

the scale of civilization; these with an intermixture of inferior classes, form the society with which we are honoured. Our grand hotel (for we, aping our betters, can also boast of a mansion-house-hotel) kept by mother Whang, exhibits on such occasions a deal of variety, and affords an ample field for a forager. If therefore you will be kind enough to enroll me in your corps of foragers, you shall quickly hear again from,

Your's truly

CAPTAIN FLASH.

This is to certify that Captain Flash is hereby regularly appointed forager to the Scribbler at La Chine.

L. L. MACCULLOH.



I cheerfully comply with the request of the author of the following lines for an early insertion of them.

TO STELLA.

To thee, my fair, of flowers, of Spring,  
 Of grassy meads, of birds that sing  
 Thro' choral groves in dulcet lay  
 That charms the listening ear of May,  
 Of Flora's jocund self who reigns  
 The blithesome empress of the plains,  
 Of incense-breathing gales among  
 The solemn whispering pines, I've sung;  
 Now turn I from the vernal scene,  
 To find those charms in thee, my queen,  
 Those charms that I delight to trace  
 Of mild within, or outward grace,  
 And shew how many more there be  
 Than Spring can boast, all met in thee.  
 First, in thy clear cerulean eye,  
 I see a bright unclouded sky,  
 That passion daves not e'en deform  
 With sullen, dark, unlovely storm  
 To dim those beacons of the mind  
 Which heaven, in wisdom, hath design'd  
 To speak a language that is known  
 And read by sympathy alone.  
 I see the Sun; my feeble gaze  
 O'erpower'd is by his ardent blaze