

following effort as an oblation at their shrine.

In opening youth, with every charm array'd,
And where each budding virtue early shew'd,
An innocent and gently playful maid,
Was sweet and artless Gertrude.

When sixteen summers sped their genial flight
Then not in vain a youthful lover sued,
And Hymen's torch, at twenty burnt full bright,
For faithful, constant, Gertrude.

With ceaseless wing Time flies along, and now,
Like to a gentle dove with unsledg'd brood,
Her breast maternal and madona brow
Bespeak the mother, Gertrude.

In faith and constancy, a matchless wife,
With smiles serene, and mildest fortitude,
She heightens bliss, and soothes the cares of life,
True, real, woman, Gertrude.

And come that hour when worth and virtue claim
The bright reward of Heaven's beatitude,
She'll beam, midst joy, and praise, and blest acclaim,
A saint and angel, Gertrude.

So far therefore I have redeemed my pledge to that portion of my fair readers who expect their bouquets on St. Gertrude's day; whilst the Cecilia's may now reckon that I shall not forget them next thursday. With regard to my other engagements: The continuation of the letters from Pulo Penang, which have been much enquired for, will appear with as little delay as possible, but some of them are so worn, and parts obliterated by having got wet, that it will be it necessary to leave some blanks. There will probably be no necessity for any judicial decision of the case of the widow, the matter having, I believe, been compromised *extra curiam*, which, by the bye, is not fair, as I had expected a bride's favour, and a pair of white gloves on the occasion. I have had the following letter about my promised olio of anecdotes :

MR. SCRIBBLER

Dang it, be as good as your word ; you pro-