

Entangles my soul in love's soft embrace,
 And bewitches both body and mind ;
 How quick would my bosom with fond raptures glow,
 And sink in the fulness of bliss,
 To lean on that breast of pure, soft, warm, snow,
 And steal from those sweet lips a kiss.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Government City Advertiser. Mrs. Tickle-tail Rougewell, (a beauty of seventy) in spite of Shakespeare's "sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing," is very fond of having her meat well-dun.

Dr. Cataplasm Fergus is about publishing a voluminous work to prove that the corruscations emanating from a cat's back by friction, are genuine phosphorus, and that gunpowder will explode by them. This will cause centinels to be placed at the magazine to prevent caterwawling.

Punctuation. The following lines are written on a sign-board in the Upper-town market, "General Drummond viewing the falls of Niagara wines and spirituous liquors."

Cheap Education. The parishes of Lower Canada may be supplied with jontlemen from the Emerald Isle on very reasonable terms, say for their grub and a pair of silk stockings each. Most of them (by their own account,) understand the mathematics and the classics.

Jewellers when they lend money to distressed females for a stated time, and take gold chains and bracelets in pledge, should not pretend that the articles were melted down before the expiration of the limited time, and put the sufferers off with a SMILE.

From the South Cumberland Intelligencer. A certain gallant, whose name we do not think proper to mention publicly, is admonished in a friendly way, to discontinue his interested visits at a certain lady's house in the village, as it is the general opinion that he has a sufficient field at home to perform his hymeneal exercises in, without making calls on a lady whose husband is absent.

Printed and published by DICKY GOSSETT, at the sign of the Tea-table

Subscribers to the Scribbler on the line of the Ottawa River, are particularly requested to attend to the following facts which have but very recently come to light.

Mr. GWY RICHARDS, post-master at ST. ANDREWS, thought