

that there is a time for every purpose under heaven—a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice—and, consequently, a time to bury old wives, and a time to marry new ones. Conformably to this doctrine, we hear that, as soon as the mortal remains of his late dearly beloved partner were consigned to her mother-earth, the never-to-be-daunted general determined upon taking in her room another bedfellow, one much younger than himself—a female full of ardour, life, and spirits, and formed in all respects to rouse to action the most dormant faculties, to administer a kindly genial warmth to the most frigid bosom, and nerve for the wars of Venus, even impotence itself, in the shape of a worn-out military rake.

“A tatter’d, batter’d, shatter’d beau,
With claps and scars grown cold as snow.”

In order to temper sorrow with delight, it is believed, “the funeral baked meats will coldly furnish forth the marriage table;” and that this son of Mars has already paid his devoirs to a certain nymph whom he intends to lead to the nuptial bower, “all blushing like the morn.” If report speaks true, we are to understand that, on a very fine day, in summer last, while the general was taking his pleasure, in his barge, on the River Richelieu, he was smitten by the charms of a lovely dancer whom he saw, on the banks of the river,

“in beauty’s naked majesty;”

like a Naiad newly emerged from the bosom of the flood. But a wonderful circumstance connected with this extraordinary incident, is the manner in which he was seized with his amorous fit. Cupid, the little, mischievous, blind, bastard, it seems, did not, on this occasion, wound him in the heart, either with his lead, or gold, pointed arrow, but smote him, (O! must I name it!) smote him on the seat of honour, with a roasted potatoe, red hot, as a cannon ball from the furnace snatched, at the moment, from the hands of an Irish emi-