Thou brightest daughter of the sky !  
 Why dost thou to the hut repair,  
 And from the gilded palace fly ?  
 I've traced thee on the peasant's cheek,  
 I've mark'd thee in the milk-maid's smile,  
 I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,  
 Amid the sons of want and toil:  
 Yet in the circles of the great,  
 Where fortune's gifts are all combined,  
 I've sought thee early, sought thee late,  
 And ne'er thy lovely form could find.  
 Since then from wealth and pomp you flee,  
 I ask but competence and thee.

MARIA.

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*The length to which my reply to the presentment of the Quebec wiseacres has carried me, has prevented the insertion of much other matter intended for today's Scribbler, particularly the Supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer, announced in my last, and Letter VII. from Pulo Penang. These are now destined for next number; and the continuation of the Dialogue between Reason and Satire, Scribleromania, a review of publications, &c. will follow as soon as possible.*

*In the Domestic Intelligencer in No. 81, I find that in mentioning the appointment of Sir Plausible Pompous M'Killaway, as provincial grand master of the freemasons, it was not adverted to that it is in Upper Canada and not in Lower Canada. that he has been so appointed: consequently, whatever was said on that score, must be considered as applicable to the lodges of Upper Canada. I am told that some of my most esteemed friends, masons, in Canada, have taken umbrage at that paragraph; yet I scarcely conceive why. When I added "Thank God, I don't belong to any lodge of masons in Canada," it can not be supposed I meant any thing disrespectful to the frater-*