

If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free;
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.*

If we look again at the lives and practices of some of the most celebrated philosophers, we shall perceive many of them slaves of superstition, believers in omens, philtres, incantations, and other "weak inventions of the enemy." Zeno, Epicurus, Cato, and even the divine Plato, are instances amongst the ancients. Hobbes, Cardan, Urceus Codrus, amongst the moderns, nor were even Bacon and Newton exempt from similar frailty.

To keep these grave gentlemen in countenance however, we have the whole female race, who are, either openly or covertly, fortune-tellers, or believers in the art. That they are sorceresses we all know, and that their charms have more power than any philtres, potions, or incantations, take an exemple.

A young gentleman, when collector in one of the East India Company's districts in Guzerat, formed a temporary connection with an amiable Hindoo girl of distinguished caste but ruined fortune. His attachment to Zeida was delicate and sincere. He never saw her in public, but at her own house, and she used to enter his durbar by a private door in the garden. Three years had thus

* These lines have before appeared in a Montreal paper, but as, with the vanity of an author, I am willing to believe "the Scribbler" will have a longer duration and more extensive circulation when

— *futuros*
Crescit in annos,

than the ephemeral sheets of a news-paper, I have availed of a congenial subject to introduce them.