

It was from that blessed china vase,
 She drew the water when she wash'd ;—
 I'd water be to lave her face,
 And fain be o'er her body dash'd,
 Nor let escape the tiniest place.

That zone—that garter—which were bound
 Around her waist, around her knee—
 Would that I were her garter round—
 Qui mal y pense soit honi—
 Ambition aye will upward bound.

These pearls that o'er her beauteous neck,
 In lustre faded—would I were
 A golden chain her breast to deck,
 And on that lovely bosom bare,
 Think worlds well lost, and life a wreck.

And here her little slipper lies—
 O that I were that blessed shoe,
 That peeping forth attracts all eyes,—
 More worthy worship than pope's toe—
 Who touches it with rapture dies —

That is, if he can make it trip—
 Now fair befall my dearest Nancy,
 And send her soon to bless my lip,
 My heart, my breast, my bed, my fancy,
 For all my treasure's in her ship. S. H. W.
A supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer next week.

Mindful of my promises, I recollect that to-day is the festival of St. Martina. In the early part of my career, I promised a *bouquet* (see Nos. 5 and 13,) to all the Canadian ladies whenever their namedays occurred on a Thursday. During the whole of 1822, not one so fell; and this is the first in the present year. I am not prepared with a legend of the saint, who is the heroine of the day; but I redeem my pledge with the following lines.

Canadian fair, t' inspire my verse,
 I seek not aid from muses nine, a
 Set of heathens, but rehearse
 The praises of your Saint Martina.