

Judibras expresses it,

"His poor soul
Was burnt in his belly to a coal."

He never had an opportunity of making a declaration, but having judged from the assertion of our Travel-mongers, that the ladies in Italy are as common as in the Republic of Plato, or at least easily conquered by cash, he grounded his hopes on his purse, and chose for the confident of his intrigue one Abbe Bertolle, a notorious attorney of Venus. The Abbe perceiving his client's stupidity, resolved to turn it to his own profit, and encouraged him in his golden dream. He pretended to carry some of Tony's letters to the Princess, and brought counterfeit answers, taking care to be well paid for every epistle. When he thought the correspondence was ripe enough to bring forth the expected fruit, he produced a letter which contained proposals from the Princess, to crown Tony's wishes on the immediate disbursement of five hundred guineas.

The demand was readily complied with by the aspiring lover; and at an appointed hour, he was conducted to a very famous impure, who, on account of her striking personal resemblance of the Princess Mattie, had assumed her name. The likeness, the elegance of the apartments where he was received, and the behaviour of the lady, all tended to complete the lover's delusion. So well did she act her part, that his fancy was all night wrapt up in the height of happiness; though Ixion like, for a Juno he embraced a cloud; a few days after, however, feeling something that smarted more than the shaft of Cupid, he repaired to the Conversation where, assuming a very indignant countenance, his absurdity went so far as to express several disrespectful hints against the Princess's character.—Being called to an account by some nobleman, he unfolded the dismal story, but was soon made sensible of his mistake.

The Abbe has been condemned to be flogged through the principal streets by the common executioner, and sent to the galleys for life. Tony was obliged to ask pardon; and was then banished from Rome by his Holiness's orders; and is now returned to ascertain his dear father with an account of his rout through Europe.

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

Sir,

The return of Spring, which is generally a scene of pleasure and joy to others, will whenever it returns, return to me with an increase of vexation, from the peculiar singularities of my confounded wife; for though she never travelled beyond Point Levi, Lorette, or Beauport in her life, she has filled her head with as many rural ideas,